



00043813

NOT TO BE ISSUED
OUT OF THE LIBRARY.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 25 June, 2016

T H E
W O R K S

O F

B 2971

ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.

LL.d.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

43818 *al*

V O L . V .



L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL,
IN THE STRAND.

M D C C L X X X V I .

43813

00043813
01222



00043813

822.6

THE
GRAY'S-INN
JOURNAL.

Quidquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.

JUVENAL.

VOL. V.

B

C

CONTENTS

OF THE

FIFTH VOLUME.

GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL, No. 1, to No. 52.

THE
GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL

NUMBER I.

Saturday, Oct. 21, 1752.

*Non fuit consilium socordiâ atque desidiâ
Bonum otium conterere.*

SALLUST.

IT has been remarked by writers, whom a desire of adding to the entertainment of the public has incited to portion out their endeavours into periodical essays, that the first address has occasioned more vehement corrosions of the nails, and more frequent rubbings of the forehead, than any other successive composition. In the common occurrences of life we meet with something of a similar nature every day. Men not yet hackneyed in the ways of the world, upon their first admission into company, are apt to betray un-
gouth and awkward movements in their deport-

ment, arising from the different ideas of bashfulness and diffidence, which agitate their minds, until the initial ceremonies are adjusted. As I propose to hold a literary intercourse with the public, and flatter myself with the hopes of conversing with many hundreds of my countrymen every *Saturday*, I cannot issue out my first performance, without feeling an extraordinary solicitude for the event. To say the truth, I find myself disconcerted by those alarms and perturbations of spirit, which are apt to seize people of sensibility in their tempers, when irresistible principles of action have prevailed over their modesty, and called them forth into a conspicuous point of view. The first impression has always great influence upon mens judgments. The mind will often hastily form associations of ideas, which it cannot afterwards easily separate. On this account I have been not a little anxious about my first appearance. After much contemplation and deep study, I should have been entirely at a loss how to conduct my first address; had not the example of our parliamentary candidates pointed out a mode of eloquence, to which I think proper to adhere on the present occasion, as the most persuasive rhetoric I can suggest to myself.

No. 1. THE GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL. 5

To the GENTLEMEN, CLERGY, and FREEHOLDERS
of GREAT-BRITAIN.

GENTLEMEN,

AS I have had the honour, at a meeting of my friends, to be put in nomination to represent you, and all your vices, follies, and foibles, in a new paper, to be published every Saturday, and entitled The Gray's-Inn Journal, I desire the favour of your votes and interest, assuring you that I shall at all times exert my most vigorous endeavours to serve you, being a sincere friend to the cause of true wit and humour, and a steady assertor of decency, virtue, and good-manners. With these sentiments I have the honour to be,

GENTLEMEN,

Your most obedient and devoted servant,

CHARLES RANGER.

N. B. *I am of no party whatever.*

Having thus declared my ambition for literary fame, I do not expect that all those rival wits, who for some time past have been making their court to the public, should instantly decline the poll: on the contrary, I am apprehensive, as generally happens at elections, that much scurrility will be discharged upon the present writer; and I am no way doubtful but they will proceed to the ex-

6 THE GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL.

tremity of disputing my property in *Parnassus*, and obliging me to make out my qualification. Of this, however, I hope to give sufficient proof in the sequel. In regard to the petty animosities, which are apt to embitter the minds of those, who to a small share of wit have added the imbecillities of a mean and little spirit, it is my intention to pursue my course, without going out of the way, like the countryman in the fable, to crush the grasshoppers that made a noise around him. I shall console myself in that case with a reflection that those nuisances are ever found in the sunshine.

Sole sub ardenti resonant arbusta cicadis.

VIRGIL.

In the prosecution of this design the reader is not to expect any scandal, any detraction, or ill-nature. The *mala mentis gaudia*, as Virgil calls the gratifications of a malevolent spirit, are not in my character or disposition. The paper, which I have undertaken to write, is intended for other purposes, namely, to promote useful mirth and good humour. To secure these in my own temper, and to sow their seeds in others, I shall here beg leave to say a few words to my friends, the

CRITICS.

It is observed by Mr. Pope, in the very sensible Preface to his Works, that both writers and their readers are generally unreasonable in the mutual expectations they have of each other; the former fancying the world must approve whatever they produce, and the latter imagining that authors are obliged at any rate to please them. For my part, I should be glad to compound matters with all the critics of the age: if they will abate something of their usual severity, my demands upon them for fame and reputation shall not be very exorbitant: should they withhold that small tribute, I hope, at least, they will allow me to make as much waste paper as the rest of our periodical writers and daily historians.

From the latter of these, the gleaners of paragraphs for our common newspapers, I do not perceive what kind of advantage can redound to a rational creature, who can neither receive instruction or entertainment, by reading that Mr. Such a one, an eminent cheesemonger, died at his country-house, when perhaps he is in perfect health in Thames-street. If Squire Rent-Roll is arrived in town with a grand retinue, I apprehend it no way interesting to any man breathing, except his taylor, his pimp, or his gaming-club. A true delineation of men and manners,

though drawn in crayons, is worth whole reams of that trifling intelligence, which serves only to gratify curiosity, without giving one good quality either to the head or the heart. Upon all occasions I shall think it incumbent on me to have some regard to what is commonly called style. Notwithstanding the present practice, it appears to me that such words should always be chosen as are most strongly and elegantly expressive of the intended idea; and they should, if I am not mistaken, be combined in such an arrangement, as not to offend against the rules of grammar, or violate that harmony, which a true ear requires. To this if some knowledge of the world can be added, I conceive it will be an additional embellishment, as from thence may be derived exhibitions of human life, and proper animadversions upon the follies, that are every day springing up in this metropolis.

Henceforth then be it known unto all men, whom it may concern, that we CHARLES RANGER, Esq; have undertaken, and by these presents do undertake, the conduct of a paper entitled THE GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL. We intend that the same shall be a general critique on the times, and all false appearances in men and books; and as we have observed, that, what Dr. Young calls laugh-
ing

ing satire, has always been most conducive to the end we propose, we are determined to exert some certain powers, called Wit, Humour, and Railery, hereby advising our dearly beloved readers to get their risible faculties in order, but reserving to ourselves, *more majorum*, the privilege of being dull by design. It is therefore ordered by these presents, that on or before Saturday next all offences shall cease. *Amanda* must not coquette it with every coxcomb she meets; nor shall *Lothario* continue, with impunity, to make the ruin of female virtue the business of his life. The man of modesty stealing down the by-walk of life shall blush to find his virtue called forth into open day-light; and the concealed hypocrite shall stand in the pillory of detection. In short, as the satirist expresses it, the actions of men, their hopes, their fears, their pleasures, and resentments, shall be the miscellaneous subject of these lucubrations.

Given under our hand this 21st of October,
1752.

CHARLES RANGER.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-house.

Wit and humour have been at a low ebb in this place for some time past, but as it is expected that
his

his Majesty will shortly return from his German dominions, the town begins to fill, and it is thought these regions will shortly be as brilliant as ever. In consequence of this opinion, a caravan will set out from the Royal Exchange at half an hour past five every Sunday evening during the winter season, for the convenience of the holiday geniuses of the city. It will stop at George's, Temple-bar, to set down those probationers in criticism, who have not yet a sufficient power of face to appear in this academy. As we expect a great deal of company to-morrow evening, the gentlemen from the Lord Mayor's side of Temple Bar are desired to send their shop-boys at four o'clock to keep places.

N. B. The INSPECTOR will make his appearance at eight, attended by Mr. TOWN and QUINBUS FLESTRIN.

Covent-Garden.

The Manager of this theatre having heard that a FINE POET has been compared to a ROPE-DANCER, and, in the confusion of his ideas, thinking a rope-dancer and a poet to be convertible terms, has at length determined to exhibit Mr. Maddox upon the slack rope, in some future *pantomime*; which calls to mind the following lines in Mr. Johnson's admirable Prologue.

Perhaps,

*Perhaps, where Lear has rav'd and Hamlet dy'd,
On flying cars new Sorcerers may ride;
Perhaps, (for who can tell th' effects of chance?)
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.*

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

The Board of Criticism will meet at the *Bedford* Coffee-house this and every evening during the winter season. All persons, who are willing to furnish the Malevoli with apples, oranges, cat-calls, and other implements of criticism, are desired to send in their proposals, on or before the 29th of this present October.



NUMBER II.

Saturday, OCT. 8, 1752.

*Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,**Dulce loquentem.*

HOR.

HAVING endeavoured, in my last Saturday's paper, to recommend myself to the patronage of the male part of my readers, I shall dedicate the present essay to the British fair. I must therefore beg to be admitted this morning to their toilets; to call off their eyes for a little time from the dearly-beloved mirrour; to discard *Betty* from her attendance; and, in short, to exclude, for one half hour, the whole train of Mantua-makers, stay-makers, French barbers, and venders of washes.

I am aware that the ladies will be alarmed at the thought of being alone with RANGER: but the reason of my desiring the dismission of so many favourites is, because I profess the very same art, to which that class of people have always aspired, that of heightening the charms of female beauty. Two of a trade, it is said, can never agree. I think it absolutely necessary, to meet with no interruption

terruption in this important point, from the pertness of a chambermaid, the servility of tradesmen, and the shrugs and brisk interjections of French proficients, who will, no doubt, be greatly astonished to hear, that their artificial embellishments, though they may serve, when they do not luxuriantly wanton into fantastic extravagancies, to adorn the female form, are yet in no way essential. Beauty, without such auxiliaries, may be rendered still more attractive in the eyes of all men of sense.

Horace, whom it is unnecessary to introduce to the acquaintance of the ladies, as *Creech* and *Francis* have taken that agreeable office upon themselves, was a man of the most finished taste in all circumstances of life: he tells us, in the words of my motto, that he shall always love his *Lalage* sweetly smiling, and sweetly talking; which two accomplishments would not have been touched upon by so fine a poet, if they did not carry with them some peculiar charm.

Expression has been mentioned by every elegant writer on this subject, as the first ingredient in the composition of beauty. The more pleasing the expression, the more energy will be derived from ~~thence upon every charm.~~ For this reason, the pleasing smile is the best hand-maid to an elegant
set

set of features. It gives numberless graces to every delicacy, and diffuses over the whole countenance an emanation of that sweetness of temper, which is the native ornament of the fair. To this sentiment the witty Dr. Young has subscribed in his *Universal Passion*.

*What's female beauty but an air divine,
Thro' which the mind's all-gentle graces shine?
They, like the sun, irradiate all between;
The body charms, because the soul is seen.*

This doctrine has not been established without the utmost propriety. Inanimate matter, however symmetry, colour, and other adjuncts, may recommend it, cannot any way gain upon our affections. I have seen many a picture where the face was well turned, and the features justly disposed, and yet all men of judgment have invariably concurred to pronounce the piece extremely bad, because there were no perceptible graces of a thinking power within. And if this property is required in the mere imitation of the human face, what shall be said when it is deficient in the original? when the appearance of a mind, which alone can distinguish us from other sublunary existences, and which alone can impart real satisfaction, and excite the social-feelings in an intelligent being, seems to be totally absent? Miss Millefont is
without

without the nicest proportion of features, and without a glossy bloom of complexion: and yet I believe no one ever saw her sitting in a side-box at a play, or dancing at an assembly, without feeling love and joy in sprightly tumult about his heart. On the other hand, *Formosa* has a delicacy of shape, and regularity of countenance, and yet no man of taste will hesitate to pronounce her unamiable. I will venture to assert, that she is never toasted but by those, whose intellects are so poorly stocked with ideas, that they never perceive the vacuity in others.

The secret quality, from which this difference arises, has been called by the *French*, a *Je-ne-sçay-quoi*, and the phrase has been adopted in this country; but it is serving the purposes of good sense to explode so unmeaning a term. For my own part, I declare myself of that sect of speculatists who really believe that women have souls, and I am apt to imagine that the operation of this inward agent has no small influence upon the outward frame. A poet of eminence has sung, "the passions in the features are." Those ladies, therefore, who are ambitious to appear lovely in the eyes of men, should sometimes sit to an intellectual mirror, in order to see their affections reflected to them; by which means they will be

en-

enabled to adjust them, to harmonize them, to keep them in regular order, and, if I may so say, make them fit right. In my opinion, they should be as assiduous to fashion themselves in this point, as to apply the patch, to re-establish a disorder'd lock, to recall a straggling hair, to settle the tucker, or compose the mant, since taking care of the movements of the mind, is also regulating the features.

From this will naturally result the next essential to beauty, the manner of talking agreeably, than which accomplishment nothing can so much enliven the amiable sex. We are pleas'd to see a beautiful pair of lips in motion, when every thing that comes from them administers to the pleasures of conversation. The spirits of the fair are awaken'd by the exercise of their thinking faculties; and the eye beams with double lustre; the tongue confirms, what the countenance had before indicated, that all within is chearful, gay, spirited, and sensible. The scene is frequently shifted to our imagination; we are delighted to observe the celerity, which distinguishes itself in the operations of the female understanding. That quick succession of ideas, which they call up, amuses with pleasing variety, while the beauties of the mind and face

mu-

tually exalt each other, and we stand convinced of the *Platonic* tenet, that *good* and *beautiful* are the same.

There are three things highly pernicious to the endearments of beauty, from which I must absolutely interdict those, who are willing to become my pupils. The enemies to loveliness, which I here intend, are GAMING, SCANDAL, and POLITICS, surer destroyers of every elegance and bloom, than a spotted fever or the small-pox; as chronic diseases are more fatal to the constitution, than a transitory fit of an acute illness.

With regard to the first of these corrosives, I leave it to the fair votaries of fortune to consider how the winning graces and the attractive smile can irradiate the countenance, when the internal frame is disturbed. Anxiety and solicitude soon transpire into the face, and prey upon all its charms. When the temper is disconcerted, politeness and good-manners are in danger of being neglected. While every one is intent upon the after-game, which is the fashionable term for that clash of tongues, frequently heard in one loud din, as soon as the deal at *Whist* is out, is it probable that the fair can converse in a manner suitable to the softness and elegance of their sex?

Scandal always carries with it a dreadful efficacy to ruin a delicate face. It springs from envy or malice, two passions wholly repugnant to my rules for acquiring and preserving beauty. They are inveterate habits, the traces of which are apt to wear themselves into the complexion, inducing frowns, wrinkles, roughness, and a settled appearance of ill-nature, of all things the most unamiable.

Politics are also of pernicious influence, tending to inflame the ladies with party-rage; to cause heats in the face, and to occasion those vibrations of the fan, those bitings of the lips, and fidgets on the chair, which greatly discompose the whole form. On this account I would have my fair readers abstain from parliamentary debates. And, though the intended *Naturalization-Act* has engrossed the thoughts of the whole nation, I think it enough for the ladies to have secretly resolved not to marry a *Jew*. Without engaging too deeply in the controversy, the sparkling crosses, which they wear upon their lovely bosoms, will be a sufficient indication of their principles, and will at once reflect a lustre upon the whiteness of their skin, and the delicacy of their sentiments.

In what has been premised, I would have it remembered, that I do not mean to recommend a
studied

studied simper, or a restless exertion of chit-chat. I would have both to be a natural effusion, from the sources of good-nature and good-sense, which, I am convinced, will be found a more beautifying cream, than any cosmetic advertised in our newspapers. Instead, therefore, of lying-in for a new face, or using any other artifice, my precept to the ladies, is, BE GOOD-HUMOURED FOR A COMPLEXION. I now give notice, that I shall carefully observe, in all public places, what ladies repair a decayed visage, or add new graces to a blooming one, by this receipt, and that I shall insert an exact list of the same in the articles of news, which I shall serve up occasionally for the entertainment of my readers.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-house, Oct. 26.

On Saturday evening last the *Board of Criticism* met here, when Mr. *Town* opened the CRITICAL Sessions with the following speech.

My Friends and Critics,

I am always pleased, in a particular manner, to embrace every opportunity of assembling you together. To infuse a true spirit of criticism into the minds of my people, has been the invariable rule of my conduct. As I have no doubt of your chearful concurrence in support of those principles, it is with pleasure I now meet you, to

open the present sessions. Your debates, I persuade myself, will be carried on with such unanimity of *spleen, cavil, and malice*, as cannot fail to render us the wonder of our countrymen. I have the pleasure to inform you, that the friendship, which has always subsisted between my good friends and allies, the commentators of the States-General, is now settled upon the most solid basis; so that the ambitious views of the *French Academy*, who have always been aiming at universal criticism, will in all human probability be frustrated.

Gentlemen of the City,

I have ordered the proper estimates to be laid before you, by which you will see that *Orgeat, Cappillaire, and Red Tea*, are three-pence each glass, and I make no doubt of your compliance therewith for the service of the current year.

My Friends and Critics,

As affairs of the highest moment will oblige me to visit my friends in the country early in the spring, I must exhort you to a quick dispatch of the business that may come before you, and to devise proper amendments to the laws now in force, against Poets, Players, and Managers. In these important objects, you will always find from me
* a cheerful concurrence.

N U M B E R III.

Saturday, Nov. 4, 1752.

Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes?

Quem sese ore ferens? — — —

VIRG.

THE papers which I have hitherto published, were chiefly intended to open my way to the public; as pioneers are dispatched to clear the country for the main body of an army. The present lucubration is to be considered in the same light. I find, since the commencement of the *Gray's Inn Journal*, that I have been the subject of much conversation in this metropolis: the critics, it seems, are busy in their enquiries after the author. Does any body know him? Has he been long upon town? Has he any thing in him? What sort of a man is he? These and many other questions of the same nature are the topics in circular meetings at coffee-houses. At first setting out I thought to evade an account of myself, having had always a strong antipathy to any thing that borders upon the ridiculous character of an egotist; yet such is the prevalence of custom, that it is now become a tribute due from

every adventurer in this way. I shall therefore wave the resolutions I had taken, and will at present gratify the reader's curiosity.

I am of the sprightly family of the *Rangers*, who have made a distinguished figure, in this country, ever since the reign of *Charles II.* My namesake in the play, whom many of my readers have often admired when personated by Mr. *Garrick*, seems no bad representative of the humour and disposition, which have marked the predominant character of the family of the *RANGERS*. Though I do not at present ascend by ladders of ropes into honest men's houses, yet, under a few restrictions, I still bear some similar habits of his roving temper. My education was at *Eton*, where I imbibed my first tincture of letters; though, to tell the truth, I was chiefly remarkable, at that place, for running out of bounds. I scarce passed over a week without paying a visit to *Windsor*. I was delighted in the castle with the bold imagery which the touch of *Verrio's* pencil has poured forth to the eye. To see the canvas every where glowing with mimic life, was pleasing to my young imagination.

At length, with the character of a wild lad that had *Latin* and *Greek* enough, I was removed to the
univer-

university, where I maintained the same reputation for five years. Whatever was the reason of it, I never could adopt any party-principles. Those, whom I perceived attached to prejudices on either side, have always appeared to me in very ludicrous colours. I have known a *Jacobite* drink himself out of his health and fortune for the good of his country, and I have seen a very worthy gentleman reduced to necessity by squandering his substance in elections, to keep out the Pope, the Devil, and the French King. I believe there cannot be a more ridiculous character than that of a *State Quixote*, who having affairs of moment to himself and his family, generously neglects his own concerns, to take care of his country, which would in every particular thrive and flourish full as well without such a patriot.

In short, I have no manner of taste for politicks. The election of the King of the *Romans* does not concern me, nor do I trouble myself about the window-tax, provided the prices at the play-house are not raised upon us. As to a standing army, twenty thousand red-coats shall give me no kind of trouble, while they plant no bruisers in the Pit to over-rule our decisions. Should any such attempts be made upon the birth-right privileges of an *Engliseman*, I shall then be as warm a patriot as

the best of them. Not even the freedom of both houses shall buy me off. I have now lying by me several essays on history, and the *British* form of government; which in that case shall see the light.

These are the principles I have contracted with regard to matters of state. As to my person, I beg leave to be silent on that head, as I do not chuse to receive any proposals for marriage, which I am told have been publickly solicited by a certain daily writer. Thus much I will hint: I am now in the two and thirtieth year of my age, and, after having taken the tour of *Europe*, *Gray's-Inn* is become, in *Shakespear's* language, *the sea mark of my utmost sail*. I have been registered according to the police in *Paris*, and like *Sir Harry Wildair* in the play, have played at hot-cockles with an whole convent of Nuns in *Italy*. In short, I have gone through all the variety of manners and diversions in each different country, and now behold your beau up to the ears in ink. I look upon the gardens belonging to this society to be the seat of the Muses: here the great *Bacon* passed his contemplative hours; and here, at an humble distance, the present writer purposes to follow his steps.

— *Longe sequere, & vestigia semper adora.*

STATIUS.

The

The day I do not take a turn in the poetic ground just mention'd, I feel the most awkward sensations, and fancy to myself that I breathe with difficulty. This I must own is an oddity in my temper, but habit has now confirmed it. However, I shall make it subservient to the design of this paper. It will afford me an opportunity of collecting materials for future lucubrations, and, among the number that frequent this place, I shall be able sometimes to glean a few characters for the amusement of my readers. Besides this, I belong to a club of *originals*, who meet once in each month, at the *Devil-Tavern*, near *Temple-Bar*. Every member of it is remarkable for some peculiarity in his manners and way of thinking, not contracted by an affected imitation of others, but absolutely inherent and native to each respective person. I shall take a proper opportunity to make the town acquainted with this society. It is probable that I may occasionally be able to derive from them materials, which, I trust, will not be disagreeable to the reader.

I must add to what has been said, that I have from nature a very extraordinary talent, which as it will be of use hereafter, I will here explain. I have been remarkable from my infancy for a most surprizing skill in physiognomy, and have had,
from

from my greener years, the sharpest discernment into the passions of men from the survey of their countenances. This faculty has grown up with me, and is now arrived to that degree of penetration, that I can, by infallible rules, read the thoughts of people. When a critic talks of *Longinus*, I can often perceive, by the cast of his eye, that he has never looked into him. In all decisions upon stile, language, and authors, I can discover, with a glance, the secret springs of action and the latent prejudices lurking in the mind. But of this more hereafter.

Having thus far explained myself, I shall conclude this paper with a few resolutions which I have taken for the better conducting this our *Gray's-Inn Journal*:

Resolved, That this author shall not be the tool of any party whatever.

Resolved, That he shall not, like the gay *Inspector*, trifle with his readers *over his tea*, or *washing his hands*, but that he shall exert his best endeavours for their entertainment.

Resolved, That he shall always have some visible subject, and some little regard to the order and propriety of his words.

Resolved, That the mottos to be prefixed to these
essays

essays shall not be taken at random out of the *Gradus ad Parnassum*; but that they be selected from some good author, without bad *Latin*, false quantity, and bearing some reference to the point in hand.

Resolved, That no indecent liberties be taken with the character of any person whatever.

Resolved lastly, That this author will not indulge himself in any impertinent vanity about himself, his intrigues, or such like impertinences; but that he will, to the best of his power, make good sense the rule of his writings, according to the maxim in *Horace*.

Scribendi rectè sapere est & principium, & fons.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Drury-Lane, Nov. 1.

The *Silent Woman*, a comedy of *Ben Johnson's*, has been revived here this week. As a great deal of the humour in many scenes of the play is, by the distance of time, rendered quite obsolete, this piece, if continued, will be presented to the delight of the judicious, and astonishment of the ignorant; and therefore, according to what is observed in the *Fable of the Tub*, it will be of general advantage; for those, who have taste enough to understand it, will receive instruction from the matter; and those

those who have not, will stare prodigiously: the best thing in the world for the eyes.

Covent-Garden, Nov. 1:

A certain eminent actor has not been able to perform since he had the misfortune of running a pin into his hand, while he was tearing up the carpet, in the dying scene of ROMEO. In consequence of this accident, the Manager has agreed, for future contingencies, to allow him *pin-money*.



N U M B E R I V .

Saturday, Nov. 11, 1752.

— *An me ludit amabilis
Infantia? audire & videor pios
Errare per lucos, amænæ
Quos & aquæ subeunt & auræ.*

HOR.

THE operations of the human mind are at all times extremely subtle. While we compound, vary, and associate our ideas into different combinations, the workings of the soul are not attended to, and the traces they leave are so delicate, that they are afterwards scarcely to be perceived. I do not think this phænomenon in the ideal world is at any time so surprizing, as in those moments, when the faculties of bodily sensation are lulled in sleep. The imagination calls forth her abstracted train, and, free from the incumbrance of flesh, disports herself in the most whimsical manner, forming with the wildest liberty what appearances, what scenery, what imagery, and what reasoning she thinks proper. The effect of this sudden creation I experienced in a lively degree the other night. As I am inclined to think

think that most of my readers would be glad to enjoy the same visionary scene, I shall, instead of a formal essay, make my dream the subject of this day's paper.

I retired home to my chambers in a very poetical mood. To gratify the present course of my ideas, I took into my hand *Virgil's Georgic*, which has always been considered by the critics, as the most perfect poem, of the most accomplished poet. The delicacy of expression, and every refined beauty in the turn of the stile, have been finely treated by the elegant Mr. *Addison*. For my part, I never look into it, but I perceive some concealed stroke which had before escaped me. But the enthusiasm which animates the following passage, struck me the other night in a manner which never happened to me before.

*Me quoque Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor; juvat ire jugis, quæ nulla priorum
Castaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo.*

The fire and rapidity in the first line; and the rapture and air of inspiration in the succeeding one, must warm any imagination, that has but the least spark of fire. I could not help dwelling on it with admiration; it opened to my mind a train of images which gave me the most exquisite pleasure,
and

and made such an impression on my spirits, that even in sleep they continued to flow in the same traces. In this manner my waking thoughts were recalled to me with double delight.

I thought of a sudden that I was hurried away to the realms of *Parnassus*. I towered with rapture over the several cliffs, which are frequent in those regions. The air, methought, seemed to be clearer than I had ever met with; the skies were brightened into the purest azure; the sun darted his genial rays all around, and different streaks of light blending themselves in sundry parts of the hemisphere served to diversify the scene. The country smiled in vernal delight, covered with the most chearful variety I had ever beheld. In one part was displayed to view an ample lawn, stretched to such a length, that the eye lost itself; on the other side presented themselves meadows, gardens, and laurel groves. Hills there were, whose blue tops grew fine by degrees, and lessened to the sight amid the clouds. From one of these issued the *Pierian* fountain, which, divided into several rills, came tinkling down a soft declivity, and at the bottom, assembling into one general reservoir, expanded themselves into a pleasing surface, and formed a river which watered all the country round.

Here

Here I fell into that state of mind, which is so excellently described in the *Pleasures of Imagination*,

—Then the inexpressive strain
 Diffuses its enchantment; fancy dreams
 Of sacred fountains, and Elysian groves,
 And vales of bliss; the intellectual pow'r
 Bends from his awful throne a list'ning ear,
 And smiles; the passions gently sooth'd away
 Sink to divine repose; and love and joy
 Alone are waking; love and joy serene
 As airs that fan the summer.

I felt the most ardent ambition to gain the summit of the hill. It was in several places so steep, that I believe I should never have reached it, if *Apollo* had not been favourable to the humble prayer which I preferred. I did not build my supplication upon any merit in the literary world, but humbly presumed upon the delight which I always took in works of genius. In *Apollo's* eye, the next thing to a good author, is a just taste and relish for the beauties of fine writing. I was struck with reverential awe at the sight of the god of wit. A strain of melody filled my ears. I fell on my knees, and worshipped the nine harmonious maids who caused such divine enchantment. They beheld each other with an air of mutual affection and

and complacency; their eyes were bright with meaning, and I thought that, in delicacy of shape and feature, they had a near resemblance to two ladies known to the world by the name of the HIBERNIAN BEAUTIES.

After paying the offerings of adoration, I withdrew from the presence of the deities, and went round the place, in order to view the country more particularly. The greatest part of these regions is portioned out by *Apollo* into different tenures, some of them conveyed to the person for ever, others for life, and many for a shorter duration. There are mansion-houses built on many of these estates, and the great genius's, who have made a figure in the world, have here fixed their residence.

The ancients seemed to have the largest possessions. Their grounds were laid out, not, indeed, with the trim neatness of modern art, but a bold and masterly imitation of that wild variety, which we perceive in the landscapes of Nature. Every estate belonging to the first and ancient possessors presented a scene of true rural beauty, such as is described in the Georgicks of VIRGIL, without any of that studied nicety, which looks so minute in the gardens of ROME. HOMER was

the first, who caught the secret art, with which Nature forms her plans in seeming disorder, with all those intricacies, that puzzle and perplex the prospect, while they are preparing unexpected openings, to heighten pleasure by surprize, and convince us that what at first appeared to be confusion is the most artfull regularity. GAME-LAWS are not known in Parnassus. You may go upon what lands you please, and what you start, you may hunt down, without being deemed a trespasser; but it is expected of every sportsman that he shall fairly acknowledge the person, to whom he is under an obligation: He, who attempts to conceal where he first *found*, is considered as a mere *poacher*, who wants to vend what he has gained surreptitiously from his neighbours. There are neither *steel-traps* nor *spring-guns* to deter you from entering the finest nurseries, or the most beautifull gardens. You may take in an open manner, what slips you please to graft upon your own stock, and you may transplant at pleasure, without any injury to the first possessor, provided it be seen that you remove to a proper soil, and have skill to encourage the growth with new luxuriance. The ancient PATRIARCHS of POETRY are generous, as they are rich: a great part of their possessions

possessions is let on lease to the moderns. *Dryden*, besides his own hereditary estate, had taken a large scope of ground from *Virgil*. Mr. *Pope* held by copy near half of *Homer's* rent-roll. Mr. *Dryden* spent most of his time in writing Prefaces and Dedications to the great men of *Parnassus*: Mr. *Pope* was retired to his own house, on the banks of the river already mentioned. His grounds were laid out in the most exquisite taste. Where the soil did not yield spontaneously, he assisted with hot-beds. The culture of his lands and gardens had been for a long time his chief delight: but he was now of a more serious and moral cast. Of late his principal care was to embellish a Temple of Virtue and Happiness, which he had raised in the middle of his garden.

*There his retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place.*

In company with these celebrated personages he maintained his own ease and dignity. His soul glowed within him, when sitting with *Bolingbroke* and *Wyndham*, but he seemed to receive a more near delight from *Gay*, *Parnell*, and *Arbutnot*.

The great *Shakespeare* sat upon a cliff, looking abroad through all creation. His possessions were very near as extensive as *Homer's*, but, in some places, had not received sufficient culture.

But even there spontaneous flowers shot up, and in the *unweeded garden, which grows to seed*, you might cull lavender, myrtle, and wild thyme. Craggy rocks, hills, and dales, the woodland and open country, struck the eye with wild variety. Over our heads rolled thunder, deep and awful. The lightning's flash darted athwart the solemn scene, while on the blasted heath, witches, elves, and fairies, with their own *Queen Mab*, played frolick gambol. Mean time the immortal *Ben Jonson* sat with his *eyes in a fine phrenzy rolling*, and writers both in the tragic and comic stile were gathered round him. *Aristotle* seemed to lament that *Shakespeare* had not studied his *Art of Poetry*, but *Longinus* admired him to a degree of enthusiasm. *Otway*, *Rowe*, and *Congreve* had him constantly in their eye. Even *Milton* was looking for flowers to transplant into his own *Paradise*.

I was called off from surveying the possessions of this father of the British drama, by repeated peals of laughter, which resounded from an adjacent grove. This, I soon perceived, was occasioned by the irresistible humour of *Lucian*, *Cervantes*, and *Swift*. At some distance from them, *Rabelais* threw himself into a thousand antick attitudes, and brought together the most ludicrous assemblage of ideas, with all the sprightly frolick of his wild imagination.

Sir

Mr. *Richard Steele* fixed his residence under Mr. *Addison's* roof. *Addison* read to him several beautiful visions, and a number of essays, that tended at once to harmonize the imagination, and transfer to the heart a corresponding order, grace, and regularity. *Addison*, however, was observed frequently to retire to his study, not without some visible appearances of discontent. In those moments he employed himself in translating the first book of *HOMER'S ILIAD*. *Willing, however, as he was to wound, he was afraid of striking the blow.* He engaged his friend *TICKELL* to take upon himself the invidious task; but both had the mortification of seeing so much well-prepared malice entirely miss its aim. *PHILIPS* begged to be assisted in his translation of the *DISTRESSED MOTHER*. *ADDISON* complied, and writ an Epilogue, of which (for reasons best known to himself) he desired *BUDGELL* to avow himself the author. I saw a person deliver to Mr. *ADDISON* several of the periodical essays, which have lately been sent abroad into the world, among which, methought, I saw a paper entitled the *Gray's-Inn Journal*, when * * * * *

The effect this had upon me was such, that my Vision was immediately dissipated, and I waked in the most pleasing serenity of mind.

NUMBER V.

Saturday, Nov. 18, 1752.

----- *Spargere voces**In vulgum ambiguas, & quærere conscius arma.*

VIRG.

I FIND myself obliged to postpone the essay I intended for this day, by an occurrence, of which I think it incumbent upon me to take some notice. I did not imagine, before this incident, that a cold, trifling, frothy writer could have drawn so much from me; but in the defence of truth, justice, and good sense, I cannot controuk myself from taking his late arguments into consideration. As he has thought proper to record a fact, I will in my turn begin with one, which, I have no doubt, will appear not a little extraordinary to those, who have acquired a relish for the beauties of the drama, and wish (for the credit of a civilized people) to see a just and due decorum in all our public exhibitions.

By these presents then be it known unto posterity, that in the year one thousand seven hundred and fifty-two, there really did exist a daily writer, who arrogated to himself the title of *Inspector General*

heral of Great Britain; that under this pompous appellation he took upon him to prescribe fashions to the ladies, and wire-wigs to the gentlemen; intrigues to rakes, and taste to pretty fellows; that he pestered the town with dissertations on fossils, minerals, and insects, that never existed but in his own imagination; from thence (emboldened by a kind of negative applause; that of being endured) he rose a degree higher, and, at a time when our theatrical entertainments were under the justest regulation, did his endeavours to sow the seeds of discontent in the minds of the audience, to foment divisions among them, and, contrary to all law, to raise a riot at the Theatre Royal in *Drury Lane*, in a public paper absurdly encouraging the *bucks* and *bloods* of the *Temple* and other places to throw the *sconces* and benches on the stage.

It is hard to imagine to one's self the ideas that will occur to posterity upon perusal of this most extraordinary passage: they will, I am afraid, believe their ancestors at this period relapsing into the antient barbarity of the first inhabitants of this island. I have examined the Index to the *Spectator*, to the *Tatler*, and *Guardian*, for the words *riot*, *benches*, and *sconces*, but I cannot find any thing of the kind recommended under any of those heads,

nor do I believe such an outrage to common sense was ever offered in any civilized nation. The authors of the immortal performances just mentioned endeavoured to cherish good-humour, good-nature, social harmony, and good-manners. Theatrical merit in their time was promoted to the greatest elegance. Every thing that carried with it the least tincture of a vitiated taste, was by them attacked with the most masterly strokes. But this essayist would turn the tables upon these approved geniuses, and, by extinguishing all sparks of emulation, destroy the only means of heightening our public entertainments, and establishing sense and refinement among us.

As I generally like to trace things to their source, I have been considering what could be the motives that induced his *Inspectorship* to this proceeding. Having canvassed the matter, I fancy I may take upon me to say that I have discovered the latent cause. This prodigy of genius, this florid, witty, elegant, sensible, unexhausted *Inspector*, owed the first dawnings of his immoderate fame (I blush to tell it) to a pantomime entertainment. And shall he, whose monster-breeding brain spawn'd *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*, in whose head

*Hell rises, heav'n descends, and dance on earth
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,*

A fire,

*A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration swallows all.*

POPE.

Shall he look tamely on, and see his favourite monsters exposed to ridicule? May he not have some wild production still in store? Such a genius can never have done. Hence all that laboured impotence of animadversion, which he has thrown out in two different papers.

* But to be a little more serious. It is certain, that two contending theatres have always indulged themselves in strokes of pleasantry upon each other. The *Impromptu* of *Moliere* was a banter upon a rival house in so polite a place as *Paris*, and a recent instance will evince, that *Mr. Rich* has no aversion to the practice. It is notorious that a few winters since he engaged a person, whose abilities consist solely in mimicry, publicly to burlesque, as far as in him lay, *Mr. Garrick*, as a man, an actor, and a manager. He has always given oblique allusions whenever they came in his way, and nothing has escaped him from the coronation in *Harry the Fourth*, down to the ballad in *Harlequin Ranger*.

And shall not the manager of the other house have leave to amuse the town in his turn? It is acknowledged-

knowledged by the writer who has occasioned my taking the pen in hand; that *the objects are well disposed; there is humour in the management of them; and there is merit in the song that explains the design of their introduction; what is more, there is justice, for the subject is worthy ridicule.* In saying this he advances nothing but the truth, but when he adds, *where is the modesty of arraigning the taste of an audience, to an audience?* And again, *It is unjustifiable, it is cruel, it is not to be supported:* In the name of common sense, what would he be at? First, there is merit in it, then it is not to be justified; there is humour in it, then it is not to be supported; there is justice in it, and the next moment it is cruel. For Heaven's sake, Mr. *Inspector*; learn to be a little consistent, and don't thus trifle with our understandings.

When a man will write in this shuffling manner; blowing hot and cold, saying and unsaying; when an author, who pretends to instruct, will run off from the point, in a snip-snap stile, with pert question and answer, down a whole column of his paper, it is not eligible to follow him further. Let his meandering briskness run what riots it will for the future, I shall draw the whole argument to a point, and then have done with controversy.

Nothing, in my apprehension, shews the temper

per of this nation, more than the ferment their minds are thrown into by little divisions of this nature. A real, or a mock monarch, a minister of state, or a manager of a theatre, must eternally embarrass their thoughts. Every thing must be a party-business. But surely, while our liberties remain inviolate, men of sense should know no party, but a party of pleasure. All differences betwixt *tweedle-dum* and *tweedle-dee* should be subservient to their merriment. The field of humour is open to both play houses, and if, without animosity, they will cull from thence, the result must be, that the public will receive more entertainment from a spirited emulation than from an inactive state. This is the case among the *French* to this day. They who weep one night at a tragedy of genius, are sure to laugh at the same piece, the evening following, at the *Italian* comedy. If this liberty be taken with the noblest productions of the human mind, why so much tenderness for what is really ridiculous and unfit for the stage? The *Dramatis Personæ* exposed to derision, on a late occasion, are, if I am not mistaken, a *lyon*, a *bear*, a *cat*, a *dog*, a *monkey*, a *serpent*, and an *ostrich*; an admirable company of comedians truly! but are they such respectable personages, as to claim an exemption from the lash of ridicule? Ay, but *poor Rich! poor Rich!* if by that pathetic exclamation

tion

44 THE GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL.

tion is meant that he is an object of compassion, I own I have always thought him such, and do from my heart most sincerely pity him. If, however, through a depravity of taste, or debility of mind, he has no relish for the sublimer compositions of a theatre, let us not, like *Egyptians*, worship serpents, dogs, and monkeys; on the contrary, let us by the assistance of the politer arts efface all traces of barbarism, taking care to preserve in all our public exhibitions, a manly affection for the cause of dramatic poetry, of genius, and of *Shakespeare*.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-house, Nov. 15.

The Board of Criticism met here last night, when the present party-divisions concerning the theatres became the topic of debate. It was by some asserted that Mr. *Garrick* has made an unwarrantable attack upon *Rich's* animal comedians. One of these choice spirits assured the company that he really believed, if this transaction had not deterred the *Covent-Garden* Manager, he would shortly have exhibited the *Ornuto Savage*, and the *Panther Mare*. The loss of this ingenious and elegant entertainment he entirely imputed to the Managers of *Drury-Lane*. In answer to this a gentleman

tleman of taste laid before the board the following copy of verses, which have occasioned much criticism.

The T R E A T Y B R O K E :

A T A L E.

WHEN *Lum* (who long had quarrell'd with
dame Nature,)

Had fill'd the stage with every monstrous creature,

And held poor reason at defiance,

At last (so whim or fate ordain'd,

As sense and folly often make alliance,)

He by some means a peace obtain'd.

It was with *Drury's* patent-chief agreed,

Each other to support in case of need.

But *Harlequin*, train'd up to tricks,

Well knew, in modern politics,

Treaties are made for int'rest sake,

As times shall serve to hold or break.

So, spite of the convention made,

He carried on clandestine trade;

And this day one, and next another,

Still gain'd some subject from his brother,

When little *David* streight appear'd.

Like him who did the giant slay,

His batt'ry 'gainst the monsters rear'd,

And led them all in chains away.

At this the keeper stamp'd and cry'd,
 And louder than his lion roar'd,
 To have his creatures all restor'd,
 When thus a stander-by reply'd:
 " Retaliation is fair play,
 " By right and reason's rules;
 " Your monsters he has got, you say,
 " But then you've got his fools."

Covent-Garden, Nov. 18.

The tragedy of *Jane Shore* has been presented here this week. Mrs. *Cibber* exerted those powers, which have justly procured her the reputation of a great actress. In the mad scene, the expression in her countenance, and the irresistible magic of her voice, thrilled to the very soul of the whole audience. The entertainments of the evening concluded with the surprizing phenomenon of rope-dancing.



N U M B E R VI.

Saturday, Nov. 25, 1752.

*Crine ruber, niger ore, brevis pede, lumine læsus,
Rem magnam præstas, Zoile, si bonus es.*

MARTIAL.

IN a former paper, in which I gave some account of myself, I was not in jest when I told my readers, that from a natural sagacity of sight, improved by experience and study, I had made a surprizing proficiency in the art of physiognomy. Among my private acquaintance I have acquired such a reputation in this way, that I have known many ladies, who would no more dare to come into my company, than the young romp, in *Swift's* Vision, would venture to stroke the parish lion, after she had play'd at hide and hoop with *Jackey* in the garret. Notwithstanding this, I am sensible, the majority of mankind at this day treat this art as a mere exploded imposture, like astrology and palmistry, imposed upon the credulous in dark and ignorant ages. With them a physiognomist and a conjurer meet with the same degree of respect and credit. But this objection, I believe, will quickly vanish, when we come to consider the principles and foundation on which the art is established. I might

might here aptly bring in the story of *Socrates* and the Physiognomist, but it is known to every body; besides, reason alone, and not authority, is what I proceed upon.

The great and almost incredible wonder of this talent, consists in being able to discover the passions, virtues and affections, even at the very time that they are dormant in the breast; so as to point out a knayish citizen at his prayers; to know a cut-throat, tho' he smiles; or a fellow that has a design upon your job, though he turns his head another way with an affected vacancy of face; to mark the man whose mouth is open only to have it stop'd with a bribe, while he is declaiming against corruption; or to detect the niggard hand of a miser in the very act of seeming generosity and munificence. Yet all this and more may be done; and how it may be done, I will here in part explain. I must however, beg to be excused, if I do not reveal some secrets of this *Arcanum*.

Every passion, every virtue, and their several modes, mixtures and combinations, which subsist in the human breast, have a correspondent set of muscles in the face, or (if the Anatomists will not allow this) they at least operate differently upon the same set of muscles. When any affection is
 master

master of the temper, the spirits are thrown into motion, and this regularly produces a certain configuration of features, which is commonly known to us by the name of *expression*. The painters and statuaries can attest the fact. To this secret they owe the very soul of their art. By observing the exact shape, that each different passion of the mind gives the several muscles of the face, and by copying the same upon a lifeless subject, it produces that agreeable deception, which makes us imagine that this disposition of features is an effect of motion, communicated from a thinking mind within, when it is only the result of their skill in the art of imitation. The good player goes another way to work: he excites in himself the inward motions, which we call feeling, and then the outward effect upon the countenance naturally follows.

The anatomists will further inform us, that every muscle of the human body collects strength, and expands itself into larger dimensions, by continual exercise and use; as the legs of chairmen and others who are used to carry burthens, from the same cause, swell to an uncommon thickness. It follows, that the correspondent muscles of the face, which express any ruling passion of the mind, being more frequently excited, grow out of

proportion, and become conspicuous above the rest. Hence the face contracts an habitual air, marking the features with some peculiar cast of character, which is legible at one glance of the eye. Any body can distinguish a miser, a coxcomb, a leacher, or a glutton, in every circumstance of life.

I know some well-meaning people may be shocked at the thoughts of indulging ourselves in the practice of forming opinions of mankind by their looks. This proceeds from a charitable consideration, that as we make not our own faces, we should not be accountable for them; but they who think in this way take no care to distinguish the *good face*, the *ingenuus vultus* of the ancients, that which Cicero says is the best letter of recommendation a man can carry about him, from the *handsome*, the mere formation of inactive features, and gloss of complexion. The latter is the gift of nature alone, and is that which the philosophers of all ages have persuaded us is of no intrinsic value; but the former, which we understand when we say, such a face is not handsome, but is extremely *agreeable*, is in every man's power to acquire; not by studying to put on a formal simper, or smiling complacency before the glass, but by rectifying the mind, and furnishing it with noble, generous, and virtuous sentiments. A just way of thinking

thinking transfuses itself into the features, commanding, by a secret kind of fascination, the esteem of every judicious beholder. I never knew a stronger instance of this than in the face of a certain nobleman, who, to a vulgar eye, might appear to have an unpleasing assemblage of disproportion and irregularity.

I have observed a certain attorney in *Westminster Hall*, who, I think, has one of the *handsomest* faces I ever saw; and yet, through the lustre of his eye, the regularity of his features, and bloom of his complexion; I could read such a settled habit of the most contracted cunning, so many determined purposes of fraud, that I protest I could not be easy while the fellow stood within arms-length of my pockets. Yet, to my astonishment, upon inquiry, I learned that several great families had intrusted this man with their most important affairs.

Eugenio is neither happy in his face nor person. At the time when he should have learned to dance, he was unfortunately employed in forming his mind upon the model of the antients. Hence he contracted an uncouth air, a college look, and an awkward deportment; yet, through all these disadvantages, and a cloud of uneasy circumstances,

the judicious eye can discover a soul within, capable of displaying the *divine attributes of his God*, with a sublimity inferior to nothing but the subject.

On the other hand, cast your eye upon *Florio*. *Florio* is a man of gaiety and plausible address. There are some whom he hath persuaded to think him one of the prettiest writers of the present age: By his dexterity in the art of plagiarism, he passes upon the crowd for a man of some learning: And I have heard him say, that the ladies think him a man of gallantry, and a wit. No body is more perfectly satisfied with himself than *Florio*: he writes with the utmost facility, without any manner of subject, and this he thinks is style, simplicity, and ease. Upon the whole, one might be so far deceived at first sight, as to think *Florio* a pretty fellow. Yet look at his countenance, can any thing be more visible than the furniture within? A confused assemblage of vanity, arrogance, cowardice, dulness, ignorance, and conceit. *Florio* generally wears a gleam of cheerfulness on his face; yet it is visible that this is all forced. Through the false appearance, *Florio* has an uneasy disconcerted temper.

The mortification in *Sordido's* leg had like to have

have gone too far, before he could prevail upon himself to be at the expence of cutting it off. I attended him at the time of the operation. To the surprize of every one, he bore it with wonderful patience; but while others were admiring his amazing resolution, I could plainly perceive by his looks, that *Sordido's* composure proceeded from the consoling thought, that he should hereafter save just half his expence in the article of shoes.

I could point out a certain reverend gentleman, who wears the most plausible appearance of humility, sanctity, and grace. Ask him familiarly how he does? With a solemn, thanksgiving voice, and the white of his eyes turned up with pious gratitude to Heaven, he blesses his God he is very well. Yet view his shining, jolly countenance with the smallest degree of attention, and through this gauze of hypocrisy, you plainly discover a horrid groupe behind, composed of pride, gluttony, cruelty, and lust. Yet, notwithstanding this, he will rise in his profession, for he can cringe and flatter with the best.

Prudissa is regular at her devotions; she goes twice a day to church; she constantly has her footman to carry her prayer-book; yet I could observe at a visit the other day, that in some of her

walks, there had been more familiarity between her and this same footman, who then handed the tea-equipage, than was altogether consonant to the character she chuses to assume.

The unhappy *Calista*, through the perfidy of the man upon whom she once placed her affections, and some family misfortunes that followed after, is now obliged to *endure* the embraces of a certain libertine, who has nothing to recommend him but his riches: yet in *Calista's* soul, I can read the latent traces of chastity, humility, and love, blended with a tenderness of distress, that sometimes flows into her eyes, and adds such a melting softness to her native beauty, as nothing that is human can avoid being affected with. Yet to a vulgar eye, the unfortunate *Calista*, appears no better than the common tribe of prostitutes.

Not to produce further instances, I can see so clearly into the characters and dispositions of mankind, that if some folks, whose names I could mention, do not shortly mend their manners, I will take a general tour through the cities of *London* and *Westminster*, and unmask every smooth-faced villain that I meet. In the mean time, if a certain gentleman, who generally wears a laced frock,

frock, a bag-wig, and a long sword, does not lay aside his project of sacrificing to a set of sharpers, with whom he is to go shares, the good-natured young nobleman, who took a liking to him for his honesty, I will certainly let his lordship know the whole affair. And if a certain lady of distinction, who, by a side glance last *Monday* in the *Mall*, discovered what intimate familiarities had passed the evening before between her and a certain coxcomb in a red coat, does not instantly break off all further commerce with him, I must immediately inform her husband; for I cannot any longer bear to see a man of sense and merit hurt in his honour. I must further inform the unfortunate lady, that from a symptom in her paramour's face, I can plainly foresee, he intends to make himself much happier this night, than ever he was in her embraces, among half a dozen of his companions, at the expence of her reputation and honour.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-house, Nov. 21.

The following lines are to be placed under a folio copper-plate of the *Inspector*, to be prefixed to his Natural History.

Three great wise men, in the same Æra born,
Britannia's happy island did adorn :
Henley in cure of souls display'd his skill,
Rock shone in phyfic, and in both *John Hill*,
The force of *Nature* could no further go,
To make a third she join'd the former two,



N U M B E R VII.

Saturday, Dec. 2, 1752.

————— *Alea quando*
Hos animos? —————

JUV.

I WAS sitting the other morning in my study, intent upon the plan of some future essay, when a servant from a lady, whom I have had the honour of knowing for a considerable time, broke in upon all my fine concerted schemes. After making two or three scrapes, he informed me, that he had directions to wait upon me with a card, which I think proper to transcribe, as I look upon it to be a modern way of writing, of which the ancients had not the least idea.

“ Lady *Tenace*’s compliments to Mr. *Ranger*; hopes he took no cold at the play the other night, begs the favour of his company to a ROUT on *Wednesday* next. Lady *Tenace* proposes to keep her day, for the remainder of the winter season, on *Wednesday*; shall be glad of Mr. *Ranger*’s company as often as possible.”

Grasenor Square, Tuesday Morn.

This way of desiring a man’s company, where he
is

he is not to speak five words, has in it something extraordinary. Though I am not fond of fashionable vices, yet I could never prevail upon myself to renounce a thing so essential in the polite world, as *card-playing* is at present. I returned for answer, that I should do myself the pleasure of waiting upon her ladyship. It is not enough at present for a man to know the world, to see into the humours of different people, or to discover a lively vein of thinking upon all topics that offer in conversation : unless you have learned to lose your money gracefully, these accomplishments pass for nothing : wherever you visit, you are *nothing but lumber*. Mr. *Mellefont* never wants wit ; he has many amiable qualities, but not being a card-player, whenever he enters a room, the lady of the house is sure to receive him, without stirring out of the languid posture in which indolence had composed her. “ Mr. *Mellefont*,” says she, with her eyes swimming between sleep and wake round the room, “ pray sit down, Sir ; one is so — I don’t know how to describe it in this hot weather.”—Let Mr. *Hazard* with his midnight face make his appearance ; her heart dances at the sight of him ; the bell rings for the card-table, and the house is in an uproar in an instant.

That I may not pass for *lumber* among the ladies,

dies, I have perused with some attention Mr. Hoyle's very judicious and elegant book on the game of *Whist*. I can now return my partner's suit, lead through the honour, *finesse*, and sometimes contrive to bring about an agreeable *see-saw*. With this profound knowledge I was punctual to my engagement, and, that I might see the whole ceremony of the proceeding, took care to be pretty early in my visit.

My lady *Tenace* is a woman of perfect good-breeding, with a very happy flow of spirits. Her capacity is, perhaps, as extensive as that of any of her sex; but from a constant habit of attending to nothing but the odd trick, she has not laid up so large a store of ideas, as she might have done by a proper improvement of her understanding. Those ideas which she is possessed of, are in a constant rotation. She never dwells long upon any subject, but is always sure to say something lively upon every thing that offers. Her ladyship began to rally me with a deal of pleasantry upon the character of a public writer, when, as *Apollo* would have it, a loud rap at the door shook the whole house. I have often wondered at this strange din, with which, even though the entry stands wide open, our ears are always stunned upon these occasions. As the company comes to a *rout*, it is possible

possible this may make part of the ceremony. There may be an additional pleasure in alarming a whole neighbourhood. I suppose the ladies may think, that, what with the thunder below stairs, and the lightning in their eyes, they fall into a room with a greater eclat.

This was the case with Mrs. *Fidget*; after she had seated herself in her chair, twisted her body two or three times to compose herself, adjusted the sparkling crosses upon her neck, and given a discharge to her fan—"Lard, my lady *Tenace*, says she, I was apprehensive that I should not be able to wait upon your ladyship—my poor little dog *Pompey*—the sweetest little thing in the world—I went, Me'm, the other morning to fetch a walk in the park—a fine frosty-morning it was—I love frosty weather of all things—and so, little *Pompey* was with me—and if your ladyship was but to see the dear creature pinched with the frost, and mincing its steps along the Mall—with its pretty little innocent face—and so, Me'm, while I was talking to captain *Flimsy*—your ladyship knows captain *Flimsy*—five odious frights of dogs beset my poor *Pompey* all at once, Me'm—the dear creature has the heart of a lion,—but who can resist six at once—and so *Pompey* barked for assistance, and the hideous creatures
 " made

“ made their escape—the hurt my little dog met
 “ with was on his chest—and; Me'm, there is
 “ really danger that an *empyema* is now forming in
 “ his side. And so, Me'm—Lard, is not *Barry*
 “ a fine man?—You have seen the *Rebearfal* to be
 “ sure, Mr. *Ranger*—well, to be sure, *Garrick's* a
 “ surprizing creature! his eyes have so much life,
 “ and such meaning, and such fire, and he has
 “ such variety!—they say short aprons are coming
 “ into fashion again.”

By this time the room began to fill. It was time to dispose the company at their several stations for the night. The card tables were accordingly situated in different parts of the room. In an inward apartment, a brag-table was prepared for those who are fond of that game. The thoughts of the whole company began immediately to flow into another chanel: they who were before happy in a mutual intercourse of social pleasure, became of a sudden secret enemies to each other, every one privately forming a design on his neighbour's pocket. I should think this strange scene would afford many nice touches to the pencil of an *Hogarth*. To see the different effects of the same passion operating upon a number of people, according to their respective tempers, and various ideas of winning and losing, could not fail to render

der the groupe highly interesting. To mark this with delicacy, and to blend with it the private habits of each different character, would; in my opinion, show a nice discernment worthy of the hand of a master.

After a rubber or two at whist, I detached myself from the party I was joined to, in order to take a survey of the room. I could not help wondering how men, amid such a profusion of charms as the ladies displayed, could sit so cool and attentive to their game. The queen of trumps (grotesque and unnatural as the figure is) was the *Venus* of every gentleman present. It is the interest of the ladies not to encourage a gamester. Should the love of play become the ruling passion of the men; the labours of the toilet are all in vain; in vain may the fair dress themselves in smiles; in vain heave the tender breast; cards have banished love; and so adieu to the female reign.

This is not all: should this taste continue, not only love, but beauty is at stake, and the *odds* are greatly against it. While the amiable, but delicate sex, sit in painful durance at a card table, the liquid lustre of the eye is extinguished; the roses fade upon the cheek, and uneasy passions deface the

the countenance. *Amanda* is, at present, in all the pride of beauty; her stature is tall and genteel; she boasts a regular and elegant set of features; her bloom glowing as the poet's fancy; a mild radiance beams from her eyes; there is such an inexpressible delicacy about her mouth, that it is intirely the *bouche gracieuse* of the *French*. Her whole countenance displays the most winning sweetness, and still cards render *Amanda* unamiable. The moment she sat down to Brag, I could see the young loves and graces, that were ambushed in every feature, spread their little wings, and fly off immediately. A disagreeable expression immediately succeeded. I could not bear to hear so exquisite a beauty, with a confirmed voice tell a forward young fellow, that "truly she would not be bullied by him." To see those lips, which were framed for the tenderest purposes, gnawed with vexation, was matter of great uneasiness to me. But the sensations, which Mrs. *Pregnant* gave me, are not to be expressed. The emotions, which she shewed upon six aces being discovered in one pack, will, I am afraid, bring her child into the world with a convulsed set of nerves. I would venture to *lay an even bet* that the child will be marked with a pair-royal of aces.

When

When a passion for play becomes predominant in the married state, I believe it requires no very lively imagination to conceive the scene that must ensue. Not to mention the ruin of a family, their own immediate happiness is destroyed; as the poet finely says,

*Love shall be banish'd from the genial bed;
The night shall be all lonely and unquiet;
And every day shall be a day of cares.*

I shall conclude, by congratulating the Public; that we are shortly to have a new tragedy called *The Gamester*, exhibited at *Drury-Lane*, in which, as I am informed, the effects of this unhappy turn will be set in their proper light.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-House, Dec. 1.

Last night Mr. *Town* went to the board of criticism, in malice assembled, and gave his assent to the two following bills; a bill for encouraging broad benches at *Drury-Lane* play-house; and another for the naturalization of all foreign monsters on *Covent-Garden* stage; after which several new members were returned and were declared duly elected, being all gentlemen of unquestionable ill-nature, and zealous attachment to the cause of *Zoilism*.

*Richard Falsétaste,
Matthew Shortcoat,*

} For the *Temple*.

Samuel Venom,	}	For George's Coffee-house.
Thomas Spitfire,		
William Carvil,	}	For the Union, Temple-bar.
Robert Shallow,		
Nathaniel Guzzledown,	}	For the Robin Hood Society.
Thomas Wrangle,		
Benjamin Lutestring,	}	For the Ward of Farringdon without.
Arthur Soberfides,		
Dick Phaeton, and	}	For the Rainbow Coffee-house, Cornhill.
Bob Kevenbulla,		

The contest for *John's* near the Exchange, it is thought, will be very obstinate, the upper and lower room contending for the nomination. Should the matter be comprised, one of each room will be returned, in which case *William Purblind* will represent the lower room, and *Robert Nimblefoot* the upper apartment.

Covent-Garden, Dec. 2.

Maddox, the wire-dancer, continues to give great satisfaction to the *Goths* and *Vandals* who frequent this place. Last night a very eminent politician declared, he never had so just an idea of the *ballance of power*, as this performer gives him.

NUMBER VIII.

Saturday, Dec. 9, 1752.

Ardeat ipsa licet, tormentis gaudet amantis.

JUV.

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq.

S I R,

AS I perceive that you frequently detach yourself from the more serious business of a Public Writer, in order to mix with the *beau monde*, and that you still retain great attention to the amiable sex, as you politely call the ladies, I must beg you will permit one of them to break in upon your studies.

You must know, Sir, that I have hitherto been of that species of women called COQUETTES. I was initiated into this science in my greener years. The course of my education conspired with other circumstances against me. My mother took early pains to train me up in this way. The attendants, whom I had about me, all joined to infuse the same sentiments, as if they had made a point of it, to render me egregiously ridiculous. From a child I promised to make a fine woman, as the phrase is; my features were regular, and I must
add,

add, did not want delicacy: I had a bloom that greatly enlivened my whole countenance. The lesson constantly rung in my ears was, that "Miss" should hold up her head—and put forth her chest—"and one day or other, she would become a celebrated toast, and then the men would all be expiring for her." This you may believe was flattering to my fancy. To give the last finishing to my accomplishments for this state of felicity, I was put into the hands of a *French* dancing-master.

From this gentleman I acquired a thousand nameless arts of affectation. He not only undertook the direction of my carriage in the graceful movement of a minuet, and the more sprightly gambols of a country-dance, but the management of my features became also part of his concern. He let me into the whole secret of the elevated brow, the languishing glance, and the sleepy eye: he instructed me when to display the snowy breast; to move with the easy indolent carriage; to throw my whole person into a graceful attitude, and, after observing that it is a thing very rare in these kingdoms, taught me the whole use of the hands in every circumstance at cards or conversation. It was not without some pains, that I attained the method of taking snuff, with a proper air and artful display of the fingers.

There are a thousand artifices to make up for the deficiency of chat in company: in all these I became as regular as a piece of clock-work. Add to this, I was furnished with a great variety of *French* romances, novels, and memoirs of ladies of quality. To complete the whole, my dancing-master told me one day with a serious air, that I really had an immense share of wit. In this notion I was further confirmed by Monsieur *Lajouneffe*, my hair cutter; "I assure it you, madam," says he, as my hair was receiving the proper adjustment from his finger, "you have indeed ver much *esprit*.—Wherever I go to dress de gentleman, it is all dying for you.—You have dem in chains, madam,—pon my vord,—just as I have dis lock here in my hand—pray hold your head a leetle more aside—and all de ladies envy your eclat, I assure it you, madam."

Charmed with these ideas of my person, my breast was fired with the love of conquest. The thought of being a wit quite intoxicated me; it was enough to turn my little head; for let me tell you, Mr. *Ranger*, wit is the most dangerous thing a woman can think of, because it generally ruins the share of understanding Heaven has been pleased to bestow upon her. I was not content to say or do any thing in the common way: I read *Roche-*
fou-

Joucault's Various Thoughts, in order to retail his brilliant sayings in company. I am sure you would laugh at me, were you to see the pains I took to distinguish myself in all places of public diversion. I think I remember something in a poet, that may help you to an idea of my behaviour.

*She rolls her pretty eyes in spite,
And looks delightfully with all her might.*

My heart danced within me to hear *Clarinda* in the *Suspicious Husband*, utter with an air, *Any woman can give ease*: I disdained so poor an accomplishment; and to cause pain and uneasiness was the business of my life. To see that the men could not be easy with me, nor without me; was the joy of my soul: I read all our modern comedies to glean up the airs of the fine women, and I was delighted, like lady *Betty Modish*, to hear a tortured lover bring out;

*Yet for the curse of human race
This devil has an angel's face.*

Whenever I could meet with a man of parts and sense, my highest ambition was to ensnare him. To lead in captivity a person renowned for his sense and talents, and in spite of all his boasted reason, to play upon his passions, gave me the most exquisite pleasure. *Favonius* is one of this class; he

has understanding, without affecting it; his wit is always tempered with good nature and politeness; he is as handsome as most of his sex, and there is no requisite in the character of a gentleman, but what he is possessed of. With these accomplishments he became my professed humble servant. Though he made love to me in a manner hardly resistible, I delighted in tormenting him. Were we at a play together? I took pleasure in pointing out to him several young fellows, whom I pretended to be charmed with: one I observed had the finest set of teeth, and the prettiest smile in the world; another the handsomest forehead, and the most delightful eyes; a third had a becoming head of hair, and abundance of wit; and though an under-actor perhaps was on the stage, I vowed he was a charming man. In a country-dance, when I perceived his spirits elevated, I have sat down on a sudden, told him I was tired, and immediately after begged of him to let me take one turn with a frightful horrid creature whom I detested.

Notwithstanding all this, I really was in love with *Favonius*, but by my own misconduct he has slipped thro' my hands. The amiable *Elfrida* has won him by her artless attractive beauty. *Elfrida* has always formed herself upon a plan very different
from

from mine: affability, cheerfulness and good humour were the only stratagems she had recourse to; and these, joined to a fine figure and a lovely face, have made her happy in the arms of a man, with whom, I believe, life will be one scene of endearment.

This incident, Mr. *Ranger*, has opened my eyes. I now perceive, that I have been all this time vainly aiming at imaginary triumphs, and that all my artifices were like the wars of the *French* king in *Flanders*; serving merely to extend conquests, which are afterwards not to be ascertained. On this account, I am now determined to divest myself, as fast as possible, of all my follies, and to attach myself for the future to those rules of behaviour, which, I am sensible, add new graces to the beauty of our sex. To convince you that I am in earnest on this occasion, I beg you will annex to this letter the inclosed paper, by which you will see that I am entering upon a new plan of life without delay. Your compliance will greatly oblige, Sir,

Your constant Reader,

And most obedient Servant.

CALYPSO.

To be sold by Auction the *whole* Stock of a *Country* leaving off Trade, consisting of several *curiosities*, among which are the following *Particulars*.

Ovid's Art of Love, translated by Mr. *Dryden*.

A cosmetic, which gives the purest tincture to the skin, and the most lively bloom to the complexion.

The art of managing the eyes, with directions to roll them in a melting manner, with a conscious simper, and pretty indolent turn of the hand; very proper to be made use of in a side-box.

The secret of putting on patches in an artful manner, shewing the effects of their different arrangement, with instructions how to place them about the eye in such a manner as to give disdain, an amorous languish, or a cunning glance; translated from the *French*.

A transparent capuchin.

Directions how to lay on paint with such a delicate touch, that the quickest eye cannot distinguish it; very proper to be made use of by all female gamesters.

A collection of choice billets-doux.

An essay upon beauty; by the *Abbé Millamour*.

Rules

Rules for biting the lips, in order to give them an inviting redness.

Mrs. *Bekn's* Novels.

The whole exercise of the fan, with one mounted in a curious manner, and representing two lovers in a jessamine bower.

An elegant snuff box, with a looking-glass within it, being a very good pocket companion for a beauty.

Lord *Gray's Love Letters*.

The art of working a young man's passions into a ferment, with a hint when it may be proper to set up a pleasing tehe or titter; by a gentleman who resided twenty years abroad.

The whole to be viewed at Mr. *Puff's*, the Auctionner, till the day of sale, where catalogues are given gratis.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

• *White's Chocolate-House.*

This place is famous for transferring estates. Larger conveyances of property are made here than in *Change-Alley*. It is frequented by a detached body from the rest of the nation, who have formed themselves into a society, governed by different rules from any part of the known world. *Hoyle* is their *Solon*, or principal legislator, The
• fe-

severest discipline is established. The several professors undergo a series of the most excruciating penalties, such as nocturnal vigils, vexation of spirit, &c. It is confidently asserted that some of them have been so exemplary in their morals as to reduce not only themselves, but also their families, to the sharpest austerities. Upon the whole, what the Reverend Mr. Warburton observes of some certain saints, may be applied to this fraternity, "he is held in highest estimation, who is the most expeditious suicide."

Tom's in Russel-Street, Covent-Garden.

This house is frequented by two different orders of self-tormentors. One sect seems to be formed according to the institutions of *La Trap* in France: they observe a strict silence, and are often seen to sit together at a table, interchanging with each other oblong pieces of paper, differently variegated with black and red spots, without so much as uttering one syllable for the space of four or five hours. The other order seems to breathe a spirit of enthusiasm. They frequently give vent to the most fervid ejaculations, such as "damnation." &c. It is imagined these different sectaries cannot long subsist under one roof: at present however, they seem resolved to be heartily tired of each other before they part.

Bed-

Bedford Coffee-house.

Mr. *Town* (as has been already mentioned) presides here at the board of criticism, which generally sits at the lower end of the room, and the several members are called the *Malevoli*. The fireplace in the middle of the room is occupied by the *Loungers*, and these two orders receive constant reinforcements from the *Caravan passengers* according to their several vocations to criticism, or the indolent repose of gentle dulness.

George's, Temple-bar.

This coffee-house is a seminary of young proficientes for all the different orders in this metropolis.

Rainbow Coffee-house, Cornhill.

The sectaries who are in possession of this place, are entitled PRIGS: *Harry Lapelle, Jack Oakstick, Bob Nankeen, Peter Little-Hat, Jack Phaeton, Femmy Scratch, Nat. Pigtail, and Billy Low-Heels* are the principal members.

We shall in some future paper give a further account of the several little communities, which are established in this metropolis.

Saturday, Dec. 16, 1752

*Namque aliqui exercent vim duram, et rebus iniqui
Nativam Eripiunt, indignantibus ipsis,
Invitasque jubent alienos sumere vultus.*

VIDA.

THERE is not in the whole province of an author, a point of greater difficulty than what is called a good style. The expression is in every body's mouth, but, as I take it, very little understood by the present critics. I shall endeavour, in this paper, to reduce into some sort of order the several scattered thoughts which occurred to my mind upon this subject, in a vague manner, a few days since.

The term *style*, if I mistake not, is derived from the *stylus* of the *Romans*, an instrument used by them in writing upon wax, one end of it fashioned to cut the letters, and the other formed to efface the impression, whenever it should be judged proper. Accordingly we find *HORACE* advising the writer, who aspires to the fame of being worth reading, to turn his *style* very often, that is, to rub out, and alter the arrangement and choice of his words.

Sape

*Sæpe stylus, iterum quæ digna legi sunt
Scripturus, -----*

From this turning and altering is deducible the true meaning of the word *STILE*, by which is meant a proper choice of words, in a regular and harmonious disposition. The task, without a great deal of art, and a just sense of the force and beauty of language, can never be performed in any degree of perfection. In some writers we never perceive the least tendency towards it: in such as have by practice cultivated this talent, it is an embellishment to good sense; gives a lustre and elegance to every thing the author advances, and renders his productions pleasing and inviting. I believe there are to be found a multitude of critics, from whose works a good plodding head may extract very sound and sensible observations upon all branches of literature; but while there are those who treat the same subject with a delicate touch, he must be lamentably dull, who can have recourse to the former. While *Longinus*, *Addison* and *Spence* are not lost to us, the *Dutch* commentators will lie mouldering on stalls, and the dusty libraries of insipid pedants:

To attempt to lay down rules for the acquirement of this quality, in which the essence of fine writing consists, may seem to carry with it an air
of

of presumption. I may, however, be permitted to say, that what Mr. Locke mentions as the chief thing to be attended to in the conduct of the understanding, is also a necessary step towards the accomplishment. The point I allude to, is a habit of *thinking in train* on whatever subject the mind may chuse to expatiate upon. In consequence of this regimen, our thoughts will follow in a natural order, each arising and growing out of the former, and the whole connected in all its parts; will by these means form a regular composition, which at one glance the reader may take in and carry in his mind. There is an association between almost all our ideas: whenever one of them presents itself to the imagination, an whole train is wakene'd into life; so that if an author has enlarged his understanding, and enriched himself with a tolerable stock of knowledge, he may reasonably hope that his thoughts will offer themselves in sufficient abundance; and (if he has habituated himself to the government of his faculties above described) in a regular series. This would prevent that violent straining very perceptible in some gentlemen of the quill, that manner of flying off from one subject to another in a wild incoherent manner, serving only to bewilder the reader; who expects something of method, and not being able to attend his author into the realms

of

of chaos and of night, throws him aside as a vague wandering genius, whom he can make nothing of.

I am aware that what has been premised may appear to an hasty peruser, digressive from the matter I first set out with; but thinking is so intimately connected with what is called style, that it is intirely co-incident with the design of this essay, and so essential to a composition, that without it, elegance can never be expected; with it, it is odds that it will never be wanting. To furnish the mind with knowledge, is a rule of the ablest of critics, and words, says he, will never be deficient to cloath our ideas.

Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequuntur.

HOR.

To think clearly is the original source of good writing. He who thinks with perspicuity, will also aim at the same in conveying his sentiments to others. This is the main use of language. On this account a good writer will avoid all affectation of glittering, all false ambitious ornaments, all prettineffes, all conceits, quaint turns, points and antitheses, which never can give strength to argument, or grace to composition. As no language in its origin, can have a competency of

terms

terms appropriated to every thing, and that the course was had to the metaphors which consist in transferring the name of one object to another on account of some resemblance subsisting between them. But in the nature of things, it never could be intended that an whole piece should be carried on in a string of borrowed phrases. Every body knows how cloying this manner is in some of the most eminent writers of the last century. It would not be hard to point out some of the present tribe who put off every thing in such a motly mixture of far-fetched terms and allusions, that the sense is hid under a flourish of tuneful periods, which by the injudicious is called a good stile and an eloquent flow. *Cicero*, the father of eloquence, and the excellent *Quintilian*, in several passages have condemned the too frequent insertion of metaphors. The author of my motto, who was both a poet and a critic, has elegantly described those writers, who disdain to express their thoughts in the terms appropriated to them; and though the subject does not require it, must need set off every thing in the delusive colouring of figurative language.

I believe the late Dean *Swift* understood the true beauties of writing as well as any author, ancient

tient or modern. I would advise the reader to open any part of his works, and try whether he can find any thing of this florid manner, that at present serves to *elevate and surprize*. I am convinced that no man of common apprehension need ever read a sentence twice over in any of this writer's productions: his method is perspicuous, and at the same time elegant, without false embellishments. His metaphors have always a palpable allusion to the idea they are introduced to signify. This is a point which should always be considered. It is, moreover, an established rule that *tropes and metaphors* should not be placed too thick, nor pursued with a pitiful ambition to too great a length. Whenever I find a person erring on this head; he appears to me in the light of a child, who has blown a bubble prettily variegated and pleasing to his fancy, and follows it in order to keep up the illusion as long as he can. In short, it has happened in language as in commerce: what was first intended to supply our natural deficiencies, is now by the depravity of the human mind perverted into a vice. Vida has touched this with his usual delicacy.

*Hanc vulgo speciem propriæ penuria vocis
 Intulit, inditiisque urgens in rebus egestas.
 Quippe ubi se vera ostendebant nomina nusquam,
 Fas erat hinc atque hinc transferre simillima veris;*

*Paulatim accrevere vires, bonæ tanquæ libidinis,
Quodque olim usus inops reperit, nunc ipsa voluptas
Postulat, hunc addens verborum rebus honorem.*

I know there are many other corruptions which contribute to vitiate a true taste; but I have dwelt longer on this, as it appears to me to be the reigning fault of all our pretty essayists at present. If metaphor be considered in the light I have stated it, as only an aid to the perspicuity of language; it will no longer pass for an elegance, when it is not subservient to its original institution. It will be sufficient, in this place, to observe that circumlocution is generally the vice of those, who do not form clear and adequate ideas, contenting themselves with words that seem to play round a meaning: this is an excellent subterfuge to him, who wants to spin out the sheet. To be a great while saying and saying nothing, helps out many a *tritical* essay writer. A multiplicity of words of the same import, with a profusion of epithets, may be very useful at a pinch, but, I believe, it is unnecessary to observe, that there cannot be a greater error. Every species of writing has its peculiar manner, its own proper colouring. When the distinguishing qualities of each are not preserved; whenever the different boundaries are invaded, all propriety is destroyed.

stroyed. A true style should be clear of foreign infusions : if too replete with French or other idioms, it will cease to be English ; like the river *Marfyas*, which, *Curtius* tells us, glides pure and unmixed within the fortifications of a town in *Asia*, free from any adventitious waters to pollute the limpid stream ; but when without the walls, it pours along with a more impetuous current, and a swelling surge, it no longer retains its original name, but then commences to be stiled the river *Lycus* : *cum extra munimenta se evolvit, majore vi ac mole agentem undas Lycum appellant.*

After the choice of words, the arrangement of them demands the writer's care. The limits of the present essay will not allow me to enlarge upon this subject ; but I may resume it upon some future occasion. I shall now be content with hinting, that the reference which the several terms in a sentence bear to one another ; the strength they acquire by being joined with proper epithets ; the lustre they reflect upon an whole period, are all points of moment in composition. At the same time that they render every thing clear, they give grace and harmony to the whole.

I shall release my readers, after observing that perspicuity is the first and greatest beauty in every

production of the mind. The love of embellishment, indulged to excess, ends in affectation and false glitter. In short, as *QUINTILIAN* has judiciously observed, when the true point is hit, he who seeks something better, generally finds what is worse.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Yesterday arrived a mail from *Newmarket*, by which we learn that a certain nobleman will make a distinguished figure at the Olympic games of that place in *April* next, and that his lordship is to ride against *handsome Billy*, the famous jockey. On this occasion we would recommend to his lordship's consideration the following lines of *Doctor Young*.

*Men should press forward in Fame's glorious chariot,
Nobles look backward, and so lose the race.*

By the last advices from *White's* chocolate-house we are informed, that several *legislators* attend there every day, in order, no doubt, to see the ill effects of that pernicious custom, to suppress which they have made so many salutary laws.

N U M B E R X.

Saturday, Dec. 23, 1752.

— *Intus & in jecore agro*

Nascuntur domini —

PERSIUS.

— *Trahit sua quemque voluptas.*

VIRGIL.

IN a former paper I mentioned, that I belong to a club, which meets once in every week, at the *Devil Tavern*, near *Temple-bar*: I then promised my readers to make them acquainted with the nature of this meeting, the characters of the several members, and the oddities in my own temper, which entitle me to a place in this extraordinary society. To perform my engagement shall be the business of the present essay.

Our club is called the *club of Originals*. By an *Original*, I do not mean a character entirely new, and such as has never been seen in the world before, but a person of an independant understanding, whose distinguishing marks are the native growth of his own peculiar temper, the vigour of a mind above the contracting of habits by servile

imitation. As I had the honour of filling the chair the last club-night, I shall begin with myself, though I am aware that a public writer should remain as much behind the curtain as possible, on account of the prejudices which arise against a known author.

I have, perhaps, as many whims as any man whatever. Whether right or wrong, they adhere to me so tenaciously, that I cannot by any means disengage myself from them. Notwithstanding all that has been said to me, I cannot induce myself to carry a supernumerary ace in my pocket to a brag-table; I could never contract an intimacy in a gentleman's family, in order to debauch his daughter, or carry on a design upon his wife; I had rather lose my joke at any time than my friend; and I am so awkward, that I cannot attempt to bilk a box-keeper. Admittedly, I am far from being a free-thinker, notwithstanding the very great reputation to be acquired by the singularities of paradox. I am sensible, that these are unaccountable oddities. It does not escape me, that in so enlightened and accomplished an age, they must set a man in a very disadvantageous light; but the truth of it is, they have taken such root in my mind, that I am apprehensive, I shall never be able to attain that elegance of life and taste,

which

which is remarkable in some of my neighbours.

The next who is to sit for his picture, is a gentleman of the most extensive knowledge in all branches of polite literature. His name is CANDID, remarkable for his knowledge in critical learning; but what constitutes the oddity of his character is, that he is a *Critic* with good-nature. No man has quicker sensations than Mr. *Candid*. Does he peruse the works of antiquity, or those writers among the moderns of allowed reputation? their beautiful passages strike so forcibly on his imagination, that he admires them to a degree of rapture. It may be imagined that this warmth of temper hurries him sometimes into false applause; but his judgment is so deliberate, that he generally withholds his admiration, till he is perfectly satisfied that the sentiment and diction are just. He is never known to be imposed upon by false embellishments of stile, or those ambitious ornaments in writing, which are censured by *Horace*. To this refinement of taste, Mr. *Candid* has joined the most finished good-breeding, which renders his company extremely desirable. In short, he is the source, from which his friends derive many excellent observations upon every kind of writing.

Mr. *Abraham Gulliver* follows next; a gentleman of very diverting humours, and descended, as he himself informs us, from that very *Gulliver* whose travels have been collected, with so much accuracy, by the late Doctor *Swift*. The love of recounting adventures I believe runs in his blood. He frequently sets the company a staring at the surprizing incidents he has met with. His passion for voyaging was formerly so prevalent, that he never omitted an opportunity of sailing for it, as he expresses it, and merely to gratify this inclination, he embarked in Lord *Anson's* Squadron round the world. He has lost one eye and part of his chin in that expedition, but he does not repine at the accident, as he says it is made up to him in the acquirement of knowledge, which, he insists, no man can be said to possess, who has not crossed the Line, and attempted the North-East passage. He has conversed with a *Bramin* in the East; with the wild *American* near *Hudson's Bay*, the frozen inhabitants of *Zembla*, and other regions near the *Pole*. There is no place in the map, of which he cannot give some account. He certainly has laid up a large fund of knowledge, but that tinged with so many oddities, that he is a whimsical member of society.

After Mr. *Gulliver*, my friend *Harry Wildair* claims

claims attention. *Harry Wildeir* has a quick insight into men and manners. Nobody better knows the characteristic marks and latent foibles of all whom he meets in the social intercourse of life. To this sharpness of discernment he has added an extensive knowledge of the connections and business of mankind. He has been frequently seated for hours together under the clock at *Lloyd's* coffee-house to be viewed by the underwriters. He has fixed his residence at *Charing Cross*, that he may have an opportunity of observing the mighty throng, which is constantly pressing that way. He can tell, by the coat of arms, to whom each passing coach belongs: and

if by chance a vehicle unobserved before occurs, he is sure to run after it through nine or ten streets, in order to satisfy his curiosity. In short, my friend *Wildeir* is all spirit and frolick; is foremost in every scene both in high and low life, and equally pleasant upon the finer foibles of the polite, and the strong humours of the inferior class. The consequence is, he is never without a fund of gallantry and humour, which display themselves in his conversation with great sprightliness and variety.

The next of the society is Counsellor *Plessic* of the *Inner Temple*. Counsellor *Plessic* was called to

the

the bar in the year 1740, but the death of his elder brother soon rendering it unnecessary for him to attend his profession, he laid aside the long robe, and has ever since indulged his natural cast of mind. Instead of walking in *Westminster hall*, he takes a turn every day in the *Lyceum*, or saunters in the groves of *Academus*. In plain terms, *Mr. Plastic* is a complete *Shaftesburian* philosopher. Like all the gentlemen of that inclining, he has a polite taste for the imitative arts; his imagination is warm and elegant, and he has, to use Lord *Shaftesbury's* expression, a *muse-like* apprehension. With all this there is a peculiarity in every thing he says or does. Ridicule is with him the test of truth. His discourse generally turns on ideas of beauty and virtue. Besides the five senses in common with his neighbours, this gentleman has a moral sense, a sense of honour, a public sense, an internal sense, and many other powers of perception, not mentioned in *Mr. Locke's* Essay. In short, Counsellor *Plastic's* imagination has attained a great degree of refinement. But his disinterested benevolence is frequently laughed at by *Mr. Allcash*, who stands last upon the list.

It is owing to a whim in this gentleman, that our meeting is fixed at the *Devil Tavern*. It seems

seems he has made a resolution never to go beyond *Temple-bar*. Mr. *Allcash* is esteemed to be worth half a plum, and is now pretty well recovered from the shock he received by the reduction of interest. As he has spent most of his time in a constant intercourse with scrievengers and stock-jobbers, he has discovered the artifices of that class of men, and he is satisfied from that partial view of mankind, that he knows the world. He is extremely fond of a maxim in *Hudibras*;

*What is worth in any thing,
But so much money as 'twill bring?*

This with him is the test of truth, which he opposes in his joking way to the *Shaftesburian* rule. He declares, that he had rather have a sense of money, than all the elegant senses above mentioned. He is a constant attendant at church, as he says, from a sincere motive of piety, though it is hinted by Mr. *Plastic*, that he thinks it his interest to be saved.

• These are the members of the club of ORIGINALS, which was instituted upon the commencement of this paper. As we are willing, in order to promote the design of it, to admit new members, proposals will be received, and treated with the utmost impartiality.

TRUE

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

We hear from *Crane-court*, that an ingenious member of the *Royal Society*, by examining the force of attraction between the upper end of the stays now in fashion, and the lower part of the petticoat, has demonstrated, that in less than three years both will join. The motion, he thinks, will be greatly accelerated at the next masquerade. The calculation is counted very ingenious : all who have attended to it, are convinced that the ladies will, in a short time, *make both ends meet*. The work is to appear in the next volume of the *Transactions of the Society*.



NUMBER XI.

Saturday, Dec. 30, 1752.

Quid faciam Romæ? mentiri nescio —

JUVENAL.

THE *French* are very often happy in an expression, which cannot be rendered with equal delicacy in any other modern language. Of this sort is a phrase I have somewhere met with, *viz. Les petites morales*, which is used by them to signify those subordinate points of behaviour, which cannot be looked upon in the same light with duties of higher obligation, but are, however, so essential to our conduct in life, that they are denominated *lesser morals*. A small share of common sense will point these out to every man's observation; but as the infringement of them is frequent, and very often attended with serious consequences, it properly comes within the province of a public writer to correct these lesser deviations. I have set apart this day to animadvert upon a transgression of this nature.

The offence I mean is the notable art of HUMBUCING, which started up of late years, and has made such an extensive progress, that it is now enlarged

larged into a general fashion, and calls aloud for a CENSOR. And here it may not be improper to remind people of the true definition of wit, which consists in reconciling ideas, between which there is no palpable congruity, in a sudden and unexpected point of resemblance. To this I will add, that humour is the talent of discerning the oddities which constitute the great variety of characters for which this kingdom is famous, and exhibiting them in ridiculous colours to the eye of the world. Things being thus circumstanced, I would ask the tribe of HUM-BUGGERS, how far a plausible lie, with a grave countenance, will give them a pretension to either of the two faculties above described? The truth of it is, they are but pitiful attendants on the camp of false wit. Would men consider how easy it is to falsify, and how hard to do it with pleasantry, they would, in my opinion, desist from so unpolite an art, than which I do not remember any thing more gross, more stupid, and more senseless. An author of the first magnitude (I think the late *Dr. Swift*) observes, that he never knew above one good lie in his life. That one, I will venture to say, was told by himself, and we may believe was a good stroke of humour, free from scandal or detraction, the distinguishing characteristics of our modern adventurers in this way.

As one of these elegant gentlemen is hovering over his tea in a morning, his hand is applied with great sagacity to his forehead—"Let me see now, for an arch hum; something curf'd high for the day. Ay, ay, I have it: a suit is commenced in the spiritual court against a certain Lord: it will be insolent though to meddle with such respectable characters! Well, but there is ill-nature in it, and so it will do swimmingly. As how? Why, he is married to the finest woman in the world. Her whole sex envy her, and envy vents itself in malice and detraction. That's the thing: it will spread among them. Immense by Jupiter!" Away runs this great genius as quick as lightning, to my Lady TATTLEAID's toilet, with a face as long as a Dutch epigram; then the hum begins. "I am extremely sorry for it, it is a cruel case. Pray, sir, what's a cruel case? Why, have not you heard, ma'am? My Lord—(hark in your ear)—absolutely fact. Two wives! I'll lay all Lombard-street to an egg-shell that it is true. Your Ladyship knows Tom Wildfire. Tom went this morning for a licence to be married to Miss Beverley, the great fortune, and he brings the news piping hot from the Commons." "Lard, says my Lady Tattleaid, I don't know how it was, but I never liked that

"match

“match—(and casting her eyes on the glass with a
conscious snuper) “What signifies all her beauty
“now? Though she was never my beauty. I
“don’t find that those tall women are so much
“admired in public places. Mrs. *Needlework*,
“bid *John* come round with the coach to the
“door, and bring me my fan, gloves, and capu-
“chin in an instant.”

Thus the affair is settled: away flies my Lady
Tattleaid, on the wings of malice, to all parts of
the town. The agreeable news is wafted about.
At *White’s* bets are extremely high, a wager being
the only test of truth, which the ingenious gen-
tlemen of that academy have been able to disco-
ver, after infinite pains in the search. A losing
gamester, who is obliged to drive into the
city to dispose of a little *South Sea* stock, gives the
hint there. The gossips at *Garraway’s* have it in
a moment: at one it is buzzed on *Change*, and the
circling whisper in the boxes interrupts the play
at night. At my Lady *Trumpabout’s* assembly,
the ladies are all in a titter. “Is it come to
“this? cries Miss *Sparkish*, I’ll brag a guinea
“over.” “But is it really true, says Miss
Whiteteeth, “I shall be very sorry for it. He!
“he! he! Can one go to hear it tried? I’ll
“send to bespeak places.”

Pleas’d

Pleased with these ideas, the ladies retire home from the rout, sink into a comfortable repose, dream of divorces, separations, and unhappy marriages. The next day the cheat is discovered; the illusion vanishes; the noble Lord proves to be above the reach of so infamous a calumny, and his Lady, superior to envy, moves in her sphere with lustre, grace, and dignity; while the droll, who first set the thing on foot, enjoys the joke in secret, and laughs at the tale his facetiousness propagated. In this is contained all the wit, and all the humour of all the *Humbuggers* of the age.

I could wish that this tribe had subsisted in the days of *Horace*; we should have them, under some proper appellation, delivered down to posterity with the

*Ambubaiarum collegia, Pharmacopola,
Mendici, Mimi, Balatrones, hoc Genus omne.*

But I do not think that the polite authors of *Greece* and *Rome* had the faintest idea of this egregious turn. In all the characters of *La Bruyere* there is no such monster to be found. The wits of King *Charles's* time were absolutely ignorant of it. In the reign of *Queen ANNE*, which (to use the words of a fine author) *notwithstanding the happy days that have succeeded, every BRITON may yet*

remember, I say, in the reign of Queen ANNE, when wit, humour, imagination, and every elegant talent were in their highest perfection, nothing of this sort arose. In short, it seems entirely reserved to grace the annals of these latter days. I make no doubt but it will give a surprizing eclat to the pages of some future historian, when it is related in a pompous stile, that in the reign of his Majesty King *George* the Second, by the grace of God, King of *Great Britain, France, and Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, and so forth, the never enough to be admired art of *Humbugging* came into vogue; the amusement of tea-tables, the delight of the Court, and the study of beaux and pretty gentlemen, from whom it descended to all ranks of people, and became the general fashion of the kingdom.

Instead of expatiating any further on this sprightly absurdity, I shall close this paper with a passage from Lord *Shaftesbury*, whose decision upon wit and manners, I believe, will not be contested.

“ ’Tis real humanity and kindness to hide strong
 “ truths from tender eyes; and to do this by
 “ pleasant amusement, is easier and civilier, than
 “ by a harsh denial, or remarkable reserve. But
 “ to go about industriously to confound men in a
 “ my-

“ mysterious manner, and to make advantage,
 “ and draw pleasure from that perplexity they
 “ are thrown into by such uncertain talk, is as
 “ unhandfome in a way of raillery, as when done
 “ with the greatest seriousness, or in the solemn
 “ way of deceit. It may be necessary, as well
 “ now as heretofore, for wise men to speak in pa-
 “ rables, with a double meaning; that the enemy
 “ may be amused, and they only *who have ears to*
 “ *hear, may hear*; but it is certainly a mean, im-
 “ potent, and dull sort of wit which amuses all
 “ alike, and leaves the most sensible man, and
 “ even a friend, equally in doubt, and at a loss to
 “ understand what one's real mind is upon any
 “ subject. This is that gross sort of raillery
 “ which is so offensive in good company; and
 “ indeed there is as much difference between one
 “ sort and another, as between fair dealing and
 “ hypocrisy, or between the genteelst wit and the
 “ most scurrilous buffoonery. But by freedom of
 “ conversation this illiberal kind of wit will lose
 “ its credit.”

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Drury-Lane Theatre.

There has been such a prodigious squeezing of hats here of late, that the Managers, as well to

suppress the destruction of beavers, as to put a stop to an unnatural and ungraceful deportment, have been induced to issue out orders from the Green Room against this practice; commanding in the strictest terms, that whoever has a message to deliver on the stage, or a kicking to receive, shall perform it without recourse to this modern affectation. The Under-Graduates of each Theatre are thrown into great perplexity, and we hear, that a copy of this order is sent to Mr. Lee at *Edinburgh*, whose hats are said to be at present as flat as *Scotch* bonnets.

Literary Bill of Mortality for the Year 1752.

Casualties among Books.		Casualties among Authors.	
Abortive	- - - 7000	Bit by mad dogs	- 500
Still born	- - - 3000	Planet struck	- 900
Old age	- - - 6000	Bruised	- - 1000
Worms	- - - 8000	Killed themselves	- 15
Consumption	- - 500	Starved	- - 1200
French disease	- - 700	Fall from a garret	} 2
Complication	- - 100	window	
Yellow fever in a jakes	200	Malignant fever	- 80
Hard bound	- - 100	Mortification	- - 120
Trunk-makers	- 1000	Canker	- - - 20
Pastry-cooks	- - 1000	Surfeit	- - - 0000
Sky-rockets	- 10000	Executed	- - - 37
Transportation	- 10000	Dog-star rage	- - 300
	<hr/>	Empyema, <i>Doctor Hill</i>	1
	41600		

4175

NUMBER

N U M B E R XII.

Saturday, Jan. 6, 1752.

*Majores nusquam ronci, juvenesque senesque
Et pueri nasum Rbinocerotis habent.*

MARTIAL.

WHEN an author first launches his little bark, a pleasing prospect lies before him. The novelty of enterprize gives life and ardour to his spirits: imagination pictures to him scenes of success, and he thinks he has nothing to do, but to spread all his sails, and glide away to the realms of fame. Were an insurance-office open for adventures of this nature, where, for a small premium, the event might be ascertained, he would hardly think it worth his while to intrench himself within those safe-guards; so sure he is of reaching his wished-for haven. But how soon is the flattering dream dissipated into air! Like *Virgil's Æneas*, he no sooner leaves the shore, and sees the land gradually lessening to his eye, than he finds himself embarked on a sea of troubles. Some secret enemy, in whose breast an unjust prejudice has long been rankling, immediately begins to counterwork his progress. *Aolus*, or some power that presides over the ocean of ink, is

H 3

ad-

43813

addressed with a degree of rage not inferior to that of *Juno*, and a storm is soon raised. Calumny, detraction, scandal, and malevolence, blow a more violent tempest, than when the four winds combine; the blasts of envy whistle round him, and his little bark becomes the sport of a troubled element; now elevated as high as the very heavens, and then at once let down to the profoundest bottom of the deep. Should he be hardy enough to think of weathering it out, he is beset by a shoal of monsters, known in those seas by the name of CRITICKS. These dangerous animals of prey are constantly prowling about the main, upon the look-out, if I may be allowed the expression, for some object of their rage. Him they instantly surround, and all endeavours to amuse them from their fell purpose are in vain. Tubs have been thrown to whales with success, and we have read of *Arion*, who found means, by the lenient airs of his harp, to soften into attention a group of monsters, hungry, and ready to devour him. But the fury of the CRITICKS is not to be appeased: inevitable ruin attends the man, who unhappily falls in their way. If out of the number of those, who are surrounded, an author is now and then happy enough, by the light of some propitious star, to steer his course clear of
ruin,

ruin, they have been seen to goad and bite themselves with spite and desperation.

To descend from this long continued allegory: a public writer, who undertakes to instruct or entertain his readers, has so many difficulties to cope with, that it has often been matter of wonder that any man is willing to undertake a life of so much labour and anxiety. The *pangs of despised wit* are, perhaps, equal to *those of despised love*; sufficient, one would imagine, to extinguish an author's honest emulation, and determine him to think a post of inglorious ease more eligible than that state of warfare, in which he must be involved as a public writer. It is in vain to plead in bar to the invectives of the rigid censors of the age, a well-meant endeavour. An acquaintance of mine, who delights in parodying passages from poets, says, with some pleasantry, *Criticks have flinty hearts; no wit can move them; Authors must be unhappy.*

As these notable refiners upon the beauties of writing stand in a conspicuous light among the several characters which do honour to the present age, it may not be improper, upon this occasion, to lay before the reader a true idea of MODERN

CRI-

CRITICISM, with some account of its parentage and education.

ILL-NATURE is the founder of the family. In a fit of petulant delight this personage was joined in wedlock to the celebrated dame, IGNORANCE. The issue of this happy marriage was ENVY, who, being of a consumptive habit of body, and no very amorous disposition, was deterred for a long time from any thoughts of matrimony; but at length meeting with MALICE, he took an immediate fancy to her, and by a sympathy of soul this lovely pair were led to a mutual liking for each other. MALICE was an old maid, of a lean shrivelled habit of body, delighting much in tea-table chat. At first the relations of ENVY were disgusted at the match. From the lady's looks, it was imagined that she was not of a constitution that promised an increase, and for want of issue the family might be soon extinct. Things, however, are not always to be judged by appearances. Though the new-married couple lived together like cats, constantly scratching and quarrelling, they still found softer moments of dalliance, and in about nine months CRITICISM was ushered into the world. The tidings of this happy event were soon wafted towards *Grub-street-College*: Mother DULNESS raised her drowsy head, pleased with the

account of the sprightly dunce, and all her votaries hailed the new-born babe: In *Parnassus* the effect was different: *Apollo* started, and each amiable *MUSE* let fall a tender tear: the tuneful lyre was laid aside, and *ASTREA* dropped her scales.

That the lineage of this egregious youth may be carried in the mind with more facility, I shall here throw the whole pedigree in one view before the eye of the reader.

ILL-NATURE——IGNORANCE

ENVY——MALICE

CRITICISM.

Like *Richard* the Third, the infant was born with teeth. At the first ray of light it began to hiss. Several of the usual play-things given to children were immediately bought, but nothing could allay our young hero's cries, until a catcall was given into his hands. Of this curious toy, by a kind of instinct, he soon found the use. It filled the infant with the most malicious delight. In process of time an horn-book was procured for the young gentleman. At the first sight of it he grew extremely peevish, and shortly after began to pull it to pieces. In this he was encouraged by his *grandmother*, who said it would spoil the child's eyes, but it is confidently said that he at last took

to

to it of himself, but at random, and in a very irregular manner. I am credibly informed, that he could not be induced to pursue the alphabet in its natural order, but that the first letters he became acquainted with, were *D, A, M, N*. It is a question with many, whether he ever went further. After infinite pains in the research, I have found from some secret memoirs, that he really did learn to read the title-pages of books and pamphlets, in order the more effectually to abuse them.

Our youth in his countenance had a blended resemblance to his parents, with a remarkable air of his grandmother. From his *grandfire* he derived a disposition to all kinds of vice, and the evil qualities of his father were observed to thrive in a soil admirably fitted for their reception. Pleasure he was an utter stranger to, unless the misfortunes of his neighbours excited the mixed sensations of that malignant joy mentioned by *Ovid*.

Risus abest, nisi quem visi movere dolores.

Nothing could ever rouse him to an emulation of others. He sat pining and self-tormented at the idea of merit, and having a volubility of speech from his mother, he vented himself in spleen and scandalous invective. In these qualities he made great improvement. Each day added some

new

new accomplishment, such as *impudence, pertness, ill-manners, and a rare genius for lying.*

Being arrived at maturity, he grew wondrous fond of coffee-houses. He was constantly seen poring over the *Magazines*, and if he ever met with a production of genius, he shewed great perturbation of mind. He went to the playhouse on the first night of every new piece: the players dreaded the sight of him in the pit; he talked of actors whom he never saw; retailed authors whom he never read; tore up benches; grinned and chattered; hissed and clapped; yawned and slept. Having heard that *Aristotle's Art of Poetry* was esteemed among his best performances, he bought at a stall a certain curious production, entitled *Aristotle's Master-piece*, which gave him a mean opinion of the ancients. He ridiculed all kind of learning, and became a delegate, of his own choice, to direct the taste of the age. If a young author shewed any traces of elegance in his stile, or discovered a vein of thinking, capable of furnishing further improvements, he endeavoured to nip him in the bud,

To conclude; CRITICISM has been upon Town for several years, and still continues in the practice of every bad quality, deducible from a weak head
and

and a corrupt heart. As I intend to persevere in the work I have undertaken, I will cut matters short, and inform this gentleman, and all his followers, that after this I shall not suffer myself to be diverted from the design in which I have embarked: I hope not to be found altogether unworthy of the public perusal; and if I do not discover unknown truths, I shall endeavour to place every thing in a point of view, that, I hope, will sometimes give it the graces of novelty.

I shall continue to prefix a motto to each lucubration from some celebrated author of antiquity, not out of affectation, but because from an early taste for those excellent writers, many of their beauties have insinuated themselves into my imagination, in so lively a manner, that they recur on almost every topic. This serves very often, with the classic scholar, to place an entire essay before his eye at once; and to see a fine passage start into a new light, and carry a witty allusion to a subject, in appearance foreign to it, must, in my opinion, excite agreeable ideas in the fancy.

The mere *English* reader will lose this pleasure, but the rest of this paper cannot suffer by it.

TRUE

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Drury-Lane.

Mr. *Southwest*, the broker, has handed about the city a policy of insurance for 300l. on the life of the NEW TRAGEDY, shortly to be acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, called the GAMESTER, for the term of nine days compleat; but none of the *Under Writers* thought proper to subscribe; being all of opinion, that no work of genius can be worth a tenth part of the money.

Covent-Garden.

Two new tragedies have been offered to the Manager, but the run of *Harlequin Sorcerer* has only left room for one of them. The contending poets, it is said, have determined the precedence by tossing up, when fortune declared in favour of the *Earl of Essex*, written by Mr. *Jones*. *Constantine*, by the Rev. Mr. *Francis*, is deferred till next season.

N. B. The *Malevoli* are desired to decide in the same manner, whether they shall damn the *Earl of Essex*: if left to chance, it is possible that the Playhouse CRITICKS may deviate into the right.

NUMBER XIII.

Saturday, Jan. 13, 1752.

Cælum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.

HORACE.

THE following letter from a gentleman, who lately took a trip to *Paris*, will, I believe, prove acceptable to the bulk of my readers. It exhibits a lively picture of an *Englishman*, who has set up the customs and manners of his own country, as the indisputable standard of what is right, and therefore treats every thing he finds abroad with the utmost contempt. I shall present it as the entertainment of this day, not doubting but that it will be relished by those, who have had an opportunity of observing the ridiculous manner, in which our countrymen spend their time, in that elegant metropolis of the polite world.

Paris, Jan. 10, 1752.

SIR,

I have been in this strange place about six weeks, and find myself in such a whimsical situation, that I may truly say, with *Petulant*, in the *Way of the World*, I am like a dog in a dancing-school.

school. Upon our first arrival here, we took a *fiacre*, and drove to our banker, who lives up four pair of stairs. Being our countryman, we thought him the most proper person to direct us, and accordingly enquired whether there were any good lodgings to be let in the *Rue de Boucherie*; for you must know, we were informed, before we left *England*, by some gentlemen, who said they knew *Paris* perfectly well, that we should take up our residence in that part of the town. The banker smiled at the question. He told us, that the *English* gentlemen had deserted that famous street ever since *barlequin* at the *Italian* comedy, in making love to his mistress, informed her, among other professions of his passion, *that he loved her as violently as my Lord Anglois did the Rue de Boucherie.* He added, that he would take care to fix us in a proper lodging, and accordingly conducted us to *Peyri Baigneur*, in the *Rue Dauphine*, who accommodated us with good apartments. Our next care was to equip ourselves in the fashion of the country. We sent for a taylor, and *Jack Commons*, who jabbars a little *French*, directed him to make us two suits, which were brought us home the next morning at ten o'clock, and made compleat *Frenchmen* of us. But for my part, I was so damned uneasy in a full-dressed coat, with hellish long skirts, which I had never been used to, that I thought myself

myself as much deprived of my liberty, as if I had been in the *Bastile*. I frequently sigh'd for my little loose frock, which I look upon as an emblem of our happy constitution; for it lays a man under no uneasy restraint, but leaves it in his power to do as he pleases. I must not forget to inform you, that we hired a *Swiss* servant, whom they call *Valet de Place*; and to him we entrusted the management of every thing, which saves a great deal of trouble. I really believe the fellow to be extremely honest; for I do not find that I spend more money here than in *London*. As it is absolutely necessary to have a coach while in *Paris*, we engaged a *remise* during our stay, and indeed it was indispensably incumbent upon us to set up an equipage, for we commenced lords immediately upon entering the *Fauxbourg St. Germain*. The people think, every man, who looks aukward, and throws away his money, an *English* lord; nay, they are so liberal of this title, that they call the *English* taylors and peruke-makers, who sometimes pay them a visit, *dés petites my lords*. You may believe, my friend, I was very desirous to see their theatrical entertainments. I have indeed been at one or other of them every night. They are d—d strange, Sir; not the thing, by any means. I do not, it is true, understand the language, but their manner is quite different from ours.

ours. The players seldom or ever throw out the voice with any vehemence, but speak in as natural a manner, as if they were off the stage: that would not be borne with us. However, the *French* are pleased with it, as they know no better. The first time I was at the play-house, I imagined there had been a riot the night before; for I observed there were no benches in the pit; but, in this I was mistaken. There never are any seats in that part of the house: the reason is, I suppose, because a *Frenchman* cannot sit still during the performance. With respect to the manner of living, it is intolerable. I should have been starved, if I had not luckily got acquainted with an *Irish* Abbé of *Lombard-college*, one Mr. M^cManus, a very good sort of a man, though a popish priest. He has a cursed queer way of talking indeed; his accent being a mixture of the Brogue and the *French* cadence, and his phrases generally literal translations from the *French*. He is notwithstanding a d—d honest fellow, and will get drunk with any of his friends at a minute's warning. If it had not been for this gentleman, who conducted me to a little place, kept by one *Kemp*, where I got a leg of mutton and turnips, and beef-stakes, I should have been obliged to set out post for *England*. 'Tis true, upon honour. My life was at stake. I could by no means live upon their *soup* and *bully*, and kick-

shaws made of stinking meat. Their wines, it must be allowed, are pretty enough, when one is used to them; but at first they seem prodigious weak: they have not half the body of our wines in *England*: but, that is easily accounted for; the best growth being always sent to us; at least *Venables* and *Tomkins* tell me so. In mentioning *Kemp's*, I should have told you of an ugly scrape I had like to have fallen into. I got into company with an officer of the *Scotch* troops in the *French* king's service, and I began to hum him about party affairs; but, he soon gave me to understand that I was on the wrong side the water for that fun, and insisted, that I should give immediate satisfaction. I reflected that it would be confoundedly silly, to get pinked in a popish country, where they would not allow me christian burial; and so I asked his pardon and the affair was made up, by the mediation of *Abbé M' Manus*. This has cured me from attempting any sport of that kind while I stay here. You will be surprized, perhaps, that I give you no account of the people. To tell you the truth, my friend, I do not know any of them. I went once to an ordinary, and the company were so remarkably civil to me, that I began to think they had a design upon me; but my friend, *Jack Commons*, who has studied the law, and knows these things, tells me, this excessive politeness proceeds from

from their living under an arbitrary government. I cannot help laughing at the immense number of *Chevaliers de St. Louis*, which I meet every where. These gentlemen are as numerous here, as knights have been in the city of *London*, since the year forty-three. They wear a little enamelled cross hanging to a red ribbon, which is fixed in a button-hole of the coat; and most of them have a streak of dirt on their white silk-stockings, about an inch above the shoe, which, I suppose, is part of the order. As to the government of this county, I have not thought it worth my while to enquire about it: I am satisfied with old *England*, and there will end my days. I have had very few amours since I left *England*, for I do not know how it is, I am rather shy of the women here, they are so devilish sprightly. I know three or four of them, whom my barber recommended me to, but they are not of the first class.

To conclude, Mr. *McManus* has carried me through all the curiosities in and about *Paris*, and now my time lies heavy on my hands. As I have no acquaintance, and am unwilling to enter into any connection with people in a strange country, I am at a loss what to do with myself in an evening. The day I contrive to pass away tolerably. I saunter in the *Tuilleries* till dinner, which brings all the

Englifo together at *Kemp's*; from thence we adjourn to *Procope's*, until it is time to go to the play, which kills the time to about half an hour after eight. When the actors dismiss us, we are perplexed to determine how we shall dispose of ourselves, and are, in the end, obliged, in our own defence, to return to *Kemp's*, and play a game at whist. This way of life will not do with me: in about a fortnight you may expect to see me, when we will laugh over these strange scenes at the *Shakespeare*.

I am sincerely yours, &c.

GEORGE BRITON,



N U M B E R X I V .

Saturday, Jan. 20, 1752.

— *Ecce inter pocula quærunt
Romulidæ saturi, qui dia poemata narrent.*

PERSIUS.

THE club, of which I am a member, and of which I have already given some account in this paper, is not a confederacy in riot and debauchery: It was instituted with a view of enjoying a pleasing converse, rather than of contending with each other for the renown of the most potent constitution, or the most capacious swallow. Accordingly our discourse generally turns upon some topic, that may serve to disclose the humours of mankind, or carry our taste in the polite arts to a greater degree of refinement.

An evening of this sort I was sure to enjoy at our last meeting. The chair was filled by Mr. *Candid*, whom I have formerly described as a very odd critic, good nature and knowledge being peculiarities remarkable in his character. As soon as the mutual civilities were exchanged between the company, this gentleman acquainted us with an occurrence of a very extraordinary nature. As

he was walking in the *Piazzas* at *Covent-Garden*, he perceived a man extremely busy in pasting up against the wall, advertisements of so singular a purport, that he was induced to beg one of them, which was read out to the club, and was in substance as follows.

“ Lately launched at *Deptford*, a ship called the
 “ *Pantomime*, now lying at *Iron-gate*, whereof is
 “ owner *John Lun*, burthen seven hundred tons;
 “ mounts four and thirty guns, and bound directly
 “ for the *South-Seas*, in quest of monsters of all
 “ sorts; to cruize for some time in those parts, and
 “ thence to bear away to the unknown world; in
 “ her homeward voyage to touch upon the coasts
 “ of *Asia* and *Africa*, and return home north about
 “ in order to stock our theatres with the wildest
 “ exotics that can be met with. Good encourage-
 “ ment will be given to all seafaring men, who will
 “ ship themselves on board the *Pantomime* above-
 “ mentioned; and, as a corps of marines will be
 “ requisite, disappointed fortune-hunters, broken
 “ gamesters, hen-peck'd husbands, under-actors,
 “ &c. shall be received, and enter into commission
 “ forthwith.

“ *N. B.* For further particulars, apply to any
 “ of the brokers on *Change*, at *Sam's* coffee-house,
 “ *George's*

“*George’s Temple-Bar, the Bedford, or the stage-
“ door of the theatre in Covent-Garden.”*

This piece of intelligence gave no small astonishment to the rest of the company. Our chairman declared, he had seen so many strange turns in life, that he did not doubt but it would be absolutely carried into execution: he added, that it would certainly draw prodigious houses, to have it mentioned in the play-bills, that the principal parts, in a new entertainment, will be performed by a wonderful *Armadillo* from *Brasil*, a *Serpent* from the river *Oronoque*, the famous *Lantern-Fly* from *Peru*, a *Mermaid* from the *Ladrones Islands*, a surprising *Camel*, a *Rhinoceros*, and many horrible animals, *being their first appearance on the English stage.*

Mr. *Candid* proceeded to observe, that poor *Shakespeare*, who used to flourish, like the thorn at *Glastonbury*, in the depth of winter, must be now entirely destroyed. To prevent, as far as in him lay, this threatening mischief, he informed us, that he has drawn up, with no small pains, a pamphlet entitled, *A modest proposal against abolishing nature, and Shakespeare, at this juncture*, addressed to, *David Garrick, Esq.* with whom he hoped it would have due weight, the performances of that

gentleman having displayed a true relish for the masterly touches of that inimitable poet.

“ And now, since I have mentioned Mr. *Garrick*,” continued he, “ I had rather see him come out from the murder of *Duncan* in the character of *Macbeth*, with the daggers in his hands, than behold a fountain of tin playing in jetteaus, a real cascade, or a country-dance by all the monsters of the creation. I may be out in my taste, but, there are strokes of nature in the play just mentioned, which I shall always reflect upon with pleasure; though I cannot help wondering, that *Garrick*, who always strikes out the brightest ideas, should attach himself to the common reading of a line in the part of *Macbeth*, when a more noble meaning is to be extracted from the same passage. The lines I mean, are, when he looks at his hands, and breaks out into the following speech.

*Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No;—this my hand will rather
The multitudinous sea incarnadine,
Making the green one red.*

“ The last line is generally pronounced, as if *Shakespeare* meant, the GREEN-ONE, which, after the pompous expression of the *multitudinous sea*, would render it liable to the imputation of an anti-

“ anticlimax ; whereas, if it be understood, as
 “ *making the green*,—ONE RED, i. e. the colour of
 “ the sea, which is of itself green, *one intire uni-*
 “ *versal red*, it would close the passage with a dig-
 “ nity responsive to what precedes, and adequate
 “ to the vastness of *Shakespeare's* conception. In
 “ this view, the expression not only keeps up the
 “ image impressed upon the mind, by the term
 “ MULTITUDINOUS sea, but also heightens the
 “ horror of *Macbeth's* crime; the blood he has
 “ spilt being sufficient to convert the natural co-
 “ lour of the whole ocean into—ONE RED.”

This interpretation may, perhaps, not appear
Orthodox to those who are bigotted to *Play-house*
tradition: by our whole club it was thought ex-
 tremely just. Mr. *Plastick*, the *Shaftsburian*
 philosopher, received it with an air of enthusiasm;
 declaring, that it suggested an idea, which ex-
 panded the imagination, the more he dwelt upon
 it. After this, he offered some doubts, concern-
 ing a passage in the same play, of which he con-
 ceived the meaning, though he did not see the
 propriety and consistence of the figures. The
 lines hinted at are in *Macbeth's* soliloquy concern-
 ing the deed he was to perpetrate.

----- I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only

Vault-

*Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other -----*

Mr. *Candid* immediately reassumed the discourse. "The first thing to be observed, said he, "is the rapidity of *Shakespear's* imagination, and "the quick succession of ideas, with which it supplied him. The metaphorical expression in the "verse,—*I have no spur to prick the sides of my intent,*—gave occasion to the figure in the succeeding line, *But VAULTING AMBITION, which o'er-leaps itself, and falls on the other.*—The allusion is to a *managed horse*, and *AMBITION* is represented as a person, who, endeavouring to "vault into the seat, by the violence of his effort, overleaps himself, and falls quite on the "other side."

The whole company was much pleased with the light thrown upon this passage. Our *Shaftsburian* philosopher observed, that the interpretation is perfectly applicable to the circumstances and conduct of *Macbeth*; when Mr. *Allcasth*, the citizen, interposed, and told us, that, for his part, he did not mind your plays much: he went to see *Garrick* at *Goodman's-fields*, and could not help laughing to see the people cry at *King Lear*, when he knew it was all a play, and he paid his money
for

for it. This contributed to ruffle the temper of Mr. *Plastick*, who instantly harangued upon the *public sense, the moral sense, and the internal sense.* Mr. *Allcast* was not to be beat out of his way: instead of paying any deference to this doctrine, he desired an explanation of a line in *Othello*, where *Iago* says, *Who steals my purse steals trash, 'tis something, nothing.* "Is there not, said he, "some mistake, in calling money *trash*, and *some-thing nothing*?"

The chairman smiled at this observation, which he promised to consider at his leisure, and for the present, proceeded to give a correction of a mistake in the play of *Othello*, in the fifth act of which *Iago* says to *Roderigo*,

*I have rubb'd this gnat almost to the sense,
And he grows angry.*

The common editions give us the lines in this manner, and Mr. *Warburton* has done the same. *Theobald* is the only editor who saw the absurdity. *To rub a gnat*, as he observes, though ever so gently, would rub it out of all sense, and would effectually kill it. Yet, though he perceived the error, it seems, he knew not how to mend it. The quarto editions, Mr. *Candid* told us, instead of *gnat*, read *quat*, or *quot*; "but *Theobald*, continued

tinued he, "not knowing the meaning of the
" word, alters it to *knot*, the name of a bird, and
" has a long note to justify the correction. But
" the old books are perfectly right, a *quat*, or *quot*,
" being a small heat or pimple, which by itch-
" ing, provokes us to scratch it, and when
" rubbed to the quick or sense, it becomes hot
" and angry. The word has not perhaps the au-
" thority of any contemporary writer, but must
" certainly be *Shakespeare's*, as it is still used in
" *Warwickshire*, the native country of the old
" bard; and in *Northamptonshire*, where I passed a
" good many months a few years since, it still
" carries with it the meaning already assigned
" to it."

Our chairman ceased here. I am apt to think, that many passages of the poet, seemingly corrupted, are to be illustrated, not from books, but from the customs and dialect of the people; many of the terms, which appear quite antiquated and obsolete, being, as I am informed, still used in the northern parts of the kingdom.

Our researches into literature ended here, and the company immediately withdrew, like satisfied guests. If my readers rise from the perusal of this incubation with the same relish, I shall have
gained

gained the end proposed by this account of our transactions.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Extract of a Letter from Dublin.

Dear CHARLES,

YOU will undoubtedly be informed by the public papers, long before this can reach your hands, of the conversion of that excellent actress, Mrs. *Woffington*, who is at present highly admired here for her admirable performances. Various are the conjectures concerning the motives, which induced her to renounce the errors of the church of *Rome*; but the most probable opinion is, that some eminent lawyers advised her to this step, in order to qualify her to wear a sword in the characters of *Sir Harry Wildair* and *Lothario*; which she could not safely attempt as a papist, it being highly penal in this kingdom for any one of the *Romish* communion to carry arms.

Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden

The run of Pantomimes not over yet.

O Shakespeare! O Johnson!

Rest, rest, perturbed spirits,

N U M B E R. XV.

Saturday, Jan. 27, 1752.

Dabiturque Licentia sumpta pudenter.

HOR.

MY Paper of last *Saturday* contained an account of the transactions of our club; and as an incident offered, after it broke up, which gave rise to the speculation of this day, I beg that this paper may be received as a sequel to it.

The majority of our worthy members returned home, rather sooner than is usual with them; at length, Mr. *Candid* and myself were the only two remaining. As we drew nearer to the fire, and to each other, our hearts began to throw off all reserve. The *conversation*, which before was vague and upon general topics of literature, became gradually more confined, and at length centered wholly on ourselves. Mr. *Candid*, amongst other particulars, began to congratulate with me on my address and reputation as a writer, and the credit he was pleased to say I had acquired, in conducting the paper which bears my name. Your reputation, Mr. *Ranger*, says he, is at present in its early bloom; the aspect of the public shines on you,
with

with a cheering influence and warmth. But you are not to imagine, it will be always thus. The sky may be overcast, and the enlivening radiance intercepted; a chilling frost may unexpectedly succeed, and nip all your blossoms in the bud. To drop the metaphor, continued he, the countenance and encouragement of the public may be withdrawn, and at a time when you are exerting all your talents to deserve and secure it. Popular favour, and popular prejudice, are the most capricious things imaginable. Disgust will often arise, where no satiety has been given; and mutual confidence and good liking will unaccountably degenerate to coldness, suspicion, and indifference. Yet, it may be difficult to say, from whence this alteration is occasioned; or, whether it is owing to the pretensions of the writer, or the reader; but in this case perhaps, as in most others, there may be faults on both sides. Exorbitant claims are not so easily adjusted; especially where the parties are equally unwilling to recede from their presumptive rights. The author is often unreasonable in his demands for fame; and the public as hard to be gratified in their expectation of pleasure. You are, at present, considered as a new writer; the delicacies you regale the town with, are a dish unthought

thought of by your fellow-caterers for the general entertainment. But these in time will become familiar to our taste; your wit will then be censured to have lost its poignancy, and your humour its relish. I was going to make a suitable reply to so obliging an encomium, when my friend prevented me, by observing that the evening was now far advanced; and that it became us, as *Originals*; not to prolong our computations to the modern midnight hours of conversation.

In retiring to my chambers, I could not forbear ruminating on the sentiments of my penetrating acquaintance; and resolved to throw together a few reflections upon what may be termed *novelty* in writing.

I think then that judicious imitation either of antient or modern standards, ought not to be stigmatized as larceny in an author. He is certainly at liberty to draw from any excellent model, whom he chuses to copy; and that without incurring the ignominious appellation of a plagiarist or a transcriber. Universal custom will justify the practice. All the imitative arts may be more particularly termed so, as the several masters have frequently worked after a plan, that was first sketched out by some distinguished original. The
same

same design, diversified indeed with newer decorations, as genius or invention prompted, may be traced in the different performances of subsequent artists; sometimes extended by the addition of circumstances, which naturally grew out of the work; or contracted, by pruning the luxuriant branches, and retrenching what appeared superfluous and unnecessary.

This general and distant imitation, it will be readily owned, is allowable and just; is what cannot perhaps be easily avoided, where the subject is treated with propriety, and according to the rules of art. Thus *Virgil* followed *Homer*; thus *Addison* will always be regarded as the pattern either of grave, or of humorous speculation; and *Cervantes* will ever be a faithful guide to the adventurer in comic romance.

But there is another kind of imitation, which is more direct and literal, and consists in adopting the sentiments and phrase of others. Of this the legality is yet a question. The practice is generally judged to denote poverty of thought, and defect of imagination in the writer. The censure is perhaps too rigid, or at least may be moderated by some qualifying considerations that suggest themselves to our impartial attention.

The transfusion of wit from one language into another, when done with elegance and ease, has been seldom turned to the disparagement of the author who has abilities to do it, especially if the spirit is not suffered to evaporate, but retains all the sprightliness and vigour which it possessed in the original. The sentence which I have placed at the head of this paper is an indulgence to an author, either for reviving obsolete and antiquated expressions, or for the importation of new ones, if the liberty be used with modesty and discretion. What *Horace* has thus observed with regard to words only, may by parity of reason be applied to sentiment and thought.

If the language is enriched by the addition of a single term or phrase, our stock of knowledge is made still more exuberant, by introducing a succession of new ideas; in proportion as the value of an ingot is superior to a single coin. To discover a new and uncommon vein of thinking upon ordinary and beaten topics, requires that creative power of imagination, which Nature has imparted only to her favourites, and with a frugal sparing hand. Authors of inferior genius have easier methods assigned them in their pursuit of fame. It must be their merit to select the most agreeable imagery, to give delicate and graceful
turns

turns to obvious and common thoughts; and to recommend what is grown familiar to our imagination, by the novelty and advantage of dress. A statue which we have ceased to look on with the eyes of admiration, when removed to another point of view, shall strike us with fresh pleasure and delight; a pleasure which results entirely from the novelty and change of position.

There is a couplet in *Pope*, which I beg leave to produce, as applicable to the sentiments advanced.

*True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.*

And this very sentiment, which I mention only as relative to the subject, and which, on any other occasion, I should have industriously concealed, our ingenious poet has taken from a remark of *Bocileau*. Writers who argue with precision will often unavoidably fall into a coincidence of thought: nature and truth are invariable; and when several pictures are taken of the same object, if they are just copies of the original, they will necessarily have a likeness to each other. I might add likewise, how difficult it is to offer what has not yet been said by any one, on subjects that appear exhausted.

A humorous acquaintance, who often talks to me on this head, lays it down as an indisputable principle, that composition is only the art of stealing wisely ; and indeed, as matters are usually managed by our worthy fraternity of authors, if we strike out the last word, his definition is perfectly unexceptionable. I make then no scruple to declare, that I look on all the wit, and all the humour, in antient or modern languages, as good and lawful prize ; and that I shall freely convert them to my own use, and the public emolument ; but then I will take care to do it in such a manner as shall reflect no disgrace upon the author from whom I borrow it ; and if he comes at any time either in person, or by his attorney, to demand his property, he shall find it employed in the very way which he himself would chuse.

Having said this, I give public notice of this my intention to Mr. *Town* and all his adherents, and I advise them withal to keep a good look-out, in order to detect and expose me.

N U M B E R XVI.

Saturday, Feb. 3, 1752.

— *Vario multum diversa palato.*

HOR.

SINCE my first entering upon the province of a periodical writer, I have been very inquisitive concerning myself. While I have been endeavouring to glean characters and other materials for the embellishment of my paper, I have made it my business at the same time, to collect all the intelligence I could in relation to the present writer. With this view, I have spent two-pence in every coffee-house within the bills of mortality. I have stood listening in all quarters of the town to the noise of fame; as the lion is said, when he has fill'd the forest with terror, to stop short in his career, in order to observe the effects of that alarm which his roaring has occasioned among the tenants of the wood. Some, I find, are pleased that a satyr is stalking abroad; others are afraid of coming under his lash; and different reports prevail in different quarters. In one part of the town I am a black man, in another a fair one; now tall, now short; now fat, now lean; *English*, *Scotch*, and *Irish* by turns. At *Sam's* coffee-house,

in the city, I have a place at the Custom-house; at *Batson's* I am a physician without practice. From thence my consequence grows less by degrees, and dwindles all along *Cheapside* and *Fleet-street*; insomuch that my spirits would subside to a very low ebb, did not my reputation again start up at the coffee-houses about the *Temple*. In those regions I am represented in various lights and no later than yesterday, I over-heard a sober-looking man saying to his friend, "I am not fond of giving any body an ill word, but I believe him to be an attorney." From *Temple-Bar* westward, my name gathers strength and lustre. When it reaches the *Bedford*, "I am a damned fine fellow, that have seen a great deal of the world, KILLED my man, debauched my girl, intrigued with a countess, cuckolded an alderman, an excellent bottle-companion; a wit, a blood, a mimic; and what not?" Were I a dupe to popularity, I should certainly derive a very exquisite pleasure from these various descriptions, as I flatter myself that a person must have some degree of importance, before he can thus become the topic of general conversation. There is another circumstance which does not a little administer to my pleasure; and that is, the variety of unknown correspondents, from whom I am frequently honoured with epistles in this my public capacity.

Some

Some of these gentlemen are so obliging as to pay their compliments to my *excellent talents*; but all such tokens of civility, I beg leave to suppress; nor shall I take this opportunity to write in terms of adulation, under an imagined character to myself; though I know it is the practice of many brother authors, and though I am not insensible of the delectable sounds, “Dear *Ranger*, your predecessor the *Tatler*, &c.” or, “your brother essayist Mr. *Addison*, &c.” or, “the sublimity of your genius, the delicacy of your wit, the irresistible poignancy of your humour.—I am your Eternal admirer and constant reader.” Something in this style would, I must own, play agreeably about the heartstrings, and give a lustre to my reputation; but I shall at present have the self-denial to resist this flattering temptation. I cannot, however, controul myself so far, as to withhold from my readers a specimen of the miscellaneous correspondence, with which I am honoured, and of which I shall say in the words of *Martial*,

*Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala multa,
Quæ legis hic, aliter non fit, avite, liber.*

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq.

S I R,

If the account you give of the characters, that figure in various parts of this great town, be in any degree true, I must say that your paper has contributed much to my entertainment. But pray, who is Mr. TOWN? what sort of a man is he? I wish you would so describe him, that I may know his person. If you comply with this, you will oblige,

Yours, &c.

JOHN SMOKE-EM.

I shall give my correspondent a fuller description of Mr. Town in the words of Dryden, "I.e. gion's his name, a people in a man;" Charles at the Bedford will shew him to the curious any evening, after the play, when they will hear much peevish criticism.

MR. RANGER,

Several people have taken offence at your writings, imagining that they contain oblique strokes upon particular characters. I have been kicked three times already upon a supposition that I am the author. Pray, Sir, be so good as to take the honour to yourself, and you will very much oblige

The Injured, *

THOMAS LYRIC.

¶

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq.

SIR,

I am of that sect of philosophers, who hold the tenets of *Pythagoras*. Since my arrival in town I have met with an incontestable proof of their validity. I went the other night to see Mr. *Garrick*, in the character of *Richard the Third*, and I am sure he was possessed of the very soul of *Richard*. Pray, Mr. *Ranger*, does not this confirm the doctrine of the *Metempsychosis*? Your opinion on this head will oblige, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

*** **

If this gentleman will see Mr. *Garrick* this evening in the character of *Macbeth*, he will think him possessed of another soul, and indeed he will be apt to entertain the same persuasion, as often as that excellent actor appears in a new shape.

Having thus acquitted myself to my correspondents, I think proper, in order to show how glad I shall be of future contributions, to put out the following declaration.

If any gentlemen writers, or others, have a mind to serve the cause of Wit, and pull down the empire

pire of Dullness; if any *Templers* prefer *Shakespeare* to lord *Coke*; if any attorney's clerk, pens a stanza instead of engrossing; if any wife have too little husband, or any husband too much wife; if any old maid is angry with the men, or any man justly incensed against coquettes; if any nobleman is troubled with an itch of scribbling; or any person of genius has a mind to try his hand in secret; in short, if any people whatever have a smattering of wit, humour, or raillery, let them repair to Mr. *William Faden*, printer, in *Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-street*, and they shall have present relief and entertainment; and immediately upon their appearance in the *Gray's-Inn Journal* they will commence authors of the first magnitude.

Vivat Rex.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my Register Office, Feb. 10.

I shall this day give a farther account of the seminaries in this metropolis.

Batson's in Cornhill.

This place is the grand dispensatory of life and death. Upon any emergence, there are always fifty or sixty physicians, reading the newspapers, and waiting for a call: so that in case of a goal-distemper, a city feast, or a good bleak north-east

east wind, timely assistance may be had by sending to this academy. From the care of health, a transition is frequently made to the *stamina* or life of books, plays and pamphlets; *Hippocrates and Galen, Aristotle and Bossu*, are promiscuously quoted by the gentlemen of the faculty. Here, at any time, may be had a receipt for a *bolus*, or an epic poem; for an *elixir salutis*, or a tragedy-bowl of poison; and it is agreed by all, that *Mercury* should interfere but seldom, either in life or on the stage;

Nec Deus interfit nisi dignus vindice nodus.

Grecian Coffee-house.

Though we are all volunteers in literature, never was an army under juster regulation, or so strictly observant of discipline. The general has made a judicious choice of officers. Captain *Quibble* commands the light body of *puns*; the cavalry of *horse-laughs* is given to brigadier *Lungs*; the main body of *balls* is directed by lieutenant general *Manewell*, and, major *Sly* is promoted to the regiment of *double-entendres*. There are besides several faggots, and false-musters, which the general thinks proper to connive at.

John's Coffee-house, Sweeting's-alley.

Since the death of the venerable Mrs. *Skipton*, of pious memory, our affairs have been conducted
with

with great regularity under the judicious management of *Robin*. The upper apartment is frequented by all-seeing politicians, and commercial sages. There are besides, several choice spirits, who, having a peculiar taste in dress, are pleased with the opportunity of exhibiting their persons to advantage, in gracefully tripping up stairs, while the more humble, whose genius does not exceed the smartness of a *cut bob*, are content to pore over the daily intelligence in the lower regions, to the no small detriment of their eyes.

Sam's Coffee-house, Change-alley.

This place is a nursery of *critics, bucks, bloods, politicians, Jews, and stock-jobbers*. Major is highly alert in handing books, poems, and tracts of all sorts to the students, according to their respective inclinations to the perusal of pamphlets, or the deeper researches into systems of philosophy. In short, this place, like *George's at Temple bar*, is a seminary, from which the town will be annually supplied with every species of genius.

N U M B E R XVII.

Saturday, Feb. 10, 1752.

— Conclamant ore Sepbistæ.

Juv.

MY Readers are by this time sufficiently acquainted with many little societies in this town: I shall this day present them an account of a very extraordinary college, called the *Robin Hood*; a society, in its institution and principles, so very extraordinary, that nothing to compare with it can be found in any part of the known world.

Robin Hood society, Feb. 12, 1753.

A society, for free and candid enquiry, meets at this house every *Monday* throughout the year. This day the debates were carried on with that discernment and good sense, for which the several professors are distinguished.

About seven o'clock in the evening the president, *Timothy Meek*, seated himself in his chair. With his usual sedateness and composure he continued silent about five minutes; then rising slowly began with the customary ceremony.

President, Pray, gentlemen, be silent.

A Memo

A Member of the club. Here, waiter, hand some porter. ●

President. Accomodate the gentlemen, and let us begin—Pray, gentlemen, be silent.—The question, gentlemen, is,—*whether the scripture revelation would not, like that glorious luminary the sun, pervade and penetrate all bodies, if it were of the same divine original?*—The question, gentlemen, is signed, *Jenkins*.—Is Mr. *Jenkins* here?—If he is, I wish he would answer, for I have a very bad cold. No body appearing to it, it must go from me, as if it were mine.—Pray, gentlemen, be silent—the affirmatives in this question is, to consider the nature of that glorious luminary the sun, and also—pray be silent gentlemen—the nature of the gospel exhibition; and they is to ponderate how far they agrees, and the negatives is to consider the same, and by this collision, it is possible, the truth may be bolted out.—Pray be silent gentlemen,—Hem!—do you chuse to speak, Sir?

Oliver Cantwell. In handling this argument, Mr. *President*, I shall beg leave to set out with what may seem not very apposite to the purpose, but it will lead into many reflections, which will appear not wholly foreign to the point. King
James

James I. was the worst Monarch that ever sat on the throne of these realms. He was a pedantick, grammatical, pragmatikal, tyrannical King, and his son *Charles* was deservedly brought to the block by that great man *Oliver Cromwell*. The seeds of popery were sown in all the *Stuart* race; the Jesuits know this perfectly well, and if there is one here at present, let him rise and contradict me if he can,

President. Time, Sir; do you chuse to speak, Sir? Does any body on this row chuse to speak. *Mr. Mac Gregor*, do you chuse it?

Mr. Mac Gregor. Read the question, Sir. (*question read*) I cannot conceive why the member who spoke last, should go out of his way to abuse the house of *Stuart*, but I shall not follow him through all the puddle and mire it would lead me, were I inclined to pursue him. Touching this question, Sir, there are three things to be considered; the first is the theory of vision; secondly the motion of the sun and planetary system; thirdly, the operations of the human mind, with our deas simple, complex, abstract, and concrete. With regard, Sir, to the first, *Barclay* has the best account, and every body knows that the sun was struck out of chaos by the creative mandate of the Almeety fiat; and finally it is certain, that
memory

memory depends on our earliest associations of ideas, which naturally evinces Deism, and utterly disconcerts the cause of Christianity, which *certainly is not founded on argument.* Mr. Locke, in his chapter of Innate Ideas—

President. Your five minutes are out, Sir; Do you chuse to speak? Does any gentleman on this row chuse to speak?

Mr. Wiseacre.—Rises with his eyes shut; opens them. Read the question, Sir, (*question read*) shuts his eyes; pauses; opens his eyes;—No, nothing at all;—I pass, Sir.

President. Pray, gentlemen, don't laugh;—pray be silent, gentlemen; do you chuse to speak, Doctor?

Doctor Talmud.—Mr. *President*,—I am sorry rancour and ill-nature, Mr. *President*, should prevail in this assembly.—Pray, gentlemen,—let us, gentlemen, be free from malice.—Do, gentlemen, for God's sake, let us be polite, and good humored and humane, gentlemen, let us discuss every thing with decency. But, hem!—I must observe, Mr. *President*, that the objections to Revelation arise from an ignorance of the original language, in which it was *communicated*. For instance,

instance, the passage relating to *Jeptha's* vow has been a great fund of raillery; but when we take the full force of the *Hebrew* passage, *Eama, Jazabasa, Irraurista, Diarba, Diota*, I apprehend the difficulty disappears. I am glad to have this opportunity of correcting this mistake, which gentlemen have gone into in opposing revelation to *natooral* religion. The light of the scriptures, Mr. *President*, leads to the improvement of *natooral* religion, and like the radiance of the sun, *boomanely* speaking, does pervade all bodies that are not impervious.

President. I am sorry, Doctor, your time is elapsed.

Doctor addressing himself to his next neighbour.—The sun does pervade all bodies that are not impervious.

Mr. Shallow. I could wish, Sir, that I had known of this question. I could have read something about it; but it escapes my memory at present. If I had time, I could have read about it. *Chubb* says a great deal in his book, but I own I don't recollect it; and *Mandevill* too, but I wish I had known it before; I must beg to read some notes, I have put together since the debate, though I could wish I had time to read about it.

President. Time, Sir,—do you chuse to speak, Sir?

Mr. Broadbrim. Esteemed friend, I have found out a truth, which I never told any body, in my life, and I will now tell it to this company.—We consist therefore then of three species.

President. Pray, gentlemen, don't laugh. Pray, gentlemen.

Mr. Broadbrim. We consist, as I said, of three species; the flesh, the spirit, and God's grace; and this I never told any body in my life before, and I now tell it in the name of charity to this good assembly.

Mr. Sneerwell. Mr. *President*, I have litte to offer at present; only I must observe, that we are all greatly obliged to the worthy member who spoke last, for his information. He tells us we are of three species; the flesh, the spirit, and God's grace.—The former of these he possesses very amply, viz. the flesh, but as to the spirit, and God's grace, he seems destitute of both, for, I believe, if he had any share of either, he would not have spoke as he has done.

Orator Bronze. I am pleased to see this assembly;—you're a twig from me; a chip of the old block at *Clare-market*. I am the old block, invincible

vincible;—*coup de grace* as yet unanswered;—we are brother rationalists;—logicians upon fundamentals;—I love ye all;—I love *mankande* in general.—Give me some of that porter.

President. Pray, gentlemen, don't laugh;—gentlemen, I have a very bad cold.

Orator Bronze. I am glad to see you joyous;—the Deity is a joyous being.

President. Time, Sir.

Orator Bronze. Do you know who you stop?—I'll never come here again—no the *dévil* a bit.

President. Is there any gentleman come in since this debate, that chuses to speak?—Pray, gentlemen, be silent,—you'll please to take my watch, that I mayn't transgress my time.

The affirmatives in this question has endeavoured to invalidate the gospel exhibition; but as one gentlemen has observed, many mistakes arises from the ignorance of the *Hebrew*; and to be sure, we does lie under that disadvantage, which is however in some sort removed by the notes in *Stackbouse's bible*. There is a writer, *Mounseer Du PIN*, who, though of the *Rontish* communion,

may be allowed sometimes to speak truth, though his arguments often militates against himself, and I do upon the whole apprehend, that revelation, or the gospel exhibition, like that glorious luminary the sun, is of divine original. (*Time, sir,*)

The questions, gentlemen, (pray, gentlemen, be silent)—for the next night is,

Whether ADAM and EVE had the venereal disease, as we derive corruption from them?

Signed Wagstaff.

Whether the greater number of cuckolds in *England*, than in *Ireland*, is owing to the men or the women?

Signed Horner.

Whether angels look best in a morning, or an evening?

Signed Metaphysick.

Whether such an assembly as this would be tolerated in any other Christian country?

Signed Wagbucket.

Gentlemen, I wish ye all good night.

ADJOURNED.

N U M B E R XVIII.

Saturday, Feb. 17, 1752.

--- --- --- --- *Vin tu*
Curtis Judæis oppedere? --- ---

HOR.

MY last Saturday's lucubration gave an account of one of the most remarkable academies in Europe: I shall devote the paper of this day, to another very celebrated seminary, situated in *Change-alley*, of which, I apprehend, the reader will be able to form some idea, from a perusal of the following scene; which was taken from the life, and is the opening of a farce intended to be worked up, for the winter season, into two acts.

The Temple of LAVERNA.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

The curtain draws and discovers a group of circumcised exotic figures, all having selfishness, and a thorough contempt of what ideal moralists call benevolence, strangely depicted in their countenances. After a considerable silence, a Broker addresses himself to his friend.

1st Broker. Moses, what turn do you imagine things will take to-day?

2d Broker. Nay that you know is impossible to determine, until *Caipbas* comes: he is the axis upon which the wheel turns.

1st Broker. True; but, prithee, does he not make it later to-day than usual?

2d Broker. Yes; you must know, he has been all this morning closetted with the GREAT MAN. There is a grand council held this day upon affairs of the greatest importance to our nation. We shall soon be upon a footing with the best of them—but mum for that.—*Caipbas* brings all this about: they dare not refuse him any thing.

1st Broker. No, no; but—does it not give you pleasure, my friend, to see *Great Britain* obliged to solicit the assistance of our nation? Though, to be plain with you, I am not quite satisfied with *Caipbas's* conduct; I like not his seeming apostacy.

2d Broker. Go to, go to; can you be ignorant, *Aaron*, that our law admits of temporizing? Great ends are answered by it—and notwithstanding appearances, *Caipbas* is, in the main, as true an *Israelite*, as ever dwelt in *Jerusalem*.

1st Broker. I hope it will prove so; but would he were come to fix things one way or other.

2d. Broker. Why, what have you to do?

1st. Broker. Nay, I have only some annuities to sell by commission; so, high or low, my brokerage will be the same. O! here he comes at last.

Enter Caiphas; the Brokers immediately make a Circle, and, with their Hats off, cringe to him in the most servile Manner.

All.—Good morrow to you, Sir; we were afraid you might be indisposed, not coming at your usual hour. We hope nothing is amiss. Do you buy or sell to day, Sir?

Caiphas. I don't know yet; I have not determined what I shall do.

1st Broker. What have the great ones resolved upon? Is it all settled? Shall we have a fixed place of residence at last? Have we baffled the phrophecies of the *Gallileans*? Have we, Sir?

Caiphas. Hold your tongue, you blockhead. The B——ps are for us: but things an't quite ripe yet.

2d Broker. We are told, Sir, that you intend to offer yourself a Candidate for *Middlesex*; I hope it is true: every body is surprized that a gentle-

man of your fortune does not get into Parliament?

Caiphas. No, my friends, I am not ambitious of things of that kind. Had I desired honours, no one could more readily obtain them. I was offered an *Irish Peerage*, but I declined it. No, no, I don't think of these things. My son indeed will be a great man; him you possibly may see a Duke. But, come, let us have no more talk, but to business:—let me sit down, that I may give you the proper instructions.

Enter a French Gentleman with his Friend.

Friend. Sir, I have brought you to a place, which is the greatest curiosity in this kingdom, and not to be paralleled in all the rest of the globe.

Frenchman. Comment, dis leelle cassee?

Friend. Yes, Sir, mean as it may appear to you, I will venture to say, there are more millions sterling transferred here in a year, than can be well enumerated in *French Livres*.

Frenchman. *Mon Dieu*, it is ver extraordinaire dat.

Friend. In a word, Sir, this is the great scene of Stockjobbing.

Frenchman. Ah! les actions, I understand des actions.

Friend.

Friend.—Come a little this way: do you see that *Jew* there?—Hark in your ear—the very *Atlas* of the state! our ministers have recourse to him in all their distresses, and are never able to carry any point, I mean in the money-way, but when he co-operates with them; insomuch that we are taught to look upon this gentleman as the support of our constitution in church and state.

Frenchman. *Marblieu!* a *Juif* de support of de religion! *quel paradoxe!*

Friend. However inconsistent this may appear, it is most indisputably true.

Frenchman. *Mais, Monsieur,* in *France* dere is de *affion* as well as in *England*, but you never hear dat de *ministre* take de *Juif* into his confidence.

Friend. Dear Sir, you are never to mention *France* with *England*. *France* is an enslaved country, and we are a free people.

Frenchman. By *Gar*, you are *ver free* people; I have great many marks of your freedom on my body; de *populace* in *France*, *assurance*—it have not de liberty to make black blue de skin of de gentlemen, *comme en Angleterre*.

Friend. But, Sir, if you consider the nature of the two governments, you must certainly give ours the preference.

Frenchman. *Ouy, Ouy,* in de *speculation* it very different, *mais quelle difference in de pratique?*

Friend.

Friend. Your king obliges his parliament to register his edicts:

Frenchman.—And your *ministers*, fat is dey do?
n'est il pas le même?

Friend. In *France* a man does not enjoy liberty of conscience with respect to religion.

Frenchman. Religion! de Englis religion, how you call it?

Friend. We have reformed the errors that crept into religion, and we are Protestants.

Frenchman. C'est à dire, you are not Papist; your religion den is negative.

Friend. The people of *England* give their assent to the laws, by which they are governed.

Frenchman. *Mais, Monsieur* Walpole, *savoit bien leur prix.*

Friend. Well, I find we're not likely to settle this point, so we will adjourn the debate.

Frenchman. Ah! de tout mon cœur; mais Monsieur, fat is de pèople say, dat make ver great noise?

Friend. O Sir, that is a jargon only understood by the initiated.

Frenchman. *O mon Dieu! les Anglois sont de drolles—allez, Monsieur, j'en ay veu assez.*

Exeunt Frenchman and Friend:

Enter

Enter an Irish Gentleman with his Friend.

Irishman. Now, but is this the stocks place?

Friend. Yes, Sir, almost every thing relating to the funds is transacted here.

Irishman. But, my-dear, where are the stocks? the devil a stock I see.

Friend. The Stockjobbers attend in this place, when they have any business, whether to sell or buy.

Irishman. Ow! but I don't understand that now, my dear! be plazed to explain it.

Friend. Suppose you have a mind to become a proprietor in the Funds, you employ a broker, and he finds out a person, who is willing to dispose of the sum you want.

Irishman. And when we come together, how will he give me the stock.

Friend. The broker will carry you to the proper office in order to have it transferred.

Irishman. Ow! then I wont have it here.

Friend. No, Sir, the bargain only is made here.

Irishman. By my troth, you may talk of it for ever, but I never will comprehend it.

Enter a Young Gentleman from the other end of the Town.

Young Gentleman. Waiter, is, Mr. Judas the Broker here?

Judas.

Judas. Here; who calls me?

Young Gentleman. Is your name *Judas*?

Judas. Yes, Sir, at your service.

One Stockjobber asks another. Do you know him?

The other answers. No; but by the feather in his hat, he's a feller. I have known the alley these thirty years, and never remember a man with a feather in his hat a purchaser:

Young Gentleman. Mr. *Squanderstock* recommended me to you; I have occasion for a thousand pounds, and want to dispose of as much *Soub-sea* stock as will produce it.

Judas. Sir, I shall be glad to sell it for you; may I beg the favour of your name?

Young Gentleman. My name is *CRAFTY*.

Judas. I believe I can sell for you, Sir, shall you be this way to-morrow?

Young Gentleman. To-morrow!—can't I have it now?

Judas. No, Sir, this is no transfer-day.

Young Gentleman. Z—ds, I would not come to-morrow for the money. I am obliged to be at the review; pox of that old prig, my father, if it had not been for him, I should have nothing to do with these d—ned stocks.

A By-Stander. That I am sure is true.

Young Gentleman. I'll find some other way, d—mn me. I'll give my footman a power of attorney

torney to transfer for me; d—mn me, to come into the city among a parcel of scoundrels, d—mn me.

[*Exit murmuring.*]

A Stockjobber. I think, he said his name is *Crafty*; he must be son to *Ebeneazor Crafty*; he died a year ago, and died well.

Irishman. Arrah, my dear, did he die a Catholic?

Friend. No, Sir; DYING WELL has no relation either to religion or morality. It only means, a man died in good circumstances.

Irishman. Ow! but is that all? Faith, I thought it might have been some protestant, who sent for a priest on his death-bed. Come, come I've seen enough of this, and by *Yafus*, I never desire to see it again.

[*Exeunt Irishman and Friend, the Irishman making the sign of the cross privately under his coat.*]

Enter a Clergyman, and makes up to Caiphas, with his hat under his arm.

Clergyman. Shall I beg a word with you, Sir?

Caiphas. Your business, Sir?

Clergyman. I am a candidate for a living in this neighbourhood, and make bold to request your interest.

Caiphas. I know the affair. I don't yet know what I shall do in the matter. Who is your patron?

Cler-

Clergyman. Mr. *Worthlefs*.

Caiphas. My friend *Worthlefs*! the living is yours; depend upon it; I am a little in a hurry at present; but rely upon me, the thing is done.

[*Parson bows submissively; exit Caiphas; upon which they all rise in confusion, and the scene ends.*



N U M B E R X I X .

Saturday, Feb. 24, 1752.

*Ut Pictura Poesis erit, similisque poesi
Sit Pictura; refert par æmula quæque sororem.*

FRESNOY.

POETRY and painting have been accounted sister-arts by men of taste in all ages. Accordingly we find them in the writings of all good criticks, from *Aristotle* and *Horace*, down to *Dryden* and the *Abbé du Bos*, mutually borrowing sidelights, and reflecting lustre upon each other. They justly have the precedence among the arts of imitation and design: they convey their ideas by signs more fixed and determinate than any of the others, and boast a more unbounded scope to cull and select from all nature, in order to adorn and embellish the favourite piece.

Statuary, it may be said, has very near the same advantage. The artist in this way may observe the knitting of a joint in one, the turn of a neck in another, the form of the head in a third, the shape and rounding of a limb in a fourth; and in short, from a survey of sundry objects, a complete and perfect whole may be executed. But it must be remembered, at the same time, that the statuary
has

has not so ample a field to range in, as the two first-mentioned arts, and is therefore greatly inferior to both.

Painting, in one particular instance, seems to gain the ascendant over poetry. It is universally understood in every clime and every age: whereas poetry is confined to much narrower limits, both in time and place. A *Raphael* painted, and a *Vida* wrote at the same period: how confined is the reputation of the latter, when compared to the extensive renown which has attended the name of the first? The *Æra* may arrive, when, through the instability of the *English* language, the style of *Joseph Andrews* and *Tom Jones* shall be obliterated, when the characters shall be unintelligible, and the humour lose its relish; but the many personages, which the manners-painting hand of *Hogarth* has called forth into mimic life, will not fade so soon from the canvass. That admirable *picturesque comedy, the March to Finchley*, will perhaps divert posterity as long as the *Foundling-Hospital* shall do honour to the *British* nation. A picture speaks the language of every nation; It is felt and understood in many different countries at the same time, in this instance partaking of the advantages of *Musick*, which is however subject to many restrictions, to which the art of painting is entirely a stranger.

a stranger. The caprice and whim of different nations prevent the power of harmony from becoming so universal in its influence. The primary beauty of musick consists in the imitation of sounds appropriated to our several passions, but those sounds varying according to the habits and dialect of every different people, it follows, that the musick of any one country must undergo many changes and variations, before it can be adapted to the ear of a man, who has passed his time in another kingdom.

To this inconvenience the art of painting is not subject. It has, in this respect, the advantage over poetry, in almost every other point obliged to yield the pre-eminence. It has been long since observed, that truth is agreeable to the understanding, and imagery to the fancy; but neither of them, we find, affords so intense a pleasure, as when the passions are agitated and worked into a ferment. We then attach ourselves strongly to the object, which excites these emotions; we are pleased to be wakened from a state of still life: it is a gratification to our moral sense, to find our hearts sensible and alive to those sensations, which are the ornament of our nature. This being the case, I believe, it may be asserted without incurring the danger of a controversy, that poetry boasts this power over the

passions beyond any other art. It is at once a vehicle of instruction, and derives much of its beauty from the scenes of picturesque imagination. Painting indeed partakes sufficiently of these qualities, to entitle her to the name of sister; has many features like, and in the execution of her designs is mostly directed by the same rules. Both must have unity of action and unity of character, and both have a latitude to introduce subordinate personages, concerned in the main business, and to exhibit them in proper attitudes. A metaphor may be as bold in painting as in poetry; an allegory upon canvass may be highly instructive, as in the picture described by *Lucian*, where Calumny is dragging to execution an innocent victim, and Truth is seen at a distance slowly limping after them. What the critics call machinery, may be displayed in as elegant strokes with the pencil as with the pen; the fairy-way of writing, mentioned by *Dryden*, may be made use of in colours, and the fancy of the artist, like a new creation, may present to the eye an whole race of imaginary beings. Some of the finest passages in epic and dramatic poetry are those, where a conflict is marked between several warring passions: painting throws these immediately before the eye, in tints so artfully blended, that the nice assemblage is delineated in the most striking manner. A further instance of the congruity between these two arts, is, that when a poet has

has

has been lavish in a description, the best method of examining the justness of it is, to consider what kind of figure it would make upon canvass. On the other hand, the descriptions which we find in the poets, may serve to supply hints and instruction to the painter of taste and poetick imagination. Add to this, that, as the chief beauty of poetick diction does not consist in a profusion of ornaments, high metaphors, and a flourish of words, so in the other, colours too rich and glowing are disapproved, and the excellence of both arts, is seen in regular designs, and a just imitation of nature.

The ancients were enthusiastic admirers of all the imitative arts, particularly painting. Upon all occasions, we find them expressing a taste for the productions of the famous artists. Their poets seize every opportunity of describing a picture, a piece of sculpture, or any of the works of the loom. *Ovid* never omits it, where it naturally grows out of his subject. What a beautiful description has he given us of a work of art representing the Rape of Europa?

*Ipsa videbatur terras spectare relictas,
Et comites clamare suas, tactumque vereri
Assilientis aquæ, timidasque reducere plantas.*

Virgil never seems more delighted than when

he is laying before our eyes the Shield of *Aeneas*, or, like a skilful virtuoso, pointing out to our observation, the beauties of a fine painting :

*Artificumque manus inter se operumque laborem
Miratur-----*

The pleasure in this case is *redoubled* upon the mind, springing from a two-fold source : the delight we take in poetick description, is chiefly owing to the natural love we have for imitation, which affords an opportunity of comparing the transcript with the original object : but when we peruse the description of a picture, we admire not only the poet's representation of it, but the talent of the artist, who has thus contrived to delineate by his pencil so exact a resemblance of things, which have their existence in nature ; and thus the mind has two arts to examine at once, and dwells between them both in a suspense of pleasure.

I have always admired the description in the first *Aeneid* of that exquisite piece of painting of the wars of *Troy* : the poet's account of it may suggest to us some notion of the sublime idea he entertained of the sister-art. All the figures, which he mentions, are bold and animated,

mated; every thing is in motion, and, if I may be allowed to apply a line of Mr. Pope's,

All matter quick, and bursting into life.

What an image have we of the Trojans repelling the enemy, and of Achilles, with his nodding plume, thundering at their heels? You think you hear the founding of his carr: you imagine you see him with his arm aloft in act to strike.

*Hac fugerent Danaï, premeret Trojana juventus ;
Hac Phryges, INSTARET CURRUM CRISTATUS ACHILLES.*

The situation of Troilus has been often admired. The procession of the Trojan nymphs will always excite the tenderest sentiments: a finer group was never imagined. Their dejected looks, their dishevelled hair, and the beating of their breasts, are striking circumstances.

*Interea ad Templum non aquæ Palladis ibant
Crinibus Iliades passis, pectusque ferebant
Suppliciter tristes, & tunc Pectora Palmis.*

Priam raising his unnerved arm, and imploring the body of his son Hector from Achilles, who had dragged the corpse thrice round the walls of Troy, must also afford great room for the expression of several passions all at once struggling in the soul.

To conclude, if such a painting as the great poet has here described were handed down to us, it would be the most valuable piece of all antiquity.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Batson's Coffee-house, March 3.

The new tragedy of the *Gamester*, in which Mr. Garrick supported the principal character, with all those exquisite feelings, which the extreme sensibility and quickness of his imagination have made him master of, became the subject of our discussions a few nights since. The dispute was carried on with much warmth and opposition of sentiment, and at length occasioned the following epigram.

*In a coffee-house ring, where the chat ran on plays,
A clergyman spoke of the Gamester with praise.
I could wish, said the parson, poor Beverley's life
Had been saved for the sake of the sister and wife.
How, quoth a physician, should Beverley live?
That Lewson escaped I can hardly forgive.
With errors like these can a scholar be hamm'd?
I speak from the Greek, sir, the play should be damn'd.
Thus each in his way was his duty fulfilling;
The DIVINE was for saving, the DOCTOR for killing.*

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

The *Consumers of Cards* are desired to meet tomorrow evening, being *Sunday*, at the following places; *White's chocolate-house*, *St. James's coffee-house*, the *Shakespear's Head*, the *Bedford Arms*, the *King's Arms*, the *St. Alban's*, and the following routs, the *Countess of Midnight's*, *Lady Shuffe's*, *Lady Lastlake's*, *Squire Fiddlefaddle's*, and at almost every polite house in town.



NUMBER XX.

Saturday, March 3, 1752.

*Doctrina sed vim promovet institam,
 Restique cultus pectora roborant,
 Utunque defecere mores,
 Dedecorant bene nata culpe.*

HOR.

S I R,

PPROMPTED by the esteem I have for your entertaining and instructive writings, I venture to convey my sentiments to you in relation to some miscarriages in life, which proceed rather from ignorance and the want of education, than any natural propensity to evil. I am the more induced to this, as my own life will afford ample room for reflection.

Without any further detail, you must know, Mr. *Ranger*, that I am the son of a tradesman in the west of *England*, long since deceased. The lowness of my father's circumstances was barely sufficient for the maintenance of a numerous family. You will therefore suggest to yourself that my education could not be better than what is afforded by the generality of country-villages. In
 vain

vain did my father solicit the assistance of a rich relation at *Bristol*; in vain did he represent the promising genius of his son, if put under proper culture. Deaf to the ties of affinity, though possessed of an estate of fifteen hundred *per annum*, and a large personal fortune, without the charge of a family, or any likelihood of having issue, the rich Bristol-trader was deaf to all entreaty. Having had no education himself, he did not consider the want of it as an evil. I grew up in ignorance, and was at length obliged, for immediate subsistence, to go into the service of a neighbouring farmer. With him I lived several years, driving plough, and employed in other works of husbandry, when news arrived of the death of the relation I mentioned, and of his having left me all his real estate, with six thousand pounds in money, and three thousand pounds to each of my four sisters.

When I tell you that from the lowness of my education, and the nature of my servitude, I contracted a very strong bias to low company, you will imagine that I must make but a very indifferent figure in my new station. I was then two and twenty, and had never been accustomed to any kind of intemperance: If my former situation had enabled me to have been reckoned company for the gentlemen of the place, I might still have continued a sober man; but unluckily, the
circum-

circumstance of having been a servant, made me, notwithstanding the largeness of my fortune, shunned and despised. I was constrained to herd with my former companions, and others of better substance, but abandoned morals, with whom I soon acquired an habit of idleness and debauchery. The consequence was, that in a few years my ready money was exhausted. To gratify the extravagance of my passions, which were now become violent, I was advised to take up money upon part of my estate. For this purpose I applied to a neighbouring lawyer, who soon procured the sum I wanted. To this measure I was induced by the advice of two men, with whom I lived in the closest intimacy. One of them (I am sorry to say it) was a clergyman: he talked of friendship in terms of the highest rapture, and would often repeat, "Peradventure for a good man one would even dare to die." The other had all the pride of virtue, which, he said, was the only motive of a liberal mind: he lamented my want of education: education, he told me, would have made me enamoured of something, which he called *The, To Kalón*. I was entirely ignorant, as you may believe, of law-matters. My two friends undertook to read over the deeds. I signed by their advice, and they both set their hands as witnesses.

Being

Being now in possession of ten thousand pounds, I was advised by these my two friends to see the world, as they called it. Accordingly I set out in their company for *London*, leaving the aforesaid lawyer to receive my rents in the country. You will naturally imagine, Mr. *Ranger*, that I dashed into all the pleasures of the metropolis. I saw every thing, but still in the worst company. I was continually surrounded by a set of sharpers, till having squandered away all my money, and got considerably in debt, I was arrested and sent to the *Fleet*. In this situation I directed my lawyer to receive my rents, and remit me a sum of money without delay. The arrest gave me no concern, as I made no doubt of being quickly at liberty; but judge, Sir, my surprize, when I was informed, that the lawyer was in possession of my whole estate, by an absolute conveyance of the fee-simple, which I had, through ignorance, signed, instead of a mortgage. I brought an ejectment, which soon came on to be tried, but what was my surprize, when I heard that my two friends appeared in behalf of the attorney? The amount of their evidence was, that the consideration-money for the entire purchase of my estate was forty thousand pounds, as expressed in the deed: that from time to time they saw various sums advanced

to me or for my use, and that the final payment was the sum of ten thousand pounds as already mentioned. In this manner they gave validity to a base and fraudulent transaction. Such was the friendship of him, who *professed to die for me*; and such was the pride of virtue, or the *To Kalón* of the man, who had no guide but his moral sense. The bitterness of this calamity, and the consciousness of a mispent life, filled me with the severest grief, and would have entirely extinguished the use of what little reason I had left, but the charity of a fellow-prisoner, who, touched with a sense of my misfortunes, not only did every thing to alleviate them, but infused such a portion of knowledge and philosophy into my mind, during our long imprisonment, as must for ever render me sensible of his kindness. Let me finish the account of my life, when I have told you, that I was freed from my imprisonment by the last act of grace, and that, with a moderate sustenance, procured by honest industry, I find myself more happy and contented now, than when possessed of affluence, and a mind immersed in ignorance and folly.

As my sisters received no better education than myself, I should tell you, that notwithstanding their fortune, they are all come to infamy and poverty. The eldest, soon after our relation's death,

married a labourer to the farmer she had lived with in the station of maid servant. They have run through all they had. The second was debauched by the son of the gentleman, at whose house she had hired herself, and is now in one of the houses of bad fame in *Covent-Garden*; the third married a footman, and died about two years ago, after having lived in great distress; and the fourth, with shame I speak it, is now Mistress to the earl of *****.

From this account of myself and my family, I shall only draw one inference, namely, that if the relation, who left us so liberally at his death, had but given us a good education, and in his life-time prepared us suitably for the estate he intended to leave us, the misfortune we have met with, might in all human probability, have been avoided. Connected by marriage, with families of credit and reputation, we might now remain in affluence, and enjoy a name un sullied by vice and infamy.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble servant,

**** *****

The preceding story is told by my correspondent, in so interesting a manner, that I could not withhold it from the publick this day. I not only agree with him in his remark, that his misfortunes might

might have been prevented by a proper education, but I will add, that a mind, which supported itself so well under affliction, and that can look back to former scenes of life with so much sensibility, would have imbibed such impressions from an early improvement, as might have rendered him an ornament to any family. If many of those, who find any striking incidents in the series of their lives, would thus communicate them to the public, it would be an essential service to society. The giddy and unthinking would be led to mark the ways of the world, and the unwary might be put upon their guard against the stratagems of avarice, and the smooth professions of those harpies, who are generally known by the name of money-lenders. There is something extremely affecting in the ruin of my correspondent's four sisters: I am, however, highly pleased that he now enjoys tranquility of mind, and that, to alleviate calamity, his resources are in virtue and honest industry. I must observe, that the inattention of the old gentleman, who died at *Bristol*, to the manners and morals of his relations, shewed something in him highly illiberal, not to give it a worse epithet. It is owing to this indifference to the improvement of the rising generation, that we frequently see estates in the hands of those who are a disgrace to riches. While this continues to be
the

the case, it is not to be wondered, that we meet with so many boobies of fashion, inelegant in their behaviour, loose in their morals, and fit to ride behind the equipage, in which their pride now lolls at ease.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Masquerade in the Hay-Market, March 6.

Last night the votaries of folly assembled here, for the fourth time this season. The curtain was drawn exactly at ten: in about six minutes, the side-boards were entirely stripped by some ladies of the city, who were determined to have as much as they could for their money, and very prudently considered, that they might have occasion to quiet their husbands, at their return, with a sugar-plumb. The night was spent in the most agreeable conversation, such as, "Do you know me?—Yes I do—no you don't,—nay, but I do—he—he—
"he—ha—ha—ha—" and several other lively strokes of humour. While the more industrious part of the company were pursuing the laudable occupation of gaming, at present the grand business of the nation, some gentlemen, to heighten the diversion, introduced a considerable number of *masqueraded shillings*, so well disguised, that they passed among the company for guineas. Information was given of this humourous frolick to Mr.

Justice

Justice Fielding, who immediately went to enquire into the affair; but as gaming reduces all mankind to a level, he could not fix upon any one in particular, and was therefore obliged to withdraw, allowing that they were all gentlemen of *honour* by their profession.

Covent-Garden Theatre.

The following Epilogue was designed by Mr. FOOTE for the new tragedy of the *Earl of Essex*, written by HENRY JONES.

To be spoken as to the Author at the entrance.

WELL, well; I'll do your business, honest friend;
'Tis your first play, in time perhaps you'll mend.

Comes forward.

Ladies and Gentlemen,
The Author by me presents a petition,
Which he begs may be read with your gracious permission.
It sets forth that in Dublin (I know not how true)
He pull'd down old houses, and built them up new.
That on April the first (he forgetteth the year)
Of the day and the month he is certain and clear;
As he temper'd his mortar, and handled his hod,
There popt into his head a new fancy and odd;
'Twas, that building a house is like writing a play,
That both work, are perform'd the very same way;

That

That the portal was prologue to shew the folks in,
 That the hall and the entry open'd the scene;
 That the stairs were the plan to lead you throughout
 By an intricate, puzzling, yet uniform rout;
 That the plot must as deep as the cellar be laid,
 Be as stout as strong beer, and transparent as mead;
 That closets and cupboards, and such things as these,
 Were incidents proper to fill up the piece;
 And that stucco and painting were, in the last place,
 The language, and sentiment, spirit and grace;
 That the trowel and mortar were of singular use
 To plaister some patron to favour the muse.

Fraught with lessons-like these our poet began:
 What d'you think of his house, and how like you his plan?
 The building, 'tis true, is but gothic and rude,
 But yet for all that the materials are good.
 And who knows, when your bounty has polish'd his lay,
 But this Bricklay'r may prove a VITRUVIUS one day?
 Come, 'tis worth the experiment:---favour his play.
 Full five stories high he has mounted his hopes;
 Ye Critics, take care; he's on a ladder of ropes.
 Should you cut but one cord, you will crush all his bones;
 Adieu, Bricklay'r and Bard, there's an end of poor JONES.

N U M B E R XXI.

Saturday, March 10, 1752.

— — *Pauci, quos æquus amavit*
Jupiter, atque ardens evexit ad æthera virtus,
Dīs geniti potuère. — — —

VIRG.

THE Laurel, which has been so much sought by the writers of every age, is not unlike the golden branch mentioned in the sixth *Æneid*; if a man is born to share the prize, it is easily obtained; but if there be not derived from Heaven a superiority of genius, fruitless is the endeavour of the unborn poet, who thinks to arrive at the heights of fame by painful vigils and the dint of labour and application. A mediocrity in poetry will never be allowed: *Horace* tells us that the suffrages of both gods and men are against it, and that a writer of this cast must never expect to see his name on the bookseller's rubrick-post. Poetry requires warm and glowing colours; the language of it must be elevated above the diction of prose; the expressions should be more animated, and the passions of the reader more immediately struck at, than in any other kind of writing. The bard, who has not energy of genius to cultivate

these qualities, will be always sure to be neglected as a cold and spiritless writer.

Of all the different species of poetry, the dramatic is the most difficult. As it is expressed in the words of my motto, the few only, whom Heaven has peculiarly favoured with an elevation of mind, have been able to acquit themselves with honour. Our much admired *Shakeſpear* stands yet unrivalled: he seized the laurel with a maſter-hand at one graſp; *Johnſon*, by ſlower degrees, though eager in purſuit; *aviduſque refringit cunctantem*. *Otway* ſeems to have gained it with facility, and with an air of negligence.

I am pleaſed to find, that an author juſtly celebrated among the foremoſt ſucceſſors of thoſe immortal genius's, has added another wreath to that garland, which the muſes long ſince wove for him. To this excellent writer, the public is greatly indebted for the *new tragedy* of the *Brothers*, which was lately acted for the firſt time at *Drury-Lane*. The ſubject is claſſical, though there is no doubt but a domeſtic ſtory would be more intereſting to a Britiſh audience. The generality of people are not acquainted with the hiſtory of the *Macedonian monarchy*. It may be added, that the *Macedonians* appear, at that point of time, to be at variance with the *Roman* empire, for which we have contracted a kind of reverential eſteem.

On this account those sublime sentiments, which *Philip* utters in the scene with the ambassadors, against that republick, are not received with a sufficient degree of warmth. But if it be considered, that the *Macedonian* monarchy, though it dwindled by insensible degrees, and was at last swallowed up by the *Roman* power, was at one time extended over the greatest part of the east, no man, I apprehend, can be entirely unconcerned in the fall of so brave a people. I do not doubt but the mention of *Cressi* and *Poitiers* would have a more powerful influence on the passions of *Englishmen*, than *Thrasymene* and *Cannæ*; but for my part, my breast glowed to hear of those memorable battles, which had like to have been so fatal to the *Roman* republick; nor do I remember a more beautifull passage in any play than that in the piece now before us, when the flight of *Hannibal* at *Capua* is urged by the embassy of *Rome*. The answer of *PHILIP* is, "Ay, there indeed I was not with him." We like to see the warrior who fought under the banner of *HANNIBAL*, and shared in the dangers and glory of that brave commander. The scene which succeeds this, is full of as tender emotions as I have ever felt in any theatre. The anguish of a father, who finds an alarming discord subsisting between his children, and the remonstrance with which he endeavours to sooth them, must soften the mind of every hearer.

Why

*Why do I sigh? Do ye not know, my sons?
 And if you do, oh! let me sigh no more!
 Let these white hairs put in a claim to peace.*

Perhaps no characters can be better marked than those of *Philip*, *Perseus*, and *Demetrius*. For the two last we are finely prepared by the following lines.

----- *They both are bright; but one
 Benignly bright, as stars to mariners;
 And one a comet with malignant blaze
 Denouncing ruin.*

The art of most writers for the stage is to exhibit one character, and that perhaps without any distinguishing qualities to separate it from other heroes. In this play we are entertained with three of a different cast, each strongly marked. *Philip* is distinguished by a warmth of temper, a haughtiness of soul, and a tenderness for his children, that runs over in the most affecting manner. *Perseus* is a different villain from any we have seen on the stage: policy and bravery are so blended in him, that we see the mixed effect in every scene. *Demetrius* is of so amiable a disposition, that an audience must be naturally inclined to love him, and for his sake to dread the restless turbulent spirit of *Perseus*, whose contempt of *Demetrius* vents itself in a sneering artful strain.

*You that admire the Romans, break the bridge
 With Cocles, or with Curtius leap the gulph:
 And league not with the vices of our foes.
 I hear, Sir, you take wing and mount in metre;
 Terence has own'd your aid; Terence there the slave,*

The invocation, which is uttered by the same person, is carried on in a masterly manner, filling the mind with a train of awful ideas, and rising in a climax of horror to the last line.

*Hear, from thy ebon throne, profoundest night,
 Thou and thy gloomy daughters all, that smile
 On deeds of horror, and on frauds of hell;
 That keep the door of black conspiracy,
 And snuff the grateful scent of human blood;
 From Acheron's sulphureous banks arise,
 And bursting through the barriers of this world,
 Stand in dread contrast to the golden sun,
 And spread around your pestilential blasts,
 That wither every virtue in the bud;
 While I transport ye, &c.*

It will be unnecessary to remind my readers of the trial-scene, which must inevitably fire the intelligent mind with a classic warmth. A small critic, I am well aware, may start a number of objections to this beautiful situation. From men of more reading than himself he may hear that the whole substance of the debate is to be found in *Livy*: to a little and malignant spirit what a field will

will this open for cavil and invective? DOCTOR YOUNG may be charged with *plagiarism*; he has done nothing but transcribe; let an ancient author furnish sentiment, and he can find blank verse; but why is the doctor to sell the works of LIVY over again? Such reasoning does not demand an answer. Men of taste will smile to see so much malevolence ill laid out: they know that occasional insertions of the beauties, which are to be found in the fine writers of antiquity, give a grace to all modern composition, and have the effect, as somebody has observed, of ancient statues happily placed in an elegant and well disposed garden.

The trial scene, though founded on the pleadings of two opposite parties, has abundant variety. Two different modes of eloquence are introduced, and each speaker adopts the kind, which is best suited to his own genius and character. Our passions are kept in agitation: the powers of oratory are exerted, and the whole is interesting, warm, and animated. PERSÆUS enters abruptly into his subject; his sentences are close and nervous: sure of convincing the understanding by the clearness of his diction, he does not condescend to address the imagination. It is true, he at one time sheds tears, but that is only to obviate the eloquence of his brother, who having imbibed the art of *Roman*

oratory, sets out in the most insinuating manner. He tries the avenues to the passions, and endeavours to win his hearers by persuasion. I am sensible that this beauty may escape the multitude, but, even without this secondary pleasure, the scene cannot fail of striking the imagination.

The distress of *Demetrius* in the fourth and fifth acts bears hard upon our affections. It must be a torture to every compassionate heart, to see him undone by the artifices of villainy. His speech, when discovered in prison, has many affecting strokes.

*Ye dungeons deep, ye subterranean caves,
Guilt's first sad stage, in her dark path to-hell,
Receive a guest arriv'd from other scenes,
From pompous courts, &c.*

When he lies dead on the ground, *Philip* delivers himself in noble language, and very pathetic sentiments.

*There Philip fell, there Macedon expir'd ; -
I see the Roman Eagle hovering o'er me,
And the shaft broke, should bring her to the ground.*

Were I to mention the faults of this piece, I should say, that the distress, when wound up to the highest, is not supported by proper sentiments, and language suited to the occasion. *DEMETRIUS* and *ERIXENE* talk in the stile of epigram. They endeavour to think ingeniously: affliction aims at wit; and instead of the true pathetic, we find a false glitter of words, and opposition of ideas.

It may be added, that the catastrophe is not brought about by those artfull means, which the œconomy of the drama requires. The two lovers, *Demetrius* and *Erixene*, driven indeed to extreme distress, stab themselves, one after the other, in sight of the audience. The dagger is a cheap and ready expedient: the poet can always use it for his own convenience: but what is done to accommodate the writer, will seldom delight the spectator. The issue of a tragedy, as well as the several incidents, should be the necessary, the inevitable consequence of antecedent events. Between things that barely follow in succession, and things that grow out of one another, there is a wide difference. A story conducted with an unbroken concatenation of incidents, calls for the best invention. SUICIDE may serve in the moment, when a conclusion is wanted: it may end the piece, but it will be without that connection of cause and effect, which is the secret charm of a well-wrought fable.

I cannot conclude this paper without taking notice of the propensity, which the small critics discovered at the representation of this piece, to attach themselves to every trivial circumstance, which could have the least tendency to excite their mirth. But I must inform them that to be unsusceptible of manly emotions, and at the same time to yield to the idle sensations of levity and merriment, is the sign of a little and a frivolous mind.

N U M B E R XXII.

Saturday, March 17, 1752.

*Proxima deinde tenent mæsti loca, qui sibi letum
Infantes peperere manu, lucemque perosi
Projecerunt animas. Quam vellent æthere in alto
Nunc & pauperiem & duros preferre labores!
Fata obstant, triplicique palus inamabilis undâ
Alligat, & novies Styx interfusa coerces.*

VIRG.

THE following short, but melancholy letter, came to hand a few days since. It has made such an impression upon my spirits, that I cannot controul myself from laying it before my readers, with a few of those reflections, which arose in my mind in consequence of it.

DEAR SIR,

I now take up the pen to own the receipt of your last favour, with the *Gray's-Inn Journal* inclosed. I cannot at present prevail upon myself to return you an answer in form. My thoughts are too much engrossed by an unhappy event, which, I am persuaded, will affect your mind very greatly. Our once worthy friend, *Jack ******, yesterday evening, after having passed the time with his usual alacrity of spirit, went home to his lodging,

lodging, and clapping a pistol in his mouth, shot himself through the head. The noise alarmed the family, who instantly went up stairs, and found him dead. I shall write to you more at large very shortly. For the present, I can only subscribe myself,

Yours with great sincerity,

The gloomy month of *November* being long since passed, I imagined that the horrid crime of Suicide would cease, at least till the return of that heavy time of the year. It is certainly a poor desertion from the dignity of our nature, to suffer the pressure of the atmosphere, or any other sublunary incident, to make such an impression on our spirits, as to render us avowed enemies to ourselves. I have heard a popular insurrection called an unnatural rebellion; but by what name shall we stigmatize an action, which flies in the face of our Maker, which dares to thwart the dispensations of the supreme Being, and say to eternal Providence, who from the first ordained all things for the best,

“NOT THINE, BUT MY WILL BE DONE?”

It requires no profusion of imagery, no bold daring metaphor, no studied hyperbole to represent this piece of impiety in its proper colours; it strikes

strikes at once in its most atrocious dye. Were the horror of so unnatural a deed sufficiently attended to, it would teach a due resignation to the determinations of Heaven, and would prevent that train of evils, from which a thinking mind must now start back with dismay.

If self-preservation be an active principle in the heart of man, what a perversion of our faculties, of our reason, and our judgement, must usurp the mind of him, who thus runs counter to the very end of his creation! the dignity of the human soul is extinguished; the power of reflection is suppressed, and the very passions are thrown off their byas; their nature, use, and end is perverted; and what before sought real or apparent pleasure, or avoided actual and imaginary pain, now by a strange fatality seeks its own destruction. Anarchy and civil war disturb the imagination: the man bears his own secret enemy in his breast; he forms a design upon his own life; he has the air-drawn dagger constantly before his eyes, and he at length becomes his *own Macbeth*. Not even the bloody purposer of determined vengeance on another's head (horrid as the crime appears) is half so astonishing; because he does not carry with him half the absurdity. The latter has time left him to atone by penitence for his barbarity, whereas the
suicide

fujicide urges precipitantly to the tribunal of his offended God.

The real source of this fatal evil is perhaps hard to be ascertained. If it is not always the effect of pride, it is so strongly tinged with that sullen passion, that we may, in general, pronounce it the source of those dreadful calamities so often mentioned in our common newspapers. Self-love is apt to over-rate our rank in the scale of being. When once the imagination is struck with the idea of fancied importance, each little trial of adversity is considered as a grievance intolerable; it is too much for the man to bear; he concludes himself destined for affliction, and, rather than drag a feverish life under an huge load of misery, he proudly resolves to put an end to his sufferings, and measure out the thread of his own existence.

For my own part, I cannot look upon any contingency in this world of consequence sufficient to urge a man to this extreme of madness. Is he reduced to difficulties by inordinate expence? Does the want of fortune prevent him from emerging into the station of life, which his ambition would aspire to? Let him but examine the happiness of the affluent; how many sigh with a full purse? How many are tortured with diseases, or eaten up with uneasy passions? Have a man's relations

unworthily withdrawn their protection from him? There are occupations in life in which he may endeavour to support himself, without the assistance of the unfeeling and ungenerous. If he exerts his talents and his industry, with any degree of success, he will have the satisfaction of living independent of those who have deserted him: should he fail, his honest indigence will at all times be a disgrace to his proud relations; and either way he will be a living affront to his false friends.

In so polite an age it may not be proper to corroborate what has been advanced; by arguments drawn from religion; but if an heathen may have any weight in the affair, I would inform the man of despair, that, there existed philosophers, both in *Greece and Rome*, who saw by the light of reason only, without the aid of revelation, the shocking deformity of the crime here insisted upon. PLATO and TULLY were of opinion that men are placed in this world, as soldiers upon duty, who have no right to move without the summons of the commanding officer. *Virgil* in the words of my motto tells us, that there is a place of retribution for those unhappy wretches, who dare to lay violent hands upon themselves, and, prodigal of life, precipitate their souls into eternity. They would be glad, continues the poet, to bear poverty and the
sharpest

sharpest miseries, could they again return to life; but the fates forbid them: they have voluntarily sought the regions of death, and their lot is cast for ever.

It may be said that these tenets, however just, and founded in truth and reason, had no influence upon ancient manners. Men dispatched themselves in defiance of moral theory, and boldly jumped the life to come. The practice among the Romans cannot be denied, but it should be remembered, at least by ENGLISHMEN, that in the good days of the old republic, when the constitution flourished, and liberty was in full vigour, the instances of self-murder were but rare. CATO died with the dying laws of his country. In succeeding times the splendor of his name spread the example, and if suicide grew to be an epidemic vice, it was under the vilest race of tyrants that ever appeared in the history of the world. The annals of TACITUS may, in this view, be deemed a register of *suicides*. From an infinite number I shall select one instance. We are told that COCCÆIUS NERVA was the favourite of the prince: his parts were bright, and his knowledge extensive. In the science of the laws, both human and divine, he was deeply versed. His age was not far advanced, nor was his health impaired. With all these advantages, he formed a design against himself,

self, determined to end his days. *Tiberius* heard of this fatal purpose: he visited his friend; enquired into his motives, expostulated, debated the point, and even added the force of entreaty. Why should so valuable a life be thrown away? It would embitter the Emperor's days, and disgrace his memory, were mankind to see a person, so high in the Prince's favour, tired of life, and, without any apparent motive, bent on self-destruction. *Cocceus* heard him, but with disinclination: he persevered, and starved himself to death. Of so deliberate an act the historian does not assign the precise motive: the reason, probably, was an uncontrollable pride, which saw the corruption of the times, and disdained to live in a state of slavery. *Britons* have not the provocation, and of course, want the apology. But the apology was not sufficient in the opinion of *MARTIAL*, who says, upon an occasion that happened afterwards, that he does not approve of the person who seeks the praise of magnanimity by destroying himself: let him bear up against the pressures of the world, for in that consists his truest glory.

Nolo virum facili redimit qui sanguine famam;
Hunc volo, laudari qui sine morte potest.

To these authorities, I would beg leave to add the sentiment of our great *Shakespeare*, who, tho
 he

he may be justly suspected of Christianity, was still a poet, and therefore may be cited on this occasion. He has introduced a young Prince, deliberating whether he should extricate himself from the troubles of this world, by boldly putting an end to his existence on this side of the grave. The point is argued with great strength of reasoning; and the calamities of life are thrown into the scale. After stating every thing in the most striking colours, a prospect of futurity opens to the imagination; and the mind starts back from the desperate act, convinced that it is our duty to bear our portion with fortitude, until Heaven shall be pleased to put in execution that sentence of death, which it has passed on all mankind.

*Who wou'd fardles bear,
To sweat and groan under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?*

The poet concludes that *conscience makes cowards of us all*: it is not so in truth; but surely it ought to be of force to restrain men from an act, as unnatural as it is impious.

Saturday, March 24, 1752.

An expectas ut Quintilianus ametur ?

JUV.

I Went, one morning last week, to pay a visit to a lady, for whom I have always had a very great respect. An excursion which she made into the country, was the occasion of my not having seen her for some time, but upon the first notice of her return to town, I did myself the favour of waiting on her. It was with great satisfaction that I perceived her complexion florid to the highest degree of health. As I knew she had two sons at *Eton* school, I enquired after the young gentlemen, and received for answer, that the brats were minding their books. “ Boys, Mr. *Ranger*, (said she) “ are best when out of one’s way: “ they make such a noise in an house, that there “ is no such thing as bearing with them. I hope “ they are going on well. But, Sir, you don’t “ know all my family.” Upon this she rung the “ bell, and ordered the servant to bring down “ Miss *Lucy* and Miss *Charlotte*, and then continued Mrs. *Bizarre*, they are quite jealous of “ one another; Miss *Lucy* has taken a notion in “ her head that *Charlotte* is my favourite, and “ *Charlotte* equally suspects my propensity to
Lucy;

“ *Lucy* ; but upon my word, it is without foun-
 “ dation ; I give them no manner of reason.
 “ Well, now I think it would be quite wrong in
 “ me to make any difference, when they are both
 “ deserving. I vow and protest, I love them
 “ both alike: I can’t think how some folks can
 “ be so : to be sure it is commonly the cause of
 “ great uneasiness in families, and the little things
 “ are unhappy in their minds: Lord, I wonder
 “ what keeps them above so long.” On a sud-
 den the parlour door was thrown open. As I did
 not recollect that Mrs. *Bizarre* had any daugh-
 ters, I advanced with some degree of impatience
 to salute the young ladies : to my great surprize,
 the maid introduced two very ugly monkeys, dressed
 out in the nicest manner, with *Paris* caps, and
 well-chosen petonlair and petticoat.

This disappointment flung me into some con-
 fusion : I retired in a very awkward manner to
 my chair. “ There, Mr. *Ranger*, (reassumed
 “ the lady) this is Miss *Lucy* and this is Miss
 “ *Charlotte*. Pray, Sir, don’t you think they
 “ have very pretty turned faces ? There’s a fa-
 “ mily likeness, I think : they are the only com-
 “ fort I have. Pray, *Molly*, did Miss *Lucy* take
 “ the manna as the doctor ordered ? Lord, I was

“frighted out of my wits yesterday, the poor thing
“was so severely pained with the cholic: and Miss
“*Charlotte* has been coughing all the morning;
“I hope it won't fall upon her lungs. They are
“the sweetest creatures in the world: where's
“your curtsy, Miss, when a gentleman speaks to
“you? She is absolutely, Mr. *Ranger*, the greatest
“prude in *London*. She quarrels with the maid,
“if she but leaves her breast the least uncovered,
“and you know the fashion is now to shew as low
“as one possibly can. Her sister there, Miss
“*Charlotte*, she is the violentest coquet in nature.
“*Molly*, give that fan. See how she handles it.
“Soft affectation plays about her twisted neck, as
“it is in the play. Don't you think she has fine
“eyes? Well, did you ever see such a pretty
“mouth? And the finest teeth! I am afraid she
“is a little inclined to be fat. She'll never be taller.
“Lard, Mr. *Ranger*, I wish I could get her a hus-
“band; I should be glad to see her well settled—
“he, he, he.—Now, I have a queer notion in
“my head. Do you know that I have a husband
“in my eye for her? Guess who it is? There is
“*Tom Titmouse*, who is always biting his lips, and
“never has a bit of his shoe seen above his buc-
“kle; and *Billy Wirewig*, who always stinks of
“perfume; or *Jemmy Doll*, with the delicate com-
“plexion, and the little mincing step; but it is

not

“not any of them. O fie, the frights! do you
 “think I would accept of any of ’em? I assure,
 “you, Sir, I refused a much better offer. I could
 “have had captain *Jessamy* of the guards, but I
 “have a finer thought in my head now. Was you
 “ever at *Mother Midnight’s*? To be sure you was,
 “he, he, he. Well, for certain, I am a comical
 “woman. You remember the pretty dear crea-
 “ture, that sits at supper on the right hand—
 “he, he, he, it came into my mind the moment
 “I saw the dear fellow, that it would be a good
 “match; and so now, as I don’t know where to
 “send, I have drawn up an advertisement which I
 “intend to put into the papers—here, you may
 “read it, Sir.”

“If the monkey, that sat on the right hand at
 “*Mother Midnight’s*, and drank a glass of wine,
 “after bowing to the company, has no aversion to
 “matrimony; he is desired to call at *May-Fair*
 “chapel, and he will hear of something to his ad-
 “vantage.”

Upon perusal of this extraordinary advertise-
 ment, I endeavoured to expostulate with the good
 lady. I remonstrated, that it would appear to
 the world the most whimsical thing that was ever
 practised. Mrs. *Bizarre* could not bear to be

touched in so tender a point : she told me with some vehemence, that monkeys have often more sense than many of the human species ; and I believe the dispute would have risen high between us, had not an accident put an end to it.

While we were engaged in conversation, a quarrel happened between the two young ladies. In a moment Miss *Lucy* tore off Miss *Charlotte's* cap. The compliment was returned in kind, and the battle was carried on with great eagerness on both sides, attended with violent screamings, with bouncing about the room, leaping on chairs and tables, and flying violently in our faces. All the ornaments on the mantle-piece were broke to shatters and shivers. The china figures, which before seemed to breathe and think, came trembling down. *Woodward* and Mrs. *Clive*, who represented their different characters in *Lethe*, shared the general wreck : Mrs. *Bizarre's* face was scratched in several places, and she lost in the fray a very elegant pair of *Dresden* ruffles.

Prudence directed me to escape from this strange scene. As soon as I found myself in my chambers, I could not help reflecting on the whimsical turn of mind, which disposed the lady to fix her heart on such a disagreeable race of animals.

When

When a woman becomes an apostate from the laws of nature, and divests herself of the proper ornaments of her sex, she is as great an exotic as any in her collection of wild beasts. I believe, the pangs of jealousy would be much keener in a husband's breast, were he to find himself rivalled by a monkey; and for such a set of odious creatures to see a person neglect her own children, is so fantastical a circumstance, that some of my readers may perhaps think the existence of such a character improbable; but there are frequent instances of it in this town.

To regulate and govern the imagination, is recommended by a *Greek* philosopher, as a point of moment in the conduct of life. The imagination is the liveliest faculty of the soul: it gives to all objects the hue and colour, which they seemingly wear; and we love and hate, hope and fear, according to the scenes which are pictured to our fancy. It is this which makes *Quixotilla* call aloud for a cork; and under due government is the source of that sprightly taste and just sense of things, which is remarkable in *Angelica*. It is this which gives new graces to her beauty, irradiates her whole countenance, and in all scenes and circumstances of life renders her the most amiable of her sex.

To cultivate, therefore, and cherish the natural affections; to direct them to worthy objects; to keep them all in harmony, so that not one of them shall grow out of due proportion, or contract any whimsical habit, is the best preserver and beautifier of the female form. It gives that pleasing turn of mind which we call sweetness of temper; prevents wrinkles, and gives an agreeable air to the whole person, as a few of the sex have experienced; and as such is this day recommended to all the female readers of this paper.



N U M B E R XXIV.

Saturday, March 31, 1753.

--- --- *Galeatum serò duelli*
Pœnitet --- ---

JUV.

CONSIDERING the state of warfare an author enters into, when he first takes a pen in hand, and the number of *Goths* and *Vandals* that infest every age, ready to wage a barbarous war upon defenceless wit; I have been punctually three times a week at a celebrated fencing-school, in order to perfect myself in the noble science of defence. The master of this place understands the method of killing as well as any gentleman of the faculty, but his temper of mind renders him less inclinable to put it in practice. He allows me to be a very good figure on the ground; says, I stand an excellent attitude, and adds, that when I bring myself to do things not so much in a hurry, I shall fence as well as any angry boy in *England*. I must own, that I am apt to advance and retreat in too precipitate a manner. The warmth of this violent exercise throws my spirits into such a flurry, that I sometimes cannot avoid doing mischief. I have already put out a gentleman's

man's eye, dislocated three of another's teeth, and broke my foil upon the small ribs of a third. If I proceed in this manner, I begin to be apprehensive about the consequences which may arise from unforeseen accidents, and therefore I am now determined to entrench myself from insults within one of the resolutions, which I formed upon the commencement of this paper, namely, not to deserve ill of any man.

It would be well if all the individuals in society would enter into a reciprocal agreement to observe the same principle in their deportment: we might then see that harmony subsist, which as sociable beings it is our interest to promote. All surly moroseness would be banished; and in short, this single rule, of deserving ill from no man, would prevent those animosities, which too frequently hurry men, otherwise well disposed, to violate all laws, both human and divine.

The common rules of good breeding are sufficient in other countries to restrain a fiery spirit within due bounds. But in England the laws of civility are not diffused. We live in a vicious gratification of our private humours. A selfish spirit is condemned in ethics as the cause of many vices; it is of no less evil influence in the *petites morales*, or *lesser morals*. When a narrow regard

to a man's own sensations gains the ascendant, and none will recede from their equal right of having their own way, it is not to be wondered that ill humours should sour the temper, and that frequent quarrels should arise.

Philippus has taken it into his head, that to be brisk and shining in conversation, is the most elegant accomplishment. He has spent most of his time in the acquirement of something, which he calls wit, but in the eyes of men of sense, is only a petulant pertness, very annoying to his company. *Philippus* has laid it down as a maxim, that he must upon all occasions display his favourite talent. He would rather at any time lose his friend than his joke. *Antiphaus* is an absolute enemy to all pretensions to be shining: conversation with him, must be in a plain sensible manner; he will neither give nor take a joke; hence these two are constantly at variance, and it is imagined by their friends, that the affair must be at last decided behind *Montague-house*.

I have often wondered how men can be such enemies to their pleasures, as to be thus obstinately bent on the indulgence of their own private whimsies, without abating any thing from their pretensions, in order to contribute to the felicity of their neighbours. The social passions
afford

afford more real delight, than any selfish gratifications; the latter are sure to occasion a narrowness of spirit, while the former expand the faculties of the mind, and receive addition from being communicated, like the sun painting the hemisphere with streaks of light, which serve to adorn his way, and augment the glory of his career. In a state of mutual dependance, which Nature has allotted to us all, it is not to be imagined that any one will pay the least deference to our ease and happiness, unless in return we recede a little from our own humours, and purchase that complacence, which every one desires to meet with in his intercourse with society.

But all restraint upon our conduct seems to be thrown off. Hence recourse is had to duelling, to decide differences between those, who have renounced the guidance of reason. The *Romans* knew nothing of this modern practice, which is entirely of *French* growth, and, like many of the fashions of that country, should be exploded from all civilized nations. And yet, by the advices which I receive from *Ireland*, this barbarous custom seems to be fully established throughout that kingdom. It is considered as the accomplishment that completes the fine gentleman. He, who has not kicked his man, or lodged a ball in the

the *abdomen*, is considered as an equivocal character. About something, or nothing, every man must be ready to go *to the sod*. The field, indeed, is not always necessary: the first coffee-house, or tavern, answers the purpose. A gentleman just arrived from Dublin informs me, that while he was eating a morsel of dinner at a tavern in Damask street, the bell which hung over the middle of the table, was on a sudden thrown into violent motion: "Pray don't mind it, Sir," cries the waiter, "it is only two gentlemen skirmishing in the next room, and one of them has fired thro' the waincoat, and hit the bell." The same gentleman tells me that the cause of quarrel is generally of little moment: you may fight in Ireland because you will, or will not drink the glorious and immortal memory of *Oliver Cromwell*; or because your grandmother died a Papist, or, as the case may be, because you are a True-blue, and detest a Papist. In short, you may acquire great fame, in that country, upon very easy terms. If you do not understand a gentleman's meaning, it is allowed, that, without further ceremony, you may cut his throat. The woman at *Lucas's* coffee-house, I am told, stands fire like a war-house: she gives you change of a guinea, with great coolness, in the midst of a fray: "twelve shillings, thirteen, fourteen——there's a pistol gone off!"

"——fifteen,

“ —fifteen, sixteen, seventeen—what is it
 “ about?—nineteen; twenty, twenty-one;—
 “ I am sorry the gentleman is dead;—there’s
 “ your full change.”

Mr. *Addison*, in his elegant poem, entitled the *Campaign*, has given a definition which it may be proper to cite on this occasion.

*True courage dwells not in a troubled flood
 Of mounting spirits and fermenting blood;
 Lodg'd in the Soul, by Virtue over-rul'd,
 Inflam'd by Reason, and by Reason cool'd.*

I never yet heard of an affair between two gentlemen, according to the polite phrase, but one, or both of them were egregiously in the wrong. If, instead of determining wilfully to support matters of no moment, people could be brought to canvass their differences with some degree of temper, we should not often have advices from *Marybone Fields*, or any of the usual scenes of action. To evince this, I shall conclude with the following story. I was once in company at a tavern, when after much mirth and festivity, one of the party, who had been silent almost the whole night, accosted a gentleman, who had contributed greatly to our entertainment by a lively vein of fancy peculiar to him, in the following words.

“ Sir,

“ Sir, (says he, taking him by the button) I have
“ something to communicate to you : I have ob-
“ served, Sir, that you have been very facetious
“ all night, you have run your rig upon me, Sir,
“ and so — I desire you will meet me to-morrow
“ morning in *Pancras* Burying-ground.” — A
blood of the town would perhaps have been fired
at this proposal ; but my friend received it with
great composure, and with a mixture of jest and
earnest in his countenance, whispered, “ In *Pan-*
“ *cras* Burying-ground, Sir ?” “ Yes, Sir, in
“ *Pancras* Burying-ground.” — “ Very well,
“ Sir ; must I bring my shroud with me ?”

The pleasantry of the question excited a general laugh. The angry gentleman joined in the chorus, and, as soon as he recovered from his fit of merriment, exclaimed, “ Give me your hand. I will never meet you, but on a party of pleasure, and to that you may command me whenever you please.”

NUMBER XXV.

Saturday, April 7, 1753.

Scimus inurbanum Lepido seponere dicto.

HOR.

I Have in a former paper delivered my sentiments concerning the notable art of Humbugging, as it is called in the language now in vogue; and no man, I believe, retains a doubt but that a practice so senseless, and, indeed, so mischievous, ought, for the interest of society, to be exploded from every company. It is my intention to throw together this day some cursory reflections upon RAILLERY, not because it is, like the former, of spurious birth, or a mean and illiberal talent, but on the contrary, because Raillery is a sharp and nice weapon, not to be trusted to the hand of every bungler, who chuses to play with edge tools. Certain it is, there are but few properly qualified to exercise this talent. There is hardly any thing that requires so fine an understanding, or calls for so much delicacy in the exertion of it. But as matters are generally managed, there is nothing so coarse as the attempts of those, who are ambitious of shining in conversation, and are therefore determined to banter mankind into an
 exalted

exalted opinion of their accomplishments. The utmost that can be allowed this race of wits, is to join in the general laugh: if mirth be going forward, they may very properly be admitted to partake of the festivity, without vainly pretending to take the lead, or to engross the conversation: as the uninformed country squire should not be suffered by the master of the ceremonies in a polite assembly, to come forward in a minuet, where the graces of movement are required, though he may be tolerated to romp in a country dance, and display all the gambols of his unfashioned activity.

————— *Nec cum sis cætera fossor*
Tres tantum ad numeros Satyri moveare Batbylli.

Were I to define Raillery, I should call it a delicate exertion of pleasantry upon the foibles, the slight indiscretions, the mistaken opinions, or even the virtues of men, when carried to some degree of excess. No tincture of ill-nature must be suffered to mingle in the composition of raillery. Good manners must always be the predominant quality. No man has any degree of right to invade another's inward peace. A well turned mind will always decline any thing that comes home to the bosom of any person, with whom he is willing to enter into society. Whatever may tend to

create difesteem in the circle of our acquaintance, or to throw a ridiculous light upon a character; whatever may excite uneasy sensations by touching upon circumstances, about which it is possible a person may have a tender feeling, though in their own nature, they are not of any material importance; in short, all topics, but such, as we are convinced the object of our merriment will give up, are carefully to be avoided. It will be always expedient so to glide gently over the affected part, that the wound may appear to be probed by a skilful hand. DRYDEN throws a light upon this subject by a familiar story. He tells us it was the boast of Jack Ketch's wife, that any body can tuck a man up and put him clumsily to death, but to do it with dexterity, and make the culprit die an easy, pleasant death, was only the genteel qualification of her husband. In like manner it requires no very shining abilities to inform our neighbour of his oddities, or point out to him his indiscretions; but to open his eyes, and let in the light without rendering it painful to him; to give a sense of the foible, without disturbing the natural complacence, with which every one is willing to behold himself, is a task which requires more elegance and refinement than happens to fall to the share of every individual. And yet there is no going any where without meeting pretenders in
this

this way: every quarter of the town abounds with men of raillery, and to all those it is necessary to render an account of our actions, our friends, our attachments, our cloaths, our walk, and what not? Of these lively and pleasant companions the misfortune is, that they have at some time or other seen a man of wit, who had the address to promote the mirth of his company. What is well done too frequently occasions a number of imitators; and every blockhead, who has laughed at the fallies of a brisk and lively fancy, sees no reason why he should not for the future divert his company, and be considered as the master of the joke; like the monkey in the fable, who saw a gentleman shave himself, admiring the turn of his wrist, and the dexterity of every stroke. The operation being finished, and the gentleman gone, without laying up his utensils, *Otho* mounts the table, fixes himself before the glass and flourishes the razor with mimic skill, till unfortunately he cut his jaw across, and then too late found the danger of playing with edge tools.

I have drawn up an allegorical account of the birth and parentage of *Raillery*, which, I think, may serve to lay before the reader its several efficient qualities.

GOOD SENSE and RIDICULE were joined in wedlock: the offspring of their marriage was HU-

HUMOUR, who for a long time roved about *Parnassus*, placing the follies and whims of mankind in such a light, as never failed to excite mirth in the synod of *Apollo* and the Muses. At length happening to wander out of bounds, HUMOUR met on the borders of *Parnassus*, just upon the verge of worldly commerce, a certain lady known by the name of ILL-NATURE. Drawn in by false allurements and a glavering smile, which ILL-NATURE always wore upon her countenance, HUMOUR offered proposals of marriage, which were carried without delay into execution, and in nine months time RAILING was ushered into the world. With a small mixture of his father's qualities strongly blended with the complexional habits of his mother, RAILING grew up in the practice of exposing the infirmities of all who came in his way. Without restraint he took unbecoming liberties, sowed the seeds of discontent in every breast, and in time began to disturb the harmony of the sacred Nine. *Thalia* conceived an aversion to him, and in order to mend the breed, preferred a petition to *Apollo* to divorce HUMOUR from his wife ILL-NATURE.

After a full hearing of the cause, *Apollo* issued out his edict of separation. HUMOUR could not live single, and in a short time made another match, which, as good luck would have it, turned

out

out better than the former. His second wife's name was WIT, a lady of great vivacity, and abounding in surprizing turns in all her conversation. She hardly could see any thing, but her way was instantly to compare it to some other subject, and she frequently would make her auditors laugh by pointing out a latent resemblance in things, which seemed in their own nature absolutely repugnant to each other. Contrary to the practice of modern life, her principal endeavour was to set off her husband. Fond of variety in her dress, she would upon many occasions lend her best apparel to HUMOUR, who never failed to look most engaging, when WIT contributed her ornaments. HUMOUR, in his turn, gave additional embellishments to his wife, and both reflected a reciprocal lustre upon each other. They continued in a state of mutual fondness, and their faithful love was in time rewarded with a tender daughter, who was immediately called, with the general consent, by the name of RAILLERY. The MUSES cherished her in their bosoms. As soon as she began to talk, she was the delight of Parnassus. In her conversation she discovered a propensity to her father's way of thinking, but with a considerable abatement of his severity. The mother's delicacy she possessed entire. Whenever she touched upon any thing, like her, she endeavoured to give it an agreeable colouring. In this habit she was further con-

firmed by POLITENESS, a collateral relation by the mother's side, who took upon her the care of her manners, and instructed her perfectly in all the secondary qualities or lesser morals, which are commonly known by the name of good breeding. Confirmed in these principles, RAILLERY was, at a mature age, trusted abroad into the world, where she had not been long before she was caressed by the courtly *Horace*, who took her home to his own house, introduced her to *Mecænas*, and found her of singular service in all his writings. At the demise of that bard, RAILLERY wandered a vagrant up and down, till at length she took it into her head to visit *Boileau* in *Paris*; from whence she came over to *England*, and resided for many years with ADDISON, under whose roof she became acquainted with STEELE, and made now and then an excursion to pass some time with Mr. POPE at *Twickenham*. At present, it is said, that she is taken into keeping by a certain noble Earl, of whom she is so enamoured, that it is confidently reported, she will not quit his company, though he is now in danger of becoming deaf; and it is further said, that she will stick by him to his last breath; but at that unhappy juncture, what will become of her, nobody can pretend to determine.

N U M B E R XXVI.

Saturday, April 14, 1753.

Ingrediturque solo, & caput inter nubila condit.

VIRG.

THERE are few terms, which are applied with greater impropriety, than those characteristical appellations, which men usually bestow on their acquaintance, or on others, in whose company and conversation they may at any time have been casually engaged. Every character, indeed, is formed by the prevalence of some particular passion, which influences the temper, and gives a casting weight to the genius of the person in whom it subsists. But no rules that I know of, have been yet laid down, nor is there any certain standard which should fix the degree of elevation, to which the ruling passion must necessarily rise, before it can have strength sufficient to determine the character.

The reader must, however, be informed, that I am not speaking of those moral qualifications, or endowments of the heart, which speculative writers have taken so much idle pains to adorn and recommend; and which men of sense, or men of

the world, have unanimously agreed in rejecting, as unworthy of their serious notice. The qualities I mean are pure virtues of the head or face; properties, which enable the possessor to assume a solemn aspect at incidents, which set the rest of the table in a roar; or to interrupt what is truly serious and grave, by impertinent questions of levity and mirth; or lastly, to condemn and cavil, when all the world sees the highest reasons for applause and admiration. The effects which these causes produce in life, however various and complicated in their appearance, may be reduced to three general sources of wit, humour, and criticism, and as the pretenders to these several qualities are infinite in number, I have determined on a certain standard, in order to regulate and adjust their claims. The method I propose is, to decide their different pretensions by the height and stature of the body.

And lest this should be considered as a wild, chimerical design, I must beg leave to assure my reader, that the theory I am forming is built upon the latest discoveries, and most uncontroverted principles of true philosophy. It is possible, however, that persons of an over-refining curiosity may be able to raise some objections to what I am going to advance: but as every thing is liable to be

be called in question by those who are disposed to cavil, they will give me but little pain upon that head. The plainest truths have been disputed; the most extravagant opinions have been fortunate enough to meet with their advocates and admirers. Now, I would have such people recollect what are the general apprehensions arising in the mind, on the sight of an uncommon stature; and how favourable, withal, even the notions of the vulgar are to an unusual height of person. Is it not commonly supposed, that men of this superior eminence possess as superior parts, and extraordinary degrees of merit? From this principle, my little friend of *Drury-Lane* is universally censured, as falling short of a true hero, by near half a foot; whilst his more aspiring antagonist is allowed to have all the necessary dimensions, required both by antient and modern precedents, to constitute the heroic character.

It is an axiom in philosophy, which few, I hope, will be so hardy as to deny, that the soul is all and all in every part. From hence it is obvious, that the body, which is a covering only for the ætherial particle that is lodged within it, must necessarily receive its dimensions from the vigour of the spirit, which actuates the exterior frame. The greater the portion of fire with which this spirit

spirit is endued, its elastic qualities will be proportionably stronger; and the dimensions of the body will be protruded to a size, exactly of the same dimensions with the soul which informs it. On this simple hypothesis, which I imagine cannot be easily disproved, I proceed to settle the respective qualifications of the different pretenders, who have been mentioned above.

In the first place, those, who with gentle *William* in the play, boast themselves not on account of their wisdom, but as they have a *pretty wit*, do not exceed the lowest degree of our appointed standard. It is not in nature, that such persons can rise in their stature, above the height of five feet and six inches. For wit, which is merely an exercise of the tongue, doth not require the same bulk and dimensions, which are essential to qualifications of a superior order. It is evidently a much less exertion of the interior faculties, than what is productive of that talent which we call humour. Hence we must advance a little in our standard; and can admit no one to be a man of real humour, who does not come up to the full height of five feet and eight inches; and this small progression is the more allowable, as a considerable part of humour is frequently expressed by such feats of body, as require some little degree

gree of size and strength. Giving a friend a violent and unexpected slap upon the back, or the dexterous leaping over chairs and tables, have been often regarded as so many undoubted signs of genuine humour; and are generally agreed to denote a most facetious vein of pleasantry in the authors of such exquisite jokes. It will sometimes further happen, that these two qualities may be blended in the same person; as I doubt not but many of my readers can recollect several of their acquaintance, who are your only men of wit and humour. Now this conjunction manifestly implies a much superior energy of soul; and consequently a still higher advancement in our scale of characteristic excellencies. These candidates for fame will accordingly rise two inches above those who are mentioned last; and none are to pass under this denomination for the future, but those, whose height is five feet ten. For these qualities, when thus united, will frequently exert themselves in strokes of gallantry and mirth, which are so much the more honourable as they are dangerous to the person or the purse of the ingenious artist, who has the courage or curiosity to attempt the experiment. The demolishing of windows, knocking down of watchmen, bilking of waiters at places of entertainment, with other instances of the like kind, are very laudable
and

and convincing proofs of these compound qualities residing together in the same habitation. The last quality, which greatly overtops the rest, and is indeed the crown and perfection of all, is the wonderful and most ingenious faculty of modern criticism. And as this is, in the most exalted manner, the gift of nature, whoever has the happiness to be born a true critic, is at least six feet complete. A critic is the master-piece and noblest work of nature; and may justly be expected to bear about him some distinguishing tokens, which will enable a spectator, at first view, to acknowledge and revere his merits. Hence she has bestowed on him a more than ordinary portion of the *daring* and *tremendous*; and these would appear to very little effect in a person of less dimensions, than those which we have here assigned him. The wit may be pert and sanguine; the man of honour confident or overbearing; but it is the critic alone, who glares horribly terrific. His every look freezes the young author's blood: at the sound of his voice, the rooted seats have been known to be torn from the ground, and hurled violently through the air, in furious and wild commotion. Phænomena, like these, can only be produced by that iron strength of lungs, and brazen audacity of figure, which nature

ture has so liberally imparted to the modern critic.

It will be necessary to obviate an objection arising from popular prejudice, that the science of criticism being to examine into the merits of all productions of genius and learning, it does not seem to demand the size and dimensions which I have made essential to the character: but the objectors, I apprehend, are mistaken in the end of modern criticism; and have not, perhaps, duly reflected on the necessary qualities to discharge the province they are desirous of allotting it. To execute that task, would require a moderate portion of sense, taste, and judgment, under the direction of modesty and candour; talents so little practised by those who have taken up the occupation of a critic, that they appear on all occasions not to have the least conception of them. Whoever will give himself leave to consider, that the character of a critic, a wit, and a man of humour, in the present estimation of the world, is supported wholly by mechanical operations, in which the understanding has no manner of share, every such person will easily agree with me, that the surest method to discover those characters, must be taken from that part which is principally concerned; and as we can truly judge from out-
ward

ward appearances alone, I have shewed to a demonstration, that the stature of a person is the only infallible criterion, by which we can decide, on the justness of his pretensions; and that no one for the future can have any right to either of those characters, but whose dimensions will exactly tally with the measure of this standard.

Having now settled the true criterion, by which we are to estimate the several talents above-mentioned, I now think proper to give public notice, that I shall very shortly issue an edict for a general shew, or appearance of all the critics, wits, and men of humour, within this metropolis, and five miles round it. The place of rendezvous will be the *Piazzas* in *Covent-Garden*. I propose to attend in person for the just determination of their respective merits. No one shall pretend to pass himself on the world as a critic, who does not submit to this measurement, and afterwards he is to be reputed accordingly. The name of every person will be carefully entered in a register to be kept at the *Bedford* coffee-house, to which every man will have the liberty of appealing in case of a dispute. Mr. *Ranger*, out of consideration to the circumstances of the said critics, wits, and others, generously remits his own fees, and requires only one shilling to be given his clerk, as a perquisite for his trouble.

N U M B E R

N U M B E R X X V I I .

Saturday, April 21, 1753.

*Jure etenim id summum, quid dexter senio ferret,
Scire erat in voto, damnosa canicula quantum
Raderet, angustæ collo non fallier orca.*

PERSIUS.

AFTER sauntering for some time the other morning in *Gray's-Inn-Gardens*, I withdrew to the edifice raised by the great Sir *Francis Bacon*. I had scarcely seated myself, when I perceived an elderly gentleman hastening towards me. He was of a ruddy, hale complexion, but had the air of one somewhat disconcerted in his mind. Scraping the ground with one leg drawn backwards, and holding out his hat at arm's length, he hesitated a desire to know if I was Mr. *Ranger*, the entertaining writer. Upon answering him in the affirmative, with regard to the name, and at the same time expressing some doubt about the compliment made to me as an author, the gentleman immediately looked grave, and shaking his head, "Aye, Sir, says he, you are the
" very man I want: I must be a little trouble-
" some to you for your advice in an affair that
" weighs

“ weighs heavily on my spirits ; and a friend has
 “ advised me to apply to Mr. *Ranger* for his opi-
 “ nion.” I assured the gentleman of my incli-
 nation to serve him, and as I perceived he had not
 yet divested himself of his diffidence, I begged
 of him to proceed without any farther ceremony :
 he complied, and went on as follows.

“ My name, Sir, is *Oldcastle*, of *Oldcastle-ball*,
 “ in the north of *England*. Nothing but an af-
 “ fair of consequence should have brought me
 “ upwards of two hundred miles to town. I
 “ have fetched my eldest son up with me, as I
 “ think of putting him to something : a wounded
 “ sharp boy he is ; he’s a Tartar for your *Greek*
 “ and your *Latin*, and the best mimick in the
 “ world ; odds my life, he’d mimick all the wag-
 “ goners as he came along the road. But that’s
 “ neither here nor there. I now think it time,
 “ as I told you, to put him to business. I have
 “ a large family, and but a small estate was hand-
 “ ed to me by my ancestors. The land was sur-
 “ veyed in the time of *Queen Elizabeth*, and there
 “ is just the same number of acres to this day. I
 “ would have my son be the first of his family
 “ that improved it, and then he may help me to
 “ provide for his brother and sisters. But look
 “ ye, Sir, in this large town, I am mainly puzzled
 “ what

“ what to put him to ; I am afraid I have made
 “ such another journey to *London* as *Sir Francis*
 “ *Wronghead*, and unless some such good gentle-
 “ man as you assists me, I must go back in the
 “ old squeaking stage-coach without doing my
 “ business. If you please, I'll step and fetch
 “ *Dicky*, he's at the *Bull and Gate Inn*, and will be
 “ here in a crack.” Here he paused for a reply.
 As the matter he consulted me upon was of no
 small importance, I begged leave to be silent for
 the present, and promised I would give him an an-
 swer in this day's lucubration. *Mr. Oldcastle* was
 perfectly satisfied. He withdrew in the fullness
 of his joy, after assuring me that he would always
 read my paper, and that he would leave orders
 with the publisher to send it to his house in the
 country every *Saturday* for the future.

The direction of a young gentleman's genius to
 any particular profession, is a point of more con-
 sequence, than perhaps appears to the inatten-
 tive. To this step is often to be imputed the hap-
 piness or misery of the person in the ensuing part
 of his days. This circumstance in life, is not un-
 like what we see at a bowling-green, where, be-
 fore a man plays off, he should consider the byass
 of his bowl, and if it is delivered with judgment,
 it makes its way to the desired point; but if there

should be too much rapidity in the outset, or if a proper degree of force should be wanting to forward it, it either runs beyond the mark, or lags in the middle of its progress. On this account it is no easy matter to advise upon so delicate a point as I have now to handle.

I have considered all the professions, and I really think them very precarious. Many great estates and eminent titles have been derived from the law; but it is now reduced to such a state, that without very great friends, a person possessed of the talents of a *Murray*, shall never rise to any degree of eminence. With regard to physick, a genius may spend his time in saving the lives of his patients in garrets, and doing real services to mankind, without any emolument to himself, while *Doctor Slaughter* puts his licence to kill in execution upon thousands of his Majesty's well-disposed subjects, and lolls at ease in his chariot.

In the army, it is to be feared, preferment goes more by interest, than merit. There is not a wind can blow from any quarter of the heavens, but fills the merchant's imagination with pictured scenes of shipwreck; and while he breaks the seal of a letter, he trembles for fear of receiving the news of some correspondent's failure. I know

at this very moment a person in the city little short of fourscore; he has been always considered as a good man upon 'Change. His life has gone on in one unwearied tenor of application and industry. He has been regularly, for forty years together, at *Lloyd's* coffee-house every morning at six, to learn the news from the several sea-ports throughout England. His table has been always hospitable, but with due frugality. And yet, after all his pains, this very person is now a bankrupt; and at his age has the world to begin over again.

There is, however, a way of life, which I cannot help thinking the most eligible. Not to keep the reader in suspense, the occupation I mean is that of a gamester. After mature deliberation, the gentlemen of this calling seem to me to be in possession of greater advantages than any of the others, and the inconveniencies attending them, are not upon a balance with the conveniencies.

A gamester, from a constant habit of venturing large sums upon the turning up of a card, or a die, acquires that thorough disregard for money, which is so much recommended by the philosophers. In the words of *Sallust*, he is *alieni appetens*,

tens, sui profusus; at the same time that he is desirous of his friends substance, he has the pleasure of being profuse in his own private gratifications. Instead of creeping through life with that mediocrity of spirit which depresses the man of business, the gamester lives with an eclat: *Ryan, Venable,* or *Tomkyns*, supply him with his wines, and he is every hour gaining an insight into men and manners. As rude health has too much of the country in it, and of course is not very pleasing to the ladies, he acquires, by his midnight vigils, a pallid, meagre countenance, which generally denotes an intimate knowledge of the town; and while others deceive one another in the face of day, a gamester has the modesty to fly to the covert of the night, and, *The pale moon and stars alone are conscious of the theft.* While the man of genius is left undisturbed in his study, the gay-dressed footman knocks at the gamester's door, and leaves the agreeable card to invite him to my Lady *Bragwell's*. There he has an opportunity of carrying on a design upon a lady's money and her virtue at the same time. If he can once contrive to get her in his books, he finds it no difficult matter to make her give *personal security*; and when once a woman's body is mortgaged, there is no equity of redemption.

There

There are many other conveniences annexed to a life of play, which I shall not, at present, enumerate. Upon the whole, I would advise my friend Mr. *Oldcastle* to train up his son to this profession. To encourage all beginners in this way, I shall dismiss this paper with only one article of True Intelligence, which I take to be of the utmost consequence to all such adventurers.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Lately arrived in town from *Paris*, the *Marquis de Fourberie*, well known to many of the Nobility and Gentry, who have been in foreign parts. He is well versed in all the different branches of gaming, and he teaches how to play the whole game in a month's time.

He has taken an apartment for this purpose in the *Haymarket*, where he reads lectures every day in the week, except *Wednesday*, when he attends the gentlemen of the city, at his room near the *Royal Exchange*, where he will let any young apprentice or city smart into the secret, without hindrance of business.

He has taught, since his arrival in *England*, several gamesters of both sexes. It was he instructed the *Scaramouch*, who carried off fifteen hundred pounds from the last masquerade.

Gentlemen and Ladies may learn in a private manner, without being overseen by strangers

while learning, and for the more expeditiously compleating them, there is a set to practise from seven in the evening till three in the morning.

As several persons have, and do still think that it is impossible to learn without going into company, he thinks proper to inform them of his method for that purpose. He first teaches the scholar the shuffle, then the different methods of cutting; next he explains his rules, by the assistance of second hand cards; when the party is so qualified, he makes his own family sit down with them, where they play most of the games in vogue; after the person has learned in this manner, which he or she may do in a very short time, he dares answer for them, they will be qualified to play in any genteel company whatever.

Jacta est alea.

N. B. The *Marquis* had not a stitch of cloaths when he began, and he now shines away with his *Dresden* ruffles, and diamond ring. Such persons as are desirous to learn any branch excessive quick, may come twice or thrice a day, or lodge and board in the house for the time. He insures for a small præmium, five thousand pounds a year to any ingenious young gentleman who will make himself master of his rules. He sells dice for gentlemen to carry in their pockets.

NUMBER

N U M B E R XXVIII.

Saturday, April 28, 1753.

*Aufus non operam, non formidare Poeta
Nomen, adoratum quondam, nunc pæne procaci
Monstratum digito.-----*

PRÆDIUM RUSTICUM.

DERISION and contempt have been for many ages the portion of most authors, whom rank in life, or superiority of abilities, have not eminently raised above the common herd of their fraternity. The name of poet, in every company where the word is mentioned, is sure to excite ludicrous ideas of garrets, unwashed shirts, and unpaid taylors. By these means it has obtained, that younger brothers had rather take a pistol or a pack of cards in their hands to raise a livelihood, than endeavour to help out the year's income by the exertion of their talents; dreading the infamy of wit more than any other imputation, that can be fixed upon their characters.

This effect is not produced without the concurrence of various causes, among which the principal one is, the known poverty of the generality of the tribe that write. Among all the inconveniences of indigence, it has been well said, that there

is not a greater hardship, than that ridicule, which it brings upon those, who labour under its lash.

*Nil habit infelix Paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.—*

The belly has been often called the teacher of art, and the inspirer of wit; but I apprehend, this maxim can only be understood of a full belly.

Satur est cum dicit Horatius Evæ.

Horace was warmed with good cheer, when he calls out to *Bacchus* to spare him, says *Juvenal*. The same author adds, with an elegant vein of pleasantry, that fine writing is the production of an exalted mind, free from the sollicitude of procuring a blanket. If *Virgil*, says he, wanted a lodging and a boy to attend him, the snakes would fall from the fury, which he so admirably describes, and the trumpet would not sound to war with so shrill a clangor.

*Nam si Virgilio puer & tolerabile deesset
Hospitium, caderent omnes à crinibus Hydri,
Surda nihil gemeret grave Buccina.—*

It is not therefore to be wondered, that poverty should diminish the poet's lustre, since it not only renders him an object of contempt, but extinguishes

guishes the fire of his genius. It must, indeed, be acknowledged, that such is the fate or perverseness of authors, that, to circumstances, which they cannot remove, they are industrious to add many of their own creating; so true is the saying of Mr. *Congreve*, that wherever wit is, it is always contriving its own ruin. Writers are known to be extremely irascible, prone to malice and envy towards the man, whom they perceive in possession of fame. Instead of endeavouring to equal him with an honest emulation, their aim generally is, to snatch the laurel from his brow, or if they cannot reach it, to wither it on his head by the bitter blasts of calumny and detraction. *Voltaire* delivers himself on this topic with so much delicacy and good sense, that I shall here translate the passage. “It is a disgrace, *says he*, to the human mind, that the republic of letters should be infested with personal resentments, private cabals, and mean intrigues, which should only subsist among the slaves of fortune. What advantage can accrue to authors from this civil war? Their animosities have no other tendency, than to depreciate a profession, which it is in their power to render respectable. Why should the art of thinking finely, the greatest blessing man can share from Heaven, become an object of ridicule? It is really hard, that men of genius should

“ should render themselves, by their mutual in-
“ vectives, the sport of fools, and instead of being
“ revered as the masters and instructors of the
“ public, turn out the Buffoons and Zanies of
“ the town.”

There is another reason, which contributes strongly to bring a disreputation upon poets, and that is, their mean and prostitute servility to a set of men, whom they call their patrons. These gentlemen are for the most part eager after praise, and careless of the means, by which they might obtain an honest fame: hence the *Parnassian* incense is extremely grateful, and is therefore profusely offered up by every scribbling fool, who vainly thinks to wriggle himself into preferment. But the misfortune is, what happens in this case is not answerable to the writer's intention; his patron plumes himself upon the imputed accomplishments, and glows with rapture and self-admiration, while for the bard he feels no passion but contempt, and the rest of the world with pleasure behold infamy and disappointment, the rewards of venality and prostitution.

As I have always entertained great good wishes for the gentlemen of the quill, I have devised a method, by the observance of which, they will be

be

be able to retrieve, in some measure, the honour of their calling, and obviate that torrent of contumely, which at present bears hard upon them.

In the first place, I would have them frequently inculcate, that fortune is only the deity of fools; and if she has not been favourable to them, they had better enjoy a virtuous independence in private, than by an ambitious poverty, bring themselves under the contempt and ridicule of the affluent.

Secondly, Instead of wasting paper in mutual calumny and detraction, I would recommend to them to vent their anger upon the Critics or the *Malevoli*; a species of people highly prejudicial to the cause of literature, on whom no severities can be too hard, as it is notorious, that not one of the race about town at present is any way fit for the province he has usurped; a total ignorance of the learned languages, and a lamentable want of taste, together with, a plentiful share of spleen and ill-nature, being the distinguishing characteristics of the whole tribe.

Thirdly and lastly, I would advise my brother-writers to dispense their panegyric with a little more reserve, and always with an eye to truth: in consequence of which conduct, they will find them-

themselves more courted by their patrons, and their butlers will the more readily condescend to hear them from the side-board. *To maintain a poet's dignity and ease*, is a beautiful sentiment of Mr. Pope, and his life and manners shew that he carried it from theory into practice. Who is not delighted to hear him declare with a noble pride?

*Enough for half the greatest of these days,
To 'scape my censure, not expect my praise.*

Whenever I reflect upon the conduct of that great genius, I find it hard to determine with myself, which holds most of admiration, the fineness of his perceptions, and the elegance of his poetry, or that grace of character, and that unprostituted, dignified independence, which will always do honour to the man. Doctor *Swift*, with less delicacy of manners, jealously preserved his own respect; and sure I am, that the writings of these two great authors, though they have both exquisite finishings in their kind, have always received an additional lustre from the self-created importance of their characters.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Vauxhall.

The diversions of this place began on *Tuesday* evening last, and it was computed, that there were

were near five thousand people in the gardens. It is observable, that they all agreed, "it was a very fine evening—and that there was a great number of people present, though very little company—nobody, Ma'em, that one knows;—it's a wonder where the creatures come from, &c." By the best advices from the dark walk, or *alley de soupirs*, we are assured there was *nothing done*. One letter, indeed, mentions, that a certain citizen attended his mistress into that part of the garden, in order to break his mind to her; but that his heart failed him, and he could only muster up courage enough to say, "This is a fine place for lovers to walk in."

Bedford Coffee-house.

The caravan, which came to this house during the winter season, is shortly to alter its destination, and to perform as follows; for a fortnight, to *Vauxhall*, until the smarts of the city are thoroughly tired of ham and chickens; for the remainder of the summer-season, to set out from the *Cross Keys* in *Gracechurch-street*, on the ball-nights, to *Hampstead*, *Enfield*, *Dulwich*, *Sunninghill*, *Richmond*, *Kendal-house*, &c. Advices from all which places shall be duly inserted in this paper.

N U M B E R XXIX.

Saturday, May 5, 1753.

*Avia tum resonant avibus virgulta canoris,
 Et venerem certis repetunt armenta diebus;
 Parturit almus ager, Zephyrique tepentibus auris
 Laxant arva sinus; superat tener omnibus humor,
 Inque novos soles audent se gramina tutò
 Credere.* — — —

VIRG.

THERE is not a pleasure, which thrills through the tender nerve of Imagination, but what receives additional delight from numberless adventitious circumstances. To the *Association of Ideas*, explained by Mr. Locke, may also be added the *Association of the Passions*, which reciprocally awaken each other, and agitate the mind with their mixed operation. Thus the primary effect, which any object or landscape may have upon a person's taste, is heightened and enlarged beyond its bounds; a recollection of collateral images starts upon the fancy; the passions pour in their auxiliary influence, and our joy is encreased by several sensations at once; like a river, which admits at different inlets the tributary illapse of
 several

several lesser streams, and thence swelled above its banks, dispenses verdure and fertility to all the country round. That this is the case in many situations of the mind, will be obvious to any one, who will but turn his eyes inwards. I believe it is not more so in any one instance, than the joy we feel from the opening of the Spring.

In my opinion, we are not acquainted with a more complicated pleasure: our love of novelty, which is a leading principle in the heart of man implanted in us for the most benevolent purposes by the author of our frame, is particularly gratified at this season of the year; the appearance, which things assume, is not only pleasing to us on account of its natural beauty, but also from its newness to the eye. During the Winter, all Nature seems to suffer a melancholy distress; the animal creation droops; their spirits seem sunk in dumb despair, and we read their languid situation in the mute imploring eye. *Vacuosque interrogat agros.* The vegetable world seems also tending to decay, and a general scene of calamity overspreads the face of nature. From this state to see gradually a new creation emerging, and every thing reviving with renovated vigour, cannot fail of pleasing our imagination: the whole race of animal life feels the genial influence of the
soft

soft season; from a turbulence of clouds, and all the inclemencies of the elements, the scene is shifted to enlivening suns, blue skies, hills cloathed with verdure, imbowering shades, refreshing streams, and the harmony of the grove.

The learned reader will perceive with what elegance *Virgil* has described this vernal delight in the words of my motto. The passage, from whence I have selected those lines, is carried on with an air of enthusiasm. The poet seems particularly fond of this season, and the whole is closed with a moral reflection on the providence of the supreme Being, who placed this part of the year, as a medium, to render the transition from intense cold to the heat of the summer less perceptible to our constitutions. There are many short sketches of this nature in the same author: we frequently find him casting a side glance this way; and, I will venture to say, every reader of taste must have been greatly delighted with these bye-views; as on a road the transient opening of an agreeable prospect is always acceptable to the traveller. *Horace* is also happy when giving a description of the Spring: but among all the *Roman* poets I do not know a more beautiful circumstance than that which *Statius* has touched with exquisite delicacy in one of his odes.

— *Tunc*

— *Tunc volucrum novi
Cantus, inexpertumque carmen,
Quod tacitâ statuere Brumâ.*

There is something highly pleasing in the idea, that the birds, during the desolation of winter, were meditating those strains of melody, which for the first time in the spring of the year they pour forth in one general concert.

Milton, the great father of the sublime in English poesy, has many delightful passages of this kind. Perhaps some of the most beautiful imagery in the Paradise Lost will be found to consist in the softer paintings of this nature, which the poet has so frequently introduced, in a manner worthy of him, of whom it is recorded (and, as it seems, upon his own authority in one of his Latin poems) that his genius felt returning vigour in that gay season of the year.

Besides the obvious pleasures already mentioned, there is another circumstance, which renders this period, truly called the renovation of Nature, still more delightful. The Spring is the season of love. At this juncture we feel the sun warm at our hearts: young Health smiles in the Virgin's eye; the morn or evening walk affords sensations, that conduce to the health both of

body and mind. The serenity, which we see all round us, soon transfers itself to the intellectual powers, and we enjoy what the poet emphatically calls *the spirit of love and amorous delight*. By love, I would not be supposed to mean a mere gross impulse of passion, but that elegance of desire, that refinement of taste, which distinguishes the gentleman, and never fails of being acceptable to the amiable sex.

Whatever may be rattled over a bottle at a tavern, we are obliged to the ladies for the most valuable gratifications of our lives. After all our high-boasted reason and our superior abilities, to them it is owing that our manners become more gentle, and our sentiments acquire a finer polish. Our looks and gestures assume from them a milder air; our passions soften into harmony; and the man, who has used himself to this agreeable converse, is acquainted with a thousand delicacies in his amusements, and several elegancies in his way of thinking, to which vulgar souls are absolutely strangers.

Instead of expatiating further on this subject, I shall here insert a copy of verses, which were communicated to me by an ingenious gentleman, whom I am proud to call my friend. The candid
reader,

reader; I persuade myself, will be pleas'd with the perusal; and the small critics, who buzz about the *Gray's-Inn Journal*, may amuse themselves with considering, whether the lines should be call'd; Ode, Song, Pastoral, or Elegy, and whether they sufficiently express the tenderness of love, and the process of the passion, with its several sweet vicissitudes.

I.

SINCE Myra's charms, divinely fair,
Have pour'd their lustre on my heart;
Ten thousand pangs my bosom tear,
And ev'ry fibre feels the smart.
If such the mournful moments prove,
Ah! who would give his heart to love?

II.

I meet my fondest friends with pain,
Though friendship us'd to warm my soul;
Wine's gen'rous spirit flames in vain,
I find no cordial in the bowl.
If such the mournful moments prove,
Ah! who would give his heart to love?

III

Though nature's volume open lies,
Which once with wonder I have read;
No glories tremble from the skies,
No beauties o'er the earth are spread.

If such the mournful moments prove,
 Ah! who would give his heart to love?

IV.

Ev'n poetry's ambrosial dews
 With joy no longer feed my mind;
 To beauty, musick, and the muse,
 My soul is dumb, and deaf, and blind.
 Though such the mournful moments prove,
 Alas! I give my heart to love.

V.

But should the yielding virgin smile,
 Dress'd in her spotless marriage robes,
 I'd look on thrones and crowns as vile,
 The master of two fairer globes.
 If such the rapt'rous moments prove,
 O! let me give my heart to love.

VI.

The bus'ness of my future days,
 My ev'ry thought, my ev'ry pray'r,
 Should be employ'd to sing her praise,
 Or sent to Heav'n alone, for her.
 If such the rapt'rous moments prove,
 O! let me give my heart to love.

VII.

Poets should wonder at my love ;
Her charms should painters croud to see ;
And when they would the passions move,
Should copy her and think of me.

If such the rap'rous moments prove,
O! let me give my heart to love.

VIII.

Old age should burn as bright as youth,
No respite to our passion giv'n ;
Then mingled in one flame of truth,
We'd scorn the earth, and soar to Heav'n.

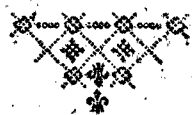
If such the rapt'rous moments prove,
O! let us give our hearts to love.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

George's, Temple-Bar.

We hear that counsellor *Shortcoat* of the *Inner-Temple*, or more properly of this *House*, has been for some time past employed in preparing for the press a most elaborate treatise on MODERN CRITICISM, which, it is said, he will demonstrate to be a mere mechanical art, without the least foundation in any intellectual faculty whatever. This report gains credit, as Mr. *Shortcoat*, tho' heretofore revered as a *Longinus*, has the candor to own that he commenced critic upon the strength of

the following terms only, *viz.* “Immenſe power—
 “ers—Deportment—Bye playing—Finesſe—fine
 “colouring—Stroke—Top of the voice—Bot-
 “tom of the voice—Break in the voice—Speaks
 “from the ſtomach—Emphaſis—Attitude—
 “Lines of Nature—Playing in metaphor.”—
 With a long *et cætera* of all the cant phraſes,
 which are ſo plentifully interlarded in that idle
 book called the ACTOR.



NUMBER XXX.

Saturday, May 12, 1753.

Ambigitur quid enim? Castor sciat an Docilis plus.

HOR.

IT is with unspeakable pleasure I have observed for a considerable time past, that those unhappy divisions, which have been the bane of society, ever since the late commotions in the north, are in a great measure reconciled; at least, so far, as to make an intercourse between people of different political sentiments, not altogether impracticable. The distinction of *Whig*, or *Jacobite*, seems, at present, to be thought not essentially necessary towards constituting a good companion; and the word HONEST appears to have acquired a more enlarged signification; insomuch that, whenever we honour a man with that appellation, it is generally understood; that we mean something more, than a person who is ready to drink a certain set of toasts. In short, the enthusiasm of party, in this respect, is so far abated, that one may spend a chearful evening with some of the most sanguine friends to government, without dedicating a single glass to the memory of king *William*; and I have more than once, within these

last six months, sat with some reputed well-wishers to the exiled family, without being under a necessity of ungartering my stockings, and pulling off my wig, at every return of the bottle. But, alas! what avails this condition? The spirit of party is so intimately interwoven in the constitution of an *Englishman*, that all attempts to extinguish it must inevitably fail of success: It may indeed be diverted, but will not admit of being eradicated.

The truth of this observation is sufficiently manifested, by the two powerful factions, which now disunite this great metropolis.

I could wish for the pen of *Bolingbroke*, in order to trace the rise and progress of those fatal dissensions, which sow discord in families, make breaches among friends, embitter society, and, if not timely restrained, threaten danger to the state.

The reader, I believe, has anticipated me, and plainly sees, that I mean no other than the sects, distinguished by the denomination of *Garrickeans* and *Barryists*.

The several pretensions of the theatrical leaders, from whom the names of distinction just mentioned are derived, are so extremely difficult
to

to be adjusted, that two persons can hardly be found, within the cities of *London* and *Westminster*, who perfectly agree in their way of thinking upon this head: and as the amiable sex generally support, with great impetuosity, their favourite principles, it is inconceivable to those, who have not had opportunity of observing it, what feuds and animosities prevail among the female partizans of those heroes.

I was lately present at a controversy between two ladies, who had adopted opposite sentiments, the one being a *Garrickean*, and the other a *Barryist*. The dispute began in form; the *Garrickean* insisting upon it, that she did not like *Barry*; and the *Barryist* protesting with equal emphasis, that she could not so highly admire *Garrick*. Thus mutual contradiction being given, the debate soon grew warm, and the *Garrickean* lady enforced her opinion with great vehemence: "There is something so clever, something so lively, something so I don't know how in *Garrick*; and his eyes sparkle so, that, to be sure, he is the sweetest creature in the world."—Her antagonist withstood this torrent of eloquence, and with no less energy replied: "Nay, Madam, if you talk of eyes, nobody can say, but *Barry* has as lovely eyes as ever were seen, Then he
" is

" is so tall, and so fine a man, that, Lord bless me!
 " there is no comparifon. I am fure, *Garrick*
 " can't make love fo well. Come, now, you muft
 " give that up. Not I, upon my honour, Ma'em,
 " refumes the *Garrickean*, why fhould I give it up?
 " All the gentlemen, and you muft allow they
 " know beft, fay, *Garrick* is the fineft *Romeo*."

The weight of this reasoning piqued the *Barryift*:
 ſhe exclaimed, with no ſmall appearance of indig-
 nation, " Pshaw! what fignifies what the men
 " fay? I don't mind it a farthing; they envy the
 " dear man, becaufe he is fo handsome." The
 earneftnefs and refentment, with which this was
 delivered, excited a general laugh, and the ladies
 had prudence enough to fufpend the conteft for
 that evening; but I have been ſince informed,
 that they renewed it the next day with redoubled
 vigour, and proceeded fo far, as to ufe ſome cer-
 tain figures of ſpeech, which are thought not
 quite confiftent with female delicacy.

A wide breach enfued between the two difpu-
 tants, in confequence of this difagreement, which
 was in a few days happily healed, by the media-
 tion of ſome friends. The ladies now viſit as
 uſual, but have obliged themſelves in the moſt ſo-
 lemn manner, for their mutual quiet, never to
 men-

mention, for the future, the names of *Garrick* and *Barry* in the company of each other,

I have only mentioned this affair, as a slight instance of the unhappy effects attending our party divisions. That they are productive of the greatest uneasiness in the conjugal state, is so very notorious, that people of different ways of thinking seldom chuse to engage with each other; being aware, that feuds and discontents must be unavoidable, when man and wife *do not go the same way*. An intimate acquaintance of mine, who is strongly in the *Garrickean* interest, paid his addresses to a very agreeable, and every-way accomplish'd young lady; but a violent *Barryist*. The young couple liked one another perfectly well, and there appeared no reasonable objection to the match, but the difference of principles. This, however, was an obstacle not easily to be got over. The relations on both sides had several meetings, and many difficulties arose in settling this point, which was at last adjusted by a compromise. The lawyer, who was employed to draw the articles, received directions to insert a clause, importing that all the boys born of that marriage should be bred up *Garrickeans*, and the girls *Barryists*.

The reader, I believe, is surprized, that I have
not,

not, in this dissertation upon parties, taken any notice of the *Quinists*, a faction, which, in its time, has been by no means contemptible, whether we consider the bulk or quality of the leader. The reason is, I have observed, that this party is considerably declined, since the abdication of their monarch; most of them have subscribed to the revolution, which took place in *Goodman's-Fields* in the year forty-two; and those few, who still continue attached to this cause, are old men, from whom no disturbance can be expected in the female world.

It may be proper to mention that there is another party, called the *SHERIDANISTS*; but as they are not much known in this metropolis, a further account of that new faction may be dispensed with at present: it will suffice to say, that it is entirely of *Dublin* growth, and we only hear of it now and then, when some occasional traveller from that country is pleased to inform us, that “for your true principles of pronunciation Ireiand is the place:—hut! hut! you don't *spake* English in London *at all, at all.*”

That the heart-burnings occasioned by party-divisions threaten danger to the state, I think is very obvious. The business of the theatres is almost

most finished, and, it is expected, that both houses will be prorogued in a few days, when many of the members will go into the country, and most unquestionably excite a party-spirit, wherever they fix. We shall hear from one town, that the inhabitants are divided into *Marrists* and *Scrifists*; from another, that the *Usherists* have got the upper hand, and the favourers of *Rastor* do not dare to shew their faces. What influence these divisions may have upon the approaching election, I leave to the gentlemen in power to consider, not doubting but they will thank me for this friendly intimation, and make a proper use of it.

From this fair and candid representation of the present state of parties among us, many useful reflections may be drawn, which, as they are extremely obvious, the reader's good sense will undoubtedly suggest to him. I might here dismiss my subject in the words of *Horace*,

Verbum non amplius addam.

But I am unwilling to conclude without declaring my own principles. I have the satisfaction to say, that I am conscious of being entirely free from party-prejudice. I am neither a *Garrickean* nor a *Barryist*, but between both, in an honest mean. I defy my greatest enemies to prove, that
I ever

I ever gave a clap of his, but according to the dictates of my conscience: And, O my dear countrymen and countrywomen! there is nothing I so ardently desire, as an union of all true friends to our theatrical entertainments, in order to rouse the directors of *Drury-Lane* and *Covent-Garden* companies from their lethargy, and make them sensible, that though the public has a violent appetite for plays, and can feed on a *Romeo* and *Ju-liet* thirty or forty times in a season, yet they would be glad of a litle variety. This surely they may modestly expect, as the heavy subsidies for the maintenance of these states are raised entirely upon them. If we should be happy enough to obtain this, next winter, I flatter myself, all discord will subside: we shall admire the powers of a *Garrick*, and do justice to his inimitable performances in *Lear*, *Richard*, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *Ranger* or *Benedick*; without being any way inclined to yield to the tender emotions of *Castalio*, or backward to acknowledge the dignity and home-felt anguish of *Othello*. In short, we shall then enter the theatre, without any other bias on our minds, than a disposition to be pleased.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-house.

Yesterday evening, between the hours of seven
and

seven and eight, Mr. *Town* came to the *Board of Criticism*, in his usual cloaths, and gave his assent to the following bills, viz.

AN ACT for preventing clandestine amours behind the scenes;

AN ACT for the better suppressing the growth of poetry, and for other purposes therein mentioned;

AN ACT for limiting the number of orange-wenchers in both playhouses; and to several public and private bills.

After which Mr. *Town* made the following most gracious speech;

My Friends and Critics,

It has always been a very sensible pleasure to me, to see you assembled together, and I shall continue the exertion of my best abilities for your welfare. The management of the theatres has ever been my principal care, and I have now the satisfaction to inform you, that Mr. *Rice's* negotiations with the *barlequin* of the *Italian* comedy in *Paris* (for which purpose he is gone thither) have been attended with the greatest success; and there is no reason to apprehend any danger from the machinations of *Garrick*, who is in a constant alliance with men of genius, and lives in hopes that the true spirit of dramatic pcesy may again revive in this nation.

Gen

Gentlemen of the City,

I return you my thanks for your attendance here every *Sunday* evening; your making a circle about me, is a proof of that attachment which you have always manifested to me and my judgment.

My Friends and Critics,

The Summer Season being now opened, I am unwilling to detain you any longer from your country seats, at *Islington, Hoxton, Marybone,* and other adjacent villages. You may rest assured, there is nothing I so ardently wish, as to see you all the most cavilling critics in *Europe*. In the several places of your residence, do your endeavours to promote the true genuine spirit of *malevolism*, which cannot fail to render us the scourge of players, and the terror of managers.

After this, Mr. *Town* prorogued the critical sessions to the 20th day of Sept. next; and the board of Criticism is accordingly prorogued.

N U M B E R X X X I .

Saturday, May 19, 1753.

*Hic quos durus amor crudeli Tabe peredit,
Secreti celant Calles, et Myrtea circum
Sylvia tagit.*

VIRG.

A LIVELY imagination is, if I may use Shakespear's expression, *great Nature's second course*: not content with having enjoyed the pleasures arising from the beauty or the grandeur of objects immediately present to our senses, this faculty of the soul, when the scenes, which we once beheld with rapture, have disappeared and vanished from our sight, makes fond excursions after them again, and entertains the mind with visions, in some instances, superior to the first impression. Even in our sleep the power of fancy frequently recalls the images of our waking contemplation, and from thence we very often receive livelier sensations than were produced by the operation of the real objects. It is true, that in these night-thoughts (if I may be so allowed to call our dreams) there are many fantastic circumstances, which render them of a nature too wild and extravagant for

our serious notice: and yet it is certain, that on these occasions we are sometimes presented with something like sober system, and amidst the most frolicksome sports of fancy we can often trace a regular series of coherent ideas, a train of just reasoning, and a real picture of life. As I take this to have been the case with me a few nights since, I shall make no apology for throwing upon paper the particulars of my dream.

I found myself on a sudden near a large and intricate wood, which I had the curiosity to enter. A whimsical band of hope and fear, joy and grief, pleasure and pain hovered in the air, and frequently settled all together upon the same person, who began immediately to talk of the tender anguish and the pleasing agony that he felt mingling in his bosom. *Cupid* made violent work with his darts and flames. Nothing was to be heard but tinkling rills, falling fountains, and love-sick sighs, by which the aspen leaves were perpetually kept in a rustling tremor. The god of Love had lying near him a prodigious quantity of arrows, all differently feathered, and tipped some with gold, others with lead, and many of them steeped in gall. The wounds inflicted by these various instruments were attended with very different effects, and called

called to my mind a beautifull passage in a poem written by Dr. Parnall.

And ev'ry dart can boast a kind,
 Which suits each proper turn of mind.
 From the tow'ring *Eagle's* plume
 The *generous hearts* accept their doom.
 Shot by the *Peacock's* painted eye
 The vain and *airy lovers* die.
 For *careful dames* and *frugal men*
 The shafts are speckled by the *Hen*.
 The *Pyes* and *Parrots* deck the darts,
 When *Prattling* wins the panting hearts.
 When from the *voice* the passions spring;
 The warbling *Finch* affords a wing:
 Together, by the *Sparrow* stung;
 Down fall the *wanton* and the *young*;
 And fledg'd by *Geese* the weapons fly,
 When others love they know not why.

It was not unpleasant to observe the variety of impressions that were occasioned in both sexes by this strange flight of arrows. Men I perceived in close pursuit of blooming virgins, merely from the impulse of vanity. I saw several hymphs running, with the utmost precipitation, from their lovers; though by their manner of looking back, and the rustling they made in the trees, there was room

for conjecture that they did not desire entirely to escape.

Pleasing as the sensations of love were found by the multitude, I could observe that very unhappy effects were too often the consequence of this delightful passion. Numbers appeared with a mien that plainly spoke a dejection of spirits, and of these, several were driven to such extremes, that they laid violent hands on their own lives. As I travelled on, I saw several hanging on the bows of trees. The rivers, which watered the place, were swelled with tears above their banks, and generally ruffled with sighs. It was not uncommon to see the pale corpse of some unhappy fair-one floating down the stream; and when throwt on the banks by the current, we generally found in the pocket of the deceased beauty, a letter to the treacherous lover, whose perjuries or cruelty had occasioned the act of despair. What much surprized me, was, that the unreflecting gallant exulted in the mischief he had done, and assumed higher airs of confidence and self-approbation, whenever he approached a groupe of ladies; and still to heighten my surprize, the ladies seemed to admire the wretch, who triumphed in his villainy, and loved him the more, in proportion as they had cause to detest him.

From

From this scene of distress I turned away as soon as possible. As I journeyed on, I was much pleased with the sight of many a young couple, whose eyes were brightened into gladness, and who felt, as I was informed, a mutual passion for each other. They walked arm in arm along the flowery meads, interchanging glances of affection, and quickening their pace towards the TEMPLE OF HYMEN, which stood in the centre of the grove. To this spot all, who were desirous of leading a life of happiness, were directed to bend their course, in order there to be united in bonds of chaste affection. I was sorry to see that some of the ladies had not resolution enough to persevere in this path: whether it was owing to loose desires, or the treacherous sollicitation of their lovers, or to both, I could not learn with certainty; but many of them tired on the way, and stept aside to sequestered bowers, from whence they came forth covered with confusion, and yet, with frequent struggles and violent efforts, summoning up a kind of false courage, with which they seemed to bid defiance to the sneers and the contempt of the world. Of this band there were, however, a few who were conscious of their error, and found means to be afterwards introduced into the TEMPLE; but they were pursued by an old hag, who delighted in scandal, and would never suffer those

who had once gone astray, by their subsequent conduct, however governed by the rules of prudence, to efface the remembrance of past misfortunes.

Among those who went on undeviating towards the temple, I took notice of a number of ladies in the bloom of youth and beauty advancing forward with men declining in years, and yet endeavouring to put on an air of briskness, in spite of the stone, the gout, and other disorders, that had long been gathering. I asked if it were possible that the young and handsome could be smitten with age and infirmity? But my doubts were soon cleared up: I observed that the sprightly virgin never once attended to the person of her superannuated lover, but at times cast a glance at a star or a ribbon, that he wore, and often viewed with a glow of pleasure a skin of parchment, which a person in a black gown was perusing with anxious care: the words MARRIAGE SETTLEMENT were visible on the back of it. A lady, who had walked a long way with a young gentleman of promising expectations, and had given him the strongest assurances of true affection, stopt short in the vestibule of the temple, upon hearing that the old folks objected to pin-money, and went off with another of whom she knew but little, because he was

was willing to settle up to her wishes. An attorney made up immediately to the disappointed lover, and after offering his best services, assured him that an action upon promises would lie for breach of contract.

Concerning the issue of this offer, I had no curiosity, as I now saw a prodigious multitude crowding into the temple. From thence, after a short ceremony, they were dismissed in pairs, to commence the road for life. Three different paths were open to their choice: a guide stood at the entrance of each to receive them, and direct their future course. The first was a person of the greatest mutability of temper, fond of every thing new, admiring with rapture upon the first impression, but admiring nothing long; every day, and often twenty times a day, seeking fresh amusements, and for ever adopting some whimsical mode of dress, remarkable in point of colour, shape, and other particulars. This personage promised to all an eternal round of pleasure and variety; but I soon perceived that domestic happiness was no part of the system. Nothing was accounted pleasure but what was fashionable. The husband spent his day in a stable, admiring his horses, and weighing boys to ride them: the night he passed at a gaming table, to the ruin both of his health and fortune. The

bride found herself neglected, and in her own defence had recourse to fashionable amusements, from which nothing could be expected but ruin, misery, and public loss of honour. The GUIDE, who stood at the second avenue, had eyes of a greenish cast, and seemed to loathe the food, which he nevertheless eagerly swallowed. His name was JEALOUSY. The walks, through which he led his votaries, were full of thorns, craggy, dangerous, and steep. His advice disturbed the peace of all, who listened to him. To generous sentiment he was an utter stranger. In the heart, where gladness and affection revelled secure; arose mistrust, suspicion, and constant uneasiness. He whispered to the husband against the reputation of the wife: in the expressions that fell from her he thought, there was an ambiguity that required explanation; he asked if in the roll of her eyes there was not some wanton meaning? He hinted that in company she seemed to fix her regard upon another: and did not you observe, said he, when you entered the room, the remains of a smile upon her countenance? As he talked, the distempered fancy started at scenes of its own creation; and I could not help repeating the fine lines, in which LUCRETIUS describes the workings of Jealousy.

*Aut quod in ambiguo verbum jaculata reliquit,
Quod Cupido infixum cordi vivescit ut ignis;
Aut nimium jactare oculos, aliumve tueri
Quod putat, in vultuque videt Vestigia risus.*

What appeared particularly remarkable in this part of the grove was, that though there were sometimes circumstances of a doubtful nature, yet the real footsteps of guilt could no where be discovered.

The GUIDE at the head of the third road, by an air of frankness, and a strong expression of sensibility and cordial affection, was known to be FRIENDSHIP. The number of those who gave themselves up to her direction, was but small. They enjoyed, however, a pure and heart-felt tranquillity. The fierce desire and impatient wish, that formerly actuated their minds, having now subsided, a steady and uniform flame succeeded, not unlike the mild refreshing air of a serene evening, after the heat and fervor of a summer's day. Glad suns rose over their heads, and peacefull nights lulled them in each other's arms. A smiling race grew up around them, and the culture of the young and tender mind afforded the sweetest employment.

Here I could not help exclaiming with the Poet,

O grant

*O grant me thus to live, and thus to die,
Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.*

The whole scene appeared so completely happy, that I began to feel some symptoms of envy, which so discomposed my spirits, that I instantly awaked, and the ideal prospect vanished into air.



N U M B E R X X X I I .

Saturday, May 26, 1753.

Contemptu Famæ contemni Virtutes.

TACITUS.

THE sentiment which is very beautifully expressed in the words of my motto, grew out of the conversation, at the last meeting of our club: to enforce it, Mr. *Gulliver*, who then occupied the chair, produced the following stricture of oriental history, which I shall recommend to the perusal of my readers.

In the chronicles of the Sultans of the east, it is recorded, that when *Otkman* held the rank of Visier under a prince of the *Sassanian* race, and by his faithful councils added security, lustre, and dignity to the throne, his son *Mustapha* display'd in his early bloom all the virtues which could endear him to the best of fathers, and render him amiable in the eyes of all beholders. *Achmet* the hermit, who had been called forth from his retreat, in order to attend the cultivation of his tender mind, had taken care to season him with religion, and to inflame his young imagination with the desire of a fair and honest fame. The Sage

Sage well knew that this propensity would be a strong secondary aid to the native beauty of virtue, and invigorate the exertion of it. Accordingly *Mustapha* soon drew the eyes of all men upon him: his conduct was a constant series of benevolent actions, and in his bosom glowed that intense heroic ardour, which soon after distinguished him in the field of glorious danger. In a short time he arrived at the highest degree of popularity. The Sultan heaped favours on him in what might be called a profusion of liberality, had not his merit daily deserved it. He was delegated with unlimited authority to command the armies of the Sultan, and from the confines of *Persia* to the *Indian* ocean, he soon reduced every thing under subjection. Though he was yet green in years, each tongue was mute in his presence, and before him every eye looked down with a kind of reverential awe: he loved the prince, who raised him to this state of elevation, and by the gentleness of his manners he softened that envy, which might otherwise arise against the lustre of his glory.

While *Mustapha* was reaping fresh laurels, and gratifying his insatiable love of fame, his father at home met with a reverse of fortune. *Othman* possessed all those qualities, which shone forth in his son: but he vainly imagined, that in a corrupt, degenerate

generate court, he could be great and good with impunity. The storm now gathered in clouds around him, and the turbulent tempests of jealousy, ambition, hatred, and revenge environed him with a whirlwind more dreadful than that which tears up whole continents of sand in the deserts of *Arabia*. The grand apartments in his house, which were formerly filled with a band of courtiers, were now empty and forlorn; he was divested of all his honours; his trust was taken from him, and, after a series of years spent in the service of his prince, he was stripped of every thing but his paternal estate; whither he withdrew to shelter himself from an ungrateful world.

In this retirement, *Ottoman*, what were your thoughts, what were your sensations? The sun ushered in a day void of occupation, and the night a train of restless dreams. At length his constitution received such severe strokes from a constant succession of corrosive cares, that he languished under the pressure, and his soul sickened to desperation. A gloomy visionary light obscured his eyes, and he beheld with joy the approaching sunset of his days. As he lay languishing on the bed of sickness, he gave orders, that his son might be informed of his situation. *Mustapha* immediately quitted his high command, flew to his dying father's

ther's languid arms, and in a gush of tears embraced his agonizing body. *Otbman*, with what little strength he had left, raised his head, and fixing his faded eye-balls on him, "My son, said he," hear my words: "You have beheld your father in the sunshine of prosperity; you now behold him in the last extreme of misery. I am fallen a prey to the intrigues of ill-designing men; the angel of death now hovers over his victim; then listen to my last directions. Avoid public honours; fly from courts, as from the monsters of the desert; be not misled by a vain love of fame and an unavailing popularity; virtue is its own reward; let your happiness be fixed in your own mind, independent of external objects; despise the opinions of mankind, which are always fluctuating and uncertain as the *Caspian*, when deformed with tempests. For the remainder of your days have a contempt for fame; it will only lead you into a series of toils for an ungrateful world. Steal through life imperceptibly, like the path of the arrow, which leaves no trace behind it; let your moderation shade you from envy; be virtuous and be happy."

He could no more; his lot for eternity was cast, and he expired. *Mustapha* wept over the best of fa-

fathers; he treasured up his precepts in the inmost recesses of his soul, and instantly began to conform his conduct to the practice of them. His dignities and honours he resigned forthwith, and in the sultriness of his soul he locked himself up from the world. His house no longer resounded with singers and with minstrels; no longer did amber and aloes administer their rich perfumes; the vases of agate, which in his father's time overflowed with all the delicious liquors of the east, lay tumbled into an unregarded heap; and even the hand of charity, which was before stretched out at his gate, was now congealed and frozen. The many lessons given him by his tutor were now totally forgotten; the seeds of virtue lay dormant in his breast, and his love of fame was entirely extinguished, nay, the very thoughts of it were loathsome to him, inasmuch that, to leave no room for a suspicion that he had the least regard for popularity remaining, he would often say to himself, "That the world may see how much I am above any notices it may take of me, I must not be guilty of a single good action." By imperceptible degrees this turn of mind settled into a fixed insensibility: on the contempt of *fame* was grafted a contempt of *virtue*. *Mustapha! Mustapha!* you thundered at the head of armies; whole nations obeyed

obeyed your voice; and now, how altered! relaxed and enfeebled you groan in anguish, reluctant to every finer impulse of the soul, and callous to all the stimulating incentives to virtue!

The tidings of his situation reached the ears of *Achmet* in his hermitage. The venerable old man heard the story with the deepest sorrow; his heart was appalled within him, as if the hand of death had smote him. He sat down in his haram, but there no angel whispered to his meditation; no inspiration bore his thoughts aloft to the prime source of being; *Mustapha's* shame depressed the swellings of enthusiasm, and quite extinguished the pious fervor of his soul. At length he arose, and taking his staff in his hand, extinguished the light which burned before him, and set out on a journey over the deserts of *Arabia*. In a short time he arrived at his pupil's habitation.

It was with difficulty he gained admission; but the gates were no sooner opened for him, than he went straight to his young pupil's apartment. *Mustapha* was reclined upon a sofa, his looks sullenly fixed on the ground, and his mind hardening into insensibility. *Achmet* eagerly presented himself before him. His eyes were vivid and piercing: The winter of age had shed its snows upon his head,

head, and the lively expression of passions, which throbbed in mingled tumult about his heart, rendered him an alarming object to his pupil. At length *Achmet* faintly uttered "*Mustapha!*" a gush of tears choaked up the rest. *Mustapha* at this was covered with confusion: he attempted to break from him. The palsied nerves of the venerable hermit felt a renovation of strength from the glowing purpose of his soul, and laying fast hold of his pupil, he exclaimed, "You shall not put me
 " from you; by me your genius now alarms you;
 " by me it means to rouse you from your lethargy,
 " and awaken the dying embers of that amiable
 " fire, which formerly kindled all your spirits, in
 " those happier days, when my instructions were
 " refreshing to your ears, as the morning dews to
 " the verdure, which cloaths the fields of *Damascus*.
 " But now, how art thou fallen! each
 " finer principle of virtue is suppressed, and you
 " are even deaf to the voice of fame, that sweetest
 " music to a virtuous ear. But to redeem thee at
 " once from the dreams of folly and over-weening
 " pride, in which thy soul is now sluggishly im-
 " mersed, read there that mystic truth, which one
 " of the Genii put into my hand, in an hour of
 " inspiration, when my thoughts were swelled
 " with sublime ideas of the dispensations of Him,
 " who is in the Heaven of Heavens, and whose
 Vol. V. T wonder-

“ wonder-working hand launched forth the planets into the illimitable void, and still continued by secret and indirect causes, to produce the harmony of the physical and moral world.”

The heart of *Mustapha* was alarmed, and he read as follows. “ When VIRTUE was sent down from the third Heaven to restrain the irregular passions of mankind, the dignity of her mien and beauty of her aspect were sufficiently attractive to make her admired of all beholders. But such is the depravity of human nature, that these allurements soon began to lose of their influence, and VIRTUE shortly finding herself neglected and forlorn, returned to her celestial mansion, in order to prefer her complaint against the sons of men. There she remonstrated, that blind mankind was not only insensible to her personal charms, but also deaf to the promise of rewards, which were to be dispensed to her votaries in a future state of existence. Though this was a sufficient provocation of wrath, yet such was the supreme benevolence, that VIRTUE was again sent down upon her mission; and the better to strengthen her interests, FAME was ordered to attend her, with an high commission to dispense temporary retributions even on this side of the grave. As soon as they reached the
verge

“ verge of human nature, FAME blew aloft her
 “ silver trumpet, and an instantaneous glow was
 “ kindled in all hearts. Wherever VIRTUE was
 “ cherished, FAME pursued her footsteps; and if
 “ court was any where made to FAME alone, she
 “ was sure to withhold her favours, until the can-
 “ didates found means, by the recommendation of
 “ VIRTUE, to insinuate themselves into her good
 “ graces. By this amiable union, men were ex-
 “ cited to a series of meritorious actions, either
 “ by an attachment to the allurements of VIRTUE,
 “ or from a desire of obtaining the applause of
 “ FAME. But short is the duration of all sublun-
 “ nary things. FAME, in her turn, began to share
 “ the same fate, that VIRTUE had met with before;
 “ the appetites of men were now well-nigh sated,
 “ and the musick of applause no longer sounded
 “ grateful to the ear. It was observable, that
 “ wherever she was slighted, VIRTUE was soon
 “ known to follow her, and it very rarely happened
 “ that she remained with above one or two in an
 “ age without her attendant FAME. In process of
 “ time matters were carried to such an extremity,
 “ that this celestial pair were tired of their pilgri-
 “ mage, and wearied out at length they
 “ resolved to offer up a joint petition to be
 “ recalled. They therefore flew to the throne
 “ of the Most High, and there humbly urged,

“ that it was in vain for them to sojourn any lon-
“ ger upon earth, as deluded mankind was now
“ entirely seduced by the spurious ornaments of
“ the monster VICE, which had issued out of the
“ regions of darkness, and set up in opposition to
“ all that VIRTUE and FAIR FAME could inspire.
“ In this instance again the tender care of Heaven
“ was eminently displayed, and these two radiant
“ beings were a second time commanded to return
“ to earth, with directions, that, however depraved
“ the appetites of men might be, they should persist
“ in an unremitted course of endeavours for their
“ service. The more effectually to strengthen their
“ cause, a fiend called INFAMY was ordered to issue
“ forth from the unhallowed cell of VICE, and to
“ adhere close to her, whatsoever way she should
“ bend her course. It was likewise ordained that
“ whoever should betray a disregard for VIRTUE
“ and HONEST FAME should be branded by IN-
“ FAMY, and that all three should thus continue
“ to wander among mankind, until the angel of
“ death should walk forth by the command of the
“ ALMIGHTY, and sweep the whole race from the
“ face of the earth, to receive that retribution of
“ rewards and punishments, which may be due to
“ their VIRTUE or their VICE.”

Mustapha now perceived the mists of error
clearing

clearing away from before his understanding: he embraced *Achmet*, and poured out the effusions of his gratitude for thus recalling him to the task of Virtue, whose strength consists in activity. He acknowledged that the transition is easy from a contempt of fame to an equal disregard for the Virtues that deserve it. The name of *Mustapha* during the remainder of the chronicles of this reign makes a distinguished figure, and it is said that he closed a life of VIRTUE with honour and renown.



NUMBER XXXIII.

Saturday, June 2, 1753.

*Indulsi mundi communis conditor illis
Tantum animas, nobis animum quoque—*

Juv.

IT occurred to me the other day, as I was sitting in my study, that I had contracted a very heavy debt, on the score of visiting; and being willing to discharge the demands upon me as expeditiously as possible, I determined to dedicate an entire evening to the settlement of this account. I accordingly writ my name upon about fifteen pieces of card, and sallied out upon this important business. At most of the places, where I called, I had no occasion to alight, but discharged my obligation, by delivering to the footman at the door one of the tokens of modern friendship above mentioned. I had, however, the good fortune of finding some of my friends at home, who received me with prodigious affability; and after desiring mine, and giving me their opinion of the important disputes concerning *Elizabeth Canning*, and *Mary Squires*, dismissed me with great politeness.

I was not a little fatigued with the successive repetition

petition of the same flimzy chit-chat in every company where I was admitted, and quite disgusted with so trifling a manner of spending my time, I was just going to direct the coachman to drive home, when I recollected, that I had not seen my friend Mr. *Discount* of *Cateaton-street*, since the Lord Mayor's day.

This determined me to steer my course towards the city, and my good genius prevailed so far, that I found Mr. *Discount*, his lady and two daughters, at home; it being the day, upon which Mrs. *Discount* saw company.

As soon as I entered the room, my old acquaintance saluted me in a friendly manner, and assured me, that he was glad to see me; his lady, in an ironical compliment, delivered with a forced smile, gave me to understand, that she was highly sensible of the honour I did her family, in condescending to come into the city; and the young ladies curtesied, and told me, with some appearance of resentment, that they were extremely glad to find that Mr. *Ranger* had not entirely forgot his old friends.

This reception somewhat disconcerted me; however, I endeavoured to acquit myself with the usual compliments, such as—*That I had the greatest esteem for Mr. Discount's family—That nobody re-*

petted them more—But that affairs of business had engrossed my time—That I seldom could command an hour to myself—But that I certainly should not be so bad a visitor for the future.—As soon as this preliminary point was settled, Mr. Discount seated me next himself, and turning about, asked me, “How things went at our end of the town?”—“What, says he, shall we have a lottery, do you think?” I was going to answer, that I really was not in the secret of those schemes, when the eldest Miss Discount interposed, and said, “Lord! papa, do you imagine, that Mr. Ranger troubles himself about the things you talk of in your City coffee-houses? What are your money-affairs to him? Have you been at a great many plays last winter, Mr. Ranger? What do you think of Foote’s farce? I saw it the first night; I would not miss the first night for any thing.”

As I was meditating an answer, my worthy friend takes me by the hand, and exclaims “Heavens! Mr. Ranger, what will this world come to! the young people of this age, Sir, think of nothing but diversions. From morning to night, my ears, Mr. Ranger, are dinned with Garrick and Barry, and dogs and monkeys, and Mother Midnight, and Spoonatissimo, and such a jargon, that one would imagine the order of things was
 “ in

“ inverted.” Here the youngest Miss *Discount*
 “ seized the conversation: “ Nay, now, papa,
 “ says she, because you do not go to those places
 “ yourself, you would not have any body else go.”
 “ That’s true *Betty*, replied mama: he is a strange
 “ man, to be sure. Mr. *Discount* has no notion of
 “ any thing genteel. Well, he must have his own
 “ way.”

Mr. *Discount*, without taking notice of these interruptions, resumed his discourse. “ Why, Sir,
 “ says he, this must portend something. Cer-
 “ tainly a judgment hangs over the nation: we
 “ shall undoubtedly have another earthquake at
 “ least. You know, the last earthquake was oc-
 “ casioned by the immense number of places of
 “ public entertainment; the bishop said so in his
 “ letter: do you not remember it, Mr. *Ranger*?”
 Here a loud laugh made it unnecessary for me to
 reply, and my well-meaning friend, intent upon
 his subject, continued to animadvert on the extra-
 vagance of the times: “ Your uncle *Caleb*, added
 “ he, Mr. *Ranger*, and I used frequently to talk
 “ over these things together, and we have often
 “ lamented the degeneracy of the times. We
 “ foresaw that it must end in the ruin of the na-
 “ tion. Ay, we foresaw it a long time ago. All
 “ this luxury, which has been the bane of *Old Eng-*
 “ land,

land, has crept in, among us since the year twenty.—Ah! that year twenty, Mr. *Ranger* was a fatal year; a fatal year indeed.” Here Miss *Discount* could contain no longer, but broke out with some warmth——“ Lord, papa! you are always bringing up that year twenty. How many hundred years ago is it, since that year twenty? It does not signify talking, while people are in the world, they must do as other people do, or they had better be out of the world; and one must go to public places, or they will have nothing to talk of. Is it not so, Mr. *Ranger*? Come, now, I am sure you are of my opinion, an’t you?”—As I was unwilling to disoblige either party in this dispute, I replied to the lady in two lines of *Prior*.

Seldom your opinions err,

Your eyes are always in the right.

This topic had, I thought, been pursued rather too far, therefore I waved the conversation, and asked the ladies, whether they had seen Mrs. *Brilliant*, since her marriage? To this they all answered at once, O yes: whereupon I took the liberty to address myself particularly to Mrs. *Discount*, and desired to know, whether she did not think her a very fine woman? “ A fine woman, Mr. *Ranger*, replied she, how can you ask me
“ such

"such a question? To be sure, she is a showy wo-
 "man, and such a one as takes with the men;
 "but you can't call her a fine woman surely.
 "Then, she wears her cap so horridly; and always
 "overdresses herself. The gentlemen, I know,
 "admire her, but I protest I cannot see for what."
 "Madam, replied I, I must beg leave to be of a
 "different opinion; in my eyes, Mrs. *Brillant* ap-
 "pears a very amiable woman, and it gives me a
 "great deal of pleasure, that she is so happily
 "married." "O indeed, says Miss *Discount*, I
 "believe she is very happy, for she has a very
 "handsome equipage, and a sweet pair of ear-
 "rings; and then she sees a vast deal of com-
 "pany: there were ninety persons at her last rout.
 "She plays crown whist."

I could not forbear observing, that I was a little
 surprized, so discerning a young lady should esti-
 mate Mrs. *Brillant's* happiness from the stake she
 played for at whist, when to me it appeared, that
 she possessed a more certain source of felicity, in
 the amiable qualities of her husband. "O law!
 "that's true, replied the ladies, they say her
 "husband too is a *pretty man*."

We were proceeding farther on this head, when
 a thundering rap was given at the door, and the
 servant signified, that Lady *Porisokee* was coming
 into the room. As I thought I had paid a visit

of

of a sufficient length, I took advantage of the alarm given by this City Knight's lady, and withdrew unnoticed.

In my return home, I could not avoid reflecting on the capricious notions the female world entertain of happiness.

To be dressed as well as others of the same rank; to be present at all public places, without considering the entertainment in any other light, than as the means of bringing company together; to visit, and be visited by every one, whom they think it of consequence to salute at the playhouse; to live (if it may be called living) in a perpetual course of card-playing; and, to sum up the whole, to be married to a man of any age, figure or qualities whatsoever, capable and willing to support all this, in the opinion of ninety-nine females in a hundred, constitutes a happy woman. I should be perhaps censured as a pedant, if I offended the delicacy of my female readers, with observing, that they degrade the faculties of the human soul, by confining the exercise of them within such a circle of trifles; but I hope I may be allowed leave to refer them to the *Spectator*, where they will learn from the elegant Mr. *Addison*, that the strongest argument, which can be advanced for the immortality

tality of the soul, is the continual progress of the mind in the acquisition of knowledge.

Now, I would submit it to the candor of my fair countrywomen, whether their conduct does not subvert the principles, upon which this polite philosopher reasons; and tend to establish the *Mahometan* doctrine, that the souls of women are mortal. Should this *Turkish* tenet ever prevail among us, dreadful will be the consequences. What a melancholy transition will it be, from the liberties at present indulged to *British* wives, to the confinement and horrors of a seraglio?

I could add much more on this subject, but I am aware, that my pretty readers are prepared with a conclusive answer to whatever can be advanced: *Well, you may say what you will, but people will do as they like for all that*; the force of which I readily acknowledge, and, as becomes me, lay down my pen.

NUMBER XXXIV.

Saturday, June 9, 1753.

*Vultis & his mecum pariter considerare regnis?
Urbem, quam statuo, vestra est.——*

VIRG.

I HAVE of late received a variety of letters, in which my correspondents labour much to press me into the service of my country; and though I have always disclaimed politics, as a subject averse from my inclinations, these gentlemen are for making a statesman of me in my own despiht. I must own, I am not willing to be thrown off my byass, but when the act of parliament in favour of the *Jews* engrosses so much of our conversation, and has worked all our spirits into a ferment, it then becomes the duty of a public writer, to make his bow to the muses, and devote one lucubration to the happiness and welfare of his countrymen.

The *English* have naturally interwoven in their constitution a peculiar kind of national self-love, which may not improperly be called the endemial passion of the country. The least attempt to dispense a favour to foreigners alarms their fears, and awakens that jealousy which is natural to their very

frame. It is to this we owe the general discontent, which has broke out among all ranks of people upon the late occasion; but that it is owing to a mistaken prejudice, I believe, will be manifest to any man that does not see things with the jaundiced eye of party.

It has been said that by this act we give the lie to the scripture, and fly in the face of a peremptory prophecy, which declares, that the *Jews* should be without a fixed settlement in any part of the globe, a vagabond race upon the face of the earth. There was a time when this objection might be allowed to carry with it some degree of weight; nor can it be denied, that while Christianity subsisted in the kingdom, it would have been the grossest absurdity to introduce a bill of this nature,

But the Christian dispensation, it must be allowed, has disappeared from among us. I believe, in the memory of the oldest person now living no trace of it can be found; and this, in my opinion, affords a conclusive argument in favour of the naturalization act. Were it any way inconsistent with the religion now in fashion, I persuade myself, it would have met with opposition from a certain bench in the H— of L—; but as
nothing

nothing of this kind was offered, it is to be presumed, that Judaism perfectly coincides with our present establishment both in church and state. I would therefore recommend this doctrine to be preached from the pulpit, for the better quieting the minds of men; and if the right reverend persons, who superintend the conscience of the nation, would issue out pastoral letters for this purpose, the mistaken notions, which the common people have imbibed, would be soon effaced.

Prejudice, it is well known, has been often too strong for reason: in the present case it has taken root too deep, as will appear to the attentive reader from the following anecdote. About three weeks ago I had occasion to take a boat at *White-ball* stairs, in order to go a little way down the river. We no sooner put off from shore, than I perceived the waterman to be a very sensible fellow, and particularly knowing in politics. I therefore gave him an opportunity of discovering his sentiments on the bill in question. He discussed it with great strength of lungs, and vehemence of observation, "D—mn the circumcised dogs, says he, now they are naturalized, I suppose we shall have them all turn watermen, and they will have the business of the river to themselves."— This story (which is really a matter of fact) will shew

shew what prejudices are entertained by the common people; and none but the dregs of mankind have helped to raise that clamour against the Israelites, which has rung throughout the nation for several weeks past. Neither the hereditary legislators of the kingdom, nor the representatives of the people, have thought an ancient prophecy worthy of their regard. The populace, and the populace only, are in opposition: but wisdom doth not always cry out in the streets. For my part, I am persuaded, that when things are considered dispassionately, the act will bear a different aspect in the eyes of all men of sense. Who have been served by it? Not the poor *Jews*, who are still left under the severity denounced against them; but the rich, who are by this stroke rescued from the vengeance of Heaven. And this regard to the affluent, and contempt for the moneyless, I take to be perfectly consistent with the genius of a trading nation. From this incident, a very useful moral may be enforced. Namely, that money cannot only influence sublunary things, but also supersede the decrees of providence. The act has given the nation in general a very great accession of credit, reputation, honour, and riches. For my part I should be glad to see a further step taken, in order to render the work complete. I have not had time to digest my thoughts into a

regular scheme: I shall therefore content myself with suggesting a few hints, which may be improved at maturity.

First, as it is apparent from what has been observed already, that the Christian religion has no longer a footing in this country, it may not be improper to repeal the sacramental test, and to substitute in its room the act of circumcision; for which purpose proper circumcisers may be found in *Dukes-Place*, who may perform the operation upon all our placemen. A proper number may be chosen out of a certain venerable body, in the nature of a jury of matrons, to examine whether the person be qualified according to law.

Secondly, As the *Jews* are known to be possessed of over-grown riches, and as no lottery can be vigorously carried on without their concurrence, whenever Sir *John Barnard*, or any patriot inclinable to christianity, shall devise a scheme to prevent impositions from stock jobbers, it will be advisable to let nobody into the subscription but the above-mentioned *Jews*, who certainly cannot grow too rich, as our regard for them will increase in proportion to their pelf.

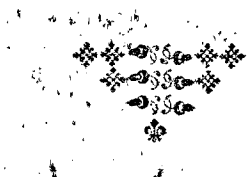
Thirdly, I am of opinion, that it is prejudicial to this kingdom to exclude the said *Jews* from employments

ployments civil and military, because, as they have no other country of their own, it is highly probable, that they will love *England*, (or *Judæa Novâ*) with an excess of zeal. They may be contractors for the future to supply our army and navy with provisions, and there cannot be a doubt but it will be perfectly agreeable to the taste of our soldiers and mariners to be fed with beef cured by a *Jew* butcher. On board the fleet particularly, it will infallibly be pleasing to have a mess of beef with a label of stamped lead upon it, to convince the men that it has been duly cured. And further, instead of making men of merit knights of the bath, or promoting them to such like honours, suppose they were to be distinguished (*Secundum ordinem Melchizedec,*) by the order of *Melchizedec*. This seems to me in all respects a proper institution, but I submit it to better judgments.

Fourthly and *lastly*, I humbly propose, that an army may be speedily raised for the retaking of *Jerusalem*, which happy event would enable our good friends and now countrymen the *Israëlites*, to rebuild their temple; by which means they would entirely overturn the only obstacle which now remains, towards dissipating those errors, which have misguided people these seventeen hundred

fifty three years past. And I hope, the bad success of that great man, *Julian the Apostate*, who was defeated, by the interposition of Heaven, in an attempt of this kind, will be no discouragement.

For these reasons, (and no better I presume can be given) the act in question, ought to be considered, like *Magna Charta*, as a fundamental law; with this addition, that to move for its repeal ought to be declared high treason.



N U M B E R XXXV.

Saturday, June 16, 1753.

————— *Hæc ego mecum*

*Compressis agito Labris; ubi quid datur osi,
Illudo Chartis.*

HOR.

A Series of pointed thoughts on various subjects has been occasionally presented to the public by several eminent writers. In France to this day, it continues to be the favourite mode of conveying an author's sentiments. The duke de Rochefoucault succeeded so well upon this plan, that he is universally admired wherever wit and poignancy of matter are relished. This scheme of writing indulges a free roving exercise of the mind, as Lord Shaftsbury expresses it; it sets us free from the fatigue of pursuing a long and regular tract of well-concerted reasoning. It appears, indeed, in loose detached sentences, and may therefore seem to the reader to carry with it no great difficulty in the execution. It is, however, in all respects as hard as any other vehicle of instruction: it raises a demand for close sense, and a lively turn of expression in almost every line. Hence it is, that the writer already mentioned has been so much celebrated by

people of taste, and hence it is, that *Pope* and *Swift* have thought proper to follow him in this path of satire. An ingenious *French* author has published, within this short time, an entire volume in this way, abounding in excellent reflections upon all occurrences in life, full of strong sense, and highly spirited in the diction. After having perused this author, my mind acquired such a habit of thinking in this unconnected fashion, that I could not settle my thoughts upon any one topic for the entertainment of my readers. Wherever I went, whether through the streets upon ordinary business, or upon short excursions into the country to breathe fresh air amidst the villages and farms adjoined, I found myself constantly talking sentences. I have resolved this day to commit them to paper, and I hope that this defectory mode will be received with candour.

THOUGHTS on VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

A Periodical Writer, in order to procure himself a sufficient number of readers, should endeavour to render his works agreeable to the various palates which predominate among the several inhabitants of this metropolis: but though he should season his papers to the taste in vogue, he should not entirely give up his own judgment:

As *Cowley* has it, The world may so come in a man's way, that he may salute it, but he should not go a whoring after it.

The severest critics upon writing are those who know the least of composition, which is some comfort to an author, who lives in an age of envy, malice, ill-naturé, and detraction.

Dean *Swift* tells us, that when he was a young man, he believed that the rest of the world resembled himself in talking of nothing but the last new play: in this particular the author of this paper is perhaps too much like that great genius: the foibles of a great character are easily imitated.

When a set of bookfellers are concerned in a news-paper, a *Monthly Review*, or a *Magazine*, they take every opportunity in the said productions of praising the works, in which they have a property themselves, and of decrying every thing that may prevent an encrease of their own sale. Writers who are ill-used by them in this shape, may always enjoy this comfort, that were these people to poll in *Parnassus*, their votes, upon a scrutiny, would be struck off, as they are only *Copyholders*.

You may know what a gentleman thinks of you,

by the behaviour of his servants, while they wait at table. These people are always such sincere friends to their master, and have his honour and glory so much at heart, that they generally place their affections and resentments upon the same object, unless their judgment is handsomely bribed at the street door.

On the contrary, you may know what the waiting maid thinks of you, by the reception you meet with from her mistress; for at present all young ladies are directed in their opinions concerning the men by what Mrs. *Betty* is pleased to say at the toilet, and if she declares, "O Ma'am, he is a fine man! I loves to see him like any thing:" or, "Oh! the fright! I hate the sight of him." You are sure to find the consequences of it at the first meeting.

As the world goes, there is generally more *art* to obtain success, than *merit* to deserve it.

Sounding periods and pompous expressions no more constitute a beautiful stile, than strutting in *red heel* shoes, and *gold clock* stockings can make a graceful walk; both may serve to impose upon the injudicious, but those who are acquainted with men and books, will always think ease a requisite quality.

Discretion has its bounds as well as all other virtues: it degenerates into a Vice, if, like *Aaron's Serpent*, it swallows up the rest.

A MOTTO for the *J E W S*;

———*Nos alia ex aliis in Fata vocamur.*

When I reflect on the late *Marriage-act*, I cannot help crying out with the Poet;
Curse on all Laws, but those which Love has made.

It is well remarked by an able *French* Writer that a King who does not keep a *Mistress* is highly estimable, provided he does not become a *Bigot* through too much *Devotion*.

Politicians have observed that *England* can never be undone but by a parliament: if that be true, what are the *Addresses* from *Candidates* to their *Electors*, but so many petitions to let them have a *Hand* in *Naturalization Acts*, *few Bills*, *Taxes*, and in short the *RUIN* of their *COUNTRY*?

The surest Way of amassing overgrown *Riches*, is by a due Government of our own *Passions*, or rather administering to the *Gratification* of the *Passions* of other *People*.

It is much more difficult to *HEAR* in *Company*, than to *SPEAK*; *Every one* is willing to do the latter, but few have *Politeness* enough to do the former, though it serves a double *Purpose*; it shews our *Manners* at the same *Time* that it improves the *Understanding*.

The

The late Doctor *Swift* is not generally esteemed as a Man; in this Point the World agrees with the *Dean* himself, who was always mortified to think himself of such a Species.

Of all the Arguments in Favour of Vice, *defendit Numerus*, is the worst; who would chuse to travel in a dirty Road, because it is crowded?

Every Age has a peculiar Characteristic to distinguish it: the last Century was remarkable for a comic Genius, which sometimes run out into unwarrantable Luxuriancies, and a Breach of Manners; the present Times have acquired a politer Taste, but cannot produce any work of Theatrical Humour. The former transgressed through an Excess of Vigour; the latter are decent, but they have that kind of Decency which arises from a Want of Power, rather than of Will. They should take for their motto the description of the *Eunuch* in *Terence*; *Amatores esse eos maximos, sed nihil potesse*.

People of the same Profession frequently spend their Time in envying each other; whereas if they were actuated by *Emulation*, and each would mind his own business, every Man would find his Account in it; as at a Gaming-Table, the Way is not to sit fretting at the Cards you suppose your Adversary may have, but to make the best of your own hand.

Some

Some people's Discretion is the reverse of charity; it covers a Multitude of Virtues, as the latter does a Multitude of Sins.

It was well said by a Gentleman at a Coffee-house, that the last Scene of a modern Tragedy is like a Statuary's Yard; the Players are all fixed in Attitudes.

When once a Writer is known, his Enemies will rail at him, and his Friends will damn him with faint Praise, because he has dared to take the Lead of them. He fares like one who meets with speedy preferment in the army; the enemy will be sure to fire at him, and his Brother Officers will hate him for being put over their Heads.

Religion, which should make us live in Peace and Charity is the Source of our most violent Animosities. No one is willing to let his neighbour worship the supreme Being according to his own Ideas, and his own Feelings, though every Man is resolved to usurp that Liberty himself.

Lord *Bolingbroke* wrote against the Christian religion; Doctor *Hill* intends to write against Lord *Bolingbroke*. *Felices errore suo!*

NUMBER XXXVI.

Saturday, June 23, 1753.

ACCUSATIO crimen desiderat, rem ut definiat, hominem ut notet, argumento probet, teste confirmet. MALEDICTIO autem nihil habet propositi præter contumeliam. TULLY.

THERE are not in Nature two things more essentially differing from each other than CALUMNY and legal ACCUSATION. The latter requires a fact, some actual commission of a crime, a *corpus delicti*, as the CIVILIANS call it, that it may have a foundation upon which to build; that it may with precision set forth the specific charge; that it may support it by the deductions of fair argument, and bring it home to the man by the weight of evidence. This is the account given by the great Roman orator. The same inimitable writer tells us, that CALUMNY has no other object in view but the gratifications of a malevolent spirit; and the injury it may do to a worthy character.

It was the wisdom of many states in ancient times to give every private citizen the liberty of standing forth a PUBLIC ACCUSER, and bringing to trial the most eminent of the community. Of this

this institution the principle was, that the boldness of aspiring men might be awed, and ambition feel itself curbed by the restraints of law. But the very governments, that made this practice a part of their civil polity, looked with a jealous and severe eye upon the artifices of CALUMNY. It is of the utmost importance, says *Machiavel*, that in some part of every government there be vested certain uncontrollable powers of subjecting to justice all offenders against the laws, however daring or exalted; and for this he assigns two excellent reasons. The ill humours, which are always fermenting in populous cities, and which by being pent up, might gather to a dangerous disease, in a course of judicial proceeding find a safe vent, and work themselves clear. He observes in the second place, that if the constitution allowed no way to bridle the insolence of overgrown power, men would have recourse to violence, and in the tumult the innocent would be too often involved with the guilty.

To illustrate the first part of this remark, *Machiavel* cites the case of Coriolanus, who was in danger of being torn piece-meal as he came out of the senate-house, if the TRIBUNITIAN POWER had not interposed, and gratified the resentment of the Mob by appointing a legal trial. To give weight

weight to the latter reflection; he calls to mind an eminent citizen of *Florence*; who aimed at the supreme authority, and could only be opposed by riot and bloodshed, the constitution of the state not having reserved the power of asserting itself by the just mode of legal enquiry. The same political master, who thus contends for ACCUSATION in due form of law, declares his abhorrence of CALUMNY, the bane and pest of civil society. I shall here transcribe a passage from the translation of that author lately published. *MANLIUS CAPITOLINUS applied himself to the people, amongst whom he scattered various aspersions to the prejudice of CAMILLUS, in particular that certain sums of ransom money had not been appropriated to that use, but distributed among some few citizens; and that if it could be recovered out of their hands, the people might apply it either to lessen the public taxes, or discharge their private debts. These suggestions had such an effect upon the people, that they began to form cabals, and to raise tumults in the city, till the Senators appointed a DICTATOR to enquire into the matter. This MAGISTRATE accordingly cited MANLIUS to appear, and called upon him to declare in whose hands the money was, because the senators were as desirous to be informed of that as the people. But MANLIUS, instead of answering directly to the question,*

tion, endeavoured to EVADE it by saying, he had no occasion to inform them of what they so well knew themselves; upon which the DICTATOR sent him immediately to prison.

Here then the genius of CALUMNY stands detected. It frames a groundless charge, and when called upon for proof of its allegations, it has none to offer; but putting on an air of contumacy, hopes thereby to effectuate its pernicious purposes. It was this which occasioned so many cruel *ostracisms* from a light and giddy people against the worthiest men at *Athens*. That unhappy republic, says the *historian of Florence*, was infested with one continued series of slander against the managers of all her most important affairs, till by those very means the ruin of the state was accomplished.

Since I have entered so far into this subject, it may not be improper, in order to shew the pernicious vice I have been speaking of in the true colours of its guilt, to produce the most remarkable instance of groundless accusation, that ever was attempted by the inventive genius of CALUMNY. It is the masterly hand of *Tacitus*, that has transmitted to us this matchless picture of fraud: I shall

shall here endeavour, though with a rude hand, to copy so remarkable a piece:

JUNIUS BLESUS commanded three legions in *Pannonia*. Having received an account of the death of *Augustus*, and the succession of *Tiberius*, he relaxed the rigour of military discipline, that the soldiery might discharge the double office of grief and joy upon so important an event. Idleness prevailed in the camp, and soon produced the usual consequences of vice and mischief. Discontent spread amongst the men; seditious discourses were devoured with a greedy ear; and to exchange a life of labour and fatigue for indolence and luxury was the wish of all. They broke out into open sedition: BLESUS opposed their fury; by entreaty, by commanding, by persuasion, by menacing, he endeavoured to appease the tumult. He prevailed upon some, and others, as a just example, he punished with stripes and imprisonment. But the mutiny still continued: of those who had been ordered into custody, a great number endeavoured to shake off all authority; they resisted the officers, who were in the execution of their duty; they seized hold of the by-standers; they implored relief from individuals by name; they poured out a torrent of invective against
their

their general ; they left no topic untouched, that might raise compassion in the multitude, alarm their fears, excite resentment, and all the violent and tumultuous passions. New lovers of commotion mingled in the fray : in particular, one VIBULENUS, a common soldier, mounting upon the shoulders of his comrades, applauded those who were boldest in the riot, and harangued the incendiaries: “ Who, said he, will restore my brother to life ? Who will give him to this fond embrace ? Sent hither from the German army upon important matters, he was last night murdered by the assassins, whom BLESUS arms for our destruction. Answer me, Blesus, where have you bestowed the body ? The very enemy allows the rites of sepulture: When I have poured upon him a flood of tears, and printed kisses on his mangled body, let me too perish, and let these my fellow-soldiers bury in one grave two miserable wretches, who fell a sacrifice to their zeal for the public good.”

This speech he made still more inflammatory by grief and bitter lamentation ; he beat his breast ; he tore his hair, and wounded his features in the most frantic manner. He proceeded with such well-acted passion, that if it had not been immediately proved, that no murder was committed,

and that the *fellow never had a brother*, the general would have found no protection from his innocence.

If the reader will pause a moment, he will, from this account, be penetrated with a thorough detestation of CALUMNY. It's dangerous nature is in this instance fully displayed, and VIBULENUS appears the great master of *political lying*. I do not recollect that any where in history his rival is to be found.

But it is not my intention to dwell upon the consequences of POLITICAL CALUMNY: the moral turpitude of it is the more immediate business of this paper. To repress the mischief, as it operates upon the state, is the province of those, who have undertaken the direction of our affairs. That a piece of false news believed for three days might be the salvation of a people, was the maxim of *Catherine de Medicis*; and by parity of reason the runners of *faction* conclude, that *false givings out* may be the destruction of a Minister. Upon this principle we see men daily bawling forth every species of calumny. I know a person who goes from coffee-house to coffee-house to assure us that the British empire is mouldering away. He will tell you with many winks and shrugs, that
he

he knows the persons who have made their bargain with *France* for the sale of our liberties. Upon these solemn occasions he has recourse, like VIBULENUS, to an imposing pathetic; and I have often seen him rubbing his eye, till he chafed out a reluctant solitary tear for the good of his country. Were he called upon, like MANLIUS, whom I mentioned in a former part of this paper, to tell who has received money for the barter of our rights, he would only be able to answer, "*Why do you ask what you already know yourself?*"

Whether any further fences should be by law established to restrain this evil, I shall not presume to say. When a set of drunkards from SAMOS, in a midnight riot, besmeared the tribunal of the EPHORI at SPARTA, that grave republic passed a law, declaring it competent to the SAMIANS to be very dirty fellows. In imitation of this policy, our Ministers seem willing to countenance the slanderers of the day. They have not, I believe, felt any bad consequences from the spirit of defamation, which disgraces the age; or, perhaps, they have LYARS of their own, who act as a counterpoison to the enemies of government. In a political view all this may be well; but in a moral light, the consequences are pernicious. Vice

is diffused ; the public suffers ; truth is sacrificed, and virtue goes to ruin.

If the men, who are suffered with impunity to go on in the trade of falsehood and malevolence, were willing to confine their scandal to those, who have risen to eminence in the state, I should not have thrown these thoughts together. While great men are abused, they pay the tax, which in all ages has been exacted by envy from superior merit. But immorality, when it is not timely checked, overthrows all bounds. The scribblers of the age think every thing lawful game. Private families are attacked ; their characters are blacken'd ; their children are said to have a wonderful resemblance to men, whom their mothers never saw ; and there does not pass a day, but some newspaper is moistened by the tears of modesty and innocence.

————— *Per honestas*
Ire minax impune Domos—————

should be the *motto*, as it is the practice of every man, who, without any character of his own, sets himself up in the public prints as the CENSOR of his neighbours. But *Horace* tells us that the scribblers of this class were formerly cured by the cudgel,

cudgel, and surely the same, or some other effectual remedy, ought speedily to be applied to this dangerous and growing mischief.

————— *Vertere modum formidine fustis,
Ad bene dicendum delectandumque redacti.*



N U M B E R X X X V I I .

Saturday, June 30, 1753.

——— *Ærugo & cura Peculi.*

HOR.

THERE is nothing more common than to hear it decisively pronounced in conversation, that Mr. *Such-a-one* is a man of very good sense; or, on the reverse, that he has not common sense; and yet, notwithstanding the frequent application of this phrase, there is not a term in the *English* language so little understood, or made use of in so many vague significations. In the various lot of human life, most people derive their stock of ideas from the occupation, into which they have been accidentally thrown. From the constant and daily repetition of the same ideas, men are apt to form contracted habits of thinking. Their attention is confined to one set of objects: out of their beaten path they have no power of reflection, or, as Mr. *Locke* expresses it, they do not see beyond the smoke of their own chimney. The consequence is, most things are determined by them, without a full consideration of the subject,

ject, according to their own imperfect survey of men and manners. As a great writer observes, they see a little; presume a great deal; and hastily jump into the conclusion.

I have somewhere read of a people residing in a small town, situate in the midst of the *Alps*, with whom the principal constituent of beauty is a swelling prominence of flesh in the throat, by them called a *Gotber*. It is recorded of these people, that, when an *English* gentleman, remarkable for all the graces of manly beauty, was passing by on his travels to *Italy*, it was agreed unanimously, that he was of an elegant form, and would really be very handsome, if he had but a *Gotber*. In like manner, we daily meet with as notable opinions relating to the intellects of our neighbours. I remember myself to have heard a person of excellent parts condemned for a blockhead, because he never won an odd trick at whist: I have known another accounted a man of the best sense in *England*, because he was a great dab at the Multiplication Table, and had got over *Euclid's Pons Asinorum*. A knack of rhyming hath given an air of importance to many a verse-maker, and the acquirement of a fortune is a rule from which there can be no appeal. Some degree of luck in this way

is sufficient to dub any one, SENSIBLE, WITTY, POLITE, GOOD-NATURED, and what not? Riches being in this instance like tar-water, not only serving as an excellent alterative against all noxious particles in the constitution, but also conferring every good quality under the sun. It is to this principle that we owe the EMINENT cheese-monger, the EMINENT tallow-chandler, the EMINENT haberdasher of small-ware, the EMINENT needle-maker, the EMINENT pawnbroker, and a thousand other degrees of EMINENCE, which it would be too tedious to enumerate at present.

There is a passage in the characters of the famous *La Bruyere*, which it may not be improper to cite on the present occasion. “*FAUSTE est un dissolu, un prodigue, un libertin, un ingrat, un emporté, qu’AURELE son oncle n’a pu bair ni desheriter. FRONTIN, neveu d’AURELE, après vingt années d’une probité connue, & d’une complaisance aveugle pour ce vieillard, ne l’a pu flechir en sa faveur; & ne tire de sa dépouille qu’une legere pension, que FAUSTE unique legataire lui doit payer.*” *Faustus*, says the great writer just mentioned, is dissolute in his manners, profuse in his expences, a libertine, a man of ingratitude, and a slave to his passions; and yet his uncle *Aure-*
lius

“ *lius* could never conceive a dislike to him, nor
 “ disinherit him in his will. *Frontinus*, nephew
 “ to *Aurelius*, has given proofs of his probity and
 “ respectful attention to the old gentleman, du-
 “ ring a series of twenty years, and yet never
 “ could impress upon his mind one sentiment in
 “ his favour. He now lives upon a scanty an-
 “ nuity, which is paid him by *Fausus*, the sole
 “ legatee of *Aurelius*.”

This extract may convince the reader, that fortune is but an erroneous rule, by which to judge of a character. Success, whether good or bad, is not always the measure of a man's understanding. Were I to define a man of sense, I should call him a person of a clear apprehension and sound judgment; talents, of which a small degree of observation will convince us many are possessed, though they do not upon all occasions avail themselves of them; but, on the contrary, let them lie dormant in their minds, without calling them forth into action. The truth is, when men think, they make use of their reason; when they act, their passions drive them forward. Persons of brilliant parts are apt, indeed, not to curb their passions, and therefore commit mistakes in life, from which those are exempt, who have not equal sensibility. The late Sir *Richard Steele*, I believe, may be allowed

lowed to have enjoyed as strong intellects as any Cit whatever, and yet in pecuniary matters his conduct was highly negligent. It is said of this gentleman, that going one day into his chariot, with an intimate friend, whom he had invited to his country-house, as they passed through a lane of servants, who had drawn themselves up in the hall, the humorous knight, looking over his shoulder at his acquaintance, pleasantly repeated from *Horace*,

Mancipis locuples eget æris Cappadocum Rex.

“ The King of *Cappadocia* is well provided with
“ servants, but wants money.”

From this it will appear what degree of regard that genius had for yellow dirt, which, though a necessary of life, is certainly incapable of conferring one single accomplishment either to the head or heart, and is generally the acquisition of the dullest of human race.

Certain it is, that to create a fortune in the ordinary paths of business, is so far from requiring wit, genius, learning, imagination, invention, or any liberal faculty, that every one of those attributes has rather a tendency to keep the possessor of it still the poorer, “ as Heaven’s blest
beams

beams turns vinegar more sour." An eager love of pelf, a narrow attention to what is called the main chance, a spice of that clergyman's way of thinking, who delivered in his sermon that "a shilling is a serious thing," and a cold, languid, unimpassioned temper, are the principal ingredients in the composition of the man of business; while persons of quick understanding will always have lively sensations, which must, at times, hurry them into scenes of action astonishing to the sober shop-keeper, or the sedate book-keeper. It should, however, be remembered, that the passions are the gales of life. To be divested of them, is so far from denoting a sensible mind, that it is a proof of lamentable dullness and stupidity. I shall conclude this paper with two short characters drawn from real life.

Avarus was bound to a trade at fourteen years of age; he cleaned his master's shoes; lay under the counter; swept the shop; scraped the threshold, mounted on the leads to clean the gutter; went regularly to the Post-office with letters; was perfectly well versed in the Rule of Three, and had the Merchant's Directory by heart. On *Sundays* he would take a sober walk to *Islington*, *Newington*, or *Paddington*; and when a frolic seized him, he would, in the fulness of his soul, spend his

his three-pence at *Jenny's Whim*. As he grew up, he became a downright *Stoic* in the government of his passions, to such a degree, that he was thought at length totally to have extinguished them all, except his darling love of money, which never ceased to influence his thoughts. In short, *Avarus* has been so attentive to the main chance, that he is now flourishing and starving with a large fortune; is determined to sell his vote at the next election, and is likely in time to be made Sheriff of *London*.

Liberalis was bred at *Westminster* school, where he was always famous for a keen turn at an epigram. When removed to the University, he was thought to have carried with him a great knowledge of *Greek* and *Latin*. At *Oxford* he enlarged his mind with useful studies, and cultivated a just and elegant taste for all polite literature. Being turned of one and twenty, he entered himself in the *Temple*, where he read the law with sufficient application; but, in order to unbend his mind, he was frequently found dipping into *Shakespeare*. It has been said by his enemies, that he never would divest himself of an attachment to those polite amusements. I have somewhere seen it remarked, that a taste in reading is apt to infuse a correspondent relish for morals and the beauty of honor and virtue.

virtue. The observation is certainly true in the case of *Liberals*. In consequence of an elegant turn of mind, he could never prevail on himself to fall into any mean practices. By this conduct he soon found himself deserted by his clients, and neglected by the attorneys. He now remains unsought in his chambers, in the high road to poverty; in which situation, agreeably to the way of the world, we will leave him to himself, and lay down the pen.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-house, June 30.

The Loungers, who used to take up the fire-place in the middle of the room, are now removed to *St. James's Park*, where they bask in the sun during the greatest part of the day. At night they drop in here, and we imagine that some important business will be laid before the Board of Criticism next sessions; and though *Mr. Town*, like the young *Pretender*, does not let it transpire where he is at present, yet we assure ourselves he is not idle, as a certain subaltern critic was, the other day, taken up in *Grub-street*, for enlisting men into his service.

The

The Admirers of Orator Henley are desired to take notice of the following Advertisement.

Oratory-Right-Reason Chapel.

Prayer—Religion—Discourse—Devil upon Two Sticks—Author of the *Gray's-Inn Journal*,—a Thief,—a low Fellow,—a Footer—Small Beer's better than Water,—Backgammon an ecclesiastical Game—the roast Pork of old *England*—I am your only Champion—Coup de Grace unanswer'd—a Monarch and a Chimney-Sweeper—Wit in comparing them—Sing Tantarara *Jews* all—*Jenny* come tie my bonny Cravat—Huzza for the old Orator of *Claremarket*,—inexhaustible—invincible,—irresistible—half past Six—a clear Stage and no favour.



N U M B E R · XXXVIII.

Saturday, July 7, 1753.

————— *Impium*
Lenite clamorem, sodales,
Et cubito remanete presso.

HOR.

I Went a few evenings ago into a coffee-house, where I found my friend WILDAIR in a circle of his acquaintance. He was talking over the several occurrences, which he had that day met with in his rambles about town in pursuit of intelligence. As he has a peculiar felicity in dressing up a story in its most striking colours, without falling into a minute and tedious detail of frivolous circumstances, he touched upon many incidents in a manner so diverting, that a general mirth diffused itself through the little audience that was gathered round him. My friend Wildair is of all the men I know the best turned for society. With great parts, and greater spirits, he has never subsided into a serious way of thinking, but in a superficial way glides over the various subjects, that occur in conversation. He frequently rallies a gentleman of our acquaintance,

ance, and tells him frankly, " I know, *Jack*, that
 " you are a sensible fellow in the main, but as
 " you manage matters, your friends must study
 " hard to find it out. Take my word for it, the
 " world is very superficial : what signifies a rich
 " man, if he never has money in his pocket ?
 " You have no change about you for the ideas of
 " your friends : you must sell out to give an an-
 " swer upon the most common occasion : let me
 " advise you, carry some loose ideas about you ;
 " your stock will not diminish, and you will be-
 " come more sociable, and of course more
 " agreeable."

This is my friend WILDAIR's way of thinking. He acquits himself so well upon this plan, that he is always in much request with his acquaintance. Whenever they lay hold of him, a party of pleasure is sure to be proposed, and he finds it difficult to elude their solicitations. This was the case the other night. As I was paying my debt at the bar, he came up to me, and in a whisper desired me to be one of the company. It was in vain to remind him that it was our club-night, and his turn to take the chair. The present party, he assured me, would afford higher entertainment, and furnish hints for some future essay. My friend's eloquence prevailed. I yielded to his solicitations,
 and

and must now say, that the manner of spending the evening has supplied me with materials, the like of which never came in my way before.

As I intend to lay before my readers a narrative of the several transactions that occurred, it may be proper, in imitation of the skilfull writer for the stage, to give a list of the *Dramatis Personæ*, with some short hints to unfold their characters. Of my own disposition some account has been given in a former paper. Of my friend WILDAIR it is unnecessary to say more. The rest of the company consisted of, a MAN OF WIT; a MAN OF HUMOUR; a *d—ned* HONEST FELLOW; a person of grave taciturnity, who never spoke an unnecessary word in his life; and a GENTLEMAN of the most polished manners, elegant in his deportment, courtly in his address, and in the article of cloaths gay and splendid. With this set I shifted the scene to the next tavern. As soon as we entered the house, the HONEST FELLOW alarmed the waiter with great vociferation. He clapped me on the shoulder, and told me, “Now you shall have good wine—Here, waiter! What are you up my boys? Shew us a room.” This being done without delay, he ordered a brace of bottles: “Let it be of the right sort, do you hear? You know my taste; Allen’s
VOL. V. Y “forty-

“forty-five.” Upon this he turned to me, and with an arch wink advised me, “Always look sharp at a tavern.” The wine was soon brought: “Now,” says he, “let us be jolly: d—n your musty books: we now will drink some healths, and some confusions: come, lads, let us sit down.” The company obeyed: As I was going to seat myself, the MAN OF HUMOUR, with infinite pleasantry, removed my chair, and I had a terrible tumble. As I fell with violence, I could not entirely relish the joke, which gave infinite satisfaction to all but the silent gentleman, who did not utter a syllable. The MAN OF WIT said it was a good thing, as good a thing as he had ever known. The merit of it, said he, consists in the surprize. “Immense, by Jove!” cried the HONEST FELLOW; “I told him to look sharp.” Here there was a loud laugh. He looks, says the WIT, like VULCAN tumbled down from the feast of the Gods. As soon as I rose, my HUMOUROUS friend, with a dry composure of his features, denoting something between jest and earnest, begg’d my pardon, and officiously offered to adjust my wig. This he did in such a facetious position, and such a whimsical stare of the curls, that a new burst of mirth echoed through the room. My face, it seems, was dirtied in the fall, and the wig, by a sufficient quantity of powder, formed a striking

striking contrast. The WIT was of opinion that I looked like a roasted truffle upon a napkin, and this was received as a very happy allusion. The spirits of the company were now excited to a high strain, while the author of my misfortunes enjoyed the whole in a sober manner, Humour being ever grave and sedate. WILDAIR by this time saw that I did not much approve of my company. He squeezed my hand, and repeated from VIRGIL, *Forſan et hæc olim meminiffe juvabit.*

To retreat in this juncture would have been impossible. Finding myself obliged to ſtay, I did all in my power to give constraint an air of freedom. The HONEST FELLOW ſhewed all his powers. The bottle went round at ſo brisk a rate, that the WIT compared it to a windmill in a ſtorm, obſerving at the ſame that he thought it a lucky ſimile; and the more ſo, as the two things were very remote, and only brought together by a fanciful relation. The faculty of judgment was by this time ſtaggered. For my own part, I fairly owned that I never could ſtand a hurry, and obſerved that my eyes were dancing in my head—"Like wildfire, ſays the WIT; "I can't help it when things ſtrike my fancy." By all that's *Burgundy*, cried the HONEST FELLOW, *Harris* is the beſt pimp in England—Here, waiter, call

Harris [Enter *Harris*] *Harris*, my-old boy, shew us some of your beauties.—“ There’s a fine girl, please your honor, at a place I know;—nobody has seen her but Lord Shallow—and there’s *Polly Dillon*, just arrived from Dublin—’Squire Mac-Hazard brought her with him—she has great spirits, please your honour; most of the *Irish wenches* have great spirits; but she is not to be found now”—That’s like *Boniface*, says the WIT; a delicate loin of veal last Wednesday!—ha! ha!—these things will come across one.—In some time after a lady was ushered into the room, not without some glances mutually exchanged between her and *Harris*.

The MAN OF HUMOUR and the WIT began to play her off, as they called it. The lady knew that her vocation obliged her to bear impertinence, and also called upon her for her share. The WIT had a number of families unlike, till at last the nymph threw the salad in his face. This put him in mind of something, and he tried to make a comparison, but I forget with what success. As it is a rule in writing not to enlarge too much upon any subject, but to leave something to the imagination of the reader, I shall only add, that the lady, in the space of half an hour, drank and sung, and laughed and cried, and danced and sat, and

and talked and said nothing with surprizing alacrity. In the quickness of this vicissitude, an April-day and changeable silks were not forgot by the WIT. At length the HONEST FELLOW swore that she spoiled good fellowship, and desired her to take a guinea at the bar: after several *te-bes* and *titters*, the lady withdrew.

This matter being settled, we were suddenly surprized with the most enlivening melody, accompanied by a sprightly voice. It seems one of the fair natives of *Savoy*, who are good-natured enough to undergo the fatigue of a long journey to make our public streets harmonious, was placed in the yard, with directions to entertain us with her vocal and instrumental strain. From this incident our spirits received new vigour: the MAN OF WIT bounced over the table, broke the bottles and glasses; swore it was like fairy-land, and, after giving me a rap on the back, threw his wig out of the window. The MAN OF HUMOUR expressed his approbation by a dry joke; the HONEST FELLOW pushed about the Burgundy, and the gentleman of polished manners, whom I mentioned in the beginning of this paper, smiled with the most winning complacence. This personage has hitherto made no figure in our SYMPOSIUM. The truth is, he drank nothing, assuring us that

he was forced to be abstemious for the sake of his health. His heart, however, seemed to dilate in proportion as he saw the company become more and more intoxicated. With a smiling countenance and a sparkling eye, he held out his hand clenched, and "Come, said he, "odd or even for this little silver." Our spirits were now ready to flow into any channel, and gaming became the general amusement. Cards were called for, but in a short time cards were found not to decide the fate of the adventurers with sufficient celerity. The remark was made by the POLITE MAN, and having the assent of all, he took out of his pocket a box and dice, which he said he was so happy as to have with him by an accident, and he should always think himself fortunate, as it enabled him to accommodate the company. He assured us that he did not understand the doctrine of chances, but he was willing to amuse his friends.

The noise of the dice gave notice to the company in an adjacent room of what was going forward. Mr. *Mac Hazard* sent in his compliments, and was admitted of the party. The POLITE GENTLEMAN was much astonished at the run in his favour. Some dæmon, in his opinion, governed the dice, for in general he lost every thing he played for, but now it seemed that some little reparation was to be

be made to him for former losses. MAC HAZARD informed us that he was also a great sufferer by play, but in games of chance there was something to him very unaccountable. It seems he was in strict intimacy with our elegant friend. They had seen each other play on sundry occasions, and they bore mutual testimony to the bad run which always pursued them. This night, however, they had the good fortune to be of the same mind upon every throw. In a couple of hours they made the whole company bankrupts. The MAN OF HUMOUR lost all he had. The WIT was out of spirits: he said he was like a bird without wings, or a herring without roe, and there was something so ridiculous in his situation, that he was sure there was a simile to be made, but he could not hit it off. The HONEST FELLOW played without any manner of discretion. His ready money was gone: when he came to settle accounts, he was obliged to apologize for a large arrear. Mr. MAC HAZARD, however, did not understand loose accounts: it was not his way to let any man trifle with him. He drew his sword, and planting his back against the door, declared, with violent imprecations, that no man should quit the room till he was paid. Our distress was great, and would not have been easily removed, if

the POLITE GENTLEMAN had not interfered in his placid manner to settle the difference. He believed that Mr. LOCUST, an attorney in Furnival's Inn, was in the house, and a bond for the money might be soon filled up. MAC HAZARD acquiesced: LOCUST was shewn into the room, and with a ready pen prepared the instrument, which was executed, and put an end to the controversy. Whereupon the SILENT GENTLEMAN, who, as I observed already, never spoke an unnecessary word in his life, came forward, and, to the surprize of all, desired to be heard. He had been for some time, it seems, examining the dice: his curiosity went at last so far as to open them, when he found them both so artfully loaded, that he could not any longer deny himself the use of speech. He laid the dice on the table, and added, looking round at the company, "I could have told you this two hours ago." LOCUST shook his head, muttering that it was a bad affair: he went out of the room, winking to MAC-HAZARD, who thought proper to follow him. I heard the attorney say, as they went down stairs, "We shall hear of this at law; our best way will be to deny the whole, and prove an ALIBI: who is to find witnesses, you or I? I have an excellent clerk; I call him BOX OF JEWELS: he shall be at your service," MAC HAZARD received the

the offer with gratitude, adding emphatically, " My dear Locust, you are the best friend I " have in the world." The opportunity being now fair, I judged it right to make my escape. I shall only add, that I never before spent an evening in a manner that has given me so much to reflect upon. Of the gamesters I shall say nothing, because nothing that I can say will induce them to leave off their trade. I leave them to the laws. The MAN of WIT, I suppose, has acquired his notions from Sir *Richard Blackmore*, who tells us that Wit consists in regular and exalted ferments; or from Mr. *Dennis*, who defines it, a motion of furious joy and pride of soul upon the conception of a hint. I shall in some ensuing paper, give this gentleman my idea of the talent he professes; and the MAN of HUMOUR will excuse me, if I endeavour, upon some future occasion, to explain the character, which he would be thought to possess.

N U M B E R XXXIX.

Saturday, July 14, 1753.

— *Omnem, quæ nunc obducta tuenti
Mortales bebetat visus tibi, et humida circum
Caligat, nubem eripiam.*

VIRG.

Quatenus hoc simile est oculis, quod mente videmus,

LUCRET.

AS I was looking over my register book, the other morning, in order to select proper articles of intelligence for the entertainment of my readers, a tall thin-visaged man flung open my room-door, and with some earnestness begged he might have half an hour's conversation with me. I could perceive a lively expression of some important meaning in his countenance. I desired him to sit down, which he accordingly did, and, without further ceremony, entered into the matter. He informed me that he was born in the highlands of *Scotland*; that he had lived there almost all his life, and that he is blessed with the faculty of a second sight. By this power, he told me, he could see further into the series of human contingencies, than is permitted to the rest of man-

mankind. He added, shaking his head, and his eyes rolling, as if his mind were then pregnant with foreknowledge, " Friend *Ranger*, it gives
 " me *muckle* trouble to see the *Engliſh* forehuing
 " their *neest*, and giving it up to the *cheeld of Iſ-*
 " *rael*. I can see the ruin of this land, whose
 " Kings formerly went to the *Cruisade*. Here is
 " a paper of the news that will happen about an
 " hundred years hence. Publish it to the world:
 " open the eyes of mankind: forewarned, you
 " know, is to be forearmed. For me, Mr. *Ran-*
 " *ger*, I am going to spend the remainder of my
 " days in my own country, where no Jews will
 " come in search of gold." Here he fetched a
 deep groan, and big round tears ran down his
 face. Recovering his spirits, he assured me that
 the established religion will be shortly abolished,
 and the direction of affairs vested in the hands of
 a *Jewish Sanhedrim*. He paused for some time,
 with his eyes fixed on the ground, then, sighing,
 rose up and hastily withdrew. I shall now lay before
 my readers the whole substance of his foreknow-
 ledge, which, to say the truth, is not a little
 alarming. The power of seeing things long be-
 fore their actual existence, or at the point of time
 when they happen, however distant the objects, or
 placed beyond the reach of the human eye, is
 what

what is called a SECOND SIGHT. It is seeing with the MIND'S EYE. What it is that thus informs to the imagination, and presents the occurrences of the world, whether then actually passing, or still in the womb of time, in the distinct form and manner of the transaction, it is impossible to explain. The faculty is well known. If a friend is murdered in the remotest quarter of the globe, the SECOND-SIGHTED SEER, amidst his hills of snow, beholds it in the instant; he sees the bloody agents, their dress, their features, the rage in their countenance, and the last look of his expiring friend. Colours may pass before his eye, and form the scene as if it were reality: or, it may be, that the whole is a vision of the mind proceeding from some inward light: whatever be the cause, the fact is ascertained beyond the possibility of a doubt. When things yet to come are thus anticipated, such a wonderful instance of supernatural knowledge may amaze the incredulous, but history has often verified the prediction. *Shakespeare* has always appeared to me to describe the operations of a SECOND SIGHT in the following passage of his *Macbeth*:

——— *Present facts*
Are less than horrible imaginings.
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function

*Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is,
But what is not.*

My friend, the honest highlander, seemed to feel the like impressions, and to labour with enthusiasm. There was something that *made his heart knock at his ribs against the use of nature*. I shall detain the reader no longer from a prediction big with astonishing events, and, in my opinion, full of seasonable admonitions.

News for one hundred Years hence, in the HEBREW JOURNAL, by Authority.

Deal, 1853—Wind S. by E. Came down and failed through, the *Benjamin Salvadore, Sbylck*, for the *Mediterranean*; the *Moses Alvaringo, Cap-padoce*, for the *Red Sea*; the *Abraham Da Costa, Franco*, for *Aleppo*. Remains the *Two Brothers*.

Gravesend. Past by the *Aaron, Lopez*, from *Rotterdam*; the *Moses, Mendez*, from *Norway*; the *Jonatkan, Zimri*, from *Zurich-Zee*.

Since our last arrived a MAIL from JERUSALEM.

The middle arch of the Temple, which has been rebuilding for some time past, sunk ten feet a few days since; and we hear, that there is now five and twenty tun weight laid upon it; the same advices add, that application will be made to the
British

British Ministry for a lottery for half a million, in order to promote a vigorous execution of this grand design, and Mr. *Jacob Zorobabel* is set out for *Great Britain*, or *Judæa Nova*, with proper instructions how to act in this affair.

By advices from *Holland* we learn, that after a smart engagement between our forces, under the command of General *Lumbroso*, and the army of his most Christian Majesty, the former were obliged to make a precipitate retreat to *Bergen-op-zoom*, where they are determined to endure the last necessity of a siege, and to eat *pork*, rather than surrender.

L O N D O N.

Yesterday morning Lord *Jacob de Paiba* set out for his seat at *Sion-house*, with a grand retinue, attended by several of the Nobility and Gentry. We hear that his Lordship intends continuing in the country to celebrate the Passover.

On *Wednesday* last died at his Grace the Duke of *Hebron's*, in *Berkshire*, Sir *Nadab Iffachar*, Attorney-general; he was esteemed a sound lawyer, and a friend to the *Sanhedrim*; he is to be succeeded in his office by *Moses Da Costa*, Esq; of *Lincoln's Inn*.

On *Monday* last a dispensation passed the Great Seal, to enable *Abraham Levy* to hold a living in the

the *Synagogue of Paul's*, together with the rectory of the *Rabbi* in the diocese of *Litchfield*.

Last week twenty-five children were publicly circumcised at the Lying-in-hospital in *Brownlow-street*.

The same day *John Hartwell*, a nonjuring clergyman, was whipped round *Dukes Place*, for speaking in disrespectful terms of the coming of the Messiah.

On *Tuesday* last was held a Court of Aldermen, when it was unanimously voted, that the name of Liveries, which was heretofore made use in the city of *London*, should be totally obliterated, and that the said Liveries, be called *Tribes* for the future.

We are also informed, that the statue of Sir *John Barnard*, father of this city in the year 1753, and a strenuous assertor of Christianity, is ordered to be taken down, and that of *Pontius Pilate* to be erected in its room.

Last night the bill for the naturalization of the Christians was thrown out of the *Sanhedrim* by a great majority.

Yesterday was launched at *Woolwich* the *Jerusalem* man of war, being the largest ship ever built in this country: it is said the Board of Admiralty have given the command of her to Rear Admiral *Suasso*.

This

This day was published the hundredth edition of a book entitled *Christianity not founded on Argument*, to be had at the sign of the *Talmud*, near the new Synagogue in the *Strand*.

This day at noon will stand in the pillory, pursuant to his sentence, *William Orthodox*, bookseller, for clandestinely vending a book, called *Remarks on the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul, in a Letter to Gilbert West, Esq;* and the said book is ordered to be burnt by the common hangman.

Last week was brought up to *Newgate*, under a strong guard, *George Briton*, the outlawed smuggler, who was taken on the coast of *Suffex*, in the very fact of *running pork* into this kingdom, in defiance of the many penal laws to prohibit the same.

At two this morning died, at his house in *Grosvenor square*, the right honourable the Earl of *Balaam*, Baron of *Zimri*, and Knight of the most noble Order of *Melchizedeck*. He succeeded his father in estate and title in the year 1821, went twice Lord Lieutenant to *Ireland*, was *Plenipotentiary* to the States of *Holland* during the late war against the Christian league, called the *Jewisade*, and has since served as principal Secretary of State. He was married to Miss *Bathsbeba*, by whom he had issue, five children, Lord *Zimri*, now Earl of *Balaam*, being the only one living. His Lordship's

ship's remains are to be interred in *Westminster-abbey*, and we hear he has left an estate of one hundred thousand pounds *per annum*.

On *Wednesday* last seventeen malefactors were crucified at *Tyburn*, pursuant to their sentence, among whom were *Bryan Macmanus* and *Thady O'Sullivan*, born of honest parents in the kingdom of *Ireland*, where they were unhappily educated in the errors of the Christian religion, to which they were bigotted to the last, and chose to lay down their lives, rather than be curtailed of the honour of their ancestors by the act of Circumcision.

Last *Friday* being the anniversary of the Crucifixion, the same was observed throughout the kingdom with the greatest demonstrations of joy.

This Morning early the Hon. *Mendez Gidion*, Esq; set out from his House in *Arlington-street* for *Scarborough*, for the Recovery of his Health.

Mr. *Alvarez Cardoso*, Bookseller, has obtained a Patent for the sole Printing Mr. *Woolaston's* excellent Discourses against the Miracles of the *God of Paul*.

We can assure the Public, that the Report so industriously spread by the *Galileans*, of the Christians rising in *North-Wales*, is entirely without Foundation.

On *Monday* last his Grace the Duke of *Samaria* took the Diversion of Hunting in *Richmond-Park*.

Last *Sunday* an Order came from the Lord Chamberlain's Office, to the Managers of both Theatres, forbidding them under the severest Penalties, to exhibit a certain scandalous piece, highly injurious to our present Government, entitled the *Merchant of Venice*.

The same day Lord Viscount *Salvadore* gave a grand entertainment at his house at *Tooting* in *Surry*, when the following Toasts were drank; our present happy Establishment in Synagogue and State; —the Anti-Christian Prelates; —the glorious and immortal Memory of the Two Brothers; and several other public and private Toasts.

It is confidently said that 1600 *Philistines* will be taken into pay the next sessions of the *Sanbedrim*, and that a bill will be passed to abrogate the present current Stile in this Kingdom, in Conformity to the *Jewish* Chronology.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T S.

Never was the *Leprosy* so predominant in this Kingdom as at present, which has induced Mr. *J. O.* a regular Physician, to study the same. He has now invented his excellent *Chymical Drops*, or *Balsam of Life*, one Bottle of which entirely eradicates the most inveterate *Leprosy*, as may be attested

tested by Thousands who have experienced the fame.

N. B. Ask for Mr. J. O's. Six Shilling Pot of scorbatic Electuary.

To the Gentlemen, Rabbi, and Freeholders of the County of Canaan.

Gentlemen,

Having had the Honour to be put in Nomination by a large Majority of *Gentlemen, Rabbi, and Freeholders*, to represent you in the *ensuing Sanhedrim*, I beg the Favour of your Votes and Interest, and am, *Gentlemen,*

Your devoted humble Servant,

LAUNCELOT GOBBO.

N. B. *I voted against the Bill for naturalizing Christians.*

By Desire.

At the THEATRE ROYAL in *Drury Lane*, on SUNDAY next, will be presented a COMEDY called,

THE HUMOURS OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

The part of Dr. TILLOTSON to be performed by

RUBENS SHYLOCK;

Dr. *Atterbury*, *Moses de Paiba*; Dr. *Sherlock*, *Moses Aminadab*; Sir *Thomas Moore*, *Abraham Esau*; Sir *Walter Raleigh*, *Josephus Aaron*;

The part of Sir JOHN BARNARD by JONATHAN
TUBAL,

(Being the first time of his appearing in that
character).

Dr. South, *Selim Levi*; Dr. Clarke, *Isaac Dalmeida*;
And the part of St. CECILIA (with a song in cha-
racter) to be performed by Miss DEBORAH.

To which will be added a FARCE, called,
The British Constitution.

Places for the Boxes to be taken of *Jacob
Mammon*, at the Stage-door; being the last time
of the Company's performing till the *Passover*,



N U M B E R XL.

Saturday, July 21, 1753.

O matre pulchrâ filia pulchrrior.

HOR.

IF I remember right, you some Time since recommended the Maxim of an old *Greek* Philosopher, who lays it down as a Rule; that we should not suffer any Thing in Life to take too strong an Hold of our Imagination, because that Power of the Mind is found to have a very considerable Influence upon all our Sentiments and all our actions. Certainly when the Reins are thrown loose upon the Neck of ungoverned Fancy, we become instantly addicted to what is called in the common phrase *Castle building*; than which there is not a more dangerous exercise of our intellectual faculties. It is a continual roving of our thoughts to ideal scenes of joy; Pleasure is our pursuit, and when it does not appear within our reach, we catch at the shadow, instead of the substance; we ramble into a kind of Fools Paradise, and lounge away our hours in the imaginary gardens of a dreaming *Epicurus*, from whence it results that the sinews of the understanding become relaxed; an enervating stillness spreads over all the powers

of the soul, which lies dissolved in luxury of its own creation; fond self-love holds up to us a pleasing picture, throws some joys into perspective, flings what is disagreeable into shades, and totally hides from us the thorny parts of the landscape. These perhaps may be accounted pleasures, but they are in the main like the visionary ideas excited by taking *laudanum*; at the same time that they administer a flow of spirits, they invade our nerves, and render us entirely unfit for any sphere of action.

An instance of this intoxicating power of *Castle-building* I have observed for some time past in Mrs. *Vainlove*. This lady has spent the greatest part of her life in a waking dream. She can hardly be accounted one of this world. She has been, in general, quite abstracted from society, and has dwelt mostly in the airy regions of fancy. Mrs. *Vainlove*, in the greener part of her life, was flattered into a notion of her own beauty, by which means she became fond of power. Her eyes, she thought gave her a *right divine* to be a pretty tyrant over the opposite sex, and as the imagination never deals out blessings with a scanty hand, her sway soon became in appearance as extensive as her most delusive hopes could desire. But though she led the whole race of man
in

in captivity, she at length condescended to let an ambitious lover aspire to her bed. The consequence of this condescension was, that in due course of time she was the happy mother of a fair daughter, in whom she saw her own features, but moulded with greater delicacy. Self-love inclined her to admire this flattering likeness of herself, and by the power of fancy she bestowed upon her every grace. Before Miss could walk, in the mother's eye she danced with all the elegance of *Auretti*. As soon as her tongue began to utter imperfect words; "Lord what a deal of wit the child has! Dear cousin, a'nt you astonished at her? 'Pon honour I never taught her that." In process of time Miss *Vainlove* devoured up these expressions of admiration with a greedy ear, and began insensibly to believe every word perfectly true, till at length her imagination took the very same turn which had distorted the thoughts of her mother. A series of years, instead of banishing the deceit, but served to give a stronger tincture to her fancy.

When *Virgil's Dido* is crossed in love, and she finds herself upon the point of being deserted by the *Trojan* prince, her ready fancy seizes the occasion to disturb her with visionary scenes of solitude, in which she thinks herself abandoned and forlorn.

Semperque relinqui

Sola sibi, semper longam incommitata videtur

Ire Viam.

But with Miss *Vainlove* the case is quite reversed. Though it happens that her fate, at certain times, removes her from the dear society of man; though the sudden excrescence of a pimple on her face or neck should doom her a recluse, until her skin regains its native alabaster; tho' an untractable lock refuse to join in amicable confederacy with the rest of her head-dress, and determine her in a fit of peevishness to sequester herself from the world, yet still she remains queen of the assembly, and has a circle of beaux about her. The ideal footman's rap sounds transport to her ear, and she is every instant receiving the homage of contending lovers, who have no existence but in her own brain. Her mother confirms her in the deception, and through the force of habit, they are constantly amused with pictures of their own creation; like those, who, Mr. *Locke* tells us in his *Treatise on the Conduct of the Understanding*, through some distemperature in their blood, or any other internal cause, see a variety of colours passing continually before them, and frequently perceive a group of human figures, soldiers

diers and combatants, marching in procession before the deluded eye of distempered fancy.

Miss *Vainlove* has carried matters to such an extreme, that she really thinks herself the most celebrated toast in town. *Ryan* at the *King's Arms* is under infinite obligations to her for the plentiful libations of burgundy, which have been poured out to her beauty at his house; and almost all the taverns in the cities of *London* and *Westminster* have felt, in this way, the happy influence of her beauty.

Her footman has the best place in *England*, because, as she has taken into her head, he is in the constant receipt of bribes at all public places, to induce him to tell the name of his young mistress, and the place of her abode. *Madam La Place* owes a great deal of her success in business to Miss *Vainlove's* having the lead of all the fashions, and directing the ladies of her acquaintance to her milliner, that they may set themselves off with the same advantages of ornament.

Miss *Vainlove*, without having one real lover, has constantly a large number of fancied slaves to her frowns and smiles. Hence it happens, that she looks upon all the women as a set of creatures
that

that envy her, and the men she considers as her votaries, fit for nothing but to grace her triumph: There is nothing more common with her than to be within a few days of being married to a man of large fortune, even when she never exchanged a word with him. “ Well, to be sure, says she; “ it’s surprizing how things are whisper’d about; “ the common report is, that I am to be married “ to Mr. *What-do-ye-call-him*: without doubt it “ is in my power.—But—Lord the whole town “ has it.” It is in vain to assure her that the town does not trouble its head about her; her mother has told her she does not meet so fine a woman any where, and so she opiate works. I met both these egregious characters at *Vauxhall* a few nights since, when they inform’d me, that the whole set of foreign Ambassadors were now in the young lady’s train, and that a *French* nobleman, who is a man of consequence and fortune in his own country, is absolutely expiring for Miss *Vainlove*. It happened, that after this I paid her several visits, and never meeting any of her florid retinue, I took the liberty to mention that I never had the pleasure of seeing her gay set of enamoratos; to this Mrs. *Vainlove* replied, that she had given them their answer. “ Whenever we give “ them their answer, they never come again.”

Thus

Thus these two ladies never see any thing in its proper colour; they think their dreams realities, and, like mad people, are constantly reasoning right from wrong principles. Pray, Mr. Ranger, minister to a mind diseas'd, as *Shakefpear* phrases it; let them know that they cannot subsist long upon such airy pleasures, as they imagine to themselves, and convince them, that there is great truth in what is said, perhaps too loosely, by the comic Poet.

*There's nought but willing, waking Love, that can
Make blest the ripen'd maid, or finish'd man.*

I am, Sir, your constant reader,

W. G.



N U M B E R X L I .

Saturday, July 28, 1753.

————— *Nec tu Divinam Æneida tenta,
Sed longe sequere, & Vestigia semper adora.*

STATIUS.

I Have lately perused with much pleasure the several performances in Criticism, with which *Voltaire* has introduced into the world his poetical compositions. That excellent author has the modesty to call most of these short essays, by the name of, *Fugitive Pieces of Literature*. But the smallest productions of so elegant a writer have their value. The miniature of a great painter may be touched with as much warmth and spirit as his pieces of more enlarged design. Of the lesser productions which have come from the pen of *Voltaire*, it may reasonably be assumed, that they will be read with pleasure, while there remains any taste for a fine turn of sense and beautiful composition. When I observe thus much, I would not have it imagined that I perceive any traces of infallibility about him. His remarks in general are drawn from Nature and *Aristotle*. On most occasions, he delivers himself with a sound judgment; but in my late review of his writings, I think

I think I have met with some passages, which demand the animadversion of a writer, who pretends to instruct or entertain his readers. In the discharge of this task, I think I cannot acquit myself in a better form, than that of a letter to the author. I shall endeavour to do it with that politeness, which is due to such an extensive genius, and I make no doubt but the *English reader* will concur with me, in the few observations, which I shall submit to his perusal.

To Monsieur VOLTAIRE.

SIR,

THE Republic of Letters has happily removed that awkward distance, and that extreme difficulty of access, which pride and policy have established in the ordinary commerce of life. Ministers of state are approached with difficulty; the ranks of society throw inferior persons too far from the great; and the man of business will not suffer encroachments upon that time, which he can employ in the pursuit of lucre. With men of letters the case is different. A free communication is always open; and while decency and good manners are preserved, an easy intercourse subsists between the highest and lowest members of the literary world. Freedom of debate is the happy collision, which has struck out so many new lights

lights in every thing relating to the sciences and the liberal arts. It has been observed that there is no book so mean, but some useful hint may possibly be derived from it. On this account it may be proper to wave all offers at an apology, for the liberty an unknown writer allows himself, in addressing a letter to so enlightened a genius. I shall only premise, on this occasion, that I take the pen in hand with that respect to which you are certainly intitled by the superiority of your parts; but as I have taken exceptions to some criticisms, scattered up and down in your writings, I cannot suppress a very strong inclination of making a few remarks upon them. For Truth you have always expressed an ardent passion, and Truth shall be the object in what I have now to offer.

I have observed, Sir, that you are disposed, upon all occasions, to censure the *English* stage with some degree of acrimony, whenever it comes in your way. SHAKESPEARE stands at the head of our dramatic writers; perhaps at the head of all, who have figured in that kind in every age and nation. With that great poet you have not hesitated to take unbounded liberty, in a manner, if I am not mistaken, not consistent with that manly sense, which seems to be your characteristic, and in a style, apparently destitute of your usual delicacy.

cacy. Should I say, that the boasted *bienſance* of your country has deserted you in ſome of theſe paſſages, I flatter myſelf that, upon a review of them, you will not totally diſavow it. The moſt ſtriking of the various judgments, which you have vented againſt our immortal bard, is found in the diſcourſe prefixed to your tragedy of *Semiramis*, and literally tranſlated into *Engliſh*, is as follows.

“ I do not mean to juſtify the tragedy of *Ham-*
 “ *let* in every particular; it is in fact a barbarous
 “ piece, abounding with ſuch groſs abſurdities,
 “ that it would not be tolerated by the vulgar of
 “ *France* and *Italy*. The hero of the play runs
 “ mad in the ſecond act, and his miſtreſs meets
 “ with the ſame miſfortune in the third. The
 “ Prince takes *Ophelia*'s father for a rat, and kills
 “ him: in deſpair, ſhe throws herſelf into a river.
 “ Her grave is dug on the ſtage: the grave-
 “ digger, with a ſkull in his hand, amuſes himſelf
 “ with a ſtring of miſerable jeſts, and the Prince
 “ answers them in language equally diſgultiſt,
 “ *Hamlet*, his mother, and father-in-law drink to-
 “ gether on the ſtage. They divert themſelves with
 “ bottle-ſongs, (*Chansons à boire*) they quarrel,
 “ they fight, they kill. One would imaginethis play
 “ the production of a drunken ſavage. And yet
 “ among theſe abſurdities, which render the *Eng-*

liſh

“ *lish* drama absolutely barbarous, there are some
 “ strokes in *Hamlet*, worthy of the most exalted
 “ genius. This has always been matter of asto-
 “ nishment to me ; it looks as if Nature, in pure
 “ sport, diverted herself with mixing in *Shake-*
 “ *speare's* head every thing sublime and great, with
 “ all that can be conceived low, mean and de-
 “ testable.”

It is thus the elegant and sensible *Voltaire* speaks of *Shakespeare*. I would ask yourself, Sir, is this criticism candid ? Is it a fair analysis, a true account of the tragedy in question ? We do not concern ourselves in this country with what is agreeable to the taste of the vulgar in *France* or *Italy* ; we know that the *cliquant* of an opera, or a *comédie ballet*, is more acceptable to their refinement, than the sterling bullion of an *English* performance ; but we might expect from a writer of eminence a truer and more exact opinion. *Hamlet*, Sir, does not run mad : if he did, King *Lear* has proved what a beautiful distress might arise from it. *Hamlet* counterfeits madness, for his own private end. Nobody ever imagined that he thinks he is killing a rat, when he slays *Polonius*. If you will be pleased to recollect the passage, you will find that he takes him for his better, meaning the King, and the rat is only mentioned to save appearances.

Ophelia

Opbelia does undoubtedly run mad: the desolation of her mind arises from filial piety: her virtue and her misfortunes make her respectable. Give me leave to add, her distress is, perhaps, the most pathetic upon any stage. It is true, she sings in misery, and that is not usual in grave and serious tragedy; but it occurs in nature, and what *Shakespeare* saw in nature, he transplanted into his drama. He knew of no rules to restrain him, and if he did, he scorned the restraint. The beauty of *Opbelia's* madness, Sir, consists in this; it gives the actings of the mind; it shews the course of the ideas in a disturbed imagination; and the poet, who can thus turn the heart inside out, does more than pompous declamation ever attained. That *Opbelia's* grave is dug on the stage cannot be denied; but that very indecorum produces a string of beautiful reflections, and such a vein of morality, as cannot be paralleled by the *Scene Françoise*. I cannot recollect that *Hamlet* ever shocked me with miserable jests upon this occasion; nor do I remember that any of the personages are such honest bottle companions as to carouse and sing merry catches on the stage. Pray consider, Sir, that our language, though no way inferior to the *French*, is not universally understood abroad.

From your representation, it may be inferred that our great poet is really the *drunken savage*, you have thought proper to call him. This would be derogating from the greatest poet (*Milton* excepted) that the world has seen since the days of *Homer*, and, I believe you will grant, is dealing unfairly with a man, whom you cannot but reverence.

When you confess that he has many flights of the highest elevation, you make an approach towards justice; but I cannot help thinking that you are somewhat like a painter, who lays on just and proper colouring, and then instantly effaces it, when you add that you are astonished at his sublime excursions of fancy. I should have expected from your candour, that you would rather have said, it is a pity that he, who soared to such glorious heights, should ever tire his eagle wing, and fall beneath himself. You may remember, that it is with this good temper *Longinus* talks of *Homer*; they are dreams, says he, but they are the dreams of *Homer*. He might have given the appellation of a *drunken savage*: he might have called *Homer*, an *old dotard*: he might have said, in the fury of criticism, that some of his long stories are detestable; but a candid critic forgives the imbecilities of human nature, and passes sentence like a mild and good-natured judge.

Cum

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.

HOR.

In one of your letters concerning the *English* nation, you are pleased with a saying of the late Lord *Bolingbroke*, in relation to the Duke of *Marlborough*. "He was," replied that ingenious nobleman when his opinion was asked, "so great a man, that I have forgot his faults." Something like this might have been your judgment upon *Shakespeare*: and give me leave to add, it was more particularly incumbent upon you, to treat his memory with respect, because, I apprehend, you owe very great obligations to him in many of your dramatic writings. We frequently perceive you lighting your torch at his fire; in your *Mabomet*, *Macbeth* marshals you the way that you are going; in many other scenes we can catch your eye fixed upon our immortal bard; and in your *Semiramis* you have adventured to introduce a ghost, in imitation of the very play, which has occasioned the severity already cited. The success you met with on that occasion might serve to convince you of *Shakespeare's* inimitable merit. The *Parterre*, if I mistake not, turned their backs to the stage, and blew their noses; while the ghost on our theatre never fails to impress an awful still-

ness on every mind. This, Sir, let me assure you, is not owing to the barbarity of our taste, but to the amazing power of our poet's imagination, which could explore the undiscovered regions of eternity, and recall the fleeting spirit, with a solemnity of ideas responsive to the occasion.

With us islanders, *Shakespeare* is a kind of established religion in poetry. His bays will always flourish with undiminished verdure. When I say this, I am far from maintaining that he is not guilty of transgressions; but for his transgressions he recompences his auditors with beauties, which no art will ever equal. That the rules established by *Aristotle* and *Horace* are, for the most part, agreeable to nature, I am ready to allow. Men of inferior genius may think it their interest, and, if they will, their DUTY, to conform to those rules. They may, in that school, learn the œconomy of a just and well arranged fable. But fable is but a secondary beauty; the exhibition of character, and the excitement of the passions, justly claiming the precedence. With the rules, which theoretical writers have drawn into a system, *Shakespeare* appears not much acquainted. Of those rules some are valuable, because founded in NATURE; others are of positive institution only, and like
many

many arbitrary acts of civil society, they cease in time to have the force of obligation. In dramatic poetry SHAKESPEARE may be considered as one of the GENTILES, but of those GENTILES, *who having not the LAW, DO BY NATURE the things contained in the Law; which shews the work of the Law within their hearts, and they are A LAW unto themselves.* This, Sir, was precisely the case of SHAKESPEARE. He had no written precepts, and he wanted none: the light of Nature was his guide. In some instances, he saw the beauty arising from the unity of his subject; in others, he chose to follow the chain of historical events, and he felt, as his auditors always feel, that the warmth, the spirit, and rapidity of his genius, could give even to wild variety all the graces of connection. He knew how to interest the affections, and that interest diffused through every piece, hurries the mind, in a stream of passion, to new matter, without a pause to mark the transition. It is in dramatic composition as in gardening; where nature does not afford spontaneous beauties, recourse must be had to the embellishments of slow endeavoring art; to the regularity of uniform vistas; the intricacy of elaborated mazes, and a studied insertion of evergreens: but when the country, of itself presents

attractive scenes on every side; when the trees branch out with free expansion, and the bold prospect surprizes with the heath, the lawn, the hill, and valley, in wild variety, the littleness of tedious culture is unnecessary, and trifling ornaments are unlooked for.

I shall conclude with a passage from your own works. "Do not blush, Sir, to repent of your little inadvertencies: it is hard, but it is amiable to acknowledge our errors." *Ne rougissez point, Monsieur, de vous repentir de vos petites inadvertances. Il est dur, mais il est beau d'avouer ses fautes.*

I am, Sir,

Your warm admirer, &c.

N U M B E R LXII.

Saturday, Aug. 4, 1753.

— *Quid non mortalia pectora cogis
Auri sacra fames?*

VIRG.

THE desire of acquiring money has in all ages actuated the heart of man, and in proportion as the state, in which he lived, has grown up in refinement, this very extraordinary passion has gone on encreasing, never more restless, than when it has the strongest reason to be satisfied. Many of the affections, which we find interwoven with our nature, assume at different times surprising appearances, and are attended with effects inexplicable to those, who have not studied the frame and texture of the human mind. Love has been thought the most whimsical in its operations, and to appear in a greater variety of shapes, than any other emotion. In the tragic writers we see it in all its lights. It is disinterested, generous, and heroic; now ready to fall a sacrifice for the beloved object; at other times tinged with gall, turning to hatred, and even resolved to murder the person it adores. All these, and a thousand other modes of this affection, are easily accounted

for. But avarice seems to baffle all enquiry. If it has been truly said that the passions are the greatest *Jesuits*, there is none that argues with so much sophistry as the desire of wealth; none that has so many disguises, and none that so effectually deceives its votaries in the end.

If we view the love of money in its origin, it will appear at first both natural and reasonable. For the convenience of society an imaginary value was stamped upon gold and silver, which became, by general consent, a proper exchange for the commodities of the earth. To desire to have that, which would be sure to purchase what each man wanted, was fair and just. But society encreased; civilization grew refined, and commerce introduced new objects of regard. The art of building improved, and who could live contented in a rude, inelegant mansion? The *Chinese* had leaves, which they dried upon plates of copper in the sun, and who could break his fast without that unwholesome mixture?

*Totoque arcessitur orbe
Quo gens quæque perit.*

Money at first served as a conveniency, but soon administered to the luxuries of life. Artificial wants were created, and desires were multiplied.

plied. More money became necessary, not to answer the demands of nature, but the cravings of imagination. The gamester soon learned to convey a thousand head of cattle by proxy to the dice room; so many pieces of ore became the representatives of an adequate number of trees, and things went on in this progression, till at length a modern beau could carry as many sparkling acres upon his little finger, as would have strained a thousand *Heftors* in the days of *Homer*. This last remark I am proud to have an opportunity of making, as the elegant species, just mentioned, have been for some time unjustly exposed to the raillery of the epilogue to the *Distressed Mother*; whereas by this account the pretty fellows of these times have very visibly a superiority over the prowess and vigour of the much-boasted heroes of antiquity.

But to return: an ambition to amass riches is certainly very laudable, when it does not transgress the bounds which are prescribed by reason to all our passions in the general. While it is conducted with a view to a competency, and the enjoyment of comfort and subsistence; while it operates with a propensity to a man's friends, relations, and, as *Milton* has it, all the charities of father, son, and brother; while it is, the source of generosity, and an extensive power of distributing benefit,

benefits to mankind, it is, without doubt, a just principle of action. Though self-love is the pebble which stirs the lake, the circles, which it occasions, will always be pleasing and beautiful to the moral sense.

But the misfortune is, this passion, in the general mass of life, is never confined within due bounds. It is sometimes connected with ambition, and takes its name: in other instances, it degenerates into sordid meanness; and what is remarkable, very often counteracts itself, and frustrates its own wishes. When lifted under the banners of ambition, it is merely then a secondary passion, but dangerous to society. He who wants inordinate power, thinks himself sure of obtaining the object of his wish, if he can command that which all men covet. That he reasons rightly, every day's experience too plainly proves. The valour of *Cæsar* was not alone sufficient to overturn the constitution of his country: he had the means of bribery, and the liberty of *Rome* was then at market. The modern statesman knows what money can do in the season of a general election, and he also knows how to exert himself, when a vote is wanted to carry on a destructive war, or to patch up a disadvantageous peace. The love of money is at once the source of those
deeds

deeds which carry with them a splendid appearance, and those also which are at first sight mean and contemptible. It has made many a writer of eminence, and many scribblers in a garret; it has animated the general at the head of an army, and the clipper of coin in his twilight room; it has for ages thundered in the senate, wrangled at the bar, and lulled from the pulpit. To this it is owing that the merchant boldly traverses the globe, trusting to all the dangers of the turbulent element, and that BUCKHORSE will receive as many strokes of your cane as you please for sixpence.

To consider money as a means, is the true exercise of judgment. Many set out upon this principle; it is their maxim through life, and through life they are deceived by their own reasoning. Their wishes and their schemes of ambition at first are few, and a certain sum they conclude will answer every purpose; but that sum attained, their views are now enlarged; they look from a higher eminence, and having formed new plans, an additional sum will be the means of making them happy. They are like HANNIBAL'S army going over the *Alps*; the first summit appeared the last stage of their toil, and when that was gained, another presented itself, and the labour encreased.

Quoque

*Quoque magis subiére jugo, atque evadere nisi
 Erexere gradum, crescit labor; ardua supra
 Sese aperit fessis, Et nascitur altera moles.*

SILIUS ITALICUS.

But of all the votaries of wealth none are so wretched as those, who never consider money as the means, but the true end of all their labours. They who only deem it a step in their way, may be often mistaken: they may find it, as Lord BACON says, the baggage of virtue, the *impedimenta*, by which the march is hindered: but of these, however, it is true, that, whatever may be their guilt in the amassing, or in the diffusion of money, at least they make use of it; while he, who pursues it as an end, never knows the enjoyment. He goes on with an unaccountable passion for that, which does not contribute to his happiness, but, on the contrary, worries him with that constant craving, which neither possession nor age can abate. In this consists the unaccountable part of this inordinate desire. The corrosions of avarice destroy all peace of mind. It has been said of Envy that it keeps no sabbath: *Festos dies non agit invidia*: it is the same with this extraordinary passion, which knows no rest through life, and dies at last unpitied and ridiculous.

Among

Among the arts often practised to acquire money, where real ability is deficient, that of imposing upon the credulity of mankind is the most common. This metropolis has never wanted a sufficient number of these projectors. The solemn physician, the specious lawyer, the wordy critic, and the bombast poet, are found in all quarters of the town. But I have lately discovered a personage, who greatly excels them all in their own trade of delusion and hypocrisy. The scheme of distributing hand-bills, importing, that in *Ivy-lane*, *Magpye-alley*, or any other quarter, LIVETH a regular physician, who has spent many years abroad, travelled all over *Mesopotamia*, and is returned home north about to practise his profession for the benefit of his countrymen, is now entirely out of vogue. A new scheme, however, came into my hands the other day, as I was walking down *Ludgate-bill*. A tall meagre man, with great solemnity of aspect, and strong expressions of amazement in his countenance, presented to me the following billet, which many of my readers can bear me witness is transcribed faithfully and exactly.

Mrs. SERMON

“ Is removed from *Whitehorse-yard*, *East Smithfield*, to the sign of the *Blue Ball*, in *Naked-boy-court*,

“ court, *Ludgate-hill*; you may turn in by the
 “ *Salmon with a Drop in his Mouth*, the second
 “ house in the court.

“ Who resolves all questions in *Astrology*,
 “ whether by sea or land. She likewise gives
 “ *gratis* to poor people, a draught for the sto-
 “ mach, the powder for the tooth-ach, and an
 “ eye-water.

“ N. B. *Cures the Ague at the second cup gratis.*”

I have heard that the present celebrated Dr. *Woodward* cures the rupture, for any person whatever, by wearing his own bandages, which indeed hath frequently been matter of astonishment to me in my hours of reflection; but I must declare, in favour of Mrs. *Sermon*, that I think she performs greater wonders than any of them, and that her undertaking is more likely to do honour to our country, than that of any other schemist now in being. The circumstance of her living in *Naked-boy court* is well inserted to raise curiosity, and the convenience of turning in by the *Salmon with a Drop in his Mouth* will prove inviting, especially as every one will be desirous of seeing that curious animal. How she contrives to answer questions in *astrology* is beyond my comprehension, but, if well performed, it must be highly useful to his Majesty's subjects. She does it also by sea

as well as land, which is greatly advantageous to a trading nation; and then her spirit of benevolence, must tend to endear her to every generous and humane mind.

The Draught for the Stomach, the Powder for the Tooth-ach, and the Eye-water, given gratis, are strong indications of a public spirit. Add to this that she cures the ague at the second cup for nothing; but what kind of cup it is, I cannot take upon me to say. Upon the whole I must declare that Mrs. *Sermon* is in my eye a very extraordinary personage; and were I to decide the precedence between her and all the empyrics, projectors, fustian poets, discoverers of the longitude, and others of the like description, I should not hesitate to pronounce Mrs. *Sermon* the most notable amongst them all.



N U M B E R X L I I I .

Saturday, Aug. 11, 1753.

*Indum sanguineo veluti violaverit ostra
Si quis ebur; vel mixta rubent ubi lilia multa
Alba rosa; tales Virgo dabat ore colores.*

VIRG.

A Great deal of wit and raillery has been exerted by several polite writers against the predominant fashion among the ladies, of setting off their charms with the addition of paint. Our great *Shakespeare* has put a very severe remark into the mouth of his *Hamlet* in the scene with *Ophe- lia*; *Heaven hath given ye one face, and ye make yourselves another.* This thought has been twisted and tortured into a thousand different shapes by every little endeavourer at an epigram, and the custom has been frequently censured as a folly imported from our neighbours the *French*. As the art of giving an artificial tincture to the skin, appears to me to admit of many favourable circumstances, I shall employ this day's paper in vindication of my fair countrywomen.

It may seem at first a bold position, if I assert that painting is not an importation of
foreing

foreign refinement, but originally of *English* growth; and yet, that this is the real state of the case; is sufficiently known to the most superficial dabbler in history. *Julius Cæsar*, in his account of the invasion which he made upon our ancestors, gives a description of the *Aborigines* of this island. He tells us, that *the Britons in general paint their bodies with woad, which gives a blue tincture to their skin, and lends them a formidable aspect in battle.* This, I think, may serve to obviate the imputation of imitating the *French* in this particular, which I take to be a point of some consequence, as we cannot now be charged with the levity of having servily copied from others. We find that the ladies among the *British* *Picts* went entirely naked, and painted their bodies all over with the *woad* already mentioned. This must undoubtedly have afforded great scope for fancy. In those days there must have been many eager rivalships among the fair sex for pre-eminence in point of taste for painting. For as the whole lovely body was ornamented with different figures and sundry various representations, according as imagination suggested, the variety of new fashions must have been extremely entertaining. The ladies, no doubt, were studious to adapt to each different part of the body that degree of colouring, and that form, which must have proved most be-

coming; as the modern fair adjust a patch to make the contrast striking, and give stronger expressions to the adjacent features. I have now by me the whole history of a *British Piet Coquette*, found by a friend of mine among some antient manuscripts, and sent to me as a curiosity. The piece will shortly make its appearance in the works of the *Society of Antiquaries*, and will, I dare say, afford great pleasure to all, who are fond of pursuing what they never can know with any degree of certainty. I shall only submit, at present; an extract from the work, as the whole is too voluminous, and will be shortly published, with many curious notes, to bewilder the learned reader.

Cassibelana was the lady's name. She lived in the capital of the *Trinobantes*, and was remarkable for a fine stature, and an head of hair of a surprising length, flowing in wanting luxuriance down her back. She always had at her toilet some of the most excellent *woad*^o that could be any where procured, and was celebrated for her curious art in preparing it for the purpose of adorning her person. The *woad* being of itself of a blueish cast, she would sometimes paint no part of her body, but where the veins appeared, and to them she gave such a delicate colouring, that the pure
and

and eloquent blood, seemed to shew itself through her translucent skin. As soon as she had established this fashion, and made the rest of her sex her imitators, she would then suddenly change the mode, and embellish her whole body with various devices.

On the left side of her breast she would draw a young *Cupid* aiming an arrow at her heart, and on the right a lover languishing in amorous indolence. Each leg represented an admirer kneeling at her feet, in the act of imploring her compassion, while she, with all the complacence of self-approving beauty, let fall her eyes with indifference and cold disdain. On her back were represented the emblematical figures of a train of pages following in her way with all the officiousness of careful attendance. On other parts of her person was represented to view, *Venus* in lovely attitude emerging from the sea; the *Graces* were also to be seen walking hand in hand; their faces brightened with cheerfulness and mutual love. In this manner she would attend at public sacrifices, where all eyes were often fixed on her alone. It is said the venerable *Druid* could not avoid, even in the fervour of his devotion, to cast a glance upon such an attractive profusion of charms.

In this manner *Cassibelana* captivated the hearts of all her male beholders. Her name was carved upon every oak in the country, and the banks of *Thames* re-echoed to the musick of her name. It was universally agreed that she was the best painter of her age; her colours were warm and glowing; her figures bold and striking, and the natural motion of the different parts of her body made them appear as if animated with the functions of real life; an advantage which the most admired portraits of the most eminent painter since her days could never boast. In all public places she entirely outshone the rest of her sex. Envy and malice were of course busy to detract from her merit, and parties assembled to talk scandal, even though tea was not then known in these parts of the world. *Cassibelana* was every day pulled to pieces, according to the modern phrase, and though it was allowed by her rivals that she really had a very lively fancy in all her drawings, and an excellent design in her drapery, yet they could not see that she was so fine a woman, though to be sure she had a pretty manner *in putting on her things*, for so they expressed the covering of wood which served to conceal in some measure the natural superficies of the skin. I am apt to believe that the transparent capuchin was imagined from a practice of this famous *Pist*, for I find that at times

times she would lay on the *wood* in such a manner, that Mr. *Pope's* line in his translation of *Homer* may justly be applied to it;

Her beauty seems, and only seems to shade.

Upon the whole, *Cassibelana* was leader of all the fashions even in *Kent*, the inhabitants of which were the most polished of all our islanders, and, as *Cesar* tells us, differed but little from the manners of the *Gauls*, in like manner as our modern fine ladies boast at present an exact conformity to *French* manners.

From the foregoing account, which I have rendered as close as possible from different parts of the manuscript now in my possession, it appears, that even in the days of the purest simplicity, painting was the universal practice. As it has the sanction of remote antiquity, I am inclined to think it laudable in the amiable sex at present. I am further pleased to see the fashions of the ladies tending more rapidly to a greater similitude to the customs of our ancestors. It is manifest they are every day becoming more and more naked. It is observable that they who display most of their lovely bodies, make the greatest use of paint, which in my opinion is not put on from a motive of female vanity, but as a modest and

decent covering to the skin. I must, by the way, take notice that there is one circumstance, in which the modern practice of painting differs from antient simplicity. I do not find in the account of any historian, that the female *British* *Paints* applied the least tincture of the *wood* to the natural complexion of their faces. For a bloom and a vivacity of colour, they trusted to exercise, fresh air, and wholesome diet. But as the fashionable vigils of gaming were unknown in those days, it must be allowed that this is an improvement upon the manners of our progenitors. In those rude times so elegant a diversion could not be known. For this we are indebted to modern refinement, which has introduced improvements in manners, as well as in arts and sciences.

I am living fast to see the time when the ladies will be to all intents and purposes as naked as our ancestors. When I consider the rapid celerity with which fashions advance, I am apt to think that period not very distant, the cloaths of the fair sex being, of late years, much reduced both above and below, insomuch that it is expected by many, that in a little time both ends will meet. We shall not then complain, that the importation of *French* hoops, and *French* fashions of all sorts, are a detriment to the nation: mercers and milliners
will

erty of walking in the Park has been allowed, time out of mind, unto all the good people of this metropolis, and that, to hinder any one from the said privilege, is an infringement of the liberties of the subject, more particularly so in the present case, as the exquisite beauty of the lady thus treated would command respect among the *Hot-tentots*: he therefore hoped for a *verdict* against the prisoner.

Call Captain Spatterdash.

Capt. *Spatterdash* sworn.—I was upon duty last *Sunday*, and as I was sauntering along the Mall, I perceived the most amiable of her sex encompassed by a crowd; the prisoner at the bar was the foremost among them, and the lady was obliged to take refuge in a chair.

Call Lady Lapdog.

Lady *Lapdog*.—I had my pretty little *Marquissa* with me, and I was afraid as how she would have been *squeezed* to death by the mob, and I am sure the prisoner at the bar was at the head of the riot.

Call Miss Sleepy-Eye.

Miss *Sleepy-Eye*.—The prisoner at the bar has often made love to me, but on the evening mentioned, he took no notice of me, but followed the lady, in conjunction with many others. For my
part,

part, I can't see what they follow her for, no more than other folks—to be sure I an't so tall—but sure a person may be handsome without being a staring thing, and I believe the men are all mad for behaving so.

Prisoner's Defence.

I have not had time to prepare, otherwise I could call several persons to my character. I own I could not resist the attraction of so much beauty.

Guilty.

Then the Judge passed Sentence.

You *William Brazen* are to go back to the place from whence you came; thence you are to be drawn on a sledge to the place of execution, *viz. Rosamond's Pond* in *St. James's Park*, where you are to be soufed into the water, but not till you are dead, and you are to be ducked in this manner three several times, and afterwards to be tossed dry in a blanket, and so the Lord have mercy on you.

Adjourned.

N U M B E R XLIV.

Saturday, Aug. 10, 1753.

Nec verò illa parva vis naturæ est, rationisque, quòd eorum ipsorum, quæ aspectu sentiuntur, nullum aliud animal pulchritudinem, venustatem, convenientiam partium sentit. Quam similitudinem natura ratioque ab oculis ad animum transferens, multò etiam magis pulchritudinem, constantiam, ordinem in consiliis factisque conservandum putat.

CICERO *de officiis.*

At the last meeting of our club, Mr. *Plastic*, the *Shaftsburian* philosopher, and chairman for the time being, desired he might furnish the essay of this day.

A Taste for the arts is the highest embellishment and ultimate finishing of an accomplished mind; it gives an elegance to a man's way of thinking, throws a polish on his manners, and by insensible degrees refines the passions and affections of the soul. It may be added, that a fine taste is the inlet of some of the most delicate pleasures human life is susceptible of, and may therefore properly be called, in the language of *Shaftsburian* philosophy, *the internal sense*. By means of
this

this faculty, we are acquainted with many elegant sensations, to which the generality of men seem entirely strangers. This talent is not unlike the power of seeing, just conferred on one whose eye never could distinguish colours; it opens new traces of thinking, awakens pleasing ideas, and diffuses a complacence through the whole intellectual frame.

, There is nothing more common than to see men, who, perceiving the advantages which this elegant turn gives to a chosen few, and observing that quickness and sensibility for which they are remarkable, affect upon all occasions to be endowed with the same nice faculty of perception; but the misfortune is, they are absolutely callous to each fine impression, and the method they chuse, to convince us of their delicacy, is by pretending, that nothing is refined enough for them. Thus, while others distinguish themselves by yielding to the impulse of a passion artfully excited by a strain of music, a poem, or a picture, these gentlemen would recommend themselves upon the strength of their having never been pleased at any rate. This procedure is for the most part to be observed in modern *critics* or the *malevoli*. A piece where every beauty of language and sentiment is united, where, in the striking
ing

ing passages every line is impassioned, and swells with the emotion of the soul, like a glass in a furnace, informed by the breath infused into it, yet such a piece by one of this class shall be received with cold disdain; and a composition of *Arne's*, full of all the sweetness of musical expression, shall to their affectedly fine organs sound like the most jarring dissonance. If a man in a club of gentlemen should be perpetually displeas'd with every dish, while the rest of the members perceive no cause of complaint, I apprehend there would be a strong presumption, that his mouth was at those seasons greatly out of taste. With equal propriety, whoever boasts an over-refinement of understanding, should be set down, without hesitation, as one whose mental organs are distemper'd. As matters are frequently managed, a fine taste, instead of being a power of receiving elegant sensations, is an avenue only for uneasiness, discontent, and a constant dislike of every thing around us. It would fare with this exquisite degree of intellectual feeling, as with him, whose external senses should, out of the usual course of things, be fram'd to receive acuter impressions than our employments in life will admit.

*Say what the use were finer optics giv'n,
 T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
 Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
 To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore?*

Or,

*Or, quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain.*

POPE.

But Nature has not cast us in so delicate a mould; our bodily and mental powers are fitted to administer to our enjoyments, not contrived to be the cause of fretfulness, and a petulant peevishness, or to sour the temper, and render us troublesome and disagreeable to society.

To define a true taste may be unnecessary at present. It has often been done by abler pens; but, I believe, it will be judged pertinent to the subject in hand, to give the reader some description of it. Mr. *Locke* observes, that many abstract ideas are expressed by terms taken from the perceptions of our external senses, such as to *imagine, comprehend, conceive, adhere*, which are all applied to modes of thinking. In like manner, the term now in question is derived from the sensation of our palate, which we call taste, and, on account of some similitude in the operation, is applied to the intellectual faculty by men of imagination in all languages; the information given to the mind being in both cases rapid and instantaneous, without waiting for the more cool and deliberate sentence of reflection.

Hence

Hence naturally arises a distinction between taste and judgment; which are often used as synonymous expressions, but are notwithstanding very different in themselves. I believe many of my readers know people among their acquaintance, who, if you lay a picture before them, upon mature deliberation, and after comparing leisurely the copy with their own ideas of nature, can pronounce the piece to be like, without manifesting any particular relish or pleasure. It is not so with the man of taste. He enters at once into the spirit and stile of an author, sees in an instant how he selects the circumstances in a description, enjoys the turn of his expression, and his art in touching the passions. It is upon a review of what thus strikes the mind, that the critics of all ages have been able to lay down rules for taste; as theories of vision are framed from an examination of the organs of sight, and the manner in which external objects operate upon them. It is owing to the happiness of a true taste that a celebrated *French* wit has told us, that nothing can be elegant, which is not true, upon an observation that the mind turns with distaste from that which contradicts its own ideas.

It is recorded of *Marcus Antoninus*, that he acknowledged it to the gods as a peculiar felicity,
that

that he had not cultivated his taste for works of imagination, apprehending, as it seems, that such amusements would have detained him from objects of higher importance. For my part, I cannot help wondering that he did not rather thank Heaven for the elegant turn bestowed upon him, as it is certain that, under due regulation, a just taste is a constant source of the most refined gratifications.

With this talent, a man may retire into his closet, and there enjoy a more delicious repast, and better company, than can be met with in any modern assembly. *Homer* never denies himself to any acquaintance. *Virgil* is always easy of access, whether you delight in sublime description, or the softer beauties of rural imagery. A man may take as much liberty with *Horace* as his intruding friend did in the *Via Sacra*, free from the same imputation of impertinence; and, without the expence of a *remise*, you may visit *Boileau*, *La Fontaine*, *Voltaire*, and the politest of the French nation. Dr. *Swift* is always ready to shake your sides with humour; you may converse with *Pope* without hearing him complain of head-aches; and if you aspire to the company of a Minister of State, you may retire with *Bolingbroke* into the cabinet, and learn from that eminent master the secret springs of policy, or receive a clue to guide you

you through the maze of history. In short, to a mind well harmonized, all nature wears a pleasing aspect, and the transition is easy from a relish for external beauty, and the pleasures arising from poetry, eloquence, and the arts of imitation, to a love for moral perfection, and the dignity of character.

This is the sentiment of *Cicero* in the words of my motto. The same doctrine is enforced by the author of *The Pleasures of Imagination*, in such an exquisite strain of poetry, that I must beg leave to conclude with transcribing the passage.—Speaking of a man of taste, he has the following lines.

----- *Not a breeze*
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unreprou'd. Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only; for th' attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her pow'rs,
Becomes herself harmonious. Wont so long
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order; to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair-inspir'd delight; her temper'd pow'rs
Refine at length, and ev'ry passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.

N U M B E R XLV.

Saturday, Aug. 25, 1753.

*Et multo nebulae circum Dea fudit amictu,
Cernere ne quis eos, neu quis contingere possit.*

VIRG.

WHEN *Virgil's Aeneas* and his friend *Arbates* were entering the town, which *Dido* was raising, *Venus* diffused a cloud around her favourite son, in order to secure him from every human eye, and to protect him from the inconveniences to which he might be liable if seen by the inhabitants. This parental care proved very useful to the hero. We find that something like it is practised by *Mother Dulness*, who never fails to manifest a tender concern for her chosen sons: accordingly they are often enveloped in a cloud of obscurity, which no ray of light can pierce, and are thereby enabled to proceed in their works of darkness, without lett or molestation. But though there is this similitude in the fate of the favourites of the cloud-compelling *Queen of Dulness*, and the offspring of *Venus*, it is observable that there is a very wide difference in the conduct of both. The latter, we are told, admired, as he journied on, the industry

and labour of the people, the plan of their town, and the nobleness of their streets. He was highly pleased with the magnificence of the structures, and the time he spent in surveying the pieces of painting in their temple, shewed he had a taste for the fine arts. But the *Grub-street* race behold with envy the learned industry of genius. From their hidden place of obscurity their malice is daily levelled at those, who they know cannot detect them. Superior merit is the mark at which they take their envenomed aim. There is, however, this comfort remaining, that their arrows are too blunt to penetrate, and the mist from whence they issue, serves greatly to retard their force. Their shafts fall to the ground, innocent of the wound they were intended to inflict.

To drop this long-spun allegory; the anonymous libeller is the pest of society. It is with pleasure I have observed, that lampoons of late have fallen dead-born from the press, without procuring for their authors a single dinner. I was the other day in a pamphlet-shop, when a writer of defamation came in to enquire after the success of his production; "Sells middling, Sir," says the shop-boy, "we disposed of three last week." I must own I felt no little pleasure at the author's disappointment. I look upon an itch of scandal

to be the surest sign of a depraved and malevolent temper, and I am sorry to find that it is not always the consequence of hunger and thirst. It ascends higher, and flourishes in high life; attends the ladies at their toilets; gives a relish to their tea; a flavour to their liqueurs, and every summer takes a jaunt to *Tunbridge* and other watering places, as constantly as a gamester or a citizen's wife.

At *Tunbridge* I happened to spend a week this season. I was there a witness of the mischief occasioned by the polite sonnetters and epigrammatists, who chuse to indulge their wit, or rather, their malice upon the amiable sex. Both those who cannot write, and those who can, immediately upon their arrival in these regions, begin to measure out syllables; the vain poetaster, while in the long-room the company sip tea and scandal, envies not the fame of *Dryden*, *Pope*, or *Young*; his brow is adorned with a fancied laurel, and he enjoys the pangs he has excited in some lovely bosom. As duly as the morning appears, malignity flies abroad in the form of a *rebus*, a *madrigal*, a song, an epigram, or some such ingenious composition. The general curiosity is instantly excited; all are impatient to peruse the lying evidence of shame. "Do, Colonel, shew it me—Captain

“ *Flimsy*, can't you get me a fight of it?—Lord,
 “ ma'am, an't it mighty pretty?—The creature
 “ deserved it—What airs she gave herself?—And
 “ such a deal of talk, and so affected—Do you
 “ think her handsome?—Well, to be sure she
 “ wore a sweet pair of ruffles yesterday.”

In this manner dull scandal is helped about.
 The more lovely and innocent the person whose
 happiness is thus invaded, the more agreeable is
 the invective; the satyr sharpens, and the wit re-
 fines. *Musidora* has every grace of person, and
 every elegant embellishment of the mind: in her
 eye, to use the expression of a fine poet, *Love ever
 wakes and keeps a vestal fire*: her behaviour carries
 with it an equal degree of good-humour and po-
 liteness, flowing from sense and a native sweetness
 of temper. *Appius* is awkward in his person, and
 disagreeable in his aspect; his mind is ever on the
 fret. In a country dance, he is dissatisfied with
 every thing around him. He quarrels with the
 musick, and disconcerts the whole company. With
 these disagreeable features of body and mind, *Ap-
 pius* applied to *Musidora* to be his partner for the
 evening: she declined the favour with great affa-
 bility and good manners, having before experi-
 enced the foibles which have taken root in this
 gentleman's temper. *Appius* immediately took
 fire

fire at the imagined affront: full of indignation, he retired home to his lodging; and though he never before attempted to tag a rhyme, commented poet. The next day came out the anonymous stanza, which was afterwards found to be the production of *Appius*. The composition was declared very pretty by all the prudes and coquettes of the place. The verses were in a little time in every body's hand. *Appius* enjoyed his fame. The general voice pronounced that he really had a very pretty turn for poetry. The effect which this treatment had on *Musidora's* mind, is not to be described; faded were the roses which before were blended with the lilly, and that breast, which was designed for the seat of love, throbb'd wild with uneasy passions. To prevent any further vexation, her relations were obliged in a week's time to fly from a place, where innocence and honour are sacrificed to a jest; where the men take a pleasure in scandal, and where the fair join in combination against truth and virtue, and their own interest.

That people, who, from their education, ought to have imbibed other sentiments, should thus enter into a conspiracy against their own happiness, is surely little more than of infatuation. When their neighbour's house is on fire, all rejoice,

though their own is not injured. *Congreve's Lady Froth*, one would imagine, might long since have cured the itch of trifling in verse, and *Lord Froth*, by the same author, ought surely to have distinguished the race of foolish admirers.

If the ingenious poetsasters, who buzz and fly-blow during the summer season, would reflect on the consequence arising from their little talents, I should persuade myself this *Comic* piece of pleasantry would be banished from all polite places. I shall dismiss this paper, after recommending to the perusal of all *Tunbridge* sonnetteers the following lines of *Mr. Pope*,

*Curs'd be the verse, how well soe'er it flows,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd Virgin steal a tear.*



N U M B E R XLVI.

Saturday, Sept. 1, 1753.

Gratiæ decentes

Alternis terram quatiant pede——

HOR.

A Celebrated *French Critic* has given it for a rule, that every author should from time to time sacrifice to the *Graces*. The meaning of the precept is, that the writer, who aims at elegance of composition, should fashion his mind to a certain urbanity, and refined way of thinking, which by habit will become a second nature. *Inest facundis gratia dictis* is the phrase by which an author of genius has signified a delicate choice of sentiment and expression. In the works of the antients it is this peculiar taste, this courtly manner of embellishing good sense, that has made their productions the admiration of ages; and those have been accounted classic writers among the moderns, who have been most careful to form themselves upon the *Greek* and *Roman* models.

Full of these reflections I retired to rest a few nights since. In the hours of sleep, my busy imagination pursued the same track of contempla-

tion, and presented to me the following scene. I dreamt that an order was issued out from the high court of *Parnassus*, requiring the immediate attendance of all the inhabitants of the place at a SACRIFICE TO THE GRACES, according to an anniversary institution in honour of the day, on which *Apollo* slew the *Python*. For this purpose the three lovely sisters, interchanging in their way mutual glances of cordiality and affection, walked hand in hand to an elegant edifice raised by *Inigo Jones*. Each had in her hand Mr. *Hogarth's Analysis of Beauty*. They placed themselves on an eminent altar in such amiable attitudes, as have not been equalled on any of our theatres, since the Manager of *Drury-lane* house withdrew a certain lady from the publick eye.

As soon as the *Goddesses* were thus prepared for the solemnity, *Apollo*, in all the pride of manly beauty, advanced to the altar, and paid his adoration. The *Muses* followed in procession, and, after prostrating themselves in a respectful manner, mixed together in a dance, and sung hymns of praise in honour of the Graces. *Ducunt choreas, Et carmina dicunt*. The whole poetic region was exhilarated at the sound. The sun shot forth new glory, and every thing, that before looked beautiful, seemed now to glow with additional charms.

This

This part of the ceremony being concluded, a trumpet sounded three times, as a signal for men of genius to make their approach. The *Greeks* were the first that came forward. In this band the most remarkable were *Homer*, *Xenophon*, *Thucydides*, *Plato*, *Sophocles*, and *Longinus*. *Aristotle* sent word that he was engaged in a *syllabism*, and could not attend. *Socrates*, who, we are told, called dancing a sacrifice to the *Graces*, immediately began a movement before the altar, while *Plato* eyed him with a steadfast look. *Longinus*, having acquitted himself in the due forms of veneration, fixed his attention upon *Homer*.

Lucretius was leader of the next division: he thanked the *Graces* for having scattered so many flowers amidst the thorns, which shoot up in his part of *Parnassus*. *Terence*, who was an elegant *Observer of Forms*, seemed to receive great delight from the view of so much beauty. He preferred his prayer with the utmost purity of diction.

The posture in which *Tully* placed himself, recalled to my mind the description of him in the *Temple of Fame*.

Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand,
In act to speak, and graceful work'd his hand.

He declared, in a flowing stile, that “ by surveying the symmetry and proportions of outward objects, the mind makes an easy transition to the fitness, the order, and regularity of its own inward frame. From the habit of attending to external decorum, the soul of man contracts a corresponding elegance, and the same beauty of order in its own operations. We then are careful, we are solicitous neither to think unhandsomely, nor to do any thing unbecoming. In this consists that *honestum*, that *grace of character*, which alone is truly laudable. We reach in some sort that idea of virtue, which, if visible to the eye, would never fail, as *Plato* observes, to excite both love and admiration.”

Virgil came forward with a modest mien, and great regularity in his motion. He desired to pass all his time with the *Graces* and the *Muses*; and bowing respectfully, thanked the *Graces* for that elegant simplicity, the *Molle atque facetum*, which they had conferred upon him. He then retired to a laureat shade, where he almost hid himself in illustrious ease. *Statius*, *Lucan*, and *Silius Italicus*, endeavoured to walk in the same path after him. Sometimes they even aimed at his footsteps, but an awkward strut in their gait rendered it impracticable. The Goddesses told *Ovid*,

tha.

that they were sorry they could not follow him into exile. At the approach of *Horace*, *Lucretius*, and all the laughing loves, smiled with peculiar pleasure. *Tibullus* was received with every token of affection. Before he withdrew, he begged leave to introduce a friend, whose name was *Hammond*: his request was granted, and accordingly Mr. *Hammond* had the honour of kissing their hands. His imitation of *Tibullus* was well received.

After this a pause ensued in the rites, occasioned by the delay of several *Monks* and *Fathers*, to whom a summons had been sent commanding their attendance. They were all in a cluster at the foot of *Parnassus*, and at length returned for answer, that they did not chuse to worship false deities. After such a declaration, it was with surprise I beheld a certain *Bishop* lay aside his name, and venerate the Pagan goddesses.

Upon enquiring his name, I found this personage to be the celebrated *Vida*. He was followed by *Erasmus*, who fairly owned, that in his youthfull days he did not relish the stile of *Cicero*, but thanked the *Graces* for that improved taste, with which, in his old age, he read that sublime moralist, and always rose from his works a better man. In the train of *Erasmus*, I saw *Tillotson*, *Arbury*, the modest *Foster*, and several others.

Fam.

THE GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL.

Famianus Strada advanced, with his *History* in his pocket, and his *Prolusions* in his hand. He was followed by *Bobours*, *Rollin*, and several *Jesuits*, who were at length joined by *Boileau* and *La Fontaine*. The former had a degree of severity mixed in his smiles; the latter was all quickness, vivacity and wit. In imitation of *Tibullus*, they begged leave to present their friends, and accordingly, *Garth*, *Prior*, and *Gay* were introduced.

Shakespear and *Milton* came down from the highest eminence in *Parnassus*. While they were performing their duty, I observed they both raised their heads to look at a part of the Heavens, where there was a distant thunder. *Dryden* had not money to procure a sufficient quantity of *frankincense*, but the *Graces* accepted the intention for the deed, convinced by several touches in his works that no one had a finer sense of beauty. Mr. *Pope* advanced with his eyes fixed upon *Homer*, who was then in company with *Virgil*: his look was thoughtful, but bright: he delivered himself in the most harmonious numbers. *Addison* followed close at his heels, and he acquitted himself in his peculiar manner of giving good sense all the embellishments of ease and artful negligence. He observed how much good-humour added to the beauty of the *Graces*, and was pleased to see them

them without any fashionable edifice of hair on their heads, and free from the enormous circle of the hoop.

By this time a general whisper began to run through all the ranks, owing (as I soon perceived) to the appearance of *Dr. Swift*. He approached with *Cadenus* and *Vanessa* in his hand, as an offering to the Graces. As he drew nearer, he *sucked in his cheeks*, and the Goddesses turned to each other with a smile. Upon his making an apology for some strokes in his works, they assured him that they could overlook those singularities, on account of his other admirable qualities; adding with a smile, that what was formerly granted to *Virgil* should be also allowed to him, namely, *To toss about his dung with an air of gracefulness*.

Lord Shaftsbury was ready to yield all due veneration to three Goddesses, who had already warmed his fancy with the brightest ideas. This noble writer was succeeded by *Bolingbroke*, who approached the altar with respect, but seemed an enemy to all forms of worship. He avowed at the same time, that he was readier to pay adoration to those bright existences, than to the *God of Moses*, or the *God of Paul*, on which topics he harangued with a roll of periods, in which, though

he did not advance the strict truth, he deserved at least to be called, in the words of a witty Satyrist, a *polite Apostate from God's Grace to Wit*.

His Lordship withdrew, and I then perceived some certain modern periodical writers entering the temple. The first and principal of these occasioned by his appearance some confusion. His mien was large, and his movement irregular. His brow was clouded, but whether with thought, or a fullen gloom, was not immediately seen. *Horace* desired the company to suspend their judgment: I heard him say,

————— *Rideri possit, eo quod
Rusticius tonso toga defuit, et male laxus
In pede calceus hæret. At est bonus, ut melior vir
Non alius quisquam. At tibi amicus; at ingenium ingens
Inculto latet hoc sub corpore. —————*

The suffrage of so able a judge had due weight, and it was soon found that *grace* and *energy* are not incompatible.

Emboldened by the example of my brother writers, methought, I approached the altar, but was told by *Euphrosyne*, that I advanced with rather too great an air of negligence. The Goddess advised me to avoid the appearance of thought-
less facts,

lessness, while I endeavoured to be easy and graceful. I was so stung with this reproach, that my repose was instantly disturbed. When awake, I pleased myself with the reflection that the whole was but a dream.



N U M B E R XLVII.

Saturday, Sept. 8, 1753.

*Quid ratione queas traducere leniter ævum ;
 Quid minuat curas ; quid se tibi reddat amicum ;
 Quid pure tranquillet. —————*

HOR.

IT is on all hands acknowledged that Happiness is the ultimate end of human actions. The principles inciting to this pursuit are felt in every breast. The instincts of our nature operate to this great purpose, and Reason was given to approve, to correct, and to govern our conduct. But it may be asked, do those instincts always prompt us to what is just and fit? Does reason, without intermission, perform her office, and faithfully discharge the trust committed to her care? When we survey the mass of life, and behold numbers warping their faculties from their true direction, it may be fairly answered, that, by some strange perversity, man too often counteracts his own natural powers; as if to lead a weary life were the end of his existence. To correct this vicious disposition has exhausted the logick of moralists, and the ridicule of poets. The author of my motto sends his friend to the schools of philosophy, to learn

learn how to pass his days in mild enjoyment; how to soften and diminish the cares of life; by what means he may secure the peace of his own breast, and live in harmony with himself; and in short, the way to obtain that pure tranquility, without which life is no better than a burden. But philosophy deals too much in the abstract: its precepts are, live according to nature; follow reason; be virtuous, and be happy. All this is true; but under large and comprehensive maxims, many subdivisions, and inferior points of conduct, are too often lost. The chief head of the moral doctrine may impress a sense of duty, but from the generality of the precept, the mind does not often descend to subordinate branches, because their consequence does not always appear.

When we are advised to live according to reason, to follow nature, and to be virtuous in order to be happy; how many consider, that to maintain a constant cheerfulness, and to preserve the even tenour of a contented spirit, is a precept included in the general doctrine? A cheerful temper is mentioned by TULLY in what he calls the *Leniores Virtutes*, the milder virtues. Content produces cheerfulness: it reconciles the man to himself, and to those with whom he converses. It is, in *Shakespeare's* language, "The chief nou-

“ risher in life’s feast.” When giddy mirth, and the fallies of riot have subsided, chearfullness still maintains an uninterrupted course; and if it never rises to extraordinary heights, it has at least this advantage, that it never ebbs too low. The former is like an artificial fountain, that through unnatural channels plays its water into the air, and for a short time amuses the fancy; but the latter is a pure and gentle stream, that springs from secret sources, and flows in one even course, clear, refreshing, adorned with flowers on its banks and where it meets with pebbles, delighting by the musick of its murmur.

If good humour is attended by these advantages, discontent draws after it all the opposite inconveniencies. The mind, like the hemisphere, must be sometimes overcast. Perpetual sunshine is not to be expected in the breast, no more than in the sky over our heads: but chearfullness can gild the clouds, that overshadow us, with fancied stains of light, and change them to a beautifull appearance. Discontent, on the contrary, adds horror to the gloom, and often raises it by its own vapours. With a person of this disposition, every thing is wrong: he lives in a state of hostility with himself, and of course with his neighbours. Finding no peace at home, he is little solicitous
about

about the disturbance he gives to others. His whole time is spent in waging war with trifles. By finding fault, he thinks he shews his superior sense: but if every thing round him is out of tune, why should he add to the general discord the internal disorder of his own mind? Few things are worth fretting about, and none are mended by it: yet the discontented man is ever in a ferment, and he wishes to throw others into the same situation. A suicide in regard to his own happiness, he acts with the same malignity to others. It is a maxim of *Rochefaucault*, that if we were free from faults ourselves, we should not take so much pleasure in observing those of our neighbours; and this, perhaps, may account for much of that peevish arrogance, which too frequently disturbs society. The talent of cavil upon every little occasion grows by indulgence into a settled habit, and all the *uses of this world seem weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable*. The discontented man acts through life as if he were appointed *Censor General*, and he thinks it the duty of a Censor to be always out of humour, for ever troubled with irritable nerves. He knows that a Judge may condemn, but forgets that he should not abuse. He is a critic on life, without reflecting that he ought to shew his qualification, as well by a relish for what is right, as by disgust at what is wrong. He

snarls at all without distinction, and were his representation true, he may be sure of this, that nothing is more harsh and dissonant than himself.

In the character of the discontented man there is, perhaps, a circumstance, that conduces much to the growth of his ill-humour. He is by profession a satirist, and being determined to speak his mind with blunt freedom, his remarks will sometimes have an air of novelty. The oddity of his conception tends to provoke laughter, and the caprice of a person determined never to be at peace with himself, nor with any thing about him, affords no small entertainment to those, who like to watch those sudden sallies, that disclose the features of character. As the *French* express it, He gives the comedy to the company, never aware of the ridicule that falls upon himself. When he snarls, it is said to be his way, and under that indulgence he prescribes for a right to shock you with ill manners. He perceives that people agree to endure him, and he submits to live on sufferance. To enjoy nothing, is a sign either of dis-tempered sensation, or a disordered mind, and yet the discontented man is willing to be a valetudinarian of the worst sort, one who has created his own infirmity, and ought to be confined in some infirmary, till a proper regimen has so far brought
him

him to his senses, as to make him consent to be well.

THEOPHRASTUS, who lived to ninety-five, and at that age published his remarks on men and manners, has given a draught of the character I have been describing, which I shall here transcribe from the translation of Mr. *Budgell*. "A discontented temper, says the great ethic writer, is a frame of mind, which sets a man upon complaining without reason. When one of his neighbours, who makes an entertainment, sends his servant to him with a plate of any thing that is nice, *What*, says he, *your master did not think me good enough to dine with him?* He complains of his mistress at the very time that she is caressing him; and when she redoubles her kisses and endearments, *I wish*, says he, *all this came from your heart*. In a dry season, he grumbles for want of rain; and when a shower falls, he mutters to himself, *Why could not this have come sooner?* If he happens to find a purse, he takes it up, and, *Had it been a pot of gold*, says he, *it would have been worth stooping for*. He takes a great deal of pains to beat down the price of a slave, and after he has paid his money for him, *I am sure*, says he, *thou art good for nothing, or I should not have had thee so cheap*. When a messenger comes with great joy to acquaint him that his

wife is brought to bed of a son, he answers, *That is as much as to say, friend, that I am poorer by half to-day than I was yesterday.* Though he has gained a cause with full costs and damages, he complains that his counsel did not insist upon the most material points. If, after any misfortune has befallen him, his friends raise a voluntary contribution for him, and desire him to be merry, *How is that possible,* says he; *when I am to pay every one of you his own again, and be obliged to you into the bargain?"*

I have no doubt but the reader will perceive the natural touches of this character. For the sake of a person, whom I lately met, I wish I could boast the same truth of design, and strength of colouring; but though I have no hopes of being able to rival so fine a moral painter, I shall beg leave to close this paper with the portrait of a person who has taken much pains to sour his temper, and has succeeded to make himself miserable.

Mr. *Sullen*, with an affluent fortune, seems to live for ever in adversity. When he wakes in a morning, after a good night's repose, *Damn it,* says he, *what made me oversleep myself?* He rings his bell; but the servant has not wings, and of course does not fly: Mr. *Sullen* is tempted to throw something at the scoundrel's head. The
servan

servant now bestirs himself with alacrity: *Sirrah! rascal!* cries Sullen, *are you mad? are you drunk in a morning?* He then seats himself to breakfast, and finds his tea to be vile trash: the Directors of the India Company should be shot dead, like so many thieves; they have monopolized the trade, and never import a grain of real tea. And those CREOLS too! a plague go with them; they send us nothing but *molasses* for sugar. He was invited the other day to a turtle-feast at a villa not far from town. Every thing was served with elegance. *Pshaw!* exclaims Sullen, *this is nothing but mock turtle; and the scoundrell of a cook!* I would shoot such a fellow. No *Cordon-bleu* here. The people of this country never eat: call it mutton or beef, that's enough for them. This is green fat too, is it? I had as soon eat so much green horn. Here, you scoundrel, give me a glass of that punch: punch do you call it? Gin, or some of the trash that tall *Irish fellow* calls *whiskey*. Let me try your rhenish: rhenish! sour cyder. Who is that she-thing at the upper end of the table? The tallest woman I ever saw for nothing! And that man near her? He is a *senator*, I think. This is counted a pretty country seat too! I had as soon take a lodging in Thames-street.

In this manner Mr. *Sullen* torments himself and diffuses round him a portion of that uneasiness, which corrodes his own breast. He once passed a week in the country, where I happened to be of the party. He grumbled, during the whole time, like the great mastiff in the courtyard, and the servant, after his departure, found in his bed-room the following memorandum, with an ounce of *Spanish* snuff in it.

Came down in a post-chaise with the 'Squire; a damned uneasy one. The fellow has no notion of a crane-neck.—Horses only fit for a dray. Weather infernal; vile situation; inconvenient house, &c.

Slept very ill, owing to the badness of the bed. Never like to lie out of my own bed. My friend's wife damned ugly in a morning: a frosty face devil: the fellow married her for her money.

Mutton warm with life served up at dinner: mutton should be always kept a week. Allum in the bread; gave me the heart-burn; not a drop of real wine in the house.

Took a walk upon the lawns; grass all wet; got an infernal cold; weather cursed bleak; *English* atmosphere. Don't like Miss *Favonia's* breath: believe I was cheated at cards.

Curate

Curate of the parish dined with us ; the fellow as dull as an *acrostick* : a strange thing of a wife with him.

N. B. Believe the tall fellow will lie with her.

Sick in my stomach all the morning ; owing to their hard food.

Memorandum, to go away without taking leave of the family, or giving any thing to those scoundrels the servants.



NUMBER XLVIII.

Saturday, Sept. 15, 1753.

*Echionis tabula te stupidum detinet, aut signum ali-
quod Polycleti. Intuentem te, admirantem, clamores
tollentem cum video, servum te esse ineptiarum om-
nium judico.*

CICERO.

To the AUTHOR.

SIR,

IT is not without reason that you have de-
clared war against the race of false critics, and
their various arts of imposition. It is the interest
of society that specious appearances should be
laid open to the world. In morals, in science,
and the polite arts, we abound every where with
pretenders: in every branch numbers aspire to
be in appearance, what they are not in reality:
none, however, is so conspicuous as the dictator in
matters of taste. To judge of works of wit or
learning, is the result of much reading, and per-
haps more thinking: but reading and thinking
are of slow progress, by no means answerable to
the impatience of the forward genius, who wants
the fame of literature, without the acquisition.
He, who takes upon him to decide in a peremp-
tory tone upon the beauties or imperfections of
style,

stile, concludes that he has taken the shortest road to pre-eminence, and that all, who hear him dogmatize, will give him credit for that fund of knowledge, which is supposed to be the precedent qualification: Of the rules for fine writing, or such of them at least as are not entirely arbitrary, there is scarce one which may not be accounted for upon principles of sound philosophy, and reasons drawn from the constitution of the human mind. The critic's law, which is not thus established, ceases to be a law; it is a rule of caprice, of dictatorial arrogance, of mere fashion, and no more. TULLY has truly said, *Opinionum commenta delet dies, naturæ judicia confirmat*: the force of this remark is seen in nothing more than in the various rules, which have been from time to time advanced by those, who have assumed to be the legislators of taste. The fables of chivalry have had their day, but the fable of *Homer* has regained its lustre. To separate the whims of opinion from the judgments of truth and nature, is not the ambition of the modern critic. Tell him that such a rule is the law of *Aristotle*, this of *Horace*, that of *Longinus*, and a fourth delivered by *Quintilian*, he is satisfied; he can now talk with an air of authority, and about the true intent and spirit of the law he is little solicitous. From the rule to ascend to the reason, is a task of difficulty.

Our

Our critic has heard that *Addison* considers the *Paradise Lost* under the several heads of fable, character, sentiment, and diction; and *Addison* says, this is *Aristotle's* method. Hence the words *fable, character, sentiment, and diction*, resound at every coffee-house table: of the several requisites that form the essential beauties of each, who hears a syllable? Character is like the mineral mentioned by experimental philosophers, whose properties are not at all unfolded even after a long and painful study. The town-critic is keen enough to mark the leading passion; but of its various modes, and how it blends itself with the other affections, he takes no notice. *Let us consider*, says Doctor Watts, *the two colours of YELLOW and BLUE: if they are mingled together in any considerable proportion, they make a GREEN: now there may be infinite differences and proportions in the mixture of BLUE and YELLOW; and yet we have only these three words, YELLOW, BLUE, and GREEN, to signify all of them.* In regard to the passions, our self-appointed judge is in the same predicament. *Richard the Third* and *Macbeth* are represented as persons of courage; but it is a courage in each blended with different qualities. To those modifications, or shades of the same temper, no regard is paid, and yet decisions are pronounced with confidence; and they who know nothing of the secret springs

springs of action, presume to talk of CHARACTER. The sentiments they tell us are good, if common place topics are strung together; but whether they result from the inward temper, or are produced by the occasion, is a point of little moment. Of the *diction* we are sure to hear, and poetry, we are told, is the language of the gods. That language is supposed to be attained, if, by the use of obsolete terms, the piece seems crusted over with the rust of time, and the poet writes as if he lived two hundred years ago. Forced metaphors, harsh construction, and a swell of thought and versification, are deemed the way to secure a reading in the closet; but it is not remembered, that *Shakespeare* gained that immortal honour by writing, in all his beautiful passages at least, the language of the present moment.

With these critics, who deal in words only, it is not my intention to enter the lists: I leave them to that ridicule, with which you have pursued them. But *jam nova progenies*; a new race has started up, and to point out the artifice by which they hope to succeed, is the design of this letter. The professor in this modern kind comes forward with a glow of rapture and admiration. In the wide circle of the arts nothing has escaped him. Painting is his favourite amusement: he has no pictures, yet is as familiar as an auctioneer
with

with all the capital pieces in *Europe*. He has travelled little, and observed less, yet he harangues upon all the different schools, and has the *consuetudo oculi*. He talks of pictures that he never saw, and fancies raptures that he never knew. Shew him a beautiful passage: he treats it as a portrait, or a landscape: perhaps he sees that the author had his eye upon *Homer* or *Virgil*: what a *Pastici*! the style, the invention, the colouring of the great master! what grace of attitude! what tender shades, what masses of light! how elegant the casting of the drapery! and what a flowing line! He, who sees all this beauty, must also shew his penetration by the discovery of a blemish: there is, says he, a kind of grey tint, that differs from that sweet union of colours, and that vigour of pencil, so justly admired in the great original. In this manner he gives oracular opinions, and, like an oracle, conveys no information.

Poetry and Painting have been called sister arts: they both profess imitation, but they differ in their means, and from the objects, which they represent, though many of them lie in common, there arises a further distinction. What is in the power of language to describe, cannot always be expressed by paint. The external appearances of nature are subject to the pencil as well as the pen: but the mind cannot be painted. It is true that

settle

settled habits of thinking give by degrees their own peculiar cast to the features, and the passions have their signatures in the countenance. Of these impressions the skillfull painter can avail himself: the outward and visible effects he can seize, and there his art is at a stand. He can exhibit a virgin, in the bloom of youth and beauty, decaying by some inward stroke of affliction; and he may represent her smiling in distress. With the strongest symptoms of pain, he can mingle a faint gleam of content. But the poet can go further; he can say,

————— *She never told her love,
But let concealment like a worm i' th' bud
Feed on her damask cheek.*

That happy allusion, in which consists the charm of the description, cannot be suggested by the artifice of colours. Again:

————— *She pin'd in thought,
And sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling on grief.*

This is also too subtle for the pencil. We may, as has been said already, see an elegant and interesting form, pining in thought, while a sickly dawn of satisfaction softens the countenance; but the personifications of *grief and patience on a monument* will not present themselves when we behold

hold the picture ; and yet it is by that happy association of ideas that *Shakespeare* completes the beauty of the passage. A *connoisseur* may tell us that this imagery is not excelled by the sweet touch of *Guido*, or the divine warmth of *Titian* : he may talk of *design*, and the *clear-obscure* ; of *contour*, and *expression* ; of *grouping*, *keeping*, and the like ; but he will be all the time talking of another art, and, while he raves about colouring, will go but a very short way towards explaining the secret cause of that delight, which the reader feels from the description.

The beauty of poetry is often found to consist in that insight, which the author gives us into the very soul of the person that speaks : we see what passes in the mind ; we behold the natural disorder in which the ideas present themselves in the conflict of the passions ; the sentiments chase one another, interrupting the course of thought, and clashing in such a manner, that all within is anarchy and confusion. This quick succession the painter cannot give : he must catch a single moment, and the immediate operation upon the features is all he can express. The effect of our mixed emotions may be seized in the instant :

Æstuat ingens

*Imo in cordè pudor, mixtoque insania luctu,
Et furiis agitatus amor, et conscia virtus.*

Com-

Combinations of this kind may be traced upon canvass; but when the sentiments succeed one another with rapidity, and the passions shift with vehemence, the emotions, however quick, are still successive, and therefore elude the powers of that art, which is confined to a single point of time. I shall select a passage from *Pope's ODYSSEY*, which will serve to place this matter in the clearest light. ULYSSES resists the magic powers of *Circe*. She is struck with astonishment. The poet redoubles the strokes of passion, and in a beautiful climax gives the workings, the starts, and shiftings of her mind.

*Struck with unusual fear, she trembling cries;
She faints, she falls, she lifts her weeping eyes.
What art thou? say! from whence, from whom
you came?*

*O more than human! tell thy race, thy name.
Or art thou he? the man to come, foretold
By Hermes pow'rful with the wand of gold?
The man from Troy, who wander'd ocean round?
The man for Wisdom's various arts renown'd?
Ulysses? O thy threat'ning fury cease,
Sheath thy bright sword, and join our hands in peace.*

It is the conflict, the tumult, the eddies of passion, that give that exquisite finishing to the poet's description. Let a painter take for his subject a

cow traversing the meadows in quest of her young one, which has been sacrificed at the altar: can he, by any magic of colours, give the beautiful circumstances which we find in the description of *Stattus*?

Ac veluti primo fraudatum lacte juvencum,

CUI TENERÆ VIRES, ET SOLUS AB UBERE SANGUIS,

Ceu fera, ceu duras avexit pastor ad aras,

Nunc VALLEM spoliata parens, nunc FLUMINA QUESTU,

Nunc ARMENTA movet, VACUOSQUE INTERROGAT

AGROS:

TUM PIGET IRE DOMUM, *mæstoque* NOVISSIMA campo

Exit, et oppositas IMPASTA AVERTITUR herbas.

From all this, the inference is plain: the critic, who warms his fancy with a passage finely written, and then talks of the sweetness of colours, the inexpressible tint, the outline, and the airs of the head, amuses himself with words, and compares two things, that have their own distinct and peculiar principles. But I have expatiated upon this subject more at large than I intended. In my next I shall send you a specimen of *Virtuoso Criticism*, which will, perhaps, serve better than this preliminary dissertation, to explode a mode of writing, unknown to LONGINUS, and others, who, like him, have developed the beauties of composition, upon the true principles of nature and good sense.

Z.

NUMBER

N U M B E R X L I X .

Saturday, Sept. 22, 1753.

Nonne igitur sunt ista festiva? sunt: nam nos quoque oculos eruditos habemus. Sed obscuro te, ita venusta habeantur ista, non ut vincula virorum sint, sed ut delectamenta puerorum.

CICERO.

To the AUTHOR.

SIR,

I Promised in my last to send you a specimen of what I there called VIRTUOSO-CRITICISM: I shall now endeavour to perform my engagement, I have ever been an enemy to specious pretences. He who sets up as a critic, undertakes to instruct. To this end he should have some digested knowledge. Let him shew me that he has treasured in his mind clear and distinct ideas, and that he is able to cloathe those ideas in proper language. In the didactic form of writing precision is the first requisite. I love to see a man dare to keep close to his subject. If he only talks *about it and about it*, he is not fit to teach. When I see such a person, in the fervor of his imagination, wander into matters foreign to his purpose, or but slightly connected with it, I suspect immediately, that, in-

stead of informing me, he only means a display of himself. As *La Bruyere* observes, if he wants to tell me that it is a fine day, why does not he say so? If he admires a landskip, why cry out "*There is a CLAUDE LORRAIN ?*" Of all the vices of conversation, none wearies so much as ostentation. When *La Fontaine* was asked to what he owed that charming perspicuity that adorns his style, his answer was plain: *Monsieur, j'ai taché de m'entendre*: I endeavoured to understand myself. The rule is short and excellent. But I now hasten to the design of this letter. I take for my text the following copy of verses, and the commentary, with the help of a little rambling from the purpose, shall be a *critical essay* in the true style of modern VIRTUOSOSHIP.

To a Lady who presented to the Author a pair of ruffles of her own working.

I.

*That which her pearly fingers wrought,
Obedient to her various thought,
Shall henceforth, with a flowery band,
Encircle round each captive hand;
The tyrant of the Persian throne,
For chains like these would quit his crown.*

II.

*Though form'd to shade, they kindle fire,
And while they burn, remain entire:*

*The hand soon feels a secret glow,
 Attracted to those hills of snow;
 There play secure in lambent flame,
 And rise, like Scævola's, to fame.*

III.

*O Chloë, if those chains I wear,
 Soft emblems of thy empire are;
 How mild shall be thy gentle reign!
 How sweet the lover's pleasing pain!
 Content to be to beauty true,
 And bound to love no nymph but you.*

Concerning the author of this little poem nothing has transpired. He seems, like *Apelles*, to lie concealed behind his own *Venus*: and though candor obliges me to acknowledge that the portrait of the *Grecian* artist was more glowing, more soft, and animated than any figure finished by *Titian*, or *Francesco Albano*, yet in the verses before us there is a sweet union of melting colours, and many touches truly *Correggiefque*. Of *Francesco Albano* it is but justice to say that he had an exquisite taste of the lovely, and was particularly graceful in the carnations of a sanguine tint, which he gave to his female forms. In the *Venus* of *Apelles* the contour of the slipper had not the true justness of design: but *nullum sine veniâ placuit ingenium*, as *Seneca* has excellently observed.

He is, perhaps, himself an instance of the truth of the proposition. We are told, however, by *Pliny*, that there was in the colouring of *Apelles* a certain *Venustas*, which the *Greeks* called *Grace*: in this secret charm that artist exceeded all his contemporaries. And indeed we cannot wonder, when we learn that *Apelles lumen & umbras custodivit, atque ut eminent e tabulis picturæ, maxime curavit*. In his pieces there was nothing gaudy, nothing overcharged. The lovers of anecdote will not be displeased if I inform them, that *Apelles* once told a young painter, who decorated his portrait with jewels and embroidery, “*Well, young man, if you could not make her handsome, you have made her rich*.” But to return to our author: how exquisite are the *pearly fingers*! We see a native whiteness, and the blue tinge of the veins. May I be permitted to say that *pearly-fingers* is superior to the *rosy-fingered* morn, the *ροδοδακτυλος νος* of *Homer*? But, indeed, in landscape painting *Homer* was without a rival. Walking in his gallery we are sometimes presented with scenes as wild and romantic as those of *Salvator Rosa*. In the single portraits of *Homer* the attitudes are always just; but I hope I shall not offend the admirers of that great father of poets, if I give it as my opinion, that the best single portrait in the world, is that of the *Carthusian*, of which

which it was said by an excellent judge, "*Il parlera sans sa regle*" This transcends the panegyrick of *Pliny*, who records it of an ancient artist, that he painted *pæne sum voce*. For this supreme degree of perfection, it must be acknowledged, the moderns are indebted to the study of the *antique*; and, perhaps, of all the remains of Greece, the statue of *Niobe* may justly claim the preference; as the epigram, which it occasioned, may be called *merum sal*; the neatest performance in the Greek *Anthologia*. I hope I shall be pardoned if I here give the Latin translation, as I am inclined to think it superior to the original. The statue of *Niobe* is supposed to speak the following lines:

*Vivam olim in lapidem verterunt Numina; sed me
Vivam Praxiteles reddidit ex lapide.*

In our author's description of the lady at work the *antique* is visible. We see, moreover, a new creation starting up, *obedient to her various thought*. There is a beauty of, the same kind in *Cowley*, upon a paper written in lemon juice, and held before the fire:

*Here buds an L, and there a B;
Here sprouts a V, and there a T;
And all the flourishing letters stand in rows.*

How artfully does the poet tell us what the lady
E c 4 has

has been working? We see the flowers *bud and sprout* upon the cambrick or muslin. The transient view of a garden, which is here opened to us, is worth all the *spacious walks and water-works* of RAPIN. Were I to give my opinion, I should, however, say it is to be lamented, that the poet has not enlarged the prospect. This would be in the manner of the ancients, who, if they once got a garment or a cup in their hands, are ever sure to entertain us with a description of the embroidery or the sculpture. VIRGIL and OVID have numerous beauties of this kind. In the former there is a passage, that always charmed me. As I write in a roving way, I shall beg leave to detain the reader for a moment. In the fifth *Aeneid*, a robe is given to the victor in the ship-race; not without a description of the ornaments interwoven in the piece. *Mount Ida* is represented, and a stag-chace is part of the decoration: *Ganymede* is in full pursuit, *Acer, anbelanti similis*: he is pounced by an eagle, and carried aloft in the air. The old men lift up their hands in amazement, and by a bold figure we are made to hear the barking of the dogs: *Sævitque canum latratibus ad auras*. A poet of inferior genius would have said, *the dogs seemed to bark*. STATIUS, who meant to rival the *Aeneid*, has fallen into this error: he describes the sculptured figures round a goblet, and among

among them *Medusa* frightened by the winged horse:

----- *Illa graves oculos, languentiaque ora
Pæne movet, vivoque etiam pallescit in auro.*

How much the passage is injured by the frigid caution of one saving word, will be perceived by every reader of taste. Had the ruffles been more fully described, I am far from thinking that our poet would have been in this point liable to censure; on the contrary, I will venture to say that a more beautiful bed of flowers was never given by *Cornelius Kiek*. The tyrant of the Persian throne presents a terrible and gigantic figure, worthy the hand of *Paul Brill*, or *Giacinto Brandi*.

It may be objected that these elegant verses were written upon a trifling occasion: but *inest sua gratia parvis*. *Catullus* had his sparrow; our *Cowley* abounds with these miniature-pieces; and *Waller* is never so happy as when writing to one lady, *who could sleep*, to another, *who could not*; to a third, *who walked through a crowd*; and a fourth, *who cut trees in paper*. I hope for indulgence if I take the liberty to say, that of all these little efforts of genius, that which was written upon a lady, who p-ssed at the tragedy of *Cato*, seems to me the most natural, as, indeed, the occasion is the most probable. The remarkable sayings of eminent

gent men, when they unfold the inward character; have always appeared to me the most valuable part of history. For this reason I make no doubt but the reader will be glad to learn that *Malherbe*, the great improver of French versification, upon seeing a copy of verses to the King, objected to the title, *Au Roy*, as not sufficiently full, and then added, "*Pour sa chaise perce.*" I do not introduce French expressions as an embellishment of my stile, but because they give the idea with energy and precision.

In the second stanza, where the ruffles are described burning, yet *remaining entire*, what a beautiful idea have we of the *asbestos*? But the opposition between *glow* and *snow*, I am afraid, is an imitation of *Pope*:

*He trembles, he glows-
Amidst Rhodope's snows:*

There is afterwards something like an antithesis in *pleasing pain*; but it should be remembered that Mr. *Addison* calls this seeming repugnance between the *abstract* and the *concrete term* by the name of *thwarting ideas*, like the *darkness visible* of *MILTON*, or the *chiaro-oscuro* of a well-wrought picture. The allusion to *Mutius Scævola* holding his hand in the fire before *King Pyrrhus*, is highly artfull, and calls up in the mind of a scholar that
very

very happy line of *Martial*; *Si non errasset, fecerat illa minus*. When a whole set of ideas is thus blown up at once, we have the consummation of fine writing.

If there is a degree of glitter in some parts of this polished gem, it is atoned for by the elegant simplicity of the conclusion. Simplicity does not exclude elegance: for this we have the authority of the excellent *QUINTILIAN*: *Nam et ipsa illa ἀφέλεια simplex & inaffectata habet quemdam purum, qualis etiam in feminis amatur, ornatum*. I forgot to mention the concise energy with which our author passes over the circumstance of a tyrant quitting his throne. *More is meant than meets the ear*, as Milton has it. Sylla, Charles the fifth, and others occur to the imagination. This is the *Sallustianum* so much admired by *Quintilian*: *Nam de Carthagine tacere satius puto, quam parum dicere*. It is like the picture of *Apelles*, in which we see *Antigonus* in profile, *ut amissi oculi deformitas lateret*. I will venture to add, that if the Sacrifice of *Iphigenia* by *Timantbes*, in which, the various degrees of grief being exhausted, the father veils his face, were now extant, it would not be found to excel this beautiful pair of ruffles. To leave something to the imagination is a beauty in poetry, as well as painting: *Plus intelligitur, quam pingitur*.
Ovid

Ovid knew all the graces of stile, and in the point
now in question stands without a rival :

----- *Laudat digitosque, manusque,*
Bracchiaque, et nudos mediâ plus parte latertos :
SIQUA LATENT, MELIORA PUTAT.

Neither the picture of *Apelles*, nor that of *Timanthes* has any thing like that exquisite *going off* into shade; nor is there any thing equal to it in all the works of PIETRO MONTANINI.

Z.



NUMBER

N U M B E R L.

Saturday, Sept. 29, 1753.

Impressit memorem dente labris Notam.

----- *Oscula, quæ Venus*

Quintâ parte sui Nectaris imbuit.

HOR.

THE following letter came to hand just as my printer's devil was at my door, to call for some copy. Upon perusal, it appeared to carry with it a vein of pleasantry, not improper for my fair readers. If it may serve for one half hour to banish from their company a certain concomitant of the tea-equipage, called SCANDAL, I shall think this day's paper subservient to a moral use.

To the AUTHOR.

S I R,

THE *Exercise of the Fan* was proposed in the days of the *Spectator*, as a study highly necessary to the ladies of *Great Britain*. The scheme, offered to their consideration, included all the requisite niceties in the management of that pretty versatile machine. Directions of this nature were, without doubt, highly conducive to that
proper

proper display of female charms, which all men of taste wish to encourage. The exercise of the fan gives the ladies something to do, and we are sure that they are innocently employed. The employment, it may be said, is frivolous; but as the men have taken to themselves the whole sphere of business, the amiable sex may at least be allowed the merit of shining in the trifles, which are left to them. There is, however, a more important system of rules, which I beg leave, through the channel of your paper, to convey to the notice of my beautiful countrywomen. The system of rules which I here intend, is the *Exercise of the Lips*: after mature consideration, I think the whole secret may be comprized under the following precepts.

Moisten your Lips,

Bite your Lips,

Open your Lips,

Close your Lips,

Pout your Lips,

Rest your Lips.

The mouth is a leading feature in every handsome countenance: it is the seat of the graces, where the winning loves and each amiable smile have planted their allurements. When the *French* talk of a pleasing countenance and sweetness of expression, the *bouche gracieuse* is the chief object. There cannot

cannot, therefore, be too much care employed by the ladies to adjust this part of the lovely face. Ovid tells us of an admirer of beauty,

*Videt oscula, quæ non
 Est vidisse satis.*

He does not say that he saw lips, but by a beautiful *metonymy* he expresses them by their principal power of pleasing. The lover, he says, *saw kisses, which it is not enough to see.* A pair of well-disciplined lips is of the highest moment; and for that reason I have no doubt but my fair readers will henceforth make it their study to put their mouth in order, obedient to the rules above established; and capable with quickness and ease to perform every branch of this delectable exercise.

With regard to the first word of command; a due degree of moisture gives a sparkling lustre to the natural vermilion of the skin, like roses fresh besprinkled with the morning dew. It contributes likewise to hinder them from appearing rough, as is generally the case with old maids; the least suspicion of which the ladies seem willing to avoid, by the present taste of extending the shape beyond its just proportion, by a fashionable enormity of the stays.

Biting the Lips is attended with more difficulty than the former rule: it is more complicated in its nature, and includes the operation of the passions. There are always many topics in conversation, upon which this practice, if well managed, has a very expressive significance. When, for instance, disagreeable thoughts obtrude, it serves to excite new ideas in the fancy: it prevents the unseasonable eruption of a conscious laugh, when the libertine wit of *Congreve* or *Vanburgh*, provokes a betraying simper; not to mention that it helps to heighten the natural redness of the lip, and raises a degree of anxiety in the men, lest the delicacy of the skin should suffer from too violent a pressure.

I do not doubt but it may seem perfectly easy to open the lips, but this also I take to be a matter of no small difficulty. Very few, it is observable, open their lips to any purpose; besides it should never be done with precipitance, but always gradually and by degrees. Should there happen to be drawn up within an elegant row of beautiful white teeth, it will be sure to add greatly to the natural bloom, by exhibiting an agreeable contrast; like ivory stained with a just arrangement of crimson colours. On this head it may not be improper to caution my pretty readers
against

against an indolent custom of relaxing into a yawn, which distends the mouth beyond its proper size, and generally occasions the witty saying, "*Thank you for not swallowing me.*"

Before the lips are closed, it may be proper to confer upon them a new refreshment of moisture. To enliven the colour, if they were to undergo the operation of biting, I should not think it amiss. Shutting the lips, I have often remarked, is extremely becoming in most ladies, and, I think, cannot be too much practised by old maids, wives, and indeed the generality of women. In closing them, however, there are different degrees of pressure to be observed, because in this also the passions are concerned. When they gently touch each other, it gives a variety to the air of the face, by giving it an unusual degree of length; but in this, all who have naturally a long visage, are to be particularly cautious. When somewhat compressed, the dimples in the cheek are displayed to advantage, and the whole face is enlivened with a pleasing serenity. If squeezed close together, they convey a beautiful pensiveness into the look, which is seldom acquired to any degree of perfection by the generality of the sex. The person, however, who once arrives at skill in this part of the practice, will be mistress of an elegant kind of

dumb eloquence, which the critics have observed, is often a great beauty in poetry. I know a gentleman who can read the thoughts of any lady whatever by observing the adjustment of her lips. He tells me, he has observed a pair of lips speak, without any motion, for an hour together, and he has a list of lips, which, he says, are absolute prudes; others that are rakes; some that are amorous; some that are swelled with pride; and from a long course of enquiry he finds that they have more electricity than any other substance in nature.

But these remarks belong more immediately to the following head of *Pouting the Lips*, which is more difficult than any rule advanced as yet. In doing this, it will be found expedient to moisten and bite them first, that, when prominent, the under-lip may look as if pregnant with delight. The passions of scorn, indignation, contempt, and the whole family of pride, are finely marked by this position. I have seen a pouting lip look down upon a rival beauty during an entire tragedy, and I know another, that without uttering a word, can tell a man, that he is a fool, a coxcomb, or a pretty fellow, as the case may happen. I must observe, that this practice becomes handsome faces only: to such it gives an air of elevation,

tion, or a pretty fullness, which throws a kind of amiable severity over the whole countenance. Ugly women seldom have this art in any perfection.

The last rule is to *Rest your Lips*, and is the most neglected of any, though highly essential in this beautiful language. Young girls can never be brought to pay the least attention to this precept: but were they sensible, that when the features are left to display their own native graces without art, their charms are irresistible, I am convinced this word of direction would be better observed. The rule is more extensive than any of the former, because it is proper for all ladies in general, whereas the former should never be practised but by such of the fair, as are blessed with a blooming complexion and a delicacy of features.

The bounds of your paper will not permit me to expatiate further: I shall therefore, at maturity, publish by subscription an entire book, called the *Oeconomy of the Lips*; in which I shall explain at large the doctrine here delivered, and I shall adapt each article to the make of the countenance; the whole to be concluded with an *Essay on the Passions of the Female Lips*. And to the honour of this part of the face, I shall prove, that in these

days of *Atheism*, all religion is centered in the lips. The few prayers, that are said at present, there is too much reason to think, proceed from the lips only. I could add that the lips are the seat of patriotism; at least, I am sure it is so in both houses of parliament. I do not know a lord or a commoner, whose love of his country is more than *lip-deep*. A minister of state, however warm his professions, is your friend *ore tenus*, and no more. As to those, who kiss the book in our courts of law, it were to be wished that conscience would now and then fly in their faces. But I have wandered unawares into a digression: my concern is with the ladies only.

The song in the *Beggar's Opera*, "*Lip to lip while we're young, then our lip to the glass,*" shall be duly considered, and I may hereafter take an opportunity to give directions for the management of the eyes.

I am, Sir, your constant reader,

JOHN LIPSALVE.

NUMBER

N U M B E R L I.

Saturday, Oct. 6, 1753.

Ecce iterum Crispinus.

Juv.

IN a former paper I entertained the public with a scene from a dramatic piece entitled the TEMPLE OF LAVERNA, which was so favourably received, that I am inclined to think the readers of the *Gray's-Inn Journal* will not be displeas'd to see a sequel to that performance.

S C E N E II.

A number of JEWS circumcised and uncircumcised form a cluster in the middle of the Temple: the following confused sounds are heard.

Tickets; tickets; lottery tickets! come, who buys 300 for all this month? I sell 100 for next Monday at 15s. 6d.—What do you say, Adam?

Adam. I'll give you 15s. for 100 next Monday.

Tubal. No, master Adam, I have my eye-teeth as well as you or any man in the house. Do you think I don't know what is doing? Although Mr. *Slyboots* lies by, I can smoke his agents.

Moses Noisy. I tell you what, I want 500 for Wednesday morning to complete my commission, and, in a word, I'll give 14s. 6d.

F f 3

All.

All. Hoot him, hoot him, mind *Noisy*, mind *Moses*.

Enter a Country Gentleman, in boots, with his Friend.

Country Gent. Is it here?

Friend. Yes, Sir.

Country Gent. Woons, what a place this is?

Friend. Come, Sir, you had better sit down, and make your observations upon this scene, of which you were so very desirous to be a spectator.

As soon as they are seated, the waiter comes up and demands sixpence each

Country Gent. Sixpence, mon! for what? To see these monsters, I suppose.

Waiter. Sir, it is usual; every gentleman pays sixpence, who sits down.

Country Gent. Nay, friend, I shan't dispute it with you: it is not the first tax you have raised upon me.

Friend. A word in your ear: you had better not speak in that manner; see how they stare.

Country Gent. Let'n stare, what care I? I expect no place; and, woons! I think a mon, who pays half his estate in taxes, should at least be allowed to speak his mind.

Friend. Not quite so loud; you don't mind as to yourself; but they all know me, and I would not willingly draw upon me their ill will.

Country

Country Gent. Well, well, well, to oblige you : but which is the mon, who does what he pleases with the great mon at the other end of the town ? Woons I cannot remember his name : we drink confusion to him very often in the country. He is richer than a *German* prince, they say.

Friend. *Caiphas* you mean ?

Country Gent. Ay, ay, *Caiphas* is the mon. Which is he, pray ?

Friend. He is not come yet, but it is probable you will see him presently.

Here the Jobbers grow very clamorous, crying in harsh dissonant tones, Tickets ; India bonds ; Rescounters ; Consolidate.

Country Gent. As I am an *Englishman* this is a perfect *Babel*. *Rescounters ! consolidate !* woons, these fellows have certainly made a compact with the devil, and these are the words by which they call him to their assistance.

Friend. No, Sir, no : those are the names of the different stocks.

Country Gent. Bless me, friend *Worthy*, it is a melancholy thing that our poor country should be drained of her wealth and power, by such infernal leeches. Ah ! many a time and oft have my lord *Turncoat* and I talked over these things in the country. We have sat together, and drank *The true interest of Great Britain, and Old England without taxes*, untill we have been both ready to cry.

But no mon is to be depended upon, I see: he is gone off, and as deep, I warrant, in the mire, as any of them.

Friend. I believe you never saw so many Jews together before.

Country Gent. No, never to be sure: but we shall soon have them swarm in all parts of the kingdom, now they are naturalized. Woons! if they come among us, I know what; let them take care of themselves, I say; their betters have been properly treated there, I can tell them. Let them look to it: but prithee, friend *Worthy*, is the report we have in the country true? Why, they say, mon, there will shortly be laid a fine upon any one, who is convicted of going to church. Woons! if this should be the case, notwithstanding the love I have for *Old England*, I am determined to sell my acres, and retire to some *Christian Protestant* country. I would not become a *Jew*, no, nor to be a minister of state.

Friend. Hush! who comes here?

Enter Lord Bowsprit and Mr. Servile.

L. Bow. (*looking at his watch*) No, he, is not come yet; it is not quite twelve.

Servile. Pray, my Lord, how long have you been acquainted with *Caiphas*?

L. Bow.

L. Bow. Ever since the year forty-six. I leave a sum of money in his hands, which he jobbs for me, and furnishes me with an account at the year's end. I would have you do the same.

Servile. I should like it very well, my Lord; but it does not suit me to lodge a large sum with him.

L. Bow. If that be your only objection, he can act for you in another shape: he can buy and sell stock, for your account, without money. This we call *Bulls and Bears*.

Servile. Yes, but, my Lord, I think there is an act of parliament against that, is not there?

L. Bow. Yes, there is something of that kind; Sir *John Barnard's act* they call it; Sir *John* you know is a particular sort of man, and consults the interest of the public: but those chimerical projects of his do not coincide with the present system by any means. He is a very singular sort of man, what they call a patriot: indeed he has been always the same.

Servile. I wonder what he gets by that: I was myself a patriot for two sessions, but I found there was nothing to be got by it, and so I entered a volunteer under the opposite banner.

Enter Caiphas, (upon which a general silence ensues)

Caiphas. Has any body enquired for me?—
Hah, my Lord! Yours!

L. Bow.

L. Bow. Mr. *Caiphas*, I am your most obedient humble servant. Give me leave, Sir, to introduce this gentleman to your acquaintance, he is a particular friend of mine, Mr. *Servile*.

Caiphas. I am glad to know any friend of your Lordship's. Has this gentleman any inclination to do any thing in our way? You need but let me know.

Servile. Under your direction, Mr. *Caiphas*, I should like to jobb a little.

Caiphas. Enough: call upon me to-morrow morning. I'll put you in the way.

Servile. I shall be for ever obliged to you, Mr. *Caiphas*.

Caiphas. Say no more. You are my Lord *Bowsprit's* friend, that's enough.

Friend to the Country Gent. Well, Sir, what think you of the renowned *Caiphas*? that is the wonderful personage whom you have heard so much talk of.

Country Gent. I protest I cannot conceal my astonishment. Why, I expected to see a giant, mon! Woons! is it possible that *Old England* should be bamboozled thus?

L. Bow. Mr. *Caiphas*, I am glad to hear that you begin to be pretty quiet in the city now. The clamour against your people subsides, I am told: you need not be under any apprehension, it will die away entirely in a little time, I dare say.

Caiphas.

Caiphas. I do not care much, my Lord, whether it dies away, or not. They talk of repealing the act: let them do as they like: money is the religion of this country: if I can put together enough of it, I don't care a pinch of snuff for any sect, or any party whatever.

Several few-brokers shew great surprize at overhearing this; upon which Caiphas turns about, puts out his tongue, and winks at them.

L. Bow. Nay, I think you would be right in that, Mr. *Caiphas*; for why should a man of your sense lie under any disadvantage for punctilios or form? We have done all we could to serve you: we are not so tenacious of religion, but we can admit yours among us; and money certainly is a very good religion. That is the maxim of a wise man.

Caiphas. Well, well, we will talk more of this another time. Will you dine with me at the *King's Arms*? I am obliged to go now to the *South-Sea-house*, but I have order'd an excellent *ham* for dinner, and if you and your friend will dine with me, *Quin* is to be of the party, and I promise you a jolly day.

L. Bow. *Ham*, Mr. *Caiphas*! come, come, that is a good sign: I find you are coming over to us: you will soon be as good a *Christian* as any of us.

Caiphas. Nay, my Lord, those things I laugh
at.

at. I tell you what; it is clear to me that *Moses* never was in *Westphalia*, or he would not have prohibited pork, ha, ha, ha!

L. Bow. Ha, ha, ha!

Servile. Ha, ha, ha!

Caiphas. Well, my Lord, your servant; Mr. *Servile*, yours. *(Exit Caiphas.*

L. Bow. Now that you know him, *Servile*, be sure you cultivate your acquaintance with him; you will find it your interest.

Servile. I understand you: I shall be at his house to-morrow morning by eight o'clock. But we have no further business here, let us go.

L. Bow. With all my heart.

(Exeunt L. Bowsprit and Servile.

Country Gent. Woons! this place has struck such a damp upon my spirits, that I shall not be myself, until I get into company again with a set of honest fellows, and drink *The Old Constitution* in a pint bumper.

Friend. Come, if you grow melancholy, we must quite these gentry.

Country Gent. Woons! I wish I could blow them all up, and then I should have a clear estate: let me give them one hearty curse, and then we will go.

Friend. No, no, no, let us leave them quietly.

Forces the Country Gentleman out, upon which the scenes closes.

N U M B E R LII.

Saturday, Oct. 13, 1753.

Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam.

VIRG.

To the AUTHOR.

S I R,

A MIDST all the frolic excursions of fancy, to which you have occasionally given vent in your *Saturday's* compositions, I have observed that there is not one of them that has not a degree of tendency to the instruction, as well as entertainment of your readers. On this account, I hope you will not refuse a place to a letter, which may, perhaps, appear whimsical, but will be found to be bottomed in truth. I mean to shew the futility of a maxim, which has gained credit with most people, though extremely ill-grounded, as, I think, I can fairly evince, from an experimental knowledge of mankind.

You undoubtedly recollect that *Ovid* has in one of his *Elegies* the following lines.

*Donec eris felix multos numerabis amicos;
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.*

Now,

Now, Sir, it is so far from being true, that a man is surrounded with friends in prosperity, and left destitute under misfortune, that I will undertake to prove the very reverse. In doing this I flatter myself I shall serve the purposes of virtue, and vindicate the dignity of human nature.

You must know, that I came to this town, a few years since, with intent to read the law, having just fortune enough to support me in my studies, until I might fix myself in a tolerable road of business. For this purpose I lodged in one of the inns of court. The œconomy, which I was obliged to observe, rendering it impossible for me to go much into company, I soon found out that I led a very gloomy sort of life. I therefore shifted the scene, and though, in a short time, I found means to run out my little fortune, I cannot say that I was relinquished by the world on this account. It is true that some of my acquaintance totally deserted me; but I found numbers more earnestly attached than they would otherwise have been. I remember the last word my aunt in the country said to me: "*Bob, wherever you go, be sure to make friends for yourself.*" To this advice I have conformed with great success, as will appear from the sequel.

The friendships of the world are, in general,
leagues

leagues in debauchery and intemperance; made in the drawing of a cork, and often ended in the same manner. *Out of sight out of mind* is certainly true with regard to the generality of connections, but the impressions I have made upon the minds of my friends are not so easily effaced. On the contrary, when it happens that I am seldom seen by them, they are known to be in great solicitude, and the discourse they usually have with each other is, "Have you seen our old friend lately?" "I can't think what is become of him? I hope he is not gone out of town: I am very uneasy about him. I wish to God he would see and settle his affairs: he's a very careless young fellow. A great deal too wild: throws away his money like dirt. I have called upon him morning after morning, but all to no purpose. I'd give a bottle of wine I could meet with him: I'd rather that than my dinner. I never longed so much to see any body."

These are the general expressions of anxiety which my friends throw out on my account. Some of them are not content to rest here; words cost nothing; they carry the thing to such a length as to employ a couple of fellows, who are daily in all quarters of the town hunting and prying

ing

ing about for me. As there are few instances of such earnest friendship in the world, I am sensible what I have said may have a romantic appearance. You may think, Sir, that I am entertaining you all this time with a novel; but every word is literally true; and what may perhaps raise your idea still higher, is that not one of all these people has ever got a shilling by me; and I verily believe few of them ever will. Having said thus much in praise of these my well-wishers, it will naturally be desired of me, to inform the world who and what they are, who are in such concern about a stranger. Not to keep you any longer in suspense, I will now tell you, that I have experienced all this generosity from my CREDITORS.

By this it will appear that the pleasure of being in debt, though very common in life, is very little understood by the generality of those, who addict themselves to this gratification. The art in all these cases is to refine upon the occurrences and disappointments, to which our state is liable. For my part, the pleasure just mentioned, is one of the most valuable enjoyments of my life. My morning *levee* is as great as any nobleman's; whereas, in the days, when I could say I was in possession of a competence, I never had any visitor whatever, except

J

THE
WORKS

OF

ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

V O L VI.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL,
IN THE STRAND.

M D C C L X X X V I .



C O N T E N T S
O F T H E
S I X T H V O L U M E.

GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL, No. 53, to 104.

T H E

GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL.

N U M B E R LIII.

Saturday, Oct. 20, 1753.

————— *Felix, qui tempora quirit
Adventumque Dei, & sacrum expectare calorem,
Paulisperque operi posito subducere mentem,
Mutati donec redeat clementia cæli.*

VIDA.

THE author, from whom I have selected the motto of this day's paper, was a poet of great elegance, as well as a critic of refined taste. He observes in his *Art of Poetry*, that the genius of writers is, in different seasons, apt to be unequal to itself; the vigour of the mind exhausted; the imagination overcast; and the spirits sunk, as if *Apollo* and the *Muses* had abandoned the tuneful breast. He therefore advises every author to call off his mind occasionally from the studies he is employed in, and wait more propitious moments,

Vol. VI.

B

when

when the return of the poetic heat, and the influence of the god, may give vivacity to wit, spirit to sentiment, and energy to expression.

The precept, however just, is little practised. Of correct writers the number is not great. The chosen few have displayed their talents in their perfection only, with care concealing the moments of indisposition. In other writers we see in one page a cloudy day, and in another a headache; in this passage a languid pulse, in that a discontented mind, and in many places the effect of a last night's debauch. Of those, who have subjected themselves to this censure, none can plead so fair an excuse as the periodical essayist. However inclined to retouch and finish, he is often compelled by necessity to dismiss the uncorrected sheet to the press. The town may think they have a right to an author's whole time, and that he should grow pale at the midnight lamp, the better to make a part of their tea-equipage in a morning. But business will intrude; connections must be attended to; avocations will seduce; part of our time is lost through indolence; some is stolen from us imperceptibly, and much is taken away against our will. It has been wittily said by Sir *Richard Steele*, that he who undertakes to publish on stated days, is like the man who

drives

drives a stage coach: he must set out whether there are passengers or not.

Since the commencement of this paper, I have been at times not a little curious after my own fame. I have visited pamphlet-shops, without hearing a syllable of myself. I have called for my own paper in coffee-houses; "Sir, we don't take it in." In places, where it is admitted, I have seen it twisted into a thousand different shapes, the paper and print neglected, and the stile unregarded. The waiters throw it among their common lumber; and gentlemen keep snuff in it. For the vicissitudes of an author's temper, the critic never makes any allowance; nor does he abate from his severity on account of the humour he is in himself. I have been damned by a well-looking man, because his wine was bad the night before. An uxorious gentleman, sometimes a little hen-pecked, is sure never to relish me after a curtain-lecture. The price of corn at *Bear-key* has more than once lowered me in the estimation of a solid citizen. Add to these contingencies, the variety of tastes, that claim to be gratified. I have occasionally entertained the town with essays of humour, and the consequence is, that it has raised a demand upon me every *Saturday* for an equal vein of mirth. Because the *Temple of Laverna* has ex-

4 THE GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL.

cited a general laugh, it is asked upon entering a coffee-room, "Waiter, has Mr. *Ranger* given us any more detached scenes to-day? "Is there any thing immensely high?" "Pshaw! (says another) "this man is always laughing; can't he be serious, and give us something that has stuff in it? Boy, give me the *Gazetteer*; or the *Daily Advertiser*." A correspondent, who writes to me from his house near *Litchfield*, begs to know why I have entirely discarded politics: "Why won't you have a fling at the times? A touch now and then upon the Ministry, and a stricture upon the constitution, would have a pretty go down with us in the country."

Such is the variety of demands, which I find pressed upon me from every quarter, and who can gratify all? This paper was undertaken to contribute as far as the author's time and abilities would permit, to the entertainment, if not the instruction of his readers; to laugh out of countenance many of those foibles, which are apt to shoot up in this metropolis; to promote decency and good manners, and to detect impostors in writing, criticism, and many situations of life. How far the attempt has succeeded I am not able to say. I can, however, boast that I have had a weekly intercourse with the public for twelve months

months past. In that time I have used no artifice to solicit the-applause of friends, or to gain the popular favour. The false fame acquired by puffs in our common newspapers, is too contemptible: a man of certain principles will always be above so mean a practice. I have had no emissaries, to insinuate that this paper is the joint production of a club of wits; that some of the essays came from an eminent hand; that Sir George ***** wrote such an essay; that my Lord ***** diverted the choice spirits such a day; that the last was very fine, and came from the honourable *****; that the author of ***** contributed the exquisite entertainment in such a piece, and that Mr. ***** the translator of ***** is one of the gentlemen concerned, his stile being easily traced, and his manner visible in the respective pieces from so fine a pen.

To these advantages I have no pretension, nor can I assume much pride on the score of voluntary supplies. Every *Saturday* calls for novelty. The labour of opening the mine falls altogether upon myself, and that must be frequently done, before it can be known what veins it may discover. A subject cannot always be selected at leisure: necessity too often decides, when no time is left for choice: if found at last ungrateful to the writer's care, and unsusceptible of ornament, it is too late to relinquish it; upon the spur of the

6 THE GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL.

occasion it must try its fortune in the world. A correspondent, who seems aware of these difficulties, asks me why I condemn myself to a life of fatigue? He tells me that I may, without any solicitude about stile or sentiment, be what he calls, the *doer* of a newspaper. The plan, he adds, may be executed without wit, genius, or learning, and, by way of experiment, he has sent me a sample of such articles, as may be gleaned without trouble, and cannot fail to procure a number of readers.

Plan of a Newspaper,

Yesterday at noon it was currently reported that *Doctor Hill* had got one subscriber to his book upon Good and Nature; but we can assure the public, that the said report is without foundation.

A turtle of three hundred weight has been presented to the club at *White's*, and on Monday last laid five eggs: at that place it would have been more consistent, had it laid FIVE POUNDS.

On Wednesday last Miss *Grogoram* of *Cheapside* had her ears bored for the first time, to the great joy of all her family.

The Nobility and Gentry, who are concerned in making all the salutary laws against gaming, are desired to meet to-morrow evening, being SUNDAY, at *White's Chocolate-house*, in order to break every one of them.

On

On Saturday last a ratifia bottle, belonging to a lady of quality not a hundred miles from the parish of St. James's, fell from the top of a chest of drawers, and *broke its neck*; for which loss the lady has almost broke her heart.

The same day a fire broke out in an old woman's pipe of tobacco, and entirely consumed the same.

Yesterday evening one of the ducks in St. James's park was seen to walk by the side of the canal, and after some time threw herself in. The reason why she committed this rash action is not yet known.

Drury Lane Theatre:

The tragedy of *Richard the Third* was performed here on Wednesday last, when the battle of *Bosworth Field* was both obstinate and bloody. The attack was begun on the *left wing* by GRAY the constable: General RAFTOR received the impression, and ordered the woods to be scowered, but he was driven back into the Green-room. He there rallied his forces, and returned to the charge. The fight was renewed with great vigour on both sides, but at last *General Raftor* fell, much lamented: if we may imitate *Sallust*, the same absence of passion, for which he was remarkable while living, was still visible in his countenance.

8 THE GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL.

Lieutenant-General Mar was found among the slain. The number of wounded was as follows :

Carpenters	—	—	—	15
Scene-drawers	—	—	—	11
Dressers	—	—	—	14
Makers of lightning		—	—	5
Thunder-clappers		—	—	3
Barbers	—	—	—	11

This savage entertainment was received by the audience with a general *war-hoop*. We do not hear that any *scalps* are brought in.

Such is the plan chalked out by my correspondent. It contains, indeed, all the wit, and all the criticism, and all the sense of our modern writers. The task seems easy, but the venders of false-wares will excuse me if I do not join them. I am not willing to desert my post. The duty is fatiguing; but a regular soldier, though he never gain rank, is better than a free-booter. I prefer honest industry to idleness and dissipation, truth to calumny, and honour to malevolence.

N U M B E R L I V .

Saturday, Oct. 27, 1753.

Naturaliter audita visis laudamus libentius; & praesentia.

Invidiâ, praeterita veneratione prosequimur: & his nos Instrui, illis obrui credimus.

V E L L . P A T E R C U L U S .

THERE is not a more favourite, or a more trite subject of declamation, than the degeneracy of the times. Each individual of society, charitably judging himself exempted from the general reproach, assumes the privilege of inveighing against the vices of the age, and the total decline from those virtues, which immortalized the exalted characters of antiquity. When the fit of admiring what is passed and gone is once raised, there is no paradox that the rhapsodist in this kind will not advance: he adds in the fervor of declamation, that the present race of *Englishmen* are not only sunk below all *Greek* and *Roman* fame, but much degenerated from that rough honesty, which enabled our ancestors to deliver down to posterity a constitution, which renders *Great Britain* the envy of the world,

This

This splenetic humour of decrying the moderns, is become universal. All ranks and orders of men seem more or less infected by it. The Divine pathetically bewails the shameful neglect of religion. The Patriot laments, that venality and corruption have irretrievably extinguished the genuine spirit of liberty. The Philosopher sighs, that enthusiasm and superstition should have usurped the throne of free enquiry, and debased the intellectual faculties. The Fair complain, that the dissolute inclinations of the men compel them to drag out an uncomfortable life in celibacy: while the Men, in their turn, pour out the most bitter invectives against the extravagance and dissipation of the other sex, which, they would have the world believe, are risen to such an excess, that the word matrimony carries with it an idea of bankruptcy and ruin. Nay so far has the influence of this infatuation reached, that it is become very common even for Stock-jobbers to assert, "That things are not now as they have been: nothing is to be done now. The brokerage in and out runs away with all the profit; whereas, in King *William's* time, when the Government was distressed for money, and forced by its necessity to give six *per cent.* upon a loan, great strokes were to be made."

In order, therefore, to shew the unreasonable-
ness, as well as disingenuity, of this epidemic dis-
satisfaction with the age, in which I had the hap-
piness to be born, I shall endeavour to demon-
strate, and, I flatter myself, I shall be able to do
it beyond all possibility of doubt, that the now ex-
isting inhabitants of *Great Britain*, so far from
being inferior to their illustrious predecessors, do
at this day surpass the ancients in all the admired
virtues and qualifications, which the most enthu-
siastic idolizer of antiquity shall be able to point
out.

In the first place, *Socrates, Plato, Cicero*, and
some few others of remote antiquity, are frequent-
ly celebrated for that amazing strength of mind,
which enabled them to detect the impostures of
the religion established in the country where they
were born, and empowered them to break through
the impediments, which superstition and priest-
craft had placed in the avenues to truth. But
surely the insignificant number of instances, that
ancient history furnishes, of those truly philoso-
phic characters, however respectable the names
may be, will little deserve our attention, when we
consider how infinitely the present age eclipses
their claim of superiority in this respect. Is there
a gentleman at this day, any ways conversant in
polite life, who does not entertain the greatest
con-

contempt for the prejudices, or faith (as it is vulgarly called) in which he was educated? Are not the coffee-houses about *Temple-bar*, nay, even in the city, so many seminaries, where our youth discuss the most important questions of philosophy, and explode the errors imposed on mankind for so many centuries? Nor is this knowledge, as among the ancients, the result of tedious enquiry and meditation, but entirely intuitive, being most eminent in those, who are almost totally void of the least acquisition in any branch of literature, indebted to Nature alone for their astonishing discoveries.

The advocate for antiquity will, perhaps, thunder out an eulogium on the exalted virtue and patriotism of *Cato*, *Brutus*, and several other illustrious *Romans*, who, prodigal of life, disdained to survive the liberties of their country. But certainly there can be no room to run a parallel. The advantage is obviously on the side of the moderns. Those ingenious historians, the daily news-writers, in every page of their works afford us examples of the noblest disregard of death. The *Roman* voluntarily left the world, because he could not bear to be a witness to the slavery of his country; but the *Englishman* puts a period to his existence, because the fogs of *November* depress his spirits, and he scorns to be compelled to live longer.

longer than life continues agreeable. How noble is this spirit of freedom! It is not confined to people of birth and education, but extends itself to the lowest mechanics. My lord is not more ready to discharge a pistol through his brain, than his barber to lift the razor to his throat. In short, the point is so extremely clear, that it would be superfluous to labour at the proof of it. I may venture to assert, that no nation, of which history has preserved the least record, has any pretension to dispute the glory of suicide with the discontented people of *England*.

I am aware, that great stress may be laid upon the literary merit of the ancients. I expect to hear the names of *Aristotle*, *Longinus* and *Quintilian* thrown out, with an air of triumph. Far be it from me to derogate from the long-established fame of those great men. Undoubtedly, they were very good critics for the times in which they lived; but with all due respect to those celebrated geniusses, we may take the liberty to suppose, that the art of Criticism must be now much better understood, than it possibly could be in their days, as it is much more universally practised. Attornies clerks, mercers apprentices, and merchants book-keepers, in this year 1753, *credite posteri!* are thoroughly qualified to pronounce, in the most decisive manner, upon the merit of all literary
ccm-

composition, particularly dramatic poetry, the noblest province of polite learning; not to mention, that we have found out the absurdity, and shook off the restraint of those fetters, which the Stagyrice would rivet on us, and transferred them to our Gallick neighbours, a nation inured to, and patient of, slavery.

Should any discontented, or disappointed politician, after poring over *Livy*, insinuate, that mankind are not now, as they were in the times of the *Roman* republic, when private considerations always gave way to the public good; I would desire such a phlegmatic murmurer to look through the kingdom, and only observe what a number of gentlemen have impaired their estates, and destroyed the tranquility and happiness of their families, in order to procure a seat in the representative assembly of the nation: undoubtedly with no other view, than to gain an opportunity of watching over the liberties of their country.

Some mercantile Cynic, dissatisfied with an unruly son, who finds more charms within the regions of *Covent-garden*, than the counting-house, will perhaps pay little regard to what I have hitherto advanced; he will exclaim, “that the spirit of industry is lost, and people of this age re-
“gard

“gard nothing but pleasure.” The injustice of this censure will evidently appear to this narrow-minded citizen, if, the next time he goes to the pit at *Drury-lane* with his wife and daughters on a *Saturday*, he will only take the trouble to make the enquiry concerning the most gay and brilliant personages in the boxes. How will it raise his wonder, when he is told that most of those, who shine in that brilliant circle, are distinguished by the appellation of *Knights of Industry*, who, without any visible means of subsistence, enjoy all the pleasures of this metropolis, in the most elegant manner, and run into expences, which few men of *real* fortune can support?

Let us now turn our view to the amiable sex, and enter into a comparison between the females of ancient times and the present ladies of *Great-Britain*. In what an honourable light will our countrywomen appear? In vain shall the pedant, who derives his knowledge solely from books, harangue upon the conjugal attachment of *Roman* matrons, while we can mention numberless *British* wives, who, at this day, with unexampled unanimity, go hand in hand with their husbands, in pursuit of the grand business of life? I mean the practice of gaming, called by Mr. *Pope*, in his usual emphatic manner, *the nation's last great trade*.

Nor

Nor should the candor and disinterestedness of the virgins of this island want that encomium, which justice cannot refuse. *Plutarch* informs us, that *Lycurgus* ordered the *Spartan* nymys to appear at the public exercises, in garments, made with artificial openings in different parts, in order that the *Lacedæmonian* youth might be captivated, by a seemingly accidental discovery of their charms. How have the fair-ones of the present age improved upon this antient rule of state-craft? Disdaining little stratagem, and scorning to take advantage of the illusions of imagination, which, inflamed by a transient glympse, is apt to form enthusiastic ideas of hidden beauty, they *shew things as they really are*, and by a generous display of all their charms, leave no room to their future husbands to complain that they were deceived in their expectations.

These examples, which I have brought in support of the proposition I undertook to prove, will sufficiently evince to every impartial mind, that the fancied pre-eminence of *Greece* and *Rome* over *Britain*, has no other foundation than prepossession and envy. The unprejudiced reader must acquiesce in the truth of the observation, made, with great insight into human nature, by the elegant historian, from whom I have taken the motto
of

of this paper: *We are naturally more inclined to praise what we hear of, than what we see: contemporary merit excites our envy; that of antiquity our veneration: by the latter we are edified; but by the former we feel ourselves eclipsed.*



N U M B E R LV.

Saturday, Nov. 3, 1753.

*Vendidit hic auro Patriam, dominumque potentem
Imposuit, fixit leges Pretio atque refixit.*

VIRG.

MIRGEHAN was a peasant in the deserts of *Arabia*: he frequently begged an alms of the travellers in the passing caravan. For a long time he drove the loaded camel over Mount *Pbaran* for a jeweller of *Cairo*, till having, by an amazing parsimony, got together a few sequins of gold, he followed the occupation of his master. Affairs succeeded so well with him, that in the course of a few years *Mirgehan* began to assume to himself the pride of wealth. Elate with joy, and basking in the sunshine of fortune, he resolved to remove to *Basra*, where he was soon distinguished as the most eminent merchant of the place. As it is the nature of ambition to be ever restless and dissatisfied, after having, in the course of six years residence, amassed a very ample fortune, he determined to change his abode once more, and settle, with all his immense wealth, at *Bagdad*.

He

He was not long fixed at that place, when the reputation of his affluence was spread abroad. In all convivial meetings, among the rest of the merchants, as soon as his lips seemed to open, every tongue was suspended with silence; every eye gazed at him with admiration, and every ear devoured the periods of his story with greedy eagerness. His voice, which naturally was rough as the sound occasioned by a collision of billows on the rocky shore, now seemed as soft as the fragrant gale, which pants upon the leaves of the *Arabian* trees.

Mirgeban's credit grew every day more extensive. People of all ranks and degrees deposited their money with him. It was as much as a hundred servants could do, to count over the sequins of gold, which he was either to receive or pay away for others. In the midst of all these smiles of fortune, it happened, that the relict of a rich merchant, lately snatched away from the face of the earth, by the angel of death, attracted his attention. Her name was *Dardanè*, born in the city of *Damas*, and now in the possession of enormous wealth. From the habits, which education and time had implanted in her, she was in her temper of a most greedy avarice, and a powerful ambition to be counted richer than the rest of her

acquaintance. Urged by these motives, and by these only, (for to the passion of love she was an utter stranger) - *Dardanè* bestowed her graceful person upon *Mirgeban*, who, she thought, would manage her ample fortunes, and by the gainful trade that he followed, add a wonderful accumulation of wealth. *Mirgeban* amused her expectation, but could not bear the idea of a sharer in his prosperity. To call the whole stock his own was his ardent wish, and to accomplish this point, he did his utmost by cruelty to cut short the days of the wife of his bosom. In this he succeeded too well. *Dardanè* pined and wasted away. The roses faded on her cheek; the lilly appeared of a yellower hue; and, by slow degrees, her constitution received such severe strokes from his severity, that in a short time she lay breathless on her bed.

Mirgeban was now happy in the completion of his wishes: he had got rid of a wife, whom, notwithstanding her exquisite beauty, his soul abhorred. He exulted in the review of the vast accession to his fortune, which, through her means, he had obtained. His heart now began to expand with greater alacrity, and he resolved to spend the remainder of his days in ease, in elegance, in luxury, and every delicate enjoyment. The dainties of the East did not suffice to crown his board; he would send to the West for *Turtle*,
and

and every corner of the globe administered to his gratifications. Not far from *Bagdad* he purchased a most magnificent house, where he determined to fix his country retreat. The rooms eternally resounded with singers and minstrels; amber and aloes contributed their rich perfumes; and his tables were covered with vases of agate, filled with the most delicious liquors. Painting and sculpture concurred to adorn his apartments. Vanity became a leading passion, and governed him with force little inferior to his avarice. Expence in great profusion followed, but he knew that it extended his reputation, and his avarice was in secret pleased with the reflection, that opportunities of a full reimbursement would frequently be offered by the follies of mankind; and in the art of profiting by the follies of others, no man equalled *Mirgeban*.

He was now happy in all the enjoyments which riches could procure him; his heart danced to perpetual tunes of joy, and the meanness of his birth he thought sufficiently compensated by the lustre and dignity of his present way of life. To compleat his elevation, and to raise himself to that point of eminence, from which he imagined he might look down upon most of his fellow creatures, Fortune, who had for a series of years smiled

propitiously upon all the undertakings of *Mirgeban*, at length presented an opportunity.

It happened, that the Emperor of *Bagdad* had occasion, on a particular emergence in his affairs, to call together an assembly of the wisest and ablest heads in his territories. He was upon the eve of an important war with the most powerful Prince in the East. Large sums of money he saw would be immediately necessary, and for this purpose he wished to be assisted in public council. The *Califf* resolved upon this step, with the advice of his *Vizir*, and in a few days mandates were dispatched to sundry different parts, commanding the provinces and towns to depute to the general Divan two persons the most renowned for sagacity and judgment. *Mirgeban* heard the news at his country seat. His passions were violent as the ed-dying sand that is torn up by the hurricane. His pride was roused, and to be enrolled among the most distinguished statesmen of *Bagdad* was the ambition of his soul.

In pursuit of this design he set out from his habitation; but had not gone far, when travelling a solitary road, over a long extended mountain, the heat of the day, together with the fatigue he had undergone, inclined him to stop under a shady retreat, and refresh his senses with a gentle slumber.

From

From this he was soon awakened by a strain of musick, which thrilled melodiously in his ears. He thought that gleams of Paradise were opening to his dazzled sight. He looked around, and saw a reverend form advancing towards him: *Mirgeban* rose from the arbour, and throwing himself on his knees, he worshipped the venerable appearance which stood before him. This personage was an holy hermit, who long inhabited a small mansion on the side of a rock, which terminated the prospect on the left side of the mountain. Being endowed with a magic power, he called forth all around such beautiful scenes, as looked like a new creation. *Mirgeban's* heart throbbed with holy rapture. At length the pious sage began. “*Mirgeban*, I know thy purpose; I am acquainted with thy design in this journey. But reflect, O Man! on the obscurity of thy birth, and the meanness of thy education. Canst thou confer light to the councils of the wise? Canst thou dispel the mist from before their eyes, and let in powerful irradiations of truth upon their darkling understandings? Desist, vain man, from thy ill founded pursuits.” At these words the venerable hermit waved his wand, and suddenly the scene vanished like a morning dream from *Mirgeban's* eyes. After having raised his arm; “Now, said he, let the objects that are

“ placed before thee, instruct thy soul; behold
 “ how easily thou mightest have squandered away
 “ all those possessions which thy heart delights in,
 “ for a mere empty bubble. There see an election
 “ for two persons to assist in the debates for the
 “ ease and happiness of the Califf; see the blind,
 “ the lame, the old, the infirm, the sick arriving in
 “ caravans, to vote for those who pay them high-
 “ est. See how they all solemnly vow by the
 “ holy Prophet, that money has no influence up-
 “ on them; and yet behold how in private they
 “ grasp the sequins of gold! Does not thy heart,
 “ which has fixed all its affections upon thy yel-
 “ low dirt, tremble within thee, to think that in
 “ this manner all thy wealth might be squandered
 “ away, and thou not be able to render the least
 “ service to the Califf, thy country, or thy family?
 “ That this is the fate of many, who, like thee,
 “ have risen from mean beginnings, and have, in
 “ their old days, proved mere spendthrifts, thou
 “ may'st receive ocular demonstration, by survey-
 “ ing those wretches, who are now despised by
 “ their country, detested by their relations, and
 “ rejected by the *Vizier*, in whose service they ex-
 “ hausted all their treasures.”

Here *Zemroude* (for that was the hermit's name)
 perceiving the affections of *Mirgeban* totally
 changed,

changed, dispersed into the air his new creation, and returned with solemn step to his cell under the rock. *Mirgeban* ordered his camels to be turned towards *Bagdad*, where he spent the remainder of his days in ease and content: at his death he left those fums of gold, which he was going to squander in visionary schemes, among his relations, who now live in affluence, and the memory of *Mirgeban* is respected among them.



NUMBER LVI.

Saturday, Nov. 10, 1753.

Non omnia apud majores meliora; sed nostra quoque etas multa laudis et artium imitanda posteris tulit.

TACIT.

To the AUTHOR.

S I R,

I Cannot but very much approve that love of truth and justice which seem to have inspired your generous vindication of modern times from the calumny of those, who degrade all living virtue, and admire nothing, but what lies far removed, and covered with the clouds of antiquity. This, Sir, you have performed with undoubted success. As I entirely coincide with your way of thinking, I beg leave to address this letter to you, as a supplement to the doctrine you have advanced.

As you have led the way, I am free to declare that the moderns have in every thing greatly exceeded the admired ancients. If the latter boast their *Plato*, we have our *Shaftesbury*; and if the death of *Cato* is justly stiled by the poet *Catonis nobile*

bile Letum, because he would not survive the loss of liberty, is it not much more heroic in a modern cobbler to dispatch himself, for no other reason than that he does not like the weather? or in a nobleman to cut his throat, because he has lost the odd trick at whist? In addition to this, it must be confessed that few instances of this sort of fortitude are recorded among the *Romans*; whereas I am credibly informed by a very sensible man, and one who belongs to the *Coroner's Inquest*, that there does not pass by a single day, without his being called to survey the glorious reliques of a self-devoted taylor, a shoemaker, a gambler, and others of various description. The same person assures me at the same time, that not a tenth part of those exalted minds have due honours paid to their memory by the public newspapers. They are permitted to remove themselves from human life in the same silence, as if they had quietly passed through nature to eternity, and never dared to fly in the face of their Maker. But to state the account fairly between the ancients and the moderns, I shall here draw up a catalogue of those eminent worthies, who figure in the records of ages past, and against this boasted list I shall place, in an opposite column, the illustrious names, which have done honour to the present age. Upon a fair inspection, the impartial reader will be able to decide for himself.

Ancient

Ancient Catalogue.

- 1 *Aristotle.*
- 2 *Hippocrates.*
- 3 *Socrates.*
- 4 *Tully.*
- 5 *Cato Uticensis.*
- 6 *Epicætetus's* Morals.
- 7 *The Stoics, the Scep-*
tics, the Peripatetics,
the Acedemics, the
Epicureans, &c. &c.
- 8 *Dionysius Halicarnaf-*
sensis, Longinus, Quin-
tian.
- 9 A Seceſſion of the
Romana Plebs.
- 10 The Eluſinian Myſ-
teries
- 11 *Balnea Romana.*
- 12 The Olympick
Games.
- 13 *Plato's Sympoſion.*
- 14 *Lucius Junius*
Brutus.
- 15 The Roman Conſuls.
- 16 *Senatus Populusque*
Romanus.

Modern Catalogue.

- 1 *Doctõr Hill.*
- 2 *Doctõr Rock.*
- 3 *Whitfield.*
- 4 *Orator Henley.*
- 5 *Engliſhmen* that hang
and drown themſelves
- 6 The Fable of the Bees
- 7 *The Deifts, Mande-*
villians, Muggletõ-
nians, Freethinkers,
the Robin Hood
Society.
- 8 *The Magazines and*
Daily Papers.
- 9 An *Engliſh Mob.*
- 10 Free Maſonry.
- 11 The *Covent Garden*
Bagnios.
- 12 *Newmarket Races.*
- 13 The Club at *White's.*
- 14 *Ravillac.*
- 15 The Two Brothers.
- 16 The Parliament of
Great Britain.

Without

Without adding any further articles, I think it manifest from the above state of the case, that the moderns can easily balance the scale with the so much celebrated ancients. But the matter does not rest here : I am convinced we can throw in several circumstances, which will greatly entitle us to the pre-eminence. For instance, I do not find that an *Atheist* was known to antiquity ; and surely the character of an *Atheist* must, in the eyes of all men of sense, do very great honour to the present age, the tenets of his philosophy being entirely new, and such as were not discovered by *Plato*, *Socrates*, or any of the ancient philosophers. *Epicurus* did not controvert the existence of a Supreme Being ; he only denied his attributes. *Tully* informs us, that in his time no nation was so savage, no man so brutal, as not to have some impression of a Deity. *Nulla gens tam fera, nemo omnium tam immanis, cujus mentem non imbucrit deorum opinio.* The happy discovery of *fate* and *blind chance* was reserved for the present age, so much enlightened, as a great genius says, in all true philosophy. Add to this, what has been already urged on a similar occasion, the ancients were totally ignorant of the laws of *England*, and, I believe, it cannot be denied, but the common law of *England* is by many degrees preferable to the laws of *Solon*, or any other legislator, founded, as it certainly is, upon
the

the basis of common sense, intelligible to the meanest capacity, and full as easy in the practice as in the theory. I must acknowledge that I have read in *Livy* and *Sallust* some random accounts of the contempt the candidates had in *Rome* for money upon all elections for the Consulship, the Tribuneship, and other public offices. This procedure among them was by the ill-natured called by the name of *Ambitus*; by the rigid among the moderns bribery and corruption. But, to divest things of odious appellations, the public and benevolent spirit of our countrymen at a general election cannot be paralleled any where in the *Roman* page. The ancients occasionally make a murmur concerning a matter which they call *nequissima fenora*, but it will need no force of argument to prove, that usury has attained to a greater degree of rapacity among the moderns. How many young heirs are ruined with us before they come to years of discretion? Not to mention that the *Greeks* and *Romans* had not the faintest idea of the *Stocks*, *Jonathan's* coffee-house, *Change-alley*, the *South-Sea-house*, the *India-house*, *Rescounters*, *Directors*, *Broekers*, and the rest of that class. That the *Romans* were a very expensive people, is well known to every one who has dipped into *Vertot's* *Revolutions*, or thẽ famous *Montesquieu's* *Causes of the Declension of the Roman Empire*; notwith-

notwithstanding this, I have the pleasure to congratulate my countrymen on our owing so many millions of money. My readers will to a man allow, that the national debt gives us a very great advantage over the ancients. I am not ignorant that *Sallust* mentions *publicè Egestatè, privatim Opulentiam, public Penury* and *private Opulence*. But, Sir, I appeal to you, whether we have not both of these in a more eminent degree than appears any where in the *Roman* history. I should be sorry to be guided by partiality in this matter. The point, I know, is of moment, but I cannot help saying that our national debt is as remarkable a thing as I ever read of in history. As to private wealth, the infinite sums of money laid out in artificial falls of water, artificial canals, and indeed in artificial wine, prove our superiority to a demonstration. Moreover, the ancients were entire strangers to routs and drums; not to mention two or three hundred card-tables in one house. I do not think they seem to have the faintest idea of an E. O. table, of *reversing*, of *forcing*, of *finessing*, of *seesawing*, and the many elegant turns in the game of whist. *Picquet*, *Brag*, *Backgammon*, *Cribbage*, are not even mentioned in the slightest manner. I flatter myself I may say, without the danger of a controversy, that the discoveries made by Mr. *Hoyle* in the doctrine of

chances,

chances, by far exceed their deepest researches in the mathematics.

To give the argument another turn; the beauty, the elegance, and manners of our *British* ladies, add a surprizing lustre to the present age. *Horace* informs us,

*Matronæ præter faciem nil cernere possis,
Cætera, ni Catia est, demissâ veste tegentis.*

A matron never shews any part of her person except her face. They were, it seems, all, except *Catia*, studious to cover the rest of their amiable bodies with a garment. *Catia* appears a singular instance; but how different is the conduct of the matrons of the modern times? They have happily emerged from the ruff of *Queen Bess*. The chief endeavour, at present, is to display all their charms to full view. Had this fashion prevailed among the ancient ladies, I conceive, a *naked Venus* would not have been so great a rarity. Indeed in *England* some remains of this false modesty prevailed not very long since, and, therefore, *Mr. Pope* has said,

*If Queenbury to strip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a handmaid we must take an Helen.*

But happily future painters will not be reduced to such difficulties. The modern ladies are daily
strip-

stripping as fast as they can. The approaches of the amiable sex to a general nakedness, cannot fail to give a lustre to my fair countrywomen. The tendency to undressing is so strong at present, that I make no doubt but the time will come in a period not far distant, when Miss in her teens will cry out, "Lard, mamma, I have been reading some of the essays written in 1753, but they are so full of hard and cramp words, I can't think what to make of 'em. Pray, mamma, what can they mean by stays?" "Really, child, I can't say for certain, but if one may conjecture, I should imagine, that in those days the women wore something about their bodies, as high from the waist as the pit of their stomach." "He! he! he! mamma, what a ridiculous fashion that must be! what has a woman a fine skin for but to shew it? or, if she has not a fine skin, what has she paint for but to make a fine skin? And then, mamma, what could the petticoat be? Why, child, it looks as if in those days they wore a covering for their limbs down from the waist as low as the ankle." "Horrid! what has a woman legs for but to shew 'em? And then, mamma, I suppose by crown-whift that the people in those days were so penurious, and so pitiful, as to play for crowns?" "Yes, child, that is

VOL. VI. D. " pretty

“ pretty plain, and keeping *Sundays* was therf
 “ made a crime, and three hundred card tables
 “ was counted a thing of consequence.” “ Well,
 “ mamma, I am glad as any thing I was not born
 “ in those grave, formal times.”

This, or something not unlike it, will most assuredly be the language of the rising generation. If improvements are made in other branches, such as the *national debt, atheism, libelling, perjury, cheating, buying annuities*, and the like, I persuade myself, that whatever the admirers of the antients may urge at present, our superiority will then be incontestible.

Pleased with the prospect of this happy period, I will here lay down my pen, and subscribe myself,

A MODERN PHILOSOPHER.



NUMBER

NUMBER LVII.

Saturday, Nov. 17, 1753.

O curas hominum! O quantum est in rebus inane!

PERSEUS.

HOW vain and fantastic are all human pursuits? How unsettled and inconstant are our tempers? One day pining for the attainment of some imaginary good, and the next turning with aversion from what excited so much vehemence of desire. How often are the soberest understandings thrown into agitation about things of little value, and by accidents, which no prudence could prevent? When the hurry of our thoughts is over, how contemptible do we appear to ourselves, for yielding to a storm of passion, to which the cause bore no manner of proportion? Every period of life is marked with this inconstancy: the child has perplexities which the boy laughs at: when ripened into manhood, our previous occupations become ridiculous, and old age thinks the whole a series of folly, little aware that the passions operate at that juncture with diminished force, not because reason is stronger, but because the whole frame has lost its vigour. Old men, says *Rochefaucault*, give good advice, be-

cause they cannot any longer give bad example. I am inclined to think that the human soul will be always in this progression, constantly making each moment a critic on the last, and that as soon as the spirit shall be unbodied, it will instantly smile at our wisest employments in this world, our deepest reflections, and our most serious speculations.

It was a tenet of the ancient schools of philosophy, that the soul of man would, in a future state, be employed in the same pursuits that engaged its affections on this side of the grave. This doctrine has been adopted by *Virgil*, and embellished with all the graces of a fine imagination.

*Quæ gratia currum
 Armorumque fuit vivis ; quæ cura nitentes
 Pascere equos ; eadem sequitur tellure repostos.*

Were the notion true, the consequence, in my opinion, would be endless misery. To continue in another world, without any respite from the cares of this, what were it but to go on in a progression of folly to all eternity? If any habits contracted in this state of probation may be supposed not to wear out, it must be those of virtue only. Must the man, who ruined himself and his posterity by his horses at *Newmarket*, be tormented

mented with a stud in the next world? Such an account would well consist with a description of the regions of torture, not with a state of bliss. For my own part, I am willing to think, that it will hereafter be the happiness of man to be divested of all his wordly anxieties, his idle hopes, and frivolous fears; or, if he remembers his former pursuits, and the ends for which his ambition laboured, I conceive he will only remember them, to wonder at the absurdity of his views, and the vehemence of his vain desires.

I was the other evening struck with this idea, and having an imagination, which does not easily detach itself from what has made a deep impression, I went on in the same train of thought for a considerable time. There is something in these abstract speculations so very amusing, that one sometimes goes on in a waking dream, aware that we see nothing but a baseless fabric, yet pleased with the delusion. I fell, accordingly, into a *reverie* of this sort, and cannot now refrain from giving an account of it.

I thought the hemisphere on a sudden brightened with more than common lustre: a flood of glory diffused itself through all creation, and from an opening of the heavens appeared, high exalted on a throne, THE GENIUS OF HUMAN KIND. A

trumpet had sounded three times, and the following sounds were awfully pronounced. “ Let all
 “ those fleeting spirits, which formerly sojourned
 “ on earth, forthwith appear from their several
 “ mansions of retribution; and let those who now
 “ support a feverish existence upon earth, instant-
 “ ly repair hither, divested of their bodily in-
 “ cumbrance, and account for the use they have
 “ made of their time.”

The edict was immediately obeyed. I fancied that I had no sooner emerged from my tenement of clay, than every thing wore another appearance. I had instantly new faculties of perception. The original colours, concerning which so many volumes have been written, vanished into nothing. Wit, taste, learning, philosophy, mathematics, and even money itself, appeared an absolute chimæra. I saw numbers approach the throne. On every countenance I could plainly read the traces of repentance and self-reproach. They looked back to their actions done in life, and saw that their most strenuous efforts for fame, for wealth, for honours, and preferment, were mere contentions for a bubble. In general they offered up their addresses in terms of humiliation, but in such a multitude I could not hear them all distinctly. The voices of many were depressed with shame; some delivered themselves without hesi-
 tation,

tation, and, as I conceived, to the following effect.

Homer declared that, since he read the works of *Moses* and other inspired writers, he considered his own poems as a wild and extravagant rhapsody. He said it was truly observed by *Cicero*, that he had transferred to his heroes the attributes of his gods, and, in return, clothed his deities with the frailties of man. He was glad, however, that by some moral touches, he made amends for his vain theology.

Plato owned that he knew nothing of the first Good, first Perfect, and first Fair. *Shaftesbury* wished that, instead of being guided by the Pagan Philosopher, he had made use of the light of Revelation, which might have afforded him some faint dawning of that truth, of which he is now perfectly convinced.

Aristotle declared his System of Logic to be nothing but a scheme of laboured perplexities, calculated to puzzle and bewilder mankind. *Pindar* smiled at his Olympics, and did not hesitate to say, that he believed he was mad when he wrote them. Old *Euclid*, who, I believe, never once laughed on earth, burst into a loud expression of mirth, when he reflected upon his endeavours to square the circle.

Alexander confessed himself a child for weeping for more worlds. *Cæsar* declared he would as contentedly be the last in a village, as the first in *Rome*; and *Pompey* had no longer an aversion to an equal. *Cicero* condemned his pursuit of fame. He added that he never thought himself properly employed but when expatiating against the minute philosophers. *Virgil* still persisted that his whole *Æneid* should be burned. *Horace* and *Ovid* both laughed at the duration of their works, which in their days of nature they flattered themselves would be indelible monuments of their fame.

In short, among all the celebrated personages of antiquity, every one accused himself of mistaken views; of a false estimate of life, and means exerted with vigour, when the ends were unworthy of a wise man's consideration. Warriors wished they had not left the plough for the command of armies; and conquerors, who were famous for laying waste the human species, acknowledged that their glory would have been more solid, if they had taught mankind how to rear with increase a single blade of grass, or a grain of corn. Even *Titus* complained that he had lost many days.

There were, who acknowledged that they never knew uneasiness in life, but what was occasioned

sioned by the success of others. They were always completely happy, or completely miserable by comparison. *Poets* laughed at all their labours to tag a rhyme and their solicitude for works which now appeared to them in a proper light; and *Criticks* owned that they took too much pains to destroy productions of so perishable a nature.

I saw *Ministers of State*, who aimed at popularity, not by their actions, but by paragraphs in newspapers, for which they squandered the public money. I also saw, in the various walks of life, several persons who had felt an ardent passion for fame, unblest with talents to deserve it. They repined at the success of others, but aimed at no improvement. They gave themselves up to envy, and while they were tormented, they thought they were leading a life of literature. They defamed, what they could not imitate. While they lessened their contemporaries, they thought they raised themselves; and while the public voice was silent about them and their works, they hoped to grow illustrious, by being the clandestine writers of their own panegyrick. These unhappy men now saw too late that they ought to have wished for an honest fame, or honest obscurity. The *Miser* railed at gold: he expected that it would pay him with happiness, but he found it insolvent.

The

The softer sex appeared upon this occasion; but the simper of self-admiration no longer displayed itself. They were not anxious about the gloss of their skin, the arrangement of a curl, or the disposition of a patch. The snowy breast ceased to heave by rules of art, and the shape was no longer tortured a thousand ways, in order to look attractive in the eye of man. The labours of the toilet were now despised: each fair-one wondered how dress could make so great a part of the business of life. They were now persuaded that true beauty dwells in the mind; drums, routs, cards, and equipage were held in contempt. The sex was ashamed of the falsehood of their friendships, their turns of coquetry, their dissimulation, and all the variety of female artifice. All agreed that they had been distracted with cares beneath a rational creature.

From the passions, that disturb our happiness, I was rejoiced to see my fellow creatures relieved; and to perceive love, joy, and benevolence, effacing all traces of former guilt, gave me inexpressible delight. But this glow of rapture, like all things subject to time and mortal chance, soon came to an end. I had been for some time troubled with a cold, and all my wisdom, like that of *Horace's* Stoic, vanished in a fit of coughing. I then perceived

ceived that I had lost myself in a deep, and, perhaps, a wild meditation: whatever it be, this moral may be deduced from it, namely, that there is nothing in human life worth the anxiety it creates, and that it should be our business to fix those propensities in our souls, which we shall have no occasion hereafter to wish totally effaced, and which it is probable we shall be carrying to a higher degree of purity in those parts of our existence, that lie concealed in futurity.



N U M B E R L V I I I .

Saturday, Nov. 24, 1753.

*In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora.*—————

OVID.

THE chambers over my apartment in *Gray's-Inn* having been unoccupied, I have lived for a considerable time in lettered ease, and unmolested tranquility. Those sudden alarms of noise and uproar, which too frequently occur in the Inns of Court, have been for many months entirely banished: but my repose has lately met with an interruption of so pleasant a kind, that I have determined to acquaint my readers with the particulars of the incident.

About ten days since a gentleman entered upon the upper chambers. Ever since I have been frequently disturbed by such quick and unexpected shocks, that it was absolutely impossible for me to pursue the same train of thought with any degree of attention. I was yesterday morning perusing Mr. *Hawkins Brown's* excellent Poem upon the Immortality of the Soul, in which he has artfully combined, in their full force, all the arguments

ments in support of that important article of our belief: the subject is awful, but there is something wonderfully grateful in that variety of emotions, with which the heart is agitated. Scenes of futurity fill the imagination, and we are lost in the immensity of duration and space. As I sat, absorbed in contemplation, I heard on a sudden a violent noise over my head: the ceiling trembled as if ready to come down; a violent convulsion shook the house. Deep reflection sometimes unbraces the nerves to such a degree, that an unexpected noise startles the whole frame, and throws the spirits out of that placid state, which is requisite in order to think with calmness and perspicuity. This discomposure I experienced upon so many occasions, and sometimes in such quick succession, that I judged it proper to step up stairs to the gentleman, to inform him of the inconveniencies which I suffered, and to beg of him to manage his affairs for the future with less commotion.

I knocked two or three times at his door, but receiving no answer, and hearing him run about with great violence of exertion, I made bold to walk in. A long entry lies before you: you go into the dining-room through a glass folding-door, which was at this time shut, but the curtains undrawn. Through the window, I saw the gentleman pulling off his cloaths with the utmost
eager-

eagerness. In an instant he appeared in the habit and air of an old woman delivering Doctor *Rock's* bills upon *Ludgate bill*. Surprized at this change, I stopt short to observe the actions of this extraordinary personage. I was soon entertained with another change. After frisking about the room, and running in circle within circle, with the agility and the gambols of a cat pursuing its own tale, he shifted his cloaths, and with an air of composure walked about with a basket on his shoulder, pronouncing with an audible voice, "Muffins for coffee and tea, gentlemen and ladies." This appeared extremely whimsical; he then varied his dress, and with a silver pipe cried out *London Evening Post*: after which he threw away his bundle of papers, fell down upon his knees, laid his hand on his heart, looked up with a great expression of joy, and then rising, indulged himself in all the whimsical vagaries of a man frantic with sensations too exquisite to endure. In this way he continued for some time: at length he threw himself into the attitude of surprize; he looked up to Heaven; he clasped his hands; he beat his breast, and stood for some time plunged in the last despair. In this situation he seemed to invoke the gods, but in vain: he fixed his eyes upon the ground, as if to call up the dæmons of mischief; at length, to my great amazement, he mustered

up his spirits, took a turn or two with wonderful celerity, and leaped through the pannel of a closet door. He fell, it seems, into the coal-hole. After absconding there for a short space of time, he came forth with a sack of coals upon his shoulders, which he emptied in the middle of the room, calling with some earnestness, "*Below.*" He bowed from side to side with profound humility, plainly indicating by his manner that a number of people were passing by. Over the head of one of them he lifted up his sack; and pulled it, with great dexterity, about the poor fellow's ears, and I could perceive that he soon enveloped his whole body. He then placed his sack in the middle of the room, with his prisoner in it, and dancing round in frolick gambol, gave the poor man several smart strokes across the back, which, you may imagine, made him roar most lustily. Amidst this triumph, he directed his eyes sparkling with joy to his bedroom door, and gazed like an Indian at a star. He threw the sack over his shoulder, and marched off as if he laboured under the weight. Having disincumbered himself, he returned in rapture, and drew from the adjoining room a paste-board figure, representing a lovely female form. He was now wild with transport. After many extatic movements, he waved his wooden sabre: the curtains dropt; a table run upon castors with
great

great velocity; he placed a couple of chairs, and sat down with the lady. Though there was not a single dish on the table, he revelled in luxury. I saw him hold up nothing, and dissect a fowl with the skill of an anatomist. He kissed his mistress's hand, filled out the wine, drank her health; fell on his knees, and rose in extacy. The seasons administered to his palate: he eat cherries, and shot away the stones; he sucked his gooseberries, blew up the skins, and with a brisk flap of his hand caused a sudden explosion. After a full display of this manual eloquence, he seemed to enjoy the completion of his wishes: but human felicity is of short duration. He started away from the table, and ran about in agonies of grief, of rage, vexation, and despair, as if suddenly pursued, exploring every passage, hopeless, without a chance of escaping. Having tried every avenue, but in vain, he advanced to the folding doors, where I had in the beginning fixed my station. The opportunity seemed fair to make my appearance, but I no sooner opened the place, than he seized me by the shoulder, and twirling me round with all his strength, sent me reeling into the furthest corner of the room. He, meanwhile, stood at a distance in a fit of laughter, and, with one leg raised and extended, stood pointing at me with contempt, till at length he gave him-
self

self a stroke on the thigh, ran out of the room, and drew the door after him. I was glad to be thus delivered. My troubles I thought were over, when, to my great surprize, he opened a small casement-window, which was over the door of his bed-chamber. From thence stretching forth his neck, and looking me full in the face; he burst into a loud fit of laughter; then producing a squirt, he let fly at me in such a manner, that I was soon pretty well watered from head to foot. The exclamations which I vented upon this occasion, rung such a peal in the gentleman's ears, that he was brought to a recollection of himself. He came down very leisurely from his post, and with a modest air and genteel address, politely asked my pardon, adding, that he was so intent upon his business, he really did not perceive that he was offering indignities to a stranger.

Thinking myself in the hands of a madman, I was willing to acquiesce with his apology, but to satisfy my curiosity, I took the liberty to enquire of him, the nature of his business, and what might be his vocation. "Sir, said he, will you please to be seated? With regard to my business, I am a Pantomime Poet!" "a Pantomime Poet!" "Pray, Sir; what is a Pantomime Poet?" He answered with a smile, "A writer of pantomime,

VOL. VI. E " Sir,

“ Sir. It is a plan to which I have determin’d
 “ to apply myself: it is the only way of succeed-
 “ ing in the present age. I was bred at *Eton*
 “ school; from thence I removed to the Univer-
 “ sity: at both places I laid in a sufficient store of
 “ *Greek* and *Latin*, but always feeling a particu-
 “ lar turn for the Drama, I directed my genius to
 “ Tragedy and Comedy. In each species of writ-
 “ ting I have given the finishing hand to some
 “ pieces, which have received the approbation of
 “ a few gentlemen of known taste, and perfectly
 “ well versed in critical matters. Encouraged by
 “ their opinion I came to town; I waited on the
 “ Managers, and after much painful attendance,
 “ I find it impossible to get any of my perform-
 “ ances exhibited. Mr. *Garrick* has already, like
 “ a provident general, laid his plan of operations
 “ for two years, as he assured me. For the truth
 “ of his assertion, he appealed to his Prompter,
 “ his Carpenter, and several others, whom I did
 “ not know; but they all vouched for him. I went
 “ to the other house: Mr. *Rich* is determin’d to
 “ bring on no new pieces, till we have such a genius
 “ as *Tom D’Urfey*. “ I wish, said he, that we had
 “ such a writer now.” In this situation my pa-
 “ tience is worn out. Being, however, fertile in
 “ expedients, I have resolv’d to cultivate a spe-
 “ cies of the drama, which cannot fail of being
 “ profitable to all parties.”

Here-

Hereupon I broke the thread of his discourse : pray, Sir, are you determined to perform Harlequin yourself? He answered in the negative ; but as it is a rule in writing to place yourself in the situation of the character for which you are to find suitable dialogue, he had judged it not improper to conform to the precept. In order the better to concert the sudden escapes and changes of dress, which have so pleasing an effect in this kind of poetry, he was practising over every striking attitude, and every unexpected situation, that he might the better form an opinion of the plot, and the several incidents of the marvellous, which he had found it necessary to introduce. He proceeded to inform me, that he purposed calling his first piece HARLEQUIN TRIUMPHANT, or POETRY IN THE SUDS. In this performance the whole race of authors are to be exposed to the derision of the public. Harlequin is to crack a very great number of facetious jokes upon their shoulders with his wooden sword. A poet is to be placed at a table with a beef-stake laid before him, to his inexpressible joy, when in an instant, by some curious stroke of art, the solid substance is to be changed into a modern tragedy, and *Calvert's Entire Bait* wasted away from his longing eyes. The Bard after this is to be slucked in a well, and then tossed dry in a blanket, while Mo-

ther *Dulness* enjoys the sprightly vein of mirth, happy to see her orders faithfully executed. In short, the unhappy Poet is to undergo every indignity that human wit can invent : in contrast to this, Harlequin is to riot in luxury ; the spring is to pour forth her freshest verdure to charm his eye, summer to ripen the various fruits upon the loaded boughs ; autumn to administer the circling glass, and winter to expand the frozen surface of the waters, that he may skate with dignity, in sight of the astonished audience.

Though this plan appeared highly romantic, I could not help telling the gentleman, that I made no doubt but he would find his account in it. I added, that the sure way to rise in the world was by gratifying the follies of the people. I hinted, that if he could contrive to be less violent in his studies, I should take it as a particular favour, and after assuring him of my sincere wishes for the encouragement of his project, I took my leave. Ever since this interview, I have been tolerably quiet, not hearing more than two or three alarms in a day, which must be now and then expected from so vigorous and warm an imagination.

N U M B E R L I X.

Saturday, Dec. 1, 1753.

————— *Pictis bellantur Amazones armis.*

VIRG.

I Paid a visit, a few days since, to a lady, for whom I always entertained the highest esteem. Besides the many good and amiable qualities, that adorn her character, she possesses, in a supreme degree, that easy turn of conversation, that can interest even in trifles, and soften the austerity of knowledge, by giving it a familiar air, and making her deepest remarks slide into her discourse, as if they found their way by accident, the careless escapes of an enlightened mind, not ushered in, by design, for the vanity of talking sentences, or the ambition of shining.

Mrs. *Mellefont* (for that is her name) was never known to have the smallest propensity to scandal. She knows what is doing in the gay world, but does not chuse to be a retailer of anecdotes. The important knowledge of who and who were together at the masquerade; who were seen to interchange amorous glances at the theatre, and who has had an ill run at play,

with many articles of the same kind that swell the scandalous chronicle, she is obliged to hear, but she hears all with an air, that shews her unaffectedly concerned for the misfortunes of her acquaintance, and the folly of prevailing fashions. Subjects of this nature are never long kept up in her company. Malice, indeed, loves to dwell upon certain topicks, and, as a French writer expresses it, finds a ragout in detraction: but Mrs. *Mellefont* has the art of disappointing malice, without giving offence: in a manner peculiar to herself, she shifts the conversation, and that so imperceptibly, that the attention of all is soon transferred to another object. Politeness, affability, and good-nature are her characteristic perfections. She is ready to allow wit and beauty in others, as well as her own daughters; though, in my opinion, it is a rare thing to see them equalled by any of their sex. The two young ladies are tall and graceful; elegant in shape, and delicate in their features; extremely like each other in the turn of the face, and still each of them forming, if I may be allowed to use the phrase, a different school of beauty.

Harriet has the start of her sister by near two years. She is about nineteen, of course more formed, and approaching nearer to woman than

Char-

Charlotte. She is now in the highest bloom, but frankly says she dreads the total eclipse, which her beauty must suffer very shortly, when all the charms, which are at present budding forth in the person of *Charlotte*, have attained their full perfection. Though *Harriet* is sensible of this, she yet perceives it without any proneness to envy. On the contrary she rallies herself with great vivacity, and will fairly own that she is upon the look-out for a man for herself, before *Charlotte* becomes so mischievous a beauty, as to engross the attention of every beholder, and then, says she "I shall lose all my admirers: I am, therefore, resolved to get married out of the way."

At present she takes the lead in conversation, and though she does not copy her mother's manner, she shews, however, that she has benefited by so bright a model. At times she is the liveliest rattle in the world, but in her wildest sallies there is so sweet a delicacy, that I am convinced her good sense will lead her, when she resigns her person, to imitate the gentleness and mild affection of her sister. *Charlotte* does not aspire to be so fierce a beauty as *Harriet*. To be mistress of willing hearts is her ambition. She does not endeavour to kindle her eyes into that glare

of fire, for which many others are remarkable, but unambitiously she lets them shine in their own native mildness: if she captivates every heart, it is without any premeditated design. In short, the difference between these two young ladies is this; *Charlotte's* charms have a constant emanation; *Harriet's* are in perpetual exertion.

I spent an hour in the most agreeable manner with this family, when, *Harriet*, in her giddy manner, gave a new turn to the conversation, by asking me, " Pray, can you tell me about *Macklin's* new scheme? he has left the stage, they say; what is the man about?" Not being sufficiently in the secret, the sum of my answer was, that he has built two magnificent rooms, and intends to furnish them in an elegant manner; the apartment on the ground-floor to be a public coffee-room, and the other for the reception of such gentlemen as are ready to stake, or, as the case may be, to seek their fortunes at play: and thus the company and their landlord will be all adventurers; but the latter, I feared, would share the common fate of projectors.

" Well, I vow and protest, says *Harriet*, it's a vexatious thing to see how these men are always contriving places for their own accommodation. Nobody thinks for us women. The
" odious.

“ odious things are always herding with one an-
 “ other, and the ladies are sequestered, and left to
 “ themselves. Does not one hear the men eter-
 “ nally saying with an air of indifference, Ma’am
 “ I must go to the coffee-house, and so they faun-
 “ ter away with that janty careless air, that never
 “ fails to provoke me? Well, I wish the women
 “ would agree to have a coffee-house of their
 “ own; it would be the sweetest revenge. I
 “ would have it an exclusive club; no man to be
 “ admitted. I don’t know what to say as to hus-
 “ bands; but they will not desire admittance.
 “ And as to lovers, what should be done? Posi-
 “ tively exclude them: the men will be so
 “ humbled, and will so beg and pray: it will do
 “ charmingly; don’t you think so, sister? It
 “ will so tantalize the creatures, to see us going
 “ into a place where none of them can gain ad-
 “ mittance. They will be proud to wait at the
 “ door to hand us to our chairs; and it would be
 “ such a pleasure to meet one’s acquaintance
 “ without going constantly in a formal dress to
 “ routs and drums. Mr. *Ranger*, you must give
 “ us an helping hand; give us an essay upon it,
 “ you wild devil.” With this she tapped me on
 the shoulder, in her lively manner, and insisted
 with all the rhetoric of a beautiful romp, that I
 should propose her scheme to the public.

The

The idea of a lady's club seemed, at the first view, to be attended with insuperable objections. The men, in my opinion, are not gainers by the number of coffee-houses always open for their reception. To people of business, who have bargains to drive, and the course of exchange to settle, such places may be of use; but at the St. James's end of the town, I am sure it is otherwise. Take a view throughout the city of *Westminster*, and how are the coffee-houses filled? With bucks, bloods, rakes, and others of the like description. From their manners you can acquire nothing, except a swagger in the gait, a drunken totter, a noisy riotous deportment, a volley of oaths, and a total breach of all decorum. The loungers form another, and, perhaps, the most numerous class. Of these what swarms abound in every quarter of the town? And what a melancholy spectacle do they exhibit? We see them weary of themselves, oppressed with langour, listless for want of something to do, and sinking even under the load of nothing. Their minds are in a state of stagnation; and not a breeze brushes over the pool, to give it motion. They look at a newspaper for want of thought, and they lay it down with equal insensibility. Were an idea to penetrate their heads, they would wonder what is the matter with them. They count the clock, and never

never reflect that the hours are passing away, which will be hereafter imputed to them. A life like this can hardly be said to "rise above vegetation." It is of such men that *Seneca* has said, They die before they begin to live; and *Sallust* emphatically tells us, that their life and death are of equal moment; for men are silent about both.

For this whole tribe of useless beings, whom true poetry has lately called, "The insolvent tenants of incumber'd space," we are indebted to those receptacles, called coffee-houses. The bold and forward have no other place to figure in. It is there that the old and peevish neglect their family affairs for the good of their country. They follow *Shakespeare's* precept, "Get thee glass eyes," and, like a scurvy politician, see things that are "not." * It is there that the gamester passes his time from six in the evening till seven the next morning, wearing himself out in the service of the four Kings of those mighty empires, SPADES, CLUBS, HEARTS, and DIAMONDS. I have lately visited some of these temples of fortune. At the *Crown* coffee-house in *Bedford-row*, I saw faces of care and anxiety. The deepest silence prevailed, at times, however, disturbed by a rich old gentleman, who seemed, by some right, which I did not understand, to insult the rest of the company. His phraseology resembled *Swift's* Polite Conversation.

If he made a bett, "Here, says he, *I have a guinea that my wife knows nothing of.*" If he played a rubber, he had his vulgarisms for every turn of the game: upon the loss of a trick, "Oh! my G-d, quoth *Nanny Sayer*, what a whore am I!" If he won the trick, "You, Mr. *Quibus*; Nominativo, *Quibus*, Quobus, Quodbus, and so forth." This was thought humour, and the company looked as if they were passing a pleasant evening. I adjourned to *Slaughter's* in *St. Martin's* lane, and there sat down to observe the stratagems of the game of chess. The players, however, soon broke off in a violent quarrel. *Monfieur D'Onion* happened to approve of the struggle made by the Parliament of Paris against the arbitrary measures of the Clergy: "Parbleu! said he, de *Huguenots* may be restore: if I see dat day, I die wid pleasure; for I have sacrifice my estate of five hundred livre, de rent, for my religion." *Monfieur D'Echalotte* (the opposite party) took him up shortly: "Monfieur *D'Onion*, sat right have you to make de man of consequence? My father give up his estate, *avec droit de chasse.*" "But, said *Monfieur D'Onion*, "my estate was better:" "Dat may be, replied *D'Echalotte*, but not *avec droit de chasse.*" The dispute grew violent, and this asylum of refugees was soon in such commotion, that I was glad to retire.

I have

I have since reflected upon the nature of coffee-houses, and not being able to perceive any advantages arising to the men, who frequent them, I tremble for the consequences that may follow, should a rendezvous of the same kind be established for the ladies. The graces of the sex, I fear, will be laid aside. The town will swarm with pretty libertines, and masculine beauties. What should we say of a memorandum-book at the bar, containing messages in the following stile?

“ Lady *Last-stakes* came according to appointment to meet Lady *Betty Modish*; is gone to hear *Shuter* give the *London Cries*; will be here again after the play, when she will be glad to have a party of *piquet* with Lady *Betty*, and spend the remainder of the evening.”

“ Miss *Madcap* called here about six o'clock, in hopes of seeing Miss *Limber-tongue*; is gone to consult Mrs. *Sermon* in *Naked-boy alley*, after which she intends to see *Harlequin Ranger*, and will call here again. Begs Miss *Limber-tongue* will leave word where she may be heard of.”

“ Miss *Tattleaid* begs to see Miss *Graveairs*; has a million of things to say to her, and particularly something she heard last night at Lady *Hurlyburly's*.”

Such

Such proceedings threaten a revolution of the manners, in its nature violent, but, perhaps, of short duration. I remember a *Greek* comedy, in which the men, with common consent, abandon their town, and leave it to a republic of women: but they soon return and besiege the place. A female club, from which the men are excluded, may have the same effect. The state of separation will, probably, be found intolerable, and both sexes may be brought together upon proper terms. I am therefore willing to try the experiment, and for that purpose have drawn the following regulations.

Rules for the Female Club.

1. That each lady pay one shilling at the bar, whether she drink tea, coffee, chocolate, capillaire, citron-water, or ratifia.
2. That Actresses may be admitted, to the end that the ladies may learn the secrets of the Green-room, and thereby become as good critics as the men.
3. That no lady shall, upon any account, be suffered to brag of her amours, that infamous practice being thought fit for the men only.
4. If any lady's cap, ruffles, or lace should be torn in a quarrel, the first assailant shall pay to the injured party the milliner's bill.

5. If

5. If any lady is discovered with a pair-royal of aces in her pocket, she shall be expelled the club, with as much strictness as if it had happened at *White's*.
6. If any husband should send in for his wife, he shall be obliged to prove that he endeavours to make home agreeable, and in default thereof, his message shall be treated with contempt.
7. Should any young lady, who is thought handsome, offer herself to be chosen into the club by ballot, a single white ball shall be sufficient, it being improbable that a real beauty can obtain that favour from more than one of her sex.
8. If any lady's husband makes it his custom to stay out all night, the wife shall be at liberty to do the same, and what the husband says to the contrary shall be null and void.



NUMBER LX.

Saturday, Dec. 8, 1753.

Mendici, mimi, balatrones, hoc genus omne.

HOR.

To the AUTHOR.

SIR,

IT is the observation of *Congreve*, that, wherever Wit is, it is always contriving its own ruin. Of this truth there are in the world a number of melancholy instances. If we search for the cause, the solution will not be attended with much difficulty.

To succeed in life is generally the effect of prudence, or to express myself with more precision, of moderate passions, and a sedateness of mind, that can pursue, with steadiness, what it conceives to be good, and avoid what has the appearance of evil. To this end it is enough to feel the influence of one single passion; the rest cannot be held too much in subjection. Let the desire of private advantage, or self-interest prevail; let the love of lucre be a keen and active principle; and if the mind in every other respect is lulled in apathy,

the

the person so formed by nature will find at the foot of the account a considerable ballance in his favour. His progress may be slow; but at the long run will be sure. Genius is not required in the ordinary track of business: on the contrary, a comfortable share of dulness is most likely to thrive. With the man of lively parts the case is different: he talks and reasons from the perceptions of his understanding, but acts with the violence of his passions. The man of prudence is often purblind: he sees but a little way before him; and, for fear of stumbling, walks with timidity. Genius has more extensive views, a greater variety of objects, and a larger horizon. It looks abroad from an eminence; surveys the distant scene, and never thinks of the tangling weeds that lie beneath, to obstruct the way. Add to this, the chief, and, too often, the only interest of genius, is applause, not the accumulation of wealth. The man, who has quickness and vigour of mind, is amply paid if you admire him; and admiration is so cheap a recompense, that blockheads are ever ready to part with it. Gentle dullness loves a joke, and wit aims at nothing more, content with the laughter it excites. The object of the man of business is to chase away his cares, and he, who has talents to divert his company, thinks the loudest laughter his

VOL. VI. F sincerest

sincerest friend: but, unhappily, there is not a word, in the compass of the English language, more grossly abused than the term Friendship. As matters are now managed, it means no more, than that men eat together, game together; are grave and merry, drunk and sober together, without taking an interest in each others affairs, or feeling a concern for their mutual happiness. I believe every day's experience will point out numbers, who are the dupes of convivial mirth, and fancy that they have friends, when in fact they have only bottle-companions. In the course of my observation I have marked a particular character, that falls more egregiously into this error, than the rest of mankind. The character I mean is that of THE COMICAL FELLOW, OF THE AGREEABLE DEVIL, OF THE MAN OF HUMOUR, OF THE GENIUS, or by whatever name, (for many names will suit him) you may please to distinguish the person, whom a cheerful flow of spirits, and a quick circulation of ideas, conspire to render an entertaining companion.

The COMICAL FELLOW, is in high request among all his acquaintance: different parties at the *Shakespeare*, the *Bedford-Arms*, the *King's Arms*, and other places, are vying with each other to have him the master of the joke. He is without doubt
the

the fittest creature in the world to kill an hour with, the merry droll has such a variety of chat, and such a deal of humour in telling a story. But while the Son of Gaiety is happy in the careffes of all, this secret misfortune attends him; he has not any where procured the least degree of esteem, because it is too well known that he has not a single virtue under the sun. He would at any time, according to the common saying, rather lose his friend than his joke. No obligation can bind him; he lashes all alike, for ever upon the look out for some incident, which, by a perversion of circumstances, or by a few touches of mimickry; or by some other adventitious aid, may be worked up into a story for the entertainment of the next company he goes into. On this account THE AGREEABLE DEVIL is held in contempt; but the vivacity of his imagination will not afford him leisure to think; his vanity is gratified by the applause he meets with, while his finances run to waste in the company of men, who have nothing in view, but to brighten the mist, that rises from the cares and the business of life.

I will venture to affirm, that few evils are more epidemic, than this rage of being an HIGH FELLOW. Of the many bankruptcies, which fill the columns of the *Gazette*, few are so much owing to

losses in trade, as to the pitiful ambition of discovering a vein of humour. When once the sober Cit becomes the ringleader in wit and frolick festivity; when once he has learned to *elevate and surprize*, his shop assumes a gloomy aspect, and book-keeping is a dull employment, unfit for men of finer sensations. Accordingly the man of business exchanges his Ledger for *Joe Miller*: in pursuit of mirth he flies to the tavern, where he cracks his joke, and thrice he enjoys the laugh, and thrice repeats the pun. In a little time, his name is inserted in the *Gazette*: his former companions shake their heads: "He was a wag, a merry man; a COMICAL FELLOW; but business is a serious thing."

Poor *Jack Spatter*! he is at present the most remarkable of all THE AGREEABLE DEVILS I have ever known. *Jack* does not want a share of native humour: he dresses up a story at second-hand with such additional touches, that a man is frequently as much entertained as if he had not heard it before, or had not himself told it to the merry droll the preceding day. For it is often the diverting rogue's trick unwittingly to fasten with *something high* upon the very person, who at first supplied him with the subject. And then THE GENIUS is such a mimick! nothing can escape him. A Cat, a Dog, a Monkey, a Manager, a

Buxletta

Burletta Girl, a *Woodward*, a *Garrick*, all must undergo the touches of his humorous imitation, and mean while, the company, whores, waiters and all, do so laugh, and so shake their sides, that life is quite flat and insipid without *Jack Spatter*. But in this world, where, as *Moliere* says, *on donne rien pour rien*, where every thing must be paid for, it cannot but prove very expensive to be thus aspiring in company; and the vanity of *Spatter* extends to expence, as well as wit and humour. How many shifts have I known him make, that he might display his vivacity at the tavern! A turtle-feast was sometime since fixed at the *King's Arms* in *Cornhill*, and *Spatter* was invited to make one. "A turtle-feast," says *Jack*, "very well! it can't be better: citizens laugh heartily when their bellies are full. I'll certainly go: but how to pay my reckoning! There's *Title-page*, the bookseller; he likes a touch of my humour. He'll tip me two guineas for an epilogue: I'll write one for him: let me see what's here? *Dryden's Miscellany*! I'll transcribe one from this."—No sooner said than done, for *Jack* has quick parts, and away he sets out towards *Fleet-street*. He meets his friend *Humdrum* at *Temple-bar*; reads the piece to him, to shew what a COMICAL DEVIL he is; *Humdrum* admires it; *Jack* forgets that he stole it, and admires it more; touches

two guineas from *Title-page*, and who but he at the turtle-feast? A *masquerade* requires somewhat a larger capital. He writes a pamphlet from stale materials, and receives five guineas. A jant to *Tunbridge*, in the summer season, with some lovers of wit and humour, could not but be agreeable to Mr. *Spatter*: he sits down and writes a farce; and because *Fielding's Coffee-house Politician* is not very likely to be acted again on either of our stages, what does the merry wag do, but he takes the character, gives it a new name, makes a little alteration in the scene, where the *Politician* reads the newspapers, and instantly *Genial Jacob*, and a warm third day, equip the GENIUS for *Tunbridge*. Thus is the HIGH FELLOW, the AIMABLE FRIPON, perpetually spending the income of his brain, and torturing his invention in endeavours to live with those, who have fortunes to supply their expences, and do not entertain the least sentiment of friendship for their merry companion. They court him for his humour, but, in serious matters, they never consult him, aware of his indiscretion: to their friendship they never receive him, for they know his treachery. What will become of him, when he has played all his tricks, and when his stories are worn threadbare, I tremble to think, and, as if his misfortunes were now present, I cannot help crying out, "Alas, poor
" *Yorick!*

“ *Yorick!* I knew him, a fellow of infinite jest:
 “ where be your gibes now? Your flashes of
 “ merriment, that were wont to set the table on a
 “ roar? Quite chop-fallen!”

My fancy has pictured this scene of distress so strongly, that I wish some means could be devised to avert the impending evil. An ingenious gentleman, whom I have the pleasure of knowing, proposed some time since a scheme for an HOSPITAL FOR DECAYED POETS. Suppose, in imitation of this laudable design, an hospital were to be raised for DECAYED COMICAL FELLOWS. I cannot but think the plan deserves encouragement. For my own part, I am willing to give the profits of this paper towards carrying it into execution. Mr. *Garrick* and Mr. *Rich* will, I dare say, contribute on their parts an annual benefit towards so useful a charity, the objects of which may be admitted as follows.

“ It being certified to us, that the bearer, *A. B.*
 “ was an AGREEABLE DEVIL, and entirely ruined
 “ himself by endeavouring to keep company with
 “ men of fortune, who countenanced him merely
 “ as their jester, you are hereby directed to admit
 “ the said unhappy pleasant creature into the hos-
 “ pital for DECAYED COMICAL FELLOWS, *London.*

Signed by two Directors.”

Should this proposal take effect, I shall rejoice at being instrumental in the redemption of so many diverting creatures from utter misery. It would be melancholy to reflect that he, who often enlivened even the sprightly *Champaign*, might become miserably witty in an alehouse, or be a joking *boot-catcher* at an inn, and tell your honour a story, while he is divesting your legs of their leathern incumbrance. I shall therefore hope that all true lovers of humour will promote a scheme, calculated to prevent the distress of those, who ruin themselves to divert their company.

I am, Sir, your constant reader,

CRITO,



NUMBER

N U M B E R, LXI.

Saturday, Dec. 15, 1753.

————— *Utinam remeare liceret*
Ad veteres fines, et mania pauperis Anci.

CLAUD.

To the A U T H O R.

S I R,

I Cannot agree with you, or your correspondent (who on the tenth of last month thought proper to second your argument) in the position, which you have both laid down, in favour of modern times, as I conceive, to the disadvantage of the ancients, and no less injurious to the interests of truth and virtue. Your hypothesis, in my opinion, remains unsupported by either facts or reason.

Notwithstanding that air of gravity, which runs through both your performances, I must take the liberty to suppose, that under the mask of irony you have concealed an opinion diametrically opposite to what you have advanced. For a system so wild and chimerical there is no other way of accounting. And even upon this supposition I cannot think you justifiable. There is a passage
in

in the account given by *Tacitus* of the ancient German manners, which might have occurred to you; and if it had, a little reflection would have taught you to treat so important a subject in a very different manner. *Nemo illic vitia ridet*, says the great Roman historian, *nec corrumpere et corrumpi seculum vocatur*. Vice, it seems, in those uncivilized regions excited indignation. The levity, that considers it as a subject of mirth and raillery, was not as yet in fashion. To laugh at that, which calls for efficacious remedy, is mere quackery in morals; and, like all physical quackery, leaves the disease untouched, or, perhaps, more inveterate than ever. It may be said that taxes and game-laws have so engrossed the legislature for a series of years, that there has been little leisure to counteract vice, and reform the manners. If that be so, it is the crisis of national depravity. When a people, says *Livy*, can neither bear their vices, nor the application of adequate remedies, they are upon the verge of ruin. It is the duty of a moral writer not to compound with vice for the sake of wit or idle merriment. For my own part, your whole account of modern times appeared to me no better than wilful misrepresentation, and I went immediately to see the reverse of the medal. That was near at hand. I found it in *Gulliver's Voyage to Brobdingnag*, where the Emperor, after hearing a smooth

a smooth apologist for the manners of this country, pronounces our history to be no better than a heap of conspiracies, rebellions, murders, massacres, revolutions, banishments, the very worst effects, that avarice, faction, hypocrisy, perfidiousness, cruelty, rage, madness, envy, lust, and malice, and ambition, could produce.

I could not help saying to myself, Here is a writer, who deals in bold truth, and holds up to the world its own form and image. I then turned to the comparative view of a *Roman* and a modern senate. It made too deep an impression. I felt for my country, and with great anxiety of mind went to rest, when I had the following vision, proceeding, as I suppose, from the agitation of my spirits.

I thought I was embarked on a voyage round the world, but with what view I am not certain. It was either to find the longitude, a new mineral, or a slipper of the bark of a tree for the Royal Society. Being in the great Pacific Ocean, we were thrown, in the night-time, by distress of weather, upon an island unknown to the ship's crew. While they were, next morning, all hands at work to get off the ship, I adventured up the country. I had not journeyed far, when I perceived that I was among the people of *Brobdingnag*. As they had

had before seen one of my species, I was freed from the disagreeable circumstance of being stared at, and shewed about, in the manner we do a tall man or a short woman in *England*. I was conducted without delay to the office of the Minister of State, and soon after to the Emperor's presence. As I entered the room, he burst into a fit of laughter, which made me think of myself with great contempt. His Majesty sent for an interpreter, and, on his arrival, placing me on a table, began to question me concerning the state of *Europe*, and that of *Great Britain* in particular. He asked me whether the same vices were still in fashion among us, more especially whether that list of enormities, which *Gulliver* had mentioned to him, still continued in practice; such as *robbing, stealing, cheating, pimping, forswearing, flattering, suborning, forging, gaming, lying, fauning, bestowing, voting, scribbling, star-gazing, poisoning, whoring, canting, libelling, free-thinking*, and the like. I told him they flourished with as much, if not more vigour, than ever, and that two of them, *gaming* and *libelling*, encreased and gathered strength every day; that there are several in the metropolis of *Great Britain* who professedly live by them, and had no other means of subsistence. To carry on gaming with alacrity, I mentioned several societies, that meet with a design upon one another's pockets.

pockets. I took great pains to give some idea of the games in vogue. I added, that the hours ordained by nature for repose, are spent in painful vigils, and with an industry, that seems to aim at nothing less than the ruin of health, reputation, and fortune. I stated the pernicious consequences, that attend the habit of gaming, and in particular mentioned it as the cause of frequent SUICIDE. His Majesty desired me not to tell him a lie. Nature, said he, shrinks back from destruction, and that any man shall voluntarily rush upon it, is altogether incredible. I assured him of the fact, and describing a pistol as well as I could, observed, that the horrid deed is generally performed by a brace of bullets discharged at some part of the head by the force of that powder, which *Gulliver* had mentioned to him. The Emperor here fetched a groan, that sounded in my ears like thunder. I could not dissemble, that the ladies are as much addicted to play as the men, divesting themselves as fast as possible of all the natural affections, and those amiable qualities, that constitute the peculiar ornament of the sex.

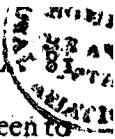
Of LIBELLING the account I gave was without reserve, but in nothing exaggerated. I took notice of what is called the liberty of the press, being, in fact, no more than a right of doing that, without a licence, for which we are afterwards accountable,

countable, if the act be immoral, or of a tendency to public or private mischief. Men, in this respect, as in many others, are left free agents; but their conduct is imputable to them. The printers of newspapers understand it differently. The liberty of doing, what is blameless, they conceive to be a right to do, what is wrong. The materials of truth afford but a scanty supply; not sufficient to furnish one column of a paper. For the rest, invention must be tortured, and when that faculty is once let loose, every quarter of the globe is laid under contribution. But to commit ravages in every place, without mercy, requires a number of hands. For this purpose, the printer retains in his pay a set of scribblers, who in their garrets write letters from foreign parts, and prowls about at home, seeking whom they can devour. Hence ensues a general massacre of characters. Nor rank, nor merit, nor sex, nor age is spared. The persons employed in this destructive work, ought to be at the plough or the anvil. He is often seen mending a pen, who might be useful in making Whitechapel needles. The wages of defamation are better than the King's pay, and for that reason government is often in want of soldiers, while the town abounds with critics without a tincture of learning. The art, by which these men succeed in their vocation, is attended with
little

little difficulty : they know that envy and hatred, malice and treachery are interwoven in the constitution of the human mind, and he who best can gratify those malignant passions, is sure of the greatest number of customers. The coarsest stile answers the purpose. To convince the Emperor of this truth, I took out of my pocket one of our daily papers, and at the same time happened to drop another printed sheet, which I endeavoured to recover in great haste and some confusion. A few articles of news abundantly satisfied the Emperor's curiosity. He then desired to know the contents of the paper, which I had dropt by accident. This was Mr. *Pond's* list of the several horses, that had run at a *Newmarket* meeting. His Majesty laughed heartily at the whimsicalness of the conceit, but wondered that Mr. *Pond* would say the thing, which was not. I assured him of the truth of the account, and added, however incredible it might appear, that boys, who sweat themselves down to a certain weight, ride at the full stretch of their horses speed, to decide wagers for the nobility and gentry; and that the most eminent peers of the realm frequently ride their own matches in the face of the world, making no better appearance than common jockies and grooms. To be a spectacle to the people, upon these occasions, is no disgrace to the

the

the proudest lord in the kingdom. I could not help adding, that on the approach of a race-week, I have known the most important business of the nation suspended, that the ministers might have an opportunity of shewing how capable they are, if rightly employed, of being most excellent post-boys. As I uttered these words; I perceived upon his Majesty's countenance a smile expressive of the most mixed sensation I ever beheld. Contempt, indignation, and ridicule were blended together in proportions, that played alternately, and sometimes with their united force, upon every feature of his face. After a pause, he asked me whether ministers of state were not often chosen from the body of the nobility, and whether any care was taken of the education of such persons since he had conversed with Captain *Gulliver*? I told his Majesty, that no form of education was held necessary: to qualify a nobleman for the first offices, it is sufficient, that by the splendor of his living, by the boroughs under his influence, and the number of his cooks, he can keep a great many adherents and dependants in his train; that in his younger days he called himself a Whig, headed mobs, and burnt the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender; that he has learned to promise, and to break his promise with dexterity; and that he knows in apt time how to give a few yards of blue



blue ribbon to one, of red to another, and green to a third. These are the qualifications of a minister, and with these he may keep his place, when age has impaired his faculties, governing by jobs at home, sending blockheads to preside in colonies abroad, advancing broken gamblers to preferment, securing majorities to vote away the national money, and from such expedients assuming the name of a statesman.

The Emperor paused for a short time, and then put several questions, which I answered without disguise. Of parliaments, their elections, and their conduct, I could say nothing that varied from Captain *Gulliver's* account. That *trick* and *chicane* were banished from our courts of law, was more than I could pretend; nor could I venture to assert that the rights of men were always determined upon the real merits. I confessed that for want of a single word, and sometimes a single letter in an indictment, the worst malefactors escaped; and of those, that were convicted of fraud and perjury, many were sent to foreign provinces, in order to sow, in places too remote from authority, the seeds of treachery and future mischief. Our religious sectaries, I was obliged to admit, continue to live in mutual animosity, their faces decked with smiles, and their hearts envenomed against each other.

In praise of our philosophers nothing could be urged. I mentioned some, that affected to believe the Existence of a God, and the Immortality of the Soul, yet hanged or shot themselves: others, who denied both those important articles, relying for their virtue upon the pride and dignity of human nature, and by their actions proving, that self-interest, where there is no sense of obligation, will be always found a motive too prevailing.

I explained the nature of BROKERS and CONTRACTORS, and enlarged upon several other topics. The history of divorces took up much time: but the Emperor was now out of humour, as he said, with such a catalogue of vices. By a person, who entered the room, we were informed that the ship, in which I came, was got off the rocks, and ready for sea. In compliance with my request his Majesty permitted me to return, with much condescension wishing me a good voyage, and adding with some spleen, "*My little friend, as I formerly said to Captain Gulliver, your coun-trymen are the most pernicious race of little odious vermin, that ever crawled upon the face of the earth.*"

I was glad to revisit my companions. We set sail with a favourable wind, and meeting but few
 acci

accidents on our voyage, we came in a short time safe to anchor in the Downs. In this manner I closed the adventures of a night, not without reflecting, as soon as I waked, that the superiority of the moderns over ancient virtue, is the extravagance of paradox.



Saturday, Dec. 22, 1753.

— *Nil dulcius est bene quam munita tenere
Edita doctrinâ sapientum templa serena.*

LUCRET.

IN a former paper I took occasion to make my readers acquainted with that celebrated academy, called the ROBIN HOOD SOCIETY. I am pleased to find that the arts and sciences flourish in this learned seminary, and that moral, as well as natural philosophy, continues to make the most rapid advances. I attended the debates of the initiated on Monday last, and perceived, with inward satisfaction, that the seat of rational enquiry, *de quolibet ente*, of metaphysics, *occult qualities*, and *substantial forms*, is now fixed in BUTCHER-Row. In imitation of *Spratt's* history of the Royal Society, I have some thoughts of collecting together the annals of this respectable assembly, the members of which have nothing so much at heart, as the discovery of truth. Sir *Francis Bacon's* noble project for the advancement of learning, together with the *Novum Organum* of that COLUMBUS in literature, may now be laid aside, consigned for ever to the libraries of the curious. The *Academy*

Demus of SOCRATES, and the *Lyceum* of ARISTOTLE, are wholly eclipsed by this modern institution. All degrees and ranks of men crowd to this place. The love of knowledge has pervaded every breast, insomuch that wisdom scorns all distinction of persons, and we may now hear an unshod shoemaker rejudge the works of creation; a taylor, out at elbows, demonstrate that *a remnant of all shall be saved*; an attorney, who has lost his INSTRUCTOR CLERICALIS, bring *a writ of error* against revelation; a *Philomath* from ABERDEEN set forth the danger of lawn sleeves to both church and state; and a cobbler solve a knotty point, and settle the most abstruse speculation. It is here that the moral government of the universe is called in question, and the fitness of things, and the eternal rule of right, are either established or refuted, according to the different genius, the tempers, and complexions of the several disputants. In the course of their academical exercises, the students are frequently observed to make such vigorous application to certain pewter pots lying before them, and to draw from thence such copious draughts, that it is by many imagined to be at last discovered, that the ancients were mistaken, when they supposed TRUTH to be in the bottom of a well; this coy and retired goddess, in the opinion of the *Robin Hood Society*, being to be found at present

in the bottom of a *pot of porter*. Certain it is, the noble system of free-thinking is here displayed in its genuine lustre. The deistical writers, and the minute philosophers of every denomination, are in great vogue with the members of the academy, *Hobbs, Chubb, Mandeville, and Spinoza*, are in current reputation. The preachers of *Boyle's* lecture, with *Locke, Berkley*, and others of that stamp, are in no degree of credit. At the last meeting of this learned body I heard, with astonishment, the most profound points treated by the professors with an air of conviction, that shewed how familiar the several professors were with the deepest secrets of nature. They called to my mind the philosophical disputes described by *Milton* :

*Others apart sat on a hill retir'd
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of Providence, Fore-Knowledge, Will, and Fate,
Fix'd Fate, Free Will, Fore-Knowledge absolute,
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.*

But this will appear more fully from the following debate, with which I shall fill up the remainder of this day's paper.

Robin Hood Society, Dec. 17, 1753.

At six this evening the members began to assemble. They spent their time in various modes
of

of contemplation, such as sleeping, dozing, snoring, whistling, drinking, and yawning, till seven, when the President made his public entry, through a lane of Under-Graduates. Having taken possession of his chair, he began with a clear and audible voice—" Silence, gentlemen—Pray, gentlemen, be silent—Gentlemen, here are two questions to be read to you for your approbation, before they can be inserted in our book of *Free Enquiry*."

Whether English quartern loaves are not better than French bread? Signed *Antigallicus*.

" You that are for its being a question, hold up your hands—(*hands up*)—You that are against it, hold up yours (*hands up*) The majority is for it. The other question is,

Whether religion is consistent with the genius of a trading nation? Signed, *Lovegold*.

" You that are for it, hold up your hands (*all up*) it must be a question."

First Member. What do you throw down the porter for?

Second Member. It was only an accident.

First Member. An accident! I have it all in my shoes.

President. Pray, gentlemen, be silent: pray, gentlemen, don't laugh. Are all the gentlemen served with *porter*?—Gentlemen, the first question is, *Whether there is in the natural or moral world such a thing as evil, and if there be, what is the origin of evil?* Signed, *Manly*.

Is Mr. *Manly* here? If he is, I wish he would answer.

Manly. Sir, the question is mine, and my reason for proposing it is, because I am afflicted with the gout, the stone, the gravel, and a complication of disorders. I want to know, as I was always an enemy to French claret, why I suffer so much physical evil? and having lent fifty pounds to an ungrateful fellow, who has made off with my money, why moral evil has been allowed to take place in the world? and whether it would not shew a more just and benevolent disposition of matters and things, if I was free from the gout, and my money paid back, as of right and justice it ought?

President. Do you chuse to speak, Sir?—Do you?—You?—Does any gentleman in this row chuse to give his thoughts?

William Crosslegs. (*a taylor without buttons to his coat*) It has long been my opinion that things are all going wrong. The cause is not so very remote, but he that will look, may see it. From
the

the introduction of Italian operas we may date the whole of the mischief. I am an enemy to all modern harmony. I believe in a *pre-established harmony*, and the case of the *pre-Adamites* may be proved to a demonstration. And the gentleman who preached last Sunday at the Tabernacle—

President. Time, sir: your sand is run out. Do you chuse, sir?

Timothy Meek. (*a cabinet-maker, with a wife and seven children starving*) When I think, Mr. President, of those horrible times, when persecution was carried on in the bowels of the land; I cannot come down so low as the gentleman who spoke last. Operas, to be sure, may be accounted among the evils, that add to the grievances of the public. No man is more ready to declare against those unnatural shews, contrived, for the most part, by people ignorant of every principle of composition. They know nothing of *counterpoint*. Now counterpoint is the art of placing different notes, so that they may sound together in true harmonic order. Musick, Sir, consists of melody and harmony: but melody is the regular progression of a single part, and harmony, is the union, the full accord of different parts. And so much, Sir, for Italian operas. But when I think of faggots lighted up in Smithfield, of fires blazing, and men, women, and children consumed in the flames,

I say,

I say, Sir, when I think of this barbarous tragedy, am I to waste a thought upon Italian operas? I have read in *Eachard's* history—

President. Time, Sir.

Isaac Instep (a shoemaker, whose customers are all leaving him, because they can get no work out of his hands) I have considered the question, Mr. *President*, for this week past, as well as my friend who spoke last, and I fancy's I have come at the very *Soal* of it, and I'll now lay my *All* before ye, and, as a body may say, you'll find I have taken the right measure of the subject. The tanners, Sir, do the whole mischief, and if the tricks played by them in the articles of bark, and—

President. Mr. *Profound*, do you chuse to speak?

Mr. Profound. Sir, I have a motion to make.

A Member. Sir, you must at present speak to the question.

Several Members. The question! the question!

President. Pray, gentlemen, don't laugh. The present question must be militated before any other question can be received.

Mr. Profound. Mr. *President*,—a—I think,—I think,—a—Mr. *President*, that you have all been wrong-headed in this debate;—I believe they have not read *Quintilian*, and of course have not correct minds—a—Mr. *President*,—I never, for my own part,—looked into the *vitals* of the
dead

dead languages, but there is a gentleman, who tells me what *Quintilian* says in the beginning of a chapter, and then I can think with the author, and find out the rest of his meaning. If I hear but one sentiment, that is clue enough for me. Sir,— I have more imagination than I can dispose of. In the present debate there is a *Trinity* of circumstances, that—a—a—make up a *Vesuvius*—or—a—a—a Mount *Ætna*, as I may say, in the mind.

President. Time, Sir.

Mr. Profound. Pray, Sir, why are you to lay an embargo on my thoughts?

President. Sir, the Rules—

Mr. Profound. But, Sir, every discourse should have a *beginning*, a *middle*, and an *end*. I have not got to the beginning: and so I move for five minutes more. I am to speak upon an important question: now speaking, as *Quintilian* says, has different modes. An orator, Sir, (*in a very busky tone*) should have a silver voice. An orator should shew (*rubbing the sweat from his forehead*) that he has lived among gentlemen: and that (*scratching his arm-pit*) that he has had a polite education. And now, Sir, to the point. Read the question, Sir. (*question read*) Law! what is law? what is obligation? All things have their laws: that candle has its law. The philosopher of *Malmf-bury*—

President.

President. I am sorry your time is out.

Witwoud. And, Sir, my patience is out. With difficulty I survived the last five minutes, and so, *Mr. President*, we'll do with him, as he does with *Quintilian*: when once he has told us a sentiment, for the future, we'll *think* the rest for him.

President. Pray, gentlemen, don't laugh. Does any gentlemen there chuse to speak? *Mr. Macpherson*, it is with you.

Mr. Macpherson. I do not know whether the gentleman's reasoning be *reet*, about *Quintilian*, and as to the philosopher of *Malmshury* he has left us in the dark. Others have mentioned Italian Operas, and I agree with them; they are exotic productions, and will never thrive in *Britain*. But, Sir, operas of our genuine manufacture ought to be received. I am of opinion that *Allan Ramsay* set to musick by the *Philharmonic* society at *Dumferlin*, will exceed the squeaking of Italian eunucks. The musick of the north is your only musick. It received, I grant, some advantages from *David Rizzio*. We have now in the north several pret y poets; and for true pastoral they excell *Theocritus*. And you ken, Sir, that in *aw* things you may look to the north for perfection: from the banks of the *Tweed* to *Johnny Greys* it is a nation of *scholars* and of poets. And as I said just now, you see that in *aw* things the North-Britons are excellent.

For

For the ruffles, there is Mrs. *Mac-Cloud* in Bond-street; for the law, there is the Advocates at *Edinburgh*; for true constitutional principles, you have there the best politicians, and if one part of the family is wrong, the other is sure to be right. For the mathematicks, you have *Mac Gregor*, who is esteemed better than *NEWTON*; and for the shoes, you have *Mac Auly's* blacking ball. So you see that in *aw* things——

President. Time, Sir.

Macpherson. You see that in *aw* things——

President. Pray, gentlemen, be silent.

Macpherson. And for the origin of evil you can go no higher than the Revolution; though something like amends has been made by the accession Britain has gained by the Union.

President. Order, Sir: you must observe order. —As to my sentiments, gentlemen, upon this question, it is now late, and I shall endeavour to be very concise. Matter—motion—cogitative—incogitative—blind chance—mind—directing intelligence—Epicurus—concourse of atoms—history of human opinions—Pythagoras—Galileo imprisoned for the damnable heresies of the Copernican system.—Gentlemen, it is late: I wish you all a good night.

NUMBER LXIII.

Saturday, Dec. 29, 1753.

*Multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidere, cadentque,
 Quæ nunc sunt in honore, vocabula, si volet usus,
 Quem penes arbitrium est & jus & norma loquendi.*

HOR.

To the AUTHOR.

SIR,

THE languages of all nations have ever been in a state of fluctuation. Old words have fallen into obscurity, new ones have started up, and modes of phraseology have varied, often without necessity, frequently without any other cause than caprice, false taste, or the natural inconstancy of the human temper, not content with what is fit and useful, seeking something better, and generally finding what is worse. Of this instability complaints have been made in every age by men, who had the honour of letters at heart. The diction of the Romans is now like to last till time shall be no more; yet we find that *Horace* was aware of this decay of old words, and the coinage of new. In several passages of his writings there are short reflections upon this uncertainty of language, and the poet always delivers himself with regret.

regret: Words, he says, have their season: they fall like leaves, and yield their place to a new succession: like young persons, they flourish for a time, and then are heard no more. Nothing can be more just than this comparison. It may be added, that as young men, in their bloom and vigour, are said to be *upon town*, it is the same with words: they are also upon town for a time; they soon die away, and sink into oblivion. I have often thought, that a *weekly bill* of words would not be unentertaining; and that if a register-office were kept for the purpose of recording the *birth and burial* of words, as they happen to spring up and fade away, we might, from such an establishment, expect a history of language of great use, not only to contemporary writers, but to the future commentator and antiquarian. A distinction might be made to mark a kind of sex in words, that is to say, which belonged peculiarly to the ladies, and which to the men. DAMNATION I take to be of male extraction: *psaw! a fiddlestick's end!* are perfectly female. Upon this plan the weekly bill might stand in this form.

Born this week	{	Males	300	}	Buried	{	Males	400
		Females	900				Females	990
			1200					1390

Decreased in the burial of words this week 57-

If, for the satisfaction of the curious, a list were made of the several terms, that are born, and die away, with a short account of the life and character of each, whether born of honest parents in *England* or *Ireland*, what company it kept, whether Whig or Tory, Papist or Protestant, it would, in my opinion, be an agreeable addition to this verbal history. To this might be added an account of all expressions naturalized, with the objections of the learned, who should from time to time protest against the incorporating of so many foreigners with the natives of this land. A work like this would yield satisfaction to the curious, and if not of efficacy to prevent the intability of our language, it would at least display the gradual steps towards improvement or final destruction. For my part, I have ever considered the permanency of our language as of greater consequence than the flocks, of whatever denomination. For this reason, I should be glad that some means were devised to hinder the diction of *Baron*, *Shakespeare*, *Milton*, and *Hooker*, from being covered with the rust of time, and rendered useless by the quaint prettiness of modern innovation. I never could read the following beautiful lines without particular sensibility.

*So when the faithful pencil has design'd
Some bright idea of the master's mind,*

Where

*Where a new world leaps out at his command,
 And ready nature waits upon his hand ;
 When the ripe colours soften and unite,
 And sweetly melt into just shade and light ;
 When mellowing years the full perfection give,
 And each bold figure just begins to live ;
 The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
 And all the bright creation fades away.*

I feel, with uneasiness, that something like this may be the fate of *Dryden*, *Pope*, and *Addison*. To prevent so fatal a mischief, the Dictionary, which the erudition of Mr. *Johnson* is now preparing for the public, may hereafter be found of use. In aid to that design, I have been for some time planning a dictionary of such words, as appear to me, from a concurrence of various causes, most likely to fall into oblivion. To forward this undertaking, I have annexed a specimen, not as yet reduced into alphabetical order, but drawn out in such a manner, as to convey some idea of the intended work. The whole, when compleated, may prove a proper companion to the *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, and all the works of morality, which have been published in this country. Posterity may derive from it some faint notion of what is meant in many places, when the total change of man-

ners has made the descriptions obscure, the allusions flat, and the moral unintelligible.

SPECIMEN of an ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

Creature. A term to shew our contempt of any person whom we dislike; chiefly used by the ladies.

Thing. Very often used to imply our dislike, but chiefly to signify our highest approbation. Thus it is said of a fine lady, "She's the very thing," or of a young fellow, "O, Ma'em, he's the very thing;" and sometimes with limitation, "Very well, but not the thing."

Patriot. A man who speaks against the Court till he gets a place or pension, and till then loves his country out of spite.

Honest. From the Latin word *Honestum*, which among the Romans implied whatever is fair and honourable: *Incoctum generoso pectus honesto*. The word, now warped from its original sense, imports gaming, drinking, and debauchery of every sort. Thus we say of a man addicted to all fashionable vices, "he is an *Honest Fellow*."

Good-Nature. An old *English* word much in use with our ancestors: it is plain that it carried some allusion to the customs and manners of those times, but there is no tracing it to its source.

Religion. An old *English* word for the worship of a Supreme Being, and the practice of social duties

ties: probably a custom known to the ancient Druids.

Humbug. A lye.

Worth. Originally it meant the laudable qualities of the mind; at present confined to a man's fortune. Thus a scoundrel of fifty thousand is a man of *worth*, and an honest man in indigence is *worth* nothing.

Party. Formerly signified divisions in the state; at present a jaunt to *Vauxhall*, *Bedlam*, *Church*, or any place of diversion.

Tragedy. A name by which *Shakspear*, *Otway*, and some others, entitled their dramatic writings: the moderns retain the word, but the thing itself is vanished.

Comedy. Probably a piece in which our rude ancestors represented the follies and characters of the age: nothing of this sort is at present known amongst us.

Damned. When priestcraft prevailed in this country, the people were frightened with strange ideas of *Hell*, or a place of torture, where the departed spirits of bad men were supposed to be confined. At present it signifies the highest praise we can confer. Thus we say, "A damned fine woman; a damned good dinner; a damned fine fellow; a damned high thing."

Drum. An instrument of warlike music used

at the march of an army, or in time of battle to animate the soldiery: hence stiled by *Shakespeare* the *spirit-stirring drum*. It has not been used to any purpose by the *English* since the days of the Duke of *Marlborough*. In its metaphorical sense it means a party of cards. (*Vide Rout*)

Friendship. An old *English* word importing the complex idea of affection and esteem between two or more persons, founded upon sympathy of temper, and congenial habits of virtue. (*Vide Virtue*) This custom was totally abolished in the reign of King *Charles II.* and few or no traces of it have been discovered ever since.

God. The ancient *Druids*, it is probable from all historians, imagined that a Governing Mind superintended the direction of the Universe, and the term *God*, it is not unlikely, signified that Supreme Intelligence; but since it has been happily found out, that every thing was made by *Chance*, or that *Nature* (*Vide Nature*) produced every thing we behold; and since the properties of matter have been sufficiently discovered by Lord *Bolingbroke* and others, the term *God* is totally exploded, as merely expressive of some chimæra, which has no existence.

Modesty. Alludes to some custom among the ancient *British* ladies.

Earth-

Earthquake. A party at cards. (*Vide Rout, Drum, Hurricane*)

Fashionable. A polite term for all the vices that can be thought of.

Nature. It is often called *plastic Nature, universal Nature, &c.*: supposed to be superior to the author of all things: a goddess held in veneration by *Atheists* and *Freethinkers*.

Rout. Formerly signified the defeat of an army; when the soldiers were put to flight, they were said to be routed. The ladies, in order to preserve some idea of *Cressy, Poitiers, and Blenheim*, have agreed to call their assemblies by the name of *Routs*; and this with the more propriety, as whole families, at those meetings, are entirely *routed* out of house and home.

Soul. It was formerly believed, that in each human creature there existed something incorruptible, which did not perish with the dissolution of our bodies, but removed to some other part of the universe, to enjoy the reward of virtue, or to suffer condign punishment for all transgressions in this state of probation. But the happy discovery of the properties of matter has banished this absurd doctrine, which serves now to embellish the fictions of poetry, and the visions of philosophy.

Immense. An epithet of praise; thus we say "an immense fine woman!" (*Vide damned*)

Virtue. The antient *Druids* made it a rule to keep their passions in due government, by which means they were never known to treat their Maker with contempt; to injure their neighbour; or to hurt their own constitutions by intemperance. This practice, it is probable, was signified by the word *Virtue*. It is used by *Shakespear*, *Spencer*, *Milton*, *Pope*, and other poets: it occurs sometimes in modern romance, but seldom in real life. (*Vide Friendship*)

Pity. This is also an old *English* word, the meaning of which cannot be traced: it is now a term of course, when we do not care a farthing for a friend in affliction.

Whig. Formerly a name of reproach in *Scotland*, and now, by some strange reverse, a title of honour in *England*.

Tory. Originally a gang of robbers in *Ireland*: the word has been imported from thence to signify the friends of monarchy.

The Wisdom of the Nation. A term well understood in the Saxon *Witten-a-Gemot*: now a medley of contractors, sharpers, gamblers, and adventurers of every kind: a *rendezvous* of all the fell passions, such as *avarice*, *envy*, *malice*, &c. When they have railed at each other for several hours, they call it a *DEBATE*; and when they have roared with barbarous monotony, they call it *ORATORY*,

Z. Y. Z.

NUMBER

N U M B E R L X I V .

Saturday, Jan. 5, 1754

Contemptor Divum Mezentius!

VIRG.

AT the last meeting of our Club, of which I must consider myself an unworthy member, not having of late attended with due punctuality, my friend Captain *Gulliver*, whom I formerly introduced to the acquaintance of my readers, produced a paper, which, he said, he had brought with him from *Cairo*, amongst several other manuscripts of the same nature. As the piece seems calculated to add to the entertainment of my readers, I have ordered it a place in this day's paper.

In the days when the empire of *Bagdad* spread terror round the nations, and their conquering arms added a constant accession of honour and wealth to the Califfs, *Aboulcafem*, a youth of extensive parts and boundless ambition, had the address to raise himself to the first honours of the state. In process of time, he arrived at the dignity of Vizier. In this office his conduct was such as might be expected from a person of his exalted talents. His renown for genius and a bright

understanding distinguished him above the rest of the Ministers, and the name of *Aboulcasem* was wafted on the wings of Fame through all the regions of the East,

Amidst all this effulgence of his glory, *Aboulcasem* was hurried away by the violence of his temper. His passions were rapid as the cataracts of the *Nile*, and violent as the whirlwind of the desert. His soul was apt to kindle into a blaze at the sight of beauty, and in the height of his national business he would frequently sport away his hours in wanton dalliance with a *Circassian* beauty. With her he would often retire to secret bowers, to the baths, and other sequestered places, and, in the midst of amorous dissipation, transact affairs of the first importance to the Califf, and the whole empire of *Bagdad*. Love and business took their turns, and the transition from one to the other was with a celerity that astonished all beholders. In the arms of his concubine, he would write dispatches to his agents at the neighbouring Courts, and though in his general appearance formed for pleasure only, he was, even in the wanton bower, a profound politician, bold and original in all his designs, and by a wonderful diversity of nature uniting in himself the opposite qualities of wisdom and temerity, hurry and reflection, a delicate sense
of

of honour, and the most artful duplicity. To all this he added a vein of eloquence that could varnish whatever cause he favoured; sure to charm, even when he could not persuade. He was at length suspected of favouring the banished Prince *Abdallah*, who was then wandering about the deserts of *Arabia*. Though no convincing proofs could be alledged against him, yet not being able to vindicate himself from the imputation, he was obliged to fly his country.

Abouloafem immediately betook himself to the Prince *Abdallah*, but finding his cause totally ruined, without any possibility of re-instating him, he soon exerted all his industry to obtain leave to return home. As things of this nature cannot be compassed in a short time, in order to hinder his mind, in the interval, from falling a prey to melancholy, and all the horrors of disappointed ambition, he applied himself to the labours of the wise men. Knowledge seemed congenial to his soul. Here he penned his thoughts upon exile, and many important points of speculative morality. He lived like an hermit in the deserts of *Arabia*, and, there, illustriously hid, carried on his researches into the study of nature, history, and all the branches of human learning. He embraced the whole circle of science, and appropriated with rapidity whatever could enrich so accomplished a mind.

Thus

Thus furnished with all mental embellishments, *Aboulcassim* was in time permitted to return to his native country. He was not, however, restored to his former honours. As ambition is ever unrelenting, he was no sooner fixed in his own abode, than he instantly became an implacable enemy to the Vizier, who had consented to recall him. He drew from the stores of knowledge, which he had formerly treasured up, some of the severest reflections, which could be made upon the Minister's administration, and this in such a powerful strain of nervous eloquence, that he may very justly be said to have had a great share in his downfall. To ruin the VIZIER was for a number of years his darling object. In this design he persevered with unrelenting ardour. His efforts were crowned with success; but that grand work of his life accomplished, he found himself as distant as ever from his Prince's ear. In despair he betook himself to his country-house at a small distance from *Bagdad*, where he employed his hours in reading all the moralists of *Arabia*, and, in short, all the fine Eastern writers. In this recess he cultivated an acquaintance with two of the first geniuses of his time, *Selim* and *Mirza*; the former remarkable among the Eastern sages for elevated strains of poetry, and the latter for those Oriental tales, which are generally called the *Tale of a Tub*, and the *Adventures of Gulliver*, the merchant of *Bagdad*.

Bagdad. These two undertook the defence of *Aboulcasem's* character, and spared no pains to blazon his fame to the world.

Aboulcasem in the meantime pursued his researches into all the branches of human wisdom : the civil polity of states was to him a store-house, which disclosed a constant supply of knowledge : he then turned his eye inwards upon the texture and make of his own mind : he used to say, that the mind was a concealed repository of riches, and that it behoved every man to find out the secrets of it. In every pursuit the genius of *Aboulcasem* went on with rapidity, surmounting difficulties, and always enlarging the horizon of his views. His mind became a repository of science : elocution flowed from his tongue. He did not enjoy the secret, selfish gratification of many, who, when in possession of a treasure, never suffer it be seen by human eyes ; on the contrary, he was glad of every opportunity to display himself, perhaps with ostentation. He proceeded to examine into matters of religion : the various systems of the Eastern sages were to him perfectly known : he laughed at the *Koran* ; the system of morality which *Confucius* taught, *Aboulcasem* held in contempt ; the Paradise of *Mabomet* was the vision of an impostor, and every system of belief, however
founded,

founded, and embraced by millions, was to him no better than the vapoured dream, that vanishes at the dawn of day. The *Bramins* were the objects of his severest contempt: in the dictates of natural religion, he would say, we have no occasion for such guides, and in the explanation of established forms, they are highly dangerous. He was an enemy to the modes of worship offered in the temple of the prophet: he endeavoured to subvert the principles upon which this worship was founded, and to introduce a new system of his own. Since *Aboulcasem* could have no share in the direction of state-affairs, he was determined to soar above sublunary things, and to have the lead in matters of higher importance. Dogmatical in his assertions, he carried his extravagance so far, as to advance, that there was no difference between the human species and brutes; he esteemed it highly probable that dogs and the rest of the animal creation are endued with souls as well as mankind. In general he asserted that all souls are material.

In the midst of these disquisitions, *Aboulcasem* was sitting one night in his study, his lamp burning before him, when of a sudden thunders rolled deep and awful over his head; the mountains were shaken, and they groaned; keen lightnings flashed

flashed athwart the hemisphere; the third heaven was opened, and a flood of radiance descended upon the earth. The solemnity of the scene appalled the heart of *Aboulcasem*; trembling seized his limbs; he fell prostrate and adored the messenger of the Most High, who now stood before him, and spoke in accents, which chilled the blood within him, and made him stand convinced of his vain philosophy.

“ *Aboulcasem*, said he, receive my sayings with
“ an ear of attention. Know then, that the eye
“ of him, who is in the third heaven, hath beheld
“ thee: he hath viewed thy ways with compas-
“ sion, and now intends this vision as a vehicle
“ of instruction unto thy soul, at present lost
“ and bewildered in a maze of idle and foolish
“ philosophy. Thy enquiries are not calculated
“ to advance true knowledge, virtue, and wis-
“ dom. Ostentation and vain-glory have in-
“ duced thee to display thy imagined superiority
“ of parts: thy vanity pretends to pervade all
“ systems of religion, and thy heart's conceit will
“ approve of none. Thy studies are ill directed.
“ Thy views tend only to alienate the minds of
“ men from any settled form of worship, which it
“ it is the more wicked to disturb, as your own
“ insufficiency cannot substitute a better system
“ than

" what is designed to fix in the minds of men a due
 " sense of resignation to a supreme being, and to pre-
 " serve the bands of society religiously unbroken.
 " Cast thine eye upon yonder vale; behold what is
 " there transacted. There thou may'st see whole
 " tribes divested of all forms of worship, and ren-
 " dered perfectly conformable to thy vain notions
 " of religion. There thou may'st see what is the
 " state of man ungoverned by settled rules of de-
 " votion: they have shaken off all regard to the
 " Prophet, and behold them immersed in all
 " manner of vicious practice. Uncontrouled,
 " they invade each other's rights; they make
 " war to gratify their ambition; freely without
 " restraint, they proscribe whom they please; the
 " bonds of society are broken, and the contempt
 " of divine laws has introduced a contempt for
 " all human institutions. To promote this scene
 " of confusion are thy writings calculated, but
 " know, and dread the truth I am now to utter.
 " To lead men to happiness is the work of an-
 " gels; but to pervert all sense of right and
 " wrong, and teach the world to be impious, and
 " therefore miserable, is the province of a DÆ-
 " MON, OR AN EVIL GENIUS. It will henceforth
 " behove thee to pay submission to established
 " principles: to teach men not to believe, were
 " to teach them to be unhappy. Remove the
 " impres-

" impression of an all-knowing and superior
 " judge, and you remove all sense of duty : when
 " obligation ceases, who shall promise himself
 " that he can continue to tread the paths of the
 " just ? Disturb no more the peace of the faith-
 " ful. Cease to fill the minds of men with doubt,
 " mistrust, suspicion, and all the errors of an over-
 " weening imagination. Respect the ways of
 " providence ; and teach the world, that to adore
 " is wisdom ; and to submit with resignation to the
 " will of the eternal power, is the true happiness
 " of man."

At these words the radiance, which spoke, with-
 drew from his eyes, and left *Aboulcasem* in the ut-
 most consternation. The impression was, how-
 ever, soon effaced : he persevered in his ill designs ;
 but the thread of his days was cut short before he
 could send abroad into the world the pernicious
 doctrines over which he had long been brooding.
 But the hand of Death had no sooner smote him,
 than his Visions fell into the hands of *Mirvan*, the
 son of *Hamet*, an inferior genius of the east, who
 assumed the pride of talents, but succeeded chiefly
 by a certain pliancy, that could, in apt season,
 fawn and cringe, and lick the dust under the feet
 of his superiors. He boasted of the works of
Aboulcasem as of a Talisman, which he sold for se-
 quins

quins of gold. The mischief, however, did not extend far. Men saw the wickedness of the vain attempt, and the inhabitants of Bagdad learned, from this instance of human depravity, two useful lessons; in the case of *Mirvan*, that avarice, for its own ends, will sell the most pernicious poison; in that of *Aboulcafem*, that the brightest talents may be perverted to evil purposes, and that, however Providence may be arraigned in the books of presumptuous man, the GREAT VOLUME OF NATURE will still lie open, displaying, in stupendous scenes, the beauty of the general system, and the glory of him, that made it.



N U M B E R L X V .

Saturday, Jan. 12, 1754.

*Hic solos homines imitatur, at ille
Fit fera, fit volucris, fit longo corpore serpens.*

OVID.

MY friend, the Pantomime Poet, of whom I gave some account in a former paper, continues to live in the apartments over mine. I cannot say that my tranquility has never been disturbed, since I introduced this extraordinary genius to the acquaintance of my readers; but the interruptions have been but rare, and always of short continuance. Two or three violent jumps at a time have, now and then, given me notice, that my friend was pursuing his lucubrations; but such sudden starts, upon the conception of a great hint, are natural to a person of so warm and active an imagination, especially when a new train of ideas is opened to the fancy. My friend continues to be a student of the Peripatetic School, enjoying the pleasures of meditation and exercise at the same time. The fervour of his enthusiasm is, however, much abated, and I now consider him as a peaceable and quiet neighbour.

The other morning he paid me a visit. As he entered my room, I perceived a smile upon his countenance, that seemed to indicate a consciousness of something whimsical in our former interview. Under the operation of the squirt, which he played so copiously upon me, I must have made an odd appearance, and that idea, perhaps, presented itself to his mind. To prevent a repetition of apologies, I started the topics of the day as quick as possible. He conversed with great composure, like one returning to plain common sense, when the fit of inspiration is over. I began to hope that he was now tired of his former wild pursuits, and intended to content himself with more sober studies for the future. In this I was deceived. He found occasion to slide into the subject, upon which he came to consult me. I could not but observe, as soon as he touched upon his favourite scheme of thinking, that his eye glanced fire, and a certain muscular motion seemed to threaten an immediate leap over the table. This alarm soon subsided. He proceeded with remarkable sedateness. "Sir," said he, "I have intruded upon you this morning in relation to a work, which I have had in hand for some time. It is one of the *desiderata* in literature; a species of criticism, that promises much advantage to the learned world. I intend, Sir, to publish by

" sub-

“ subscription *The Art of Pantomime* ;” and laying his book upon the table, he desired my opinion of the doctrine, founded, as he said, upon philosophical principles.

A scheme so wild and chimerical was enough to make me pause. Perceiving the perplexity, into which he had thrown me, he took up the thread of his discourse, assuring me, that there was no room for doubt or hesitation. He allowed that much praise was due to *Garrick*, for that truth of imitation, which he had displayed in the higher characters of tragedy, and in the lower personages of comedy ; as well in *Lear*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*, as in *Sir John Brute*, *Kitely*, and *Abel Druggier*. The tragic powers of this excellent actor, he said, were well described by his own *Shakespeare* : “ Is it not monstrous that this Player
 “ here, but in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
 “ should so force his soul to his own conceit,
 “ that from her working all his visage waned ?
 “ Tears in his eye, distraction in his aspect ! a
 “ broken voice, and a function suiting, with forms
 “ to his conceit !” Having repeated these words, he took from a shelf near his hand the first volume of *Pope's Shakespeare*, and read the following passage : “ How astonishing is it again, that the pas-
 “ sions directly opposite to these, Laughter, and
 “ Spleen,

" Splœen, are no less at his command ! That he
 " is not more a master of the great, than of the
 " ridiculous in human nature ; of our noblest
 " tenderneſſes, than of our vainest foibles ; of our
 " strongest emotions, than of our idlest sensations !
 " And yet, continued my friend, of what avail is
 " all this excellence ? The public taste calls for
 " variety : the truth of representation grows in-
 " sipid, and nothing now can charm but mon-
 " strous novelty, wild extravagance, and a heap
 " of incredibilities. The fable of Phœdrus is
 " well known : *Garrick* may be considered as the
 " countryman with the pig under his cloak ; he
 " produces the tones of nature, and the true ac-
 " cent as well of the passions, as the humors of the
 " mind : but how long are the tones of nature to
 " be in fashion ? Let those decide, who have
 " seen with what applause our audiences receive
 " a Turk upon the ropes, a burletta girl from Italy,
 " an ostrich, or even a monster unknown to every
 " naturalist."

Our Pantomime Poet seemed now to have run
 himself out of breath, but having mentioned Mr.
Lun, he once more took fire, and went on with
 new alacrity. " I wish," said he, " that I had
 " lived in the days, when that great man was in
 " his meridian splendor. In a late visit, which I
 paid

" paid him, I was transported with a recital of the
 " feats, which he has performed. GARRICK, Sir,
 " imitates men, and men only: LUN runs through
 " the whole animal creation; a dog, and cat, by
 " turns; a bird; a wild beast, a serpent, or what
 " you will. Don't you think it must have given
 " the quickest sensations to every breast, to see
 " him, in the point of being overpowered by his
 " pursuers, make his escape, by a sudden leap in-
 " to the tub, or box over the stage-door? When
 " he darted from thence, at his utmost need, and
 " by the help of a wire, of so dark a hue as to be
 " invisible, threw himself across the stage into the
 " opposite box, and there stood laughing at his
 " pursuers, could surprize swell up, by any natu-
 " ral means, to such a tumult of emotion? When
 " embraced by one of his enemies, at the top of
 " the scene, and folded close, arm in arm, both
 " fell together; how do you imagine that he
 " escaped? With wonderful agility he turned
 " his comrade under him, and thus had an easy
 " fall, while the other broke his collar bone,
 " amidst the acclamations of the audience. Per-
 " haps you would never guess how many steps
 " he made in running in a circular manner round
 " the stage: in the length of ten feet, he minced
 " it so as to make, with astonishing rapidity, no
 " less than three hundred steps. This, Sir, was the

" glorious æra of the British theatre. Under the
 " patronage of Mr. LUN, I am living fast to see
 " those happy days renewed. Next winter we
 " shall give an old pantomime, new vamped, with
 " an additional scene of a *Scythian* winter piece.
 " Several agents are now in *Russia* to purchase a
 " sufficient number of bears, and a large quantity
 " of ice is actually preparing at the tin-shop. The
 " ice will be disposed in large rocks, and the
 " beasts will be sent on shivering amidst the hoary
 " frost. The sun will be discovered, shorn of his
 " beams, and you will see the lightning play up-
 " on the impassive ice. There will be at a dis-
 " tance a lofty mountain, from whose summit will
 " come roaring down a tumultuous cataract,
 " loud, impetuous in its course, and at the bot-
 " tom will be placed a reservoir to collect the
 " rushing torrent, where it will form itself into a
 " smooth expansive river, which is to glide off in
 " the sight of the spectators. On a sudden the
 " audience will see the stream arrested in its
 " course by the intenseness of the frost. The
 " water will instantly be stopped by the gelid sea-
 " son, and the spectators will have the pleasure
 " of seeing the pendant icicle made by the best
 " hand at Paris, and curiously spangled. How the
 " audience will gape and stare at the wonders of the
 " liquid stone! *Liquidi miracula saxi*, you know *Clau-*
 " *dian*

"*dian* talks of. To all this will be added several other ornaments, tending greatly to heighten the wonder of the public."

Our theatrical projector was now exhausted. He left his book with me, and retired. Upon perusal, I found it *A complete Treatise on the Art of Pantomime*, in imitation of *Aristotle's Art of Poetry*, and divided into as many sections. The first chapter gives an account of the imitative arts, in which pantomime is preferred, for variety of gesticulation, and the significance of its attitudes. The next section treats of the persons proper for imitation, such as magicians, enchanters, genii, gods, imps, monsters, devils, and furies. Then follows a dissertation upon the proper manner of imitating, with an enquiry into the origin of pantomime, tracing it from the time of *Horace* down to the glorious days of *Mahomet Carathra*.

Our author proceeds to examine the nature of *Farce*, and shows how it differs from *Pantomime*. He then enters more minutely into the laws of *Pantomime*. The fable is first considered, and may be either simple or implex. He does not totally reject the former, but insists principally upon the beauties of the complicated plot, such as *Harlequin Sorcerer*, *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*, and the like.

The refined beauties of the art offering themselves next, our author exhausts all his erudition, all his rhetoric, and all his whole stock of criticism, to point out the advantages arising from a well-conducted *Peripetia*, which he defines in these words. "The pantomimical *Peripetia* consists in sudden changes of fortune, arising from a concatenation of incidents, that bring about an improbable end by means still more improbable." The *Agnitio* is proved to be the liveliest beauty in this species of the drama, when the personages of the piece, after long absence, recognize, and know each other again. As when *Harlequin* finds access to his *Calombine* in disguise, and she by some token discovers her lover, and is happy in his embrace.

Having enforced these striking particulars, he delivers rules for the excitement of terror, pity, and the marvellous. The two former he mentions but slightly: but in the marvellous consists the utmost effort of human genius. The means by which it is excited, are flying Mercurys, rope-dancers, storms of rain, thunder, and lightening, and a good quantity of paper cut into snow.

The next division of the work, relates to the manners, the customs, the intrigues, the flights, and descents of the gods, with the whole history of the heathen mythology. In this part of the work

work he expatiates at large upon the use of machinery, excelling, in my opinion, the celebrated *Boffu*. Having the interests of the theatre greatly at heart, our author proves, that no playhouse can long subsist without a good set of carpenters, an expeditious band of scene-drawers, excellent candle-snuffers, fire-eaters, trap-door men, monkeys, serpents, and the whole animal world, besides a race of beings never seen upon the face of the earth.

The sentiment comes into consideration in the following chapter. The several modes of the mind are here explained, and directions given to the performer, to render himself perfectly acquainted with the different actions of begging, commanding, threatening, interrogating, answering, that he may be able to impress a lively idea of each upon the minds of his spectators.

The sentiment being established, the diction claims our next regards. Under this head the several pretty pieces of poetry introduced into *Pantomimes* are criticised, and proper rules prescribed for writing these kind of nonsense-verses. To the whole work is annexed a particular examen of *Harlequin Fortunatus*, in order to give a specimen of the great utility and truth of the foregoing rules.

rules. I shall conclude this paper with an abstract from this part of the work.

There cannot, says my author, be found in any pantomime writer a better imagined opening, than the first incident in this piece. The scene discovers a large wood, in which Harlequin is wandering, in a violent storm of rain, thunder and lightning. In a fit of desperation he throws himself on the ground, and to heighten our compassion poor Madam *Fortune* is introduced bemoaning her condition in a very pathetic strain of poetry. The amiable character of *Fortunatus* is seen in his readiness to assist the distressed, and the sequel conveys a fine moral, namely, that riches, riot, and debauchery, are the most desirable things in this world. The piece, accordingly, ends with *Harlequin's* full enjoyment of all his wishes. The Farmer's Yard affords a pleasing image of rural happiness, and the beautiful incident of a dog biting the clown, serves to convince us that a dog's obeyed in office. It serves further to enforce the necessity of an act of parliament to lessen the number of dogs, which overturn the kingdom, to the great annoyance of his Majesty's loyal subjects. The frequent remembrances between *Colombine* and *Harlequin*, make upon all occasions an admirable *Agnitio*, and the sudden change of their

their fortunes, affords a beautiful *Peripetia*. Harlequin's escape into the oven, his running up the chimney, and his leap over the gateway, when his enemies are in close pursuit of him, are all touches of the highest elevation and genius. Upon the whole, we may say with Mr. *Dennis*, that this piece is admirable for its fine moralities, its universality, and its integrity.

Such is the work of this extraordinary projector. I consider the whole as so much theatrical poison, and shall, in some future paper, endeavour to furnish a proper antidote.



NUMBER LXVI.

Saturday, Jan. 19, 1754.

*Quod genus hoc hominum? Quæve hunc tam barbara
morem*

Permittit patria?

VIRG.

IT is a general complaint made by the ladies of Great Britain, that the men have not only cast off that respect and attention which are at all times due to their charms, but even shew great averfeness to their company. The charge, I fear, cannot be controverted. The truth appears too manifestly in that air of constrained deportment, and those uncouth attempts at politeness, which almost universally characterize the youth of this Island.

Certain it is, that a frequent, liberal intercourse with that more refined part of our species, which is happily described by the appellation of the *Fair Sex*, so powerfully influences, not only our manner and behaviour, but our way of thinking, that from thence we acquire a certain delicacy of sentiment, which extends itself even to the most minute circumstances of life. From hence it is, that our neighbours, the *French*, have established through

throughout *Europe* that character of politeness, which we do not chuse to be at the trouble of emulating, as we find it much more easy to ridicule and laugh at it. My-Lord *Anglois*, while the profusion, with which he disperses his guineas, creates astonishment in the mechanics of *Paris*, conscious of a deficiency in that ease and elegant freedom, which he observes in every man of education, shuns all good company; and after reluctantly spending three months between the *Hôtel* and the several places of public diversion, returns to his native soil, strongly impressed with the most contemptuous idea of the *French*, whom, though he has but literally seen, he takes the liberty to describe as a superficial, volatile nation; for no other reason, perhaps, than that they are perfectly skilled in the most entertaining, I had almost said the most useful art that invention can suggest; namely, the art of trifling agreeably.

A *Frenchman* has no idea of a party of pleasure without ladies, nor can an *Englishman* entertain the least conception of enjoying himself, until they retreat. From those opposite dispositions it arises, that the first introduces himself with a becoming unconcern into company, a perfect master of that *bienveillance*, which distinguishes the gentleman, and performs all offices of life with

without embarrassment: whereas nothing is more common among us, than to find gentlemen of family and fortune, who know nothing of the fair-sex, but what they have collected from the most abandoned part of it, and can scarce reckon a virtuous family within the whole scope of their acquaintance. It is not unpleasant to observe one of this class, when chance or necessity has brought him into a room with ladies of reputation: an awkward restraint hangs about him; he is afraid to speak, lest he should inadvertently bolt out something, which, though extremely suitable to the dialect of *Covent-garden*, would be grossly offensive to those females, who have not received their rudiments of education in that seminary. The gloom that hangs over an *English* company, while the ladies remain, and the reciprocal restraint, that each sex seems to be upon the other, has been frequently a subject of ludicrous observations to foreigners; and indeed the fair-ones themselves, *though natives here, and to the manner born*, frequently wonder what mysteries the men can have to celebrate, so opposite to those of the *Bona Dea*, that no female must be present at the ceremony. I am not at liberty to divulge this important secret: for the satisfaction of the ladies, I will, however, assure them, that they are not of a nature vastly beyond their apprehension; on the

contrary, they may be easily understood, even by a Miss in hanging-sleeves, provided she has had the happiness of a boarding-school education.

At the same time that I condemn my countrymen for separating themselves from those, who have the art of refining every joy this world affords, I am sorry to be obliged to observe, that the ladies themselves do, in some measure, contribute to this great evil. The scandalous practice, so prevalent at present, of giving up their whole thoughts, as well as time to cards, has made the company of women (pardon the expression) extremely insipid to those, who would willingly consider them as rational creatures, and do not depend upon their superior skill in the game of whist for a subsistence. Is it to be imagined that a man, whose mind is the least raised above the vulgar, will devote that time, which he may employ in conversing agreeably either with the dead or the living, to those assemblies, where no ideas enter beyond the respective excellencies of *Garrick* and *Barry*, and the several possible cases so profoundly calculated by the incomparable Mr. *Hoyle*? Yet from declining these places, I know many intimate friends, who have acquired the odious character of women haters, though at the same time they entertain the highest esteem for that amiable sex, and sincerely regret, that the ty-

rant fashion has put it out of their power to enjoy more of their company, than a bare view of their persons, agitated by the various and uncertain revolutions of fortune's wheel.

Besides what I have already mentioned, another obstacle, extremely pernicious to society, proceeds from the excessive officiousness of the female world in cutting out matches. It has been said, that *every woman is at heart a rake*: I believe it is not less true, though I fear the assertion will be much more offensive to the virgins of *Britain*, that *every woman is a fortune-bunter*. This character is deservedly infamous in the male part of the creation. All agree to laugh at the man, *though of an exceeding good family in Ireland*, who, aided by the friendship and confidence of his taylor, makes a pompous display of the breadth of his shoulders, and the firmness of his calves; and yet no indignation is expected against the lovely nymph, who *undresses* herself, in the same view, with the most seducing art, and generously, much too generously for her own interest, exhibits every charm the happy man will be possessed of, who takes her to his bosom. The idea of entrapping somebody mixes so intimately with the general cast of thought in women, that they can never divest themselves of it. If a gentleman pays that compliment to their beauty, which female pride will not

not pardon, if he had omitted, they immediately flatter themselves that he must have a design of marriage. This notion once conceived, a convocation of aunts, old maids, discreet friends, and prudent neighbours, is assembled, when every circumstance is sure to be discussed. — Miss intimates, “He is very particular to me: what can he mean? He looked at me all the time he was here; sure he will propose soon. Then did you remark, Aunt *Betty*, when we talked of marriage, what he said? — He certainly means to have me” — The result of this consultation is, that Miss must carry it with a proper reserve, in order to compel the imaginary lover to declare himself, who, if he be a man of experience in the subtleties of women, instantly sees through the flimsy artifice, and discontinues his visits. I submit to the candor of every female reader, whether I have here drawn an ideal picture. Can these angelic beings reasonably expect, that a man will chuse to visit them, under the disagreeable alternative of behaving continually with a ceremonious distance, or running the risk of being driven to the necessity of an awkward explanation? No, while narrow sentiments of this kind prevail, it will be impossible to introduce a truly social converse between the sexes, which must be effected, on the part of

the ladies, by an undefigning decent freedom, the inseparable companion of real virtue. Let them assert their own dignity, and manifest a consciousness that they were not created merely to be instrumental in the continuation of the species, but are endowed with intellectual faculties, that qualify them for the sweet joys of society. Let them at length so far undeceive themselves, as to think, that a man may like their company, admire their virtues, nay, even their personal charms, and cherish the warmest friendship for them, without any intention of addressing them on the score of love: let them but offer this violence to the natural vanity of their sex, and I will undertake to promise that they will not long have reason to complain of being neglected. Men of sense will then seek their company, and, what I hope may make some impression on a female mind, will then think of them as partners for life.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-House, Jan. 17th.

THE following is a copy of the Epilogue spoken by Mr. Macklin at his benefit in December last, when that excellent Actor took his leave of
 2 the

the Stage, determined, it seems, to give his whole attention to the business of his house in the Piazza. In this Epilogue, the reader will perceive the features of an author, who has often diverted the town upon similar occasions, and seems to keep the retail-trade of wit in his own hands. *Footz* observed, that *Garrick* wrote the Epilogue, in hopes that *Macklin* will keep his word; but the sense of the company was, that so just a performer cannot be spared; "You need not fear," says *Footz*, "he will first break in trade, and then break his word."

E P I L O G U E,

Spoken by Mr. MACKLIN.

POOR I, tofs'd up and down from shore to shore,

Sick, wet, and weary, will to sea no more;
 Yet 'tis some comfort, tho' I quit the trade,
 That this last voyage with success is made,
 The ship full laden, and the freight all pay'd. }
 Since then for reasons I the Stage give o'er,
 And for your sakes, — write Tragedies no more:
 Some other schemes, of course possess my brain,
 For he who once has eat, must eat again.

And lest this lank, this melancholy physz,
 Should grow more lank, more dismal than it is;
 A Scheme I have in hand will make you stare!
 Tho' off the Stage, I still must be the Play'r.
 Still I must follow the theatric plan,
 Exert my comic pow'rs, draw all I can,
 And to each guest appear a different man.
 I, (like my liquors) must each palate hit,
 Rake with the wild, be sober with the cit,
 Nay sometimes act my least becoming part—
 the wit.

With politicians I must nod—seem full;
 And act my best becoming part,—the *Dull*.
 My plan is this:—Man's form'd a social creature,
 Requiring converse by the laws of nature;
 And as the moon can raise the swelling flood,
 Or as the mind is influenc'd by the blood,
 So—do I make myself well understood?
 I'm puzzled, faith:—let us like *Bayes* agree it,
 You'll know my plot much better when you see it.

But truce with jesting, let me now impart
 The warm o'erflowings of a grateful heart.
 Come good, come bad, while life or mem'ry last,
 My mind shall treasure up your favours past,
 And might one added boon increase the store,
 With much less sorrow should I quit this shore.

To mine, as you have been to me, prove kind,
Protect the pledge, my fondness leaves behind :
To you her guardians I resign my care,
Let her with others your indulgence share ;
Whate'er *my* fate, if this my wish prevails,
'Twill glad the *father*, tho' the *schemist* fails.

NUMBER LXVII.

Saturday, Jan. 26, 1754.

*Falsus honor juvat, & mendax infamia terret
Quem nisi mendosum & mendacem.* HOR.

MY readers will observe, that the mottos to these essays are frequently selected from the author, whose name stands at the head of this day's paper. *Horace* is the writer of all antiquity, who looked at life with an eye of penetration; and has painted the manners and the passions of men with the most elegant touches of his art. His sense is so refined, and the turn of his expression so peculiarly delicate, that his remarks occur upon almost every occasion. He is sensibly and elegantly sententious, not only in his epistles and satires, which are professedly moral discourses, but also in his lighter odes, and his gayest excursions of fancy. I have often thought, that an excellent system of morality might be extracted out of his writings; and I have carried this hint so far, as to think seriously of publishing a translation of all his excellent ethic observations, which would, in my opinion, be

be the best collection of thoughts on various subjects, that has ever been offered to the public.

The passage, which occasioned the loose reflections now to be laid before the reader, contains a very beautiful moral. "Who is there," says the bard, "that can desire an accession of false honour, if he is not sensible of some inherent defect? Who can be alarmed at the blasts of calumny and detraction, while he bears in his own heart a regard to truth?"——This sentence carries with it the brightest marks of a virtuous disposition. It should be written in letters of gold, and impressed in deep characters on the heart of every man, who would pass through life with a fair and honest fame. It fills the generous mind with a just contempt of all praise, but that which is truly earned. Complimentary verses, puffing paragraphs, letters, and essays, whether written by the man himself, or his venal instruments, all fade away, and sink into nothing, when they are considered as the mere eye of the day. And, in like manner, all productions of that kind, that teem with falsehood, calumny, or malevolence, will be disregarded by the firm and upright heart, that triumphs in its own integrity, and knows that

the publications of the day are the wretched efforts of envy, dullness, and malice.

Hot, busy, bold, and loud, the scribbling fry
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink and die.

Hypocrisy is considered, by all moralists, as the most despicable and infamous disease of the soul. It discovers a sense of the grace and beauty of a fair character, but carries with it a total absence of all good qualities. It aims at esteem, by artfully concealing latent imperfections, while it exhibits to the public eye a glossy appearance of something amiable and honest. But unless the mind is thoroughly weeded, in spite of every artful disguise, the lurking mischief will, one time or other, break out, and, as *Persius* expresses it, like a wild *fig-tree*, force its way through the very liver;

— *Quæ semel intus*

Incunata est, rupto jecore exierit Caprificus.

Since I have mentioned this satirist, it falls in with my present purpose to observe, that there is not in any author ancient or modern, a nobler descrip-

tion of a real honour, than what is found in two lines of that author. I shall transcribe his words, because the passage is highly beautiful, and for the sake of the mere *English* reader, I shall add Mr. *Dryden's* excellent translation.

*Compositum jus fasque Animi, sanctosque Recessus
Mentis, & incoctum generoso Pectus honesto.*

*A soul, where laws both human and divine
In practice more than speculation shine;
A genuine honour, of a vigorous kind,
Pure in the last recesses of the mind.*

For the formation of a regular character, clear and settled principles are necessary. Mere instinctive goodness, acting upon the spur of the moment, will often have, not only the appearance, but also the ill consequences of caprice and whim. A perfect knowledge of right and wrong should be settled in the mind: virtue should be lodged in the soul, and the heart should glow with the love of truth; but as the world goes, there is more art to acquire the popular opinion than merit to deserve it. The usual method, by which people grasp at fame, consists in depreciating some neighbour's character. Thus the female, beauty aims at being a general
roast,

toast, by detracting from some of her acquaintance. The merchant endeavours to extend his own credit, by an artful propagation of suspicions to the disadvantage of his neighbour; and the quack, after setting forth the unerring efficacy of his nostrum, closes his advertisement with, "Beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad."

Cicero observes, that for one man to detract from another, and to think of aggrandizing himself at the expence of his neighbour, is more against nature than death, than grief, or any other calamity incident to human life. The realms of fame are not to be explored by *doubtings* and *sistings*. He who would arrive at those regions must steer a direct and open course. Honour, truth, and generosity must freight the vessel: the breath of voluntary, impartial, and unbribed applause must swell the sail; and the whole voyage of life must carry on a fair and lawful commerce.

A reputation, otherwise obtained, will afford very little satisfaction, and will still administer less, when we consider, that it is only, as *Shakespeare* calls it, MOURN HONOUR, gained from the ignorant, from the self-interested, the mean, and the contemptible: *Tollat sua munera ceras*, says
a writer

a writer already quoted : let the underlings of mankind keep their commendations to themselves. The praise of such is beneath the ambition of an honest man, and, by parity of reason, their censure, their disapprobation, their cabals, their intrigues, their rattles, their daily compositions, and their midnight clubs, are to be despised by every one, whose breast is impregnated with a love of truth and virtue.

To draw to a conclusion : The uncertain tide of popularity is ever known to fluctuate, to ebb, and to subside : The *shallows* are then discovered ; the *treacherous quicksands* are revealed, and the *bottom* lies betrayed to light. In like manner giddy detraction spends and exhausts itself ; the storm howls for a time, but soon decays into the murmur of obloquy, and at length dies totally away ; the scene clears up ; the lustre of integrity spreads a day around ; and infamy, instead of adhering where it was directed, returns to its native spring.

I have somewhere met with a short *Chinese* tale, with which I shall dismiss this paper.

“ The celebrated *Ming* was accused of entertaining disrespectful Ideas of *Tien* and *Li*, and
 “ of being disaffected to the Emperor *Vang*.

“ When

“When the executioners went to seize the old man, they found him composing a panegyric upon *Vang*, and an hymn to *Tien* and *Li*.”

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Tilt-yard Coffee-house, Jan. 20, 1754.

WE are not a little surprized, that Mr. *Ranger*, in his *Rambles*, never drops into this military academy; perhaps he may imagine that among the gentlemen of the sword nothing can offer worthy the notice of a man of letters. But we can assure him we have some personages of profound erudition. Capt. *Halfpay* acquainted the corps, the other day, that he had lately taken up a book, which lay on the window at his lodging, called THE BIBLE. He said, he had never met with the work before; he read a pretty story enough in it, of one *Josepb* and his brethren. He observed, that the stile was rather uncouth, but that really there was something well enough in it for a book of the kind. Upon this Lieutenant *Strub* said, that he had heard of the book, but never looked into it. He believed he had it in his hand once, when he took the oaths, but he did not well recollect. He added, however, that he

he would upon Captain *Halfpay's* recommendation, carry it with him, when he went next into country quarters. We mention this only as a specimen of what *Ranger* may pick up, if he will but favour us with a visit.

Covent-Garden Theatre.

The *Italian Burletta*, which was performed here for the first time about the middle of last month, has continued to draw splendid audiences three times a week ever since. The humour does not seem calculated for the meridian of this country; and yet, one of this exotic Troup, who, in the piece is called *Spiletta*, has such a quick expression in her countenance, such vivacity of action, joined to such variety, that she is allowed, in this fantastic part of acting, to be an excellent performer. Mr. *Rich*, the manager, very gravely observed, that she does not know how to lay her *emphasis*. "I assure you, Mr.—, said he, the *Italians*, as well as the *English*, lay their EMPHERSIS on the
"ADJUTANT."

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

ANY person inclined to go to *Drury-Lane* Playhouse this evening in a hackney-coach, may hear of three agreeable companions at the *Rainbow Coffee-House*, in *Cornhill*.

N. B. As *Harlequin Fortunatus* is to be performed, it will be necessary to set out early.

NUMBER LXVIII.

Saturday, Feb. 2, 1754.

In omnes superbiâ (quæ crudelitate gravior est bonis)
grassatus——

FLORUS.

A WRITER of periodical essays is like the voyager, who goes coasting from place to place, in order to lay down a proper chart, and mark the bearings and limits of the land. As he pursues his course, every minute object furnishes him with matter of contemplation: not a hill lifts its head, whether cloathed with verdure and embowered with over-hanging wood, or wild, barren, and craggy, but he instantly treasures it in the storehouse of imagination. Each recess of the land, each creek, rock, and harbour demand his particular notice. In like manner, the writer, who is engaged in a course of lucubrations to be published on a stated day, is constantly traversing about, to watch the varying scenes of life. In his intercourse with men and manners every occurrence attracts his eye; in the course of his reading, he often meets with passages, which deserve to be

be minutely set down, to serve as lights or landmarks to those, who, like himself, are embarked upon a sea of troubles.

For the purpose of the Essay-writer, the ancient classics abound with the most useful hints. The art of saying much in a narrow compass seems to be their peculiar talent. A short reflection, interwoven with the thread of a poem or narration, and given with so little parade, that it lies almost concealed in the general matter, will often afford to a thinking mind a subject of meditation for several days. Of this nature is the remark made by *Florus* upon the character of *Tarquin*. The historian tells us, with his usual closeness, "That the tyrannic monarch behaved to all who approached him, with a peculiar pride, which to the ingenuous mind is worse than cruelty." This observation, concise as it is, is founded in truth, and a thorough knowledge of human nature.

A witty satirist has called pride the universal passion, and indeed its influence on mankind is so manifest, that there is too much reason to believe the maxim strictly true. The general prevalence of politeness suppresses in some measure the appearance of it among the *French*, but he,

he, who has been at *Verfailles*, may remember, that after all the attention and deference of the embroidered gentleman, who undertakes the office of shewing the curiosities of the place, the ceremony is always concluded with a consciousness of their national superiority. You are sure to be asked, “*Eh bien! Monsieur, avez vous de pareille magnificence à Londres?* Well, Sir, have you any thing equal to this in *London?*” In *Italy, Portugal, and Spain*, haughtiness is manifested by the use of the ffiletto: Pride is there displayed by killing others; and the people of *England* discover it by murdering themselves.

The notion of independence, with which a free-born *Briton* is inflamed, renders him untractable and refractory to all laws: of religion he makes a joke; and he wonders at the impertinence of parliament in attempting to restrain his unquestionable right to dispose of his person in marriage as he thinks proper.

Montesquieu imputes the variety of oddities, which prevail in this country, to the general infection of the scurvy. Black and fizy blood may certainly aggravate the distemper. Pride seems to be to the soul what the scurvy is to the body, the source of ill humour and disorders.

The fatal effects of the corporal indisposition have been so severely felt for a long time past, that our common news-papers are filled with advertisements of chymical drops, to eradicate it intirely out of the blood. This unquestionably would be a general benefit; but, I apprehend, he would still deserve more of mankind, who should devise a cure for the disease of the mind. I should, therefore, be glad to see a paragraph in the papers to the following effect.

To Persons of either Sex, afflicted with any species of

P R I D E.

NEVER were *pride, arrogance, and baughtiness* so frequent as of late years; nor has any remedy been found adequate to this pernicious habit, which occasioned a physician of the soul, who has employed several years in study, to adapt a medicine, or Moral Elixir, which is a sovereign remedy against PRIDE and all the variety of symptoms, by which it mimics, by turns, almost all the vices poor mortals are afflicted with, and have their rise from a depraved selfishness of thinking, vicious ferments of ill-nature, and the want of self-knowledge; whence proceed the supercilious brow, and surly moroseness in the men, and coquetry,

quetry, airs, fidgets, tehees and titters in the women, destroying their beauty and their features, and by a consent of parts affecting their heads, and producing direful views and terrible apprehensions; at other times, fits, flushing heats, lowness and sinking of spirits, palpitation of the heart, twitchings of the limbs, with many convulsive disorders, which affect numbers of both sexes.

The above Elixir is a wonderful alterative. It enters into immediate contest with the offending matter, and entirely eradicates the same. It occasions laudable humility, and is good for all sorts of people, producing in persons of both sexes an even temper of mind, and making them patient, good humoured, affable, and perfectly polite.

Whenever I meet with a proud man, I am apt to imagine, that if his inward state of mind were detected to the eye of the world, it would afford a ridiculous contrast between his several foibles and his fancied elevation above the rest of his species. I would have a person of this cast made emperor of the Moon, or removed to some other sphere fitted for his reception, where cruelty

may pass for courage, ostentation for merit, and pride for dignity.

Nothing can so surely demonstrate a narrow mind, as an attempt to degrade our fellow-creatures by an haughty arrogance of carriage. *Hamlet* reckons the *insolence of office* and the *proud man's contumely* among those instigations which might prompt injured merit to a deed of extreme despair.

I cannot dismiss this paper without observing, that there is a right species of pride to which every man is entitled, and that is a spirit above dependence, above flattery, above an abject deportment, and above every thing poor, sordid, and little. There is a pride, which may serve to invigorate honour, to embolden truth, and to carry virtue to the highest pitch of improvement. The pleasures resulting from this principle are manly and noble. To enjoy the inward consciousness of integrity and honour, is just and laudable. Thus much of pride every one has a right to, and I know no external circumstance, that can reasonably entitle any man alive to more.

TRUE

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Jonathan's in Change-Alley, Nov. 24.

NOTWITHSTANDING the exhibition, which Mr. *Ranger* has lately given us, in his scenes called the *Temple of Laverna*, there are some of us, who can boast a taste for the polite amusements of the town. Mr. *Simeon Paraphimosis* acquainted us the other day, that he has seen *Garrick* in *King Lear*, this season; and gave it as his opinion, that he did it 5 *per Cent.* better than usual. He informed us, that tho' he was at the house at half an hour after four, he should not have got in at all, if he had not employed one of the orange wenches as a *broker*, who got him into the Pit thro' the Boxes. He added, that *Garrick* makes a *fine job of it*, and that he should be glad to have an *interest* in the house: "For
 "plays, continued he, are well enough now and
 "then, when it is not a man's club night, and in-
 "deed I should go pretty often, only for the ex-
 "pence of being *transferred* there, which, not-
 "withstanding the *caravan*, is so great, that
 "really it does not turn to *account*." We shall occasionally communicate more of this Gentleman's remarks, from which the critics will undoubtedly receive great instruction.

N U M B E R L X I X .

Saturday, Feb. 9, 1754.

*Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatore, et veras hinc ducere voces.*

HOR.

THE Theatre is the place where I love to pass the leisure hours of the evening ; but I do not go, as I believe most people do, merely to see and to be seen. A well-constructed fable, especially if it be, as it ought, subservient to the production of character, affords me the most exquisite entertainment. The artifice of the poet, who can, at times, give reality to fiction, fills the mind with the most agreeable sensations : but if the performer does not shew that he has a taste for fine writing, by doing justice to his author, the best scenes may fail of their effect. It is for this reason that I intend, in this day's paper, to throw together some loose reflections upon the art of acting.

The precept, which the judicious author of my motto has laid down for the good writer, is likewise the best rule for an actor ; they both pro-

profess an imitative art, and the poet's rule is applicable to each. "I would recommend," says *Horace*, "to the skilful imitator, a close observation of human life, and the manners of the performers in that great drama; that he may, from that source, derive the true language of nature."

This advice, short and simple as it is, contains the whole secret: whoever artfully conforms to it, will be sure of acquiring applause from crowded theatres. The actor, in every situation on the stage, is a copyist: the deportment of gentlemen is to be attained by watching the manners in that class of life. As persons of inferior degree must be in a well-wrought drama frequently intermixed, the less polished, but perhaps, more natural deportment of citizens, even down to the lowest scale, must be attended to by him, who wishes to be a general performer. It is thus that we see represented by the same person, *Don Felix* one night, and *Abel Drugger* the next. *Archer* and *Scrub* have been both performed by GARRICK, and in Mrs. PRITCHARD we have seen Lady BETTY MODISH and DOLL COMMON.

But the closest observation of external circumstances will not be sufficient. The human heart is the proper study of every performer, who would arrive at the point of excellence. The passions are to be studied, in all their various workings, and their minutest effects upon the human frame; in what proportion they agitate the nerves and muscles; how they impress the features with their respective signatures, elevate or contract the brow, brace or relax the sinews, and command the attitude and disposition of the whole person. There is not a passion, in the whole train of those feelings, to which our nature is subject, but what has its own peculiar adjuncts, its own air, its own look, and its own proper tone. Sorrow unnerves the whole system, sinks the spirits, and depresses the voice into a plaintive melancholy; anger, on the other hand, contracts each sinew, sends the spirits in a blaze to the eye, and vents itself in precipitate and vehement accents. It is the immediate business of the performer, to lay down to himself an exact definition of each passion, with all its characteristics; otherwise it will be impossible to mark the progress and workings of a mind, awakened and excited by the vehemence of their impulse, or to separate the tender desire of *Romeo*, from the conjugal affection of *Jaffier*.

'After

After having thus distinguished the nature and boundaries of each affection, the next step to be taken, is, to watch them in the various shiftings and veerings of the soul, and that quick vicissitude with which they rise and fall, succeeding to each other with a rapidity almost imperceptible. The mind of man cannot dwell for any considerable time upon one object: love and resentment, grief and joy, despair and hope, rage and tenderness, are perpetually taking their turns in the breast. To perceive minutely the very point where the first ceases, and the succeeding one begins to rise, requires a nice discernment; as in the well-wrought piece of some eminent artist, the colours run so artfully into one another, that their gradual evanescence from the light, and their growing by insensible degrees into a full glow, is only to be discovered by the curious eye. If I do not mistake, the touch, which so skilfully blends different colours in this delicate confederacy, is called by the painters the *demi-tint*. Should not something like this be preserved, in the performances of a good actor, in order to render each transition graceful and natural? to melt an audience by regular essays into tenderness, or induce any other impression with justness and propriety? He, who has marked with due attention the various

tran-

transitions of the mind, how one passion ebbs away, and another flows in like the returning tide, will be always sure to have an irresistible command over his audience.

But the matter does not rest here: there is another peculiar circumstance in the operation of the passions, which must never escape the notice of him, who would imitate nature to advantage. The affections of the soul not only succeed to each other, but they often unite, clash, and blend in one mixed emotion.

——— *Æstuat ingens*

*Imo in corde pudor, mixtoque insania luctu,
Et furiis agitatus amor, et conscia virtus.*

VIRG.

These complicated agitations of the mind are often imperceptible to all but the skilful observer; and, therefore, as the actor's chief difficulty lies in this point, a feeling expression of it will always be a proof of his excellence. Strokes of this nature, well executed, will impress on every breast the liveliest sensations.

To give with full force this union of contending, and even opposite passions, is among the

the nicest beauties of the orator and the poet. With the latter we find it more frequent, as poetry more directly professes to please the imagination. Thus we see, that, in mere descriptive verse, the writer, observing some surprising agreement between things in their nature totally inconsistent, from thence takes occasion to reconcile contrarieties in such an agreeable assemblage, that the reader of taste is entertained with a picture, which at once amuses his fancy, and satisfies his judgment. *Virgil* has many delicate touches of this nature; and *Horace*, who had art enough for every poetic embellishment, has heightened his odes with several beauties of this sort. In this class of elegancies, may be reckoned the following passages:

*Urit grata protervitas ;
Pignusque direptum lacertis
Aut digito male pertinaci.
——Tityosque vultu
Risit invito.——*

Milton, who has every softer delicacy in minute descriptions, as well as every lofty image in the sublime, has given many beautiful touches of this sort in his *Paradise Lost*. *Darkness visible,* and *grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile,*

are instances that will occur to every body. Mr. *Addison* has given to thoughts of this nature, the title of *thwarting ideas*; and he adds, that they are some of the finest strokes in the whole compass of poetry. If I might be allowed to carry this hint further, I should call all passages of this kind, where the mind is worked into a ferment, by the name of *thwarting passions*; and I will venture to say, that they will be universally acknowledged much more beautiful than that mere clash of ideas, which the eminent critic just mentioned has so much insisted upon; because they not only surprize with a seeming contrast, but also interest the heart; the very perfection of poetry. The *Greek* and *Latin* poets, and indeed the fine writers among the moderns, are full of these pathetic representations of human nature; but among them all, I do not remember a finer instance, than a passage in Mr. *Whitehead's Roman Father*, when that hero is reflecting on the combat, which is to decide the fate of *Rome*. As spoken by *Garrick*, there is hardly any thing in *King Lear*, that has affected me more.

—Had I a thousand sons in such a cause,
I could behold 'em bleeding at my feet,
And thank the Gods with tears.—

To

To express these complicated sensations, where several passions at once agitate the soul, requires such a command of countenance and voice, that in this the greatest difficulty, as well as the nicest beauty of acting, may be said to consist. With a kind of magic power, it always leads us into the most pleasing distress. The mind is thus like a musical instrument: one chord is touched, and while it sounds in the ear, another is struck, and mingles with the vibration of the former note. Thus *Othello* says, "I'll tear her all to pieces!—
 "And yet the pity of it, *Iago*; Oh! *Iago*, the pity of it!"

If the bounds of my paper would admit it, I should here indulge myself in examining our present performers, with regard to the three divisions of the passions above established. To one, I should, perhaps, ascribe the merit of expressing with proper enforcement the sentiments of haughty anger, and tyrannic cruelty; in another, I should chiefly admire the graceful transition from rage to tenderness; and probably I should not hesitate to say, of a third, that he is excellent in all vicissitudes of the mind; and that in mixed sensations, he penetrates to the very soul of his hearers. Were I to add, that, in many situations, I have experienced the same
 from

from Mrs. *Cibber*, it would be but barely doing her that justice which her excellent art deserves.

From what has been premised, it will appear, that to express the emotions of the human heart is the chief business of an actor. No account is ever to be made of figure, voice, or any other external circumstances, unless when they combine with the performer's feelings to make deeper impressions on an audience. I have known an actor lengthen out the tone of voice, and if it sounded clearly, imagine his business finely executed, when nature and the passions required that he should speak in another key, and in broken, short, and vehement accents. *Quintilian* has a just remark on this head. "As poets," says he "profess to sing their works, verse should be repeated in a manner somewhat elevated above common discourse, with a sweetness properly tempered by discretion, and not thrilling into a wanton luxuriance of sound, as if the throat had been gargled for the purpose." I shall only add, a lively imagination is the talent, which an actor should principally cultivate, as it is that which excites those pathetic feelings, without which no man will ever succeed on the stage, and with which it is hardly possible to fail.

TRUE

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Rainbow Coffee-House, Feb. 6.

THE Board of *Priggism* met here a few days since, when the following persons were present; *Jack Oakstick, Harry Lapelle, Bob Nankeen, Jemmy Scratch, Nat Pigtail, Billy Spindle, Jack Phaeton, Peter Littlebat, and Billy Lowbeels.* *Nat Pigtail* signified to the Board, that he was in the country upon a hunting party in December last, when Mr. *Glover's Boadicea* was acted at *Drury-Lane.* *Jack Phaeton* and *Billy Lowbeels* were also out of town, when the play was acted, but gave it as their opinion that it was a Comedy. *Harry Lapelle* interposed: he said, that he had not been long from *Merchant Taylor's*; that he believed the word to be *Latin.* Upon which, *Jack Oakstick* said, he did not care about the word; but he was in the Pit the first night, and for his part, he was no great judge, but the physician, who always sat near the spikes, said it was an excellent Tragedy.

N U M B E R L X X .

Saturday, Feb. 16, 1754.

—————*Sub judice lis est.*

HOR.

MY Readers will remember, that a Court of *Censorial Enquiry* has been some time established by virtue of an authority given under our hand, soon after the commencement of this paper. As the *Court of Conscience* has jurisdiction with regard to small debts; so the Court above mentioned has cognizance of petty offences against decency and good manners. Though no report has been lately published of the proceedings of the Court, the commissioners have been unwearied in the discharge of their duty. I shall devote the entire papers of this day, and the ensuing Saturday, to an account of the most material causes, that have been tried in that upright Court of Manners, where, according to the law of the land, every Englishman has his trial by jury.

Proceedings of the Court of Censorial-Enquiry, on the Commission of OYER and TERMINER, and general Goal Delivery, held for the Cities of London and Westminster.

About nine o'clock the Judges took their seats, and the Jury, consisting of the following persons, were sworn and impannelled.

Thomas Thimble, an EMINENT Haberdasher of Small-ware. ³

John Rhubarb, an EMINENT Apothecary.

William Buckram, an EMINENT Taylor.

Joseph Bauble, an EMINENT Toyman.

Abel Drugger, an EMINENT Tobacconist.

John Candlewick, an EMINENT Tallow-chandler.

Jeremiab Prim, an EMINENT Mercer.

Timothy Buck, an EMINENT Breeches-maker.

Joseph Instep, an EMINENT Shoe-maker.

Robert Frizzle, an EMINENT Peruke-maker.

David Elzevir, an EMINENT Bookseller.

Isaac Birmingham, an EMINENT Hard-ware-Man.

Jack Oakstick was indicted for that he, on Saturday night, the 4th of February, went into the middle-gallery at Drury-Lane Play-house, and from thence one apple, value a farthing, on

the stage did fling, to the great annoyance of the actors, and disturbance of the company. The fact was proved by two undeniable witnesses, who, being interrogated whether they had not the freedom of the house, severally answered, that they had not, and added, that they did not even go in with an order: that their only motive for appearing on the occasion was, to bring to condign punishment an offender against the respect due to a public assembly. Whereupon, the prisoner being asked by the court what he had to say for himself, made answer, that he was drunk, and as he hoped to be saved, it was nothing but an innocent frolick. **GUILTY**; upon which he was ordered to wait upon the managers of the above-mentioned theatre, to ask their pardon for his misbehaviour: He was ordered to drink but a pint of wine after dinner for the future.

Sir *Peter Jessamy* was indicted for standing between the scenes in such a manner, as to hurt the most pathetic situations of the drama. **GUILTY**; but it appearing to the court, that it was not done with malice prepense, but only with intent to display his cloaths to the ladies, he was dismissed without any other punishment than a severe reprimand, and an order, that he should

not be admitted behind the scenes again, without giving security for his good behaviour, of which Mr. *Varney* and Mr. *Crudge* are to take proper notice.

Elizabeth, the wife of *John Gayles*, Esq. was indicted, for that she, not having the love of her husband before her eyes, hath, for the space of three years past, obstinately, wilfully, and urged on by the instigation of a certain fury called GAMING, addicted all her attention to cards, to the great detriment of her husband, and the utter extinction of all domestic happiness.

The cause was opened by Councillor *Manly*, who urged, in a long harangue, that to spend a life over a pack of cards, is an apostacy from all that can be deemed elegant in that amiable sex; that such conduct can only serve to spoil their complexions, disturb their tempers, and suppress the natural affections, which alone can create conjugal felicity; that it must inevitably put to flight the *loves* and *graces*, which would otherwise hover round them; and in their stead, infest them with a band of *barpies*, such as *suspicion*, *mistrust*, *vexation*, *disappointment*, &c.—That, in short, it must bring on such an insensibility, as to render a woman capable of venturing a

M 2

daughter's

daughter's portion upon the turning up of a die, and oblige her to surrender her lovely person, in case of non-payment, upon an *habeas corpus* from the Court of *Venus*.

After this, *Betty Minnikin*, chambermaid to the prisoner, was examined, and she deposed, as how her mistress never went to bed till four or five in the morning, and that she had often heard her say, she actually thought the King of Clubs a much handsomer man than her husband.

Croft examined. Pray mistress—Remember you're upon your oath—Have you no intrigue with your master?—

Betty Minnikin—I'd have you to know Sir—that I scorn your words—I've nothing to do with fellows—though to be sure (in tears) he does use me barbarously, and has taken no notice ever since he had his wicked will of me.

James Ditto, Mercer, was sworn, and deposed, that he had served the lady ever since her marriage, and that he knew no more of the colour of her money, than of the real colour of her face, though he was informed by her husband, and he verily believed the same to be true, that she

she had been supplied occasionally with money to discharge all her bills.

The Defence.

The *Prisoner's Council* proved to the Court, that their client always preserved her virtue, and that no instance of infidelity to the marriage-bed could be charged against her, even though she had been tempted by Lord *Trumpabout*, who offered to remit a considerable gaming debt, for so small a consideration as cuckolding her husband; upon this they rested their defence:

In reply, the Council for the prosecution observed, "It is not enough that a woman preserves her virtue, if she is insensible to shame in every other point, agreeably to the *Statute 6th Young*,

*Some modern ladies think one crime is all;
Can women then no way but backward fall?*

Lord *Townley's* case was also cited, by which it appeared a matter of indifference, whether a man be cuckolded by a *black ace*, or a powdered beau. Whereupon the jury, without withdrawing, brought in their verdict, GUILTY; and the prisoner was ordered into the close custody of

her husband, to be by him carried into the country for twelve months, there to read the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, and *Guardian*, and never suffered to revisit London, without proper security for her good behaviour.

John Cockney was indicted at the suit of Mrs. *Seesaw*, for that he, as a servant to the said Mrs. *Seesaw*, behaved ill in his place; and was guilty of several misdemeanors, such as not answering when called, nor shutting the room-door after him, and, when bid, doing it in such a manner, as to shake the whole house. The fact being proved, the prisoner was asked, what he had to say in mitigation of his offence; to which he replied, "I does not want to live with the lady—I have often bid her discharge me—She keeps but seven card tables—and what can a poor servant do, if he gets no more vails nor that?—it is not the pay of a country-curate—Lord blefs her, she may get some raw boy to live with her, but it won't do for me"—Upon this the jury declared him GUILTY. The Court directed Mrs. *Seesaw* to discharge him without a character, giving her at the same time a hint to keep fewer card-tables for the future.

William

William Dactyle was indicted, for that he hath frequently been, during the winter season, at the *Bedford* Coffee-house, and then and there for a dish of coffee did call, or for *red tea*, or *Capillaire*, as his fancy directed, and did afterwards steal out of the back-door, without paying for the same, to the prejudice of the house, &c.

Charles Price, sworn.

The prisoner at the bar was at our house on *Sunday* evening last, and hur gife hursel fery great airs, as Got is hur shudge, as much as *Mr. Ap Jones* of *Trinigidie*, or any *shentleman* in the place. "Waiter, give a tish of coffee," says he; and so hur was helping a shentleman, and so te prisoner huff hur, as if hur was no petter tan a tog. Ecot, it mate my blood poil in me, and so I was resofed to pe esen with hur, and so I watch hur, when hur was going out, accorting to hur olt tricks, and so *Ropert* ant I detect hur in te fact.

Q.—Did he make a practice of this?—

Charles Price. I pelief hur to it ten times since *Nofember* last.

John Hazard, sworn.

I am marker at the billiard-table, and I serve in the Coffee-room on *sundays*. *Charles Price* bid me watch the prisoner, telling me of his ways, and so he went out at the back-door.

Prisoner's Defence.

I have people to call to my character.

Quibus Flestrin. I know Mr. *Dactyle* perfectly well: we both lay together upon a flock-bed in *Fleet-street*, when we translated *Juvenal's* Satyrs; he always declaimed with great energy against vice, and talked much of *decorum*, and the beauty of virtue. I did not think him capable of such an action.

John Rubric. I am a bookseller; I employed the prisoner to write me an account of lamentable accidents; I advanced him the whole money, being fifteen-shillings and six pence, and he behaved very honestly.

Court. What is his general character?

Rubric. A very pretty versifyer: I never heard an ill thing of him before this. GUILTY 10d.

N U M B E R LXXI.

Saturday, Feb. 23, 1754

*Ergo exercentur Pænis, veterumque malorum
Supplicia expendant.*—————

VIRG.

*Continuation of the Proceedings at the Court of
Censorial-Enquiry.*

JOHAN VAINLOVE, Esq. was indicted, for that he, not having the fear of this Court before his eyes, but falsely, vainly, and inconsiderately tricked, deluded, and jilted several of his Majesty's most amiable subjects, and urged on by the instigation of a most extraordinary self-conceit, hath continued for a long time in this practice, to the great disappointment of several young ladies, &c.

Clerk of the Arraigns.

John Vainlove, hold up your hand. How will you be tried?

Prisoner. By this court and my country.

Upon which the *Attorney General* of the Court opened the cause in a long speech, setting forth, that such behaviour argues a depraved mind; in-
sen-

sensible to truth, and wantonly delighting in giving uneasiness to the fair-sex, by making many of them imagine he had honourable intentions, when, at the same time, he only meant, in the end, to break off, to their disappointment and confusion.

Miss Saffron, sworn on her pocket looking-glass.

I met the prisoner at the bar at *Enfield Assembly*, where I danced with him, till two in the morning: he squeezed my hand several times, called me his angel, and "I protest, *Miss Saffron*," says he, "you have the finest neck in the world." I was so far misled by this speech, that I have ever since gone without an handkerchief: he visited me next morning, and gave me strong reasons to expect proposals for marriage. But instead of that, I have been the *laughing-stock* of all my acquaintances ever since, for shewing the yellowness of my skin; and I never saw the prisoner, from that time till now.

Miss Threadneedle, sworn on a billet-doux.

I danced with the prisoner at *Hampstead Assembly*: I was at that time upon a treaty of marriage with my father's prentice, which I broke off on his account; and I have since rejected many very eligible offers, encouraged by the prisoner's promises; in consequence of which,
I bought

I bought me a new gown at Carr, Ibsen's and Bigg's; and now I find I'm not likely to be a bit the better for it.

Widow Liquorish, sworn on a small box of carmine.

I had not been spoke to for several years, till I met the prisoner at a rout: we played in the same set; and he paid me so many compliments, and lost his money with so much good humour, that I was sure he was in love with me. I had five card-tables at my lodging since, when the prisoner promised to be one of our party; but I never saw him more, till I heard he was taken up: I am sure that is he; I can swear to the man.

Prisoner's Defence.

May it please this honourable court, I am a beau; and in order to support that character, I thought it would not be amiss to have a few treaties of marriage depending, though, at the same time, I protest, I have no attachment to any one breathing, except myself.

Upon this the prisoner rested his cause; and the jury, without retiring, brought in their verdict, a *male jilt*. The court adjudged, upon the statute of *Isaac Bickerstaff*, that no lady whatever should admit the addresses of *John Vainlove*,

love, Esq. unless he could produce a character from the lady he last served, testifying that *he behaved well in her service.*

Lady *Tittle Tattle* was indicted, for that she went frequently to one or other of the two theatres; and there, placing herself in a side-box, as near the stage as possible, talked louder than the actors, even though a *Garrick*, or a *Barry*, a *Cibber*, or a *Pritchard*, were principal in the scene. The prisoner, instead of denying the fact, insisted upon her right to behave in that manner, alleging it was what she always did at church, and truly she could never be made to hold her tongue in her life. Verdict, GUILTY; upon which the court was going to pass sentence, that she should lose her tongue; but one of the judges recollecting an instance in *Ovid*, where the remaining roots and fibres retain their activity, *radix micat ultima lingue*, objected to the punishment, insisting upon it, that it would not cure the disease; and though no articulate accents could be produced, *nec vox nec verba sequuntur*, yet such sounds might issue, as would still continue to annoy the company: she was therefore required to give bail for her good behaviour for the future, which she found difficult to do, as her husband, for reasons best known to himself, refused to be one; at length Mr. *Hoyle* became her security; he being in
pos-

No. 71. THE GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL, 173

possession of the only charm which can, for a while, stop the female tongue.

Bob Riot was indicted, for that he, in a full gallery at *Drury-Lane* play-house, cried out fire. The fact being incontestibly proved, but no one being able positively to swear to the man, the strongest evidence amounting to no more than I believe it is he, and I think it is the same voice, he was acquitted.

William Quibble was indicted for picking a gentleman's pocket of a silk handkerchief, value three shillings. The prosecutor deposed, that he went into the *Bedford* Coffee-house, and stood for some time next to the prisoner at the bar, and when he wanted his pocket handkerchief, could not find it.

Cross examined. Pray, Sir, was you at the play that night?

Answer. I was.

Q. And did not you pass through the mob that is generally gathered in the Piazza?

Answer. I did.

Q. Then

Q. Then might you not lose your handkerchief there? What reason have you for charging the prisoner at the bar?

Answer. Because he made a pun; and every body knows that a man that will pun, will also pick a pocket.

Acquitted of the *handkerchief*, but detained upon an indictment for the *pun*.

Joseph Indolent was indicted, for that he murdered his time every evening at the *Bedford Coffee-house*. It was plainly proved to the court, that the prisoner generally took his seat among the rest of the *loungers* at the middle fire, and there pass all his hours in dozing, yawning, telling long stories, listening to long stories, enquiring of every one that came in, have you been at *Drury-lane* to-night? "Yes."—Great house, I suppose—"very great house"—ay, as usual—have you been at *Covent-garden*? "I looked in"—very thin, I hear—"about five people in the boxes, and half a pit"—ay, as usual! Upon which the jury, without going out of court, brought in their verdict, WILFUL MURDER; but the prisoner seeming to have a very sensible feeling of his condition, the court, in hopes he might by this be awakened into reflection, allowed him his *benefit of clergy*, which they

they assured him was the only thing that could redeem him from destruction; and therefore they recommended to him to read four hours every day, for the future.

William Clumfy was indicted, for that he walked about the room at the *Bedford Coffee-house*, for near half an hour every evening, and trod frequently upon people's toes, to the great annoyance of *Mrs. Michell's* customers.—GUILTY. Upon which the court ordered him to *Mr. Hart's* Dancing Academy for grown persons, until the said *Mr. Hart* shall think proper to trust him with the use of his limbs abroad.

John Sceptic was indicted, for that he, after reading the posthumous works of the late *Lord Bolingbroke*, did embrace the absurd doctrine of *scepticism*, and is now an absolute unbeliever in the most obvious truths.

Miss Sweetlips, sworn.

I was going through *Tavistock-street*—this was about seven o'clock at night—and I met the prisoner at the bar, who led me to a lamp, and after looking me full in the face, kissed me with great eagerness. He then told me that I was a pretty apparition: upon which I could not help saying, I was as good flesh and blood as him—

himself: he then repeated the word apparition, and brushed away.

Abraham Buckram.

I made cloaths for the prisoner at the bar, for many years past, and he never disputed payment, till I carried in my bill the other morning, being obliged to make up a sum; and he told me, they were only imaginary cloaths, and that I must prove the reality of matter; of which, he said, he doubted the existence.

Mary Spinster.

I am a maiden lady; I let lodgings in St. Martin's-lane: the prisoner has had an apartment in my house for nine months; and when I asked him for some money, he says he owes for no lodging, and that all is *Elysium* round him.

Prisoner's Defence.

I doubt the real existence of every thing I meet: as for instance; I have often heard of *bonour*, and *honesty*, and *patriotism*, and *friendship*; and I am sure there is no such thing in reality. I therefore demur to the jurisdiction of the court, because I doubt the reality of it, and of all these appearances about me. Verdict, *guilty of wilful scepticism*; whereupon the court adjudged

No. 71. THE GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL. 177

judged the said posthumous works of Lord *Be-
lingbroke* to be forfeited as a *deodand*, and allowed
him *benefit of clergy*.

Copia Vera,

CHARLES RANGER

The Court broke up till next Sessions.

N U M B E R LXXII.

Saturday, March, 2, 1754.

—————*Ut omnis*
Votivâ veluti pateat descripta Tabellâ
Vita—————

HOR.

Tecum habitâ, & noris quam sit tibi curâ supellex.

PER.

TO endeavour at some degree of self-knowledge, was the constant advice of the ethic writers among the Greeks and Romans; and this precept we find inculcated by many of them, in terms that come home to every man's breast. Among the moderns, Lord *Shaftsbury* has more particularly enforced the doctrine to the race of writers. He has recommended this intuitive intercourse to every author, and, in the most pressing terms, desires him frequently to enter into a *Soliloquy* with himself; by which means he will probably be informed, whether he can boast that intellectual harmony, which is requisite for the formation of a tasteful mind; whether he is sufficiently acquainted with the progress of the human

human understanding, the secret movements of the heart, the grace of character, the beauty of virtue, and all those elegant refinements of thinking, without which it is impossible to reach any degree of excellence in a composition. We likewise find that *Boileau*, the famous *French* Satyrift, was aware of the necessity of this spiritual retreat (if I may be allowed so to call it). He has accordingly entered into a review of himself in his ninth Satire, which is certainly as pleasant a piece of humour, as ever was produced by any writer, ancient or modern. The poet addresses himself to his own mind, by saying, that he wants to hold a little private conversation with that internal agent, whom he had too long encouraged in whims and frolicks, by an indolent indulgence; and, now that his patience is provoked to the utmost, he will, once for all, tell him his own.

C'est à vous, mon Esprit; à qui je veux parler;
Vous avez des défauts, que je ne puis celer.
Assez & trop long-temps ma lâche complaisance
De vos jeux criminels a nourri l'insolence.
Mais puisque vous poussez ma patience à bout,
Une fois en ma vie, il fant vous dire tout.

In conformity to the injunction of the noble writer,

ter, and in imitation of the sensible and polite satyrift, I have lately divided myself into two persons, in order to examine my inward frame, the motives of my actions, the fecret fpring of my writings, and to attain a more intimate knowledge of my feveral foibles, my various humours, and the whimsical viciffitudes of my paffions. The dialogue was carried on with great warmth on both fides, as if there was really an intestine war within me. As I am willing to difclofe myfelf, as well as to diffect other characters, as they occur in my rambles, for the more effectual improvement or entertainment of my readers, I fhall lay the whole *Drama* before them this day. The candid, I am convinced, will pardon all fuch errors, as arife from the imbecillity of human nature; and the enemies of the author (if he has any) will abate from their inveteracy, when they perceive that timorous felf-love cannot prevail upon him to conceal his own infirmities.

SCENE, *the author's ftudy; he fits down to his writing-table, rubs his forehead, bites his nails, pauses for fome time in reflection, and then the dialogue begins.*

Ranger.—Come, my foul, or whatever you are, that actuate this machine; you and I have long
been

been wrangling, and I desire now to have a private conference with you. Pray, what could put it into your head to make me turn writer?

Soul. How can you ask me such a question? You know my original motive was to make as much waste paper, as the rest of the scribblers of the age. The town began early to take notice of my undertaking, and so the amusement of it, and a principle of gratitude, induced me to persevere.

Ranger. Let me tell you, that you are a busy, pragmatial, intermeddling, foolish kind of a being, and when once you take a fancy into your head, there is no such thing as reasoning with you. Did not I represent to you, that writing is a state of warfare upon earth, and that the most candid and unassuming expression will not secure a man from secret poisoned arrows, while malice, and envy, and ill-nature are such predominant vices in mankind?

Soul. True; but did not I always answer you, that the wise and good will not become tools to a party, and that they will never condescend to do the dirty work of calumny and detraction? A public writer, who is attended with a degree of

success, must expect to be attacked by scribblers: and let me tell you, Mr. *Ranger*, you are an arrant blockhead, if you ever suffer any of them to ruffle your temper. Take my advice, and laugh at the impotence of malice: whenever any one attempts to wound you with the weapons of falsehood, smile at the dart, which, short of its aim, falls harmless at your feet, and repeat with me from my favourite *Virgil*,

————— *Telumque imbelle sine ictu*
Conjecit —————

Ranger. This is all fine talking! But am not I pointed at in the mean time? Don't I perceive the contracted brow, the inflamed eye, the look that denounces vengeance?

Soul. Not so fast in your career: pray, Sir, have not you brought all this upon yourself? What business had you to discover the author? Prejudices will unavoidably arise against a known writer. But you must go and consult with a few of your friends, before the work was commenced; and what was the consequence? Did they assist you? They only whispered it about; and, in a month's time, you were known every where. I often told you, you are of too open a temper.

Observe

Observe how some people lock up their minds in company; snug's the word; not a syllable from their lips; and they make use of all they can extract from your communicative disposition. Look ye, if you would but keep my secrets a little closer, I don't, in the least doubt but we should succeed much better. Don't be quite so precipitate, and let us take time to plan, to alter, to touch, and retouch, and I'll stake my immortality, that we go on with more safety and ease. Or, if you must take the opinion of people, ask it of those only who have both inclination and capacity to serve you: learn to distinguish between men.

Ranger. I have no sinister intentions myself, and I never suspect any body else of harbouring ill designs. But do you intend to persevere in this task?

Soul. Most certainly, while the public continues favourable.

Ranger. 'Gad, 'tis pleasant enough to see you assume the air of a dictator, and take upon you to reform men and manners; to correct vitiated taste; to offer your criticisms on fine writing, give rules for style, reprobate a profusion of me-

taphors and flowery epithets, and ridicule the foibles of mankind. I tell you, we are too young for the task : do you feel within you the emotions of a sublime spirit? Have your pervading eyes searched every subject to the bottom? Had not you better employ yourself in reading the best authors, ancient and modern, than spinning out from yourself? Has *Apollo* opened to you the secrets of *Parnassus*? And then don't I know your method of proceeding? Don't you some times defer things to the last hour? And don't you let inaccuracies escape, which a little time would inform you want correction?

Soul. There I allow you hit me; but the nature of periodical writings must admit some slight inadvertencies. The dissipations of pleasure, and a thousand other avocations, must inevitably disconcert a person at times; and then one is not always in the same humour. But why don't you take care to correct the press? When you should be attending to that necessary trouble, you are often running about the town: dissipation is no excuse to the reader. For my part, I flatter myself that the best judges will allow for an youthful enterprize, and a well meant endeavour will be received with candour.

Ranger.

Ranger. I see you will have your own way. However, I must tell you what I hear of you; it is remarked, that you are too fond of mentioning players. 'Sdeath, if you pretend to any genius, can't you have more pleasure in reading *Shakespeare*, than in hearing any of them repeat from him?

Soul. Why, you are sensible that my paper is calculated for a multiplicity of readers; some like one thing, some another; there is no pleasing all at once. Besides, there is a performer on the stage, who has, upon many occasions, surprized me with new lights in passages that were before obscure, and who has often had an irresistible power over my passions.

Ranger. Still harping on your favourite *Garrick*! But what occasion is there for it? Every body knows he is an universal genius.

Soul. Would you have me change my style, and say that there are others equal to him?

Ranger. No, that would be taken for raillery; they'd think you were laughing at them. But to cut the matter short, this itch of scribbling is a dangerous thing. You'll never be cured of it,

till the critics effectually damn you, which between you and I——

Soul. Hush! Blabbing again? Hold your peace, man.

Ranger. Well! well! I will; for faith I am heartily tired of the controversy; and so, since we are tied together like man and wife, without any possibility of a divorce, until death us do part, I think we had better jog on as well as we can, with the civility of people of fashion.

Hereupon the debate was broke up, and other thoughts rushing in, these two *Shaftsburian* persons were both united into one, like two different liquids in a glass, which, by the infusion of a single drop, change their appearance, and both become one clear and transparent fluid.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-house, Feb. 28.

THE board of criticism met here last night, when Mr. *Town* laid before them, the following

lowing lines, which he said were the late Mr. Pope's, and desired the sentiments of the house concerning the same.

What are the falling rills, and pendent shades,
The morning bow'rs, and ev'ning colonades;
But soft recesses of th' uneasy mind,
To sigh unheard into the passing wind?

So the struck deer, in some sequester'd part,
Lies down to die, the arrow in his heart.
There hid in shades, and pining day by day,
Inly he bleeds, and melts his soul away.

The court of criticism brought in their verdict, *ignoramus*; however, it is said they really are Mr. Pope's, and were written on reading a poem, intitled, A FIT OF THE SPLEEN, in imitation of *Shakespeare*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The lovers of theatrical entertainments are desired to take notice, that the benefit of Mr. Cross, prompter, is fixed for this day month at *Drury-Lane*, when they will have an opportunity of rewarding a person, who, though unseen, bears
a very

a very considerable share in the trouble of rendering the business of the stage so regular as it now is: it is therefore hoped, that the lovers of the Drama will *know their cue to go* on the above night, *without a prompter.*

NUM-

No. 73. THE GRAY'S INN JOURNAL, 189

N U M B E R LXXIII.

Saturday, March 9, 1754.

*Non obdura aded gestamus Pectora Panni,
Nec tam averfus Equos Tyria Sol jungit ab Urbe.*

VIRG.

C R I T I C I S M has been always said to have flourished more in France than any other country among the moderns. The French, it must be admitted, have had several eminent writers in this branch of literature. *Dacier* has illustrated Aristotle's Art of Poetry: *Bossu*, in his Treatise of Epic Poety, has given a fine commentary upon the same work; and *Brumoy* (perhaps the most judicious of their critics) has presented to the world, the beauties of the Greek Stage in the fairest light. The list might be swelled with the names of other elegant writers. While genius has been thus honourably employed to lead the minds of men to a true relish for the graces of fine writing, it were ungenerous not to acknowledge the obligation. But this liberal art is fallen at length into the hands of *Voltaire*. Like a dictator, he issues forth his opinions to all Europe, not like his predecessors, to improve the general

general taste, but to corrupt it, for the little purpose of establishing his own fame upon the ruin of all competitors of whatever nation.

Prefixed to *Voltaire's Merope*, we find a letter to *Maffei* (the author of an *Italian Tragedy* on the same subject), in which that writer, after mentioning a bad piece which was performed on the *English Stage*, delivers himself in the following words. *Elle fut sans doute mal recue; mais n'est il pas bien etrange qu'on l'ait representee? N'est ce pas une preuve que le Theatre Angloise n'est pas encore epurè? Il semble que la même cause qui prive les Anglois du Genie de la Peinture & de la Musique, leur ôte aussi celui de la Tragedie. Cette Isle, qui a produit les plus grande Philosophes de la Terre, n'est pas aussi fertile pour les beaux Arts; & si les Anglois ne s'appliquent serieusement a suivre les Préceptes de leurs excellens Citoyens Addison & Pope, ils n'approcheront pas des autres Peuples en fait de Gout & de Literature.* “*The English* “*Merope*, (say this writer) acted in the Year “1731, was not well received; but is it not “surprising that it was exhibited at all? May “we not infer from thence, that the *English* “Stage has not as yet attained a due degree of “refinement? It looks as if the same cause, “which has deprived the *English* of a genius for “painting

“ painting and music, has also withheld from
 “ them the spirit of dramatic poetry. That
 “ *Island*, which has produced the greatest phi-
 “ losophers in the world, is not so happy with
 “ regard to the polite arts; and unless they se-
 “ riously attach themselves to the precepts of
 “ their excellent countrymen, *Addison* and *Pope*,
 “ they will be thrown at a distance by other
 “ nations in point of literature and productions
 “ of taste.”

We have here a specimen of extraordinary logic. Because the Managers of a Theatre suffered a bad piece to be represented, is it not unfair to derive from thence a charge upon a whole nation, more particularly, when the reception this piece met with from the public is rather an indication of a correct and just taste?

What the cause is, which has deprived the *English* of a genius for painting and music, I am at a loss to determine. Those arts, it is well known, flourished for a long time in *Italy*, before they came over the *Alps* to our northern regions; but it is certain that a taste for them has prevailed many years since in this kingdom. They have been cultivated here with the greatest delicacy by several eminent masters, though we cannot boast as many exalted geniusses as have adorned the
 softer

softer clime of *Italy*. To begin with painting: The capital works of *Raphael*, *Corregio*, *Michael Angelo*, and others, will perhaps never be matched any where else; but it is unfair to deduce a conclusion from thence, that we have no genius for this excellent imitative art in *England*. Portrait-painting has been in as great a degree of perfection in this country as in any other part of the world. Sir *Godfrey Kneller* found so much taste among us, that he made this his own country; and here,

Lely on animated canvas stole

The sleepy eye, which spoke the melting soul.

But not to sneak from living worth to dead, as Mr. *Pope* finely expresses it, we have living artists, whose performances may vie with the best that *France* can boast. *Hutson's* rooms teem with mimic life; and *Hogarth*, like a true genius, has formed a new school of painting for himself. He may truly be stiled the *Cervantes* of his art. He has exhibited the ridiculous follies of human nature with the most exquisite humour, and may be pronounced the first, who has wrote a comedy with his pencil. His *Harlot's Progress*, and *Marriage A-la-mode* are, in my opinion, as well drawn as any thing in *Moliere*. The
unity

unity of character, which is the perfection of dramatic poetry, is so skilfully preserved, that we are surprized to see the same personage thinking agreeably to his complexional habits in the many different situations, in which we afterwards perceive him. The fribble, the bully, the politician, the lawyer, the miser, and in short all the striking characters in life are, by this gentleman, so admirably presented before us upon canvas, that I am convinced *Voltaire* would be at a loss to shew where he has been equalled by any of his countrymen*

We may boast an equal excellence in music: *Handel*, it is true, is not an *Englishman*, but he furnishes a convincing proof of our national taste. We have made it worth his while to fix his residence among us. We have shewn a due sensibility to manly melody, where the sound is expressive of the sense, and where no unnatural divisions, no idle insignificant quirks mislead the ear in a thrilling maze of wild and random notes. It is owing to the encouragement we have afforded this gentleman, that we can

* Had Sir *Josua Reynolds* displayed his genius at this time, his name would have been the best refutation of all *Voltaire* has written.

now boast the noblest and most rational music in the world. Add to this, that such a genius as Doctor *Boyce* will be always sufficient to vindicate us from *Voltaire's* national opprobrium. The admirers of *Arne* have constantly celebrated him for his peculiar talent. It is the rare felicity of this composer to find always the most emphatic expression, and discover where the passions are placed in every piece of poetry. To these passages he never fails to give their full energy. Like a ravishing commentator he brings new beauties into light with such a sweetness of harmony, that every breast yields irresistibly to the melting impression. I am proud to have an opportunity of saying that we are likely to have an *English* Opera set to music by this gentleman. The piece, I persuade myself, will do honour to him and his country.

With regard to dramatic poetry, our advantage over every nation in the known world is, I think, very apparent. The best critics have laid it down as a rule that a performance is to be judged by the number of striking beauties, not by inaccuracies, and the instances of occasional conformity to the vicious taste of the times. If *Shakespeare* is viewed in this light, he will certainly appear to any unprejudiced reader infinitely superior

perior to *Corneille*, *Racine*, and all the polished writers of *France* and *Italy*. I remember a passage in *Voltaire's* writings, where he is at infinite pains to bring together a string of quotations from the best *French* Tragedies, to evince their great talents for the sublime: The whole number amounts to twenty or thirty at most. The beauties of *Shakespeare* have of late been published in several volumes. *Otway* has found access to the heart better than any *French* writer whatever; the domestic passions are touched by him with the greatest elegance and simplicity. It is very common on the *French* stage to hear a personage of the drama exclaiming perpetually, *Helas*, and *Grand Dieu!* and then formally acquainting the audience that he has such and such sensations; but our great masters of the passions make their hearers feel by sympathy the agitations of their hero's breast, without running into subtle definitions, or languid declamation.

The dramatic poetry of this country is like our constitution, built upon the bold basis of liberty; and though the latter has brought a king to the block, and the former admits blood to be shed on the stage; these are corruptions which have intruded, and are, as the poet says,

Effects unhappy from a noble cause.

Upon the whole, we may apply what *Horace* has said to the *English Nation*,

—*Spirat Tragicum satis, & feliciter audet,*
Sed turpem putat in Chartis metuitque lituram.

Our poets are sufficiently possessed of the spirit of Tragedy, but they are not attentive to the minute rules of correct taste, and the trouble of blotting. It may be added, that they have more real fire, sublimer sentiments, and characters better marked than any nation whatever.

I cannot dismiss this paper, without observing, with very particular pleasure, that the subject, upon which I have offered my loose reflections, has been touched with great spirit by a writer of acknowledged genius*. In a preface to a Novel called the FRIENDS, he has expressed himself with great warmth, and a noble national jealousy. After mentioning that *Voltaire* calls his countrymen THE ABSOLUTE LEGISLATORS OF ALL THE FINE ARTS IN EUROPE, "how shameless," says he, "is this assertion in the face of a country,

* *Mr. Guthrie.*

"that

“ that gave bread to *Holben*, dignities to *Rubens*,
 “ and encouragement to *Vandike*; and that for
 “ years before (even by this writer’s own ac-
 “ knowledgment) the national taste of *France*
 “ was formed! While that taste was barbarous,
 “ *Jobnson* enriched his native tongue with Co-
 “ medies, wrought up to more than *Terentian*
 “ regularity and propriety, in point of conduct;
 “ and while *France* was ignorant of almost every
 “ order of architecture, *Inigo Jones*, in *England*,
 “ was rearing houses, and projecting palaces,
 “ which all the boasted improvements of *France*,
 “ in that art, have not yet equalled. I shall
 “ forbear to urge the examples of *Spencer* or
 “ *Shakespeare*, because I am firmly and seriously
 “ of opinion, that no *Frenchman* ever yet was
 “ able (supposing him to understand *English*
 “ equally as *French*) to taste the beauties of
 “ either of these poets. For the truth of this, I
 “ appeal to every *Englishman*’s sense, who has had
 “ the misfortune to read the unwilling, scanty,
 “ starved, and mistaken encomiums, that *Voltaire*
 “ has bestowed on *Shakespeare*.”

Is it not rather too charitable in the author of
 the foregoing passage to suppose Monsieur
Voltaire’s reserved praises of *Shakespeare* could
 arise only from an inability to relish his beau-

ties? For my part, the *French* writer appears to me capable of feeling every stroke of our great poet: but envy, and a vain ambition of erecting himself into an imagined superiority, have rendered him open in his abuse, and hesitating and frigid in his commendations. But to conclude; what *Virgil* has given away from his countrymen, we claim for ours. None better shall inform the breathing brass, or soften marble into mimic features; none shall better plead, or with equal sagacity describe the motions of the planetary system, and the laws of nature; and besides, it shall be our further praise to spare a vanquished foe, and to check the encroachments of an intriguing, faithless, perfidious enemy, ever restless and aiming at an universal monarchy, which, it is to be hoped, the Councils and Arms of *Great Britain* will for ever hold from them.

N U M B E R LXXIV.

Saturday, March 16, 1754.

— *Sevitque animis ignobile vulgus.*

VIRG.

AMONG the writers who have descanted on the *British* constitution, I have not met with one, that seems to be thoroughly acquainted with the subject. An ingenious friend, who furnished me with an essay some time since, reduced our present party-divisions into *Garrickeans* and *Barrysts*; but this is not going to the bottom of things. The famous *Montesquieu* has performed, in my humble apprehension, as little towards a detection of the root of the evil, though he seems to perceive, with a kind of prophetic spirit, the declension of *British* liberty. The great *Locke*, who has treated of government in a masterly style, does not any where give us a clue to guide our research; and after glowing with *Bolingbroke* through a number of pages, we are as much in the dark as ever. *England* can never be undone but by a parliament, says the author of *the Use and Abuse of Parliaments*; but even there, we are again

put upon a wrong scent. The truth of the matter is, ENGLAND CAN NEVER BE UNDONE BUT BY THE MOB. I am aware, that this may at first sight appear a paradox; but a retrospect to the behaviour of that body of people will convince every intelligent mind of the truth of the assertion.

The generality of political writers have wasted a great deal of paper in settling the various forms of government; one, they tell us, is a monarchy; another talks of an aristocracy; a third is loud in praise of a democracy; and the *British* constitution, they inform us, is of the mixed species; consisting of a coalition of all three. But surely a little observation will point out to us, that they have all passed by unnoticed another mode of civil policy, which cannot be called by a better name than a *Mobocracy*. Under the last mentioned form of government, this country has been for many years past, and in all human probability will continue so for a long period still to come, nay, I will be bold to say, until monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy are all swallowed up by this alone.

There is hardly ever a bill brought before the honourable the House of Commons, but the scope

scope of it is immediately canvassed in an assembly of the *Mobocracy*. If it passes in the negative, a deputation is forthwith sent to the Parliament House, where, though their remonstrances are not heard at the bar, they nevertheless enforce their arguments with such a truly *British* eloquence, that they never fail to have a due degree of influence upon the debates within doors. Upon these occasions, they generally make use of a rule of logick, which indeed is not mentioned by *Aristotle*, but is found of great efficacy in all disputes. The mode of reasoning I mean, is the *Argumentum Baculinum*; a nervous exertion of which, accompanied with all the force of the most vigorous lungs, has over-ruled many an intended act, when it happens not to please in the council of the common people. The *Mobocracy* have further the legislative and executive part of their laws in their own hands, and we find them very frequent in a diligent attention to them. For instance, though the common law of *England* has provided a proper punishment for pick-pockets, the *Mobocracy* has reconsidered that matter, and, after mature deliberation, devised a correction, in their opinion, more adequate to the offence. Accordingly, whenever any one is found to incur the penalty of the law, they immediately proceed to execution, without judge

or jury, which, in their apprehension, serve but to retard the course of justice. They seize the delinquent, and, without delay, duck him in the river, the Canal in St. James's Park, or the next pool of water. The offender is carried to the next pump, and there deluged till he is almost ready to expire. Upon all these occasions, it is observable, that they take infinite delight in seeing the proper punishment inflicted, as may be observed from the acclamations, and huzzas, wherewith their burst of joy rends the air. In like manner, the pillory is sometimes ordained by the statute law of *England*, in order to expose such transgressors, as deserve to be set up the marks of public shame. Upon every occurrence of this nature, wisdom is sure to cry out in the streets, and the award of the judges is determined by a popular circle to be just or unjust. When once they have pronounced sentence, the person doomed to make his appearance is sure either to meet with their protection, or to call forth the utmost indignation of an incensed populace. Nay, it has been known that these perpetual dictators have proceeded so far as to rescue felons condemned to suffer death, from the hands of the proper officers, and generously to have superseded the death warrant. In many parts of *England* they have an implacable aversion

sion to turnpikes, insomuch, that it is now universally believed, that they will never be at rest, till they have entirely demolished those disagreeable passports. I remember to have heard a story of these people, which I think may serve to give the reader a tolerable idea of their arbitrary power. Not very long since, three *Indian* kings paid a visit to this metropolis; and, after they had seen most places of curiosity, a play was at length advertised by command of their *Indian* majesties. The *Mobocracy*, who have entirely exploded all notions of the right divine of Kings, and who, in fact, consider crowned heads as no more than common men, took care to attend at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*, in order to survey the swarthy monarchs. At length the curtain drew up, but in vain did the players attempt to begin the diversion of the night. The *Mobocracy*, who had possession of the upper gallery, declared that they came to see the kings, "and since we have paid our money, the kings we will have." Whereupon Mr. *Wilks*, who was then one of the patentees, came forth and assured them that the kings were in the front-box; to this the *Mobocracy* replied, that they could not see them there, and desired that they might be placed in a more conspicuous point of view, "otherwise, there shall be no
 5 "play."

“ play.” Mr. *Wilks*, who was not in his heart of mobocratical principles, loved his own interest so well, that he always knew how to be an occasional-conformist. He assured them he had nothing so much at heart as their happiness, and accordingly got three chairs, and placed the kings on the stage, to the no small satisfaction of the *Mobocracy*, with whom it is a maxim to have as much as possible for their money. From hence it appears that the power of the multitude is perfectly dictatorial; and, indeed, in all ages the managers of play-houses have acquiesced under the gallery-jurisdiction. Mr. *Garrick*, I am credibly informed, notwithstanding the submissive bows he occasionally makes them, is not entirely reconciled to their government. He is apt, if time speaks truth, to quote certain treasonable words from *Horace*, implying that the vulgar have no claim to infallibility. *Interdum Vulgus Rectum videt, est ubi peccat.* My intelligence further adds, that he has suppressed many schemes for adding novelty to the amusements of the public, from a fear he has conceived of the many-headed monster of the gallery; nay, he will at times carry matters so far as to pronounce their behaviour illegal; and, when lately they broke all the windows of his dwelling-house, so discontented a spirit possessed him, that he would by
no

no means acknowledge the justice of their proceedings.

Be that as it may ; it is certain one disaffected person cannot withstand the *Mobocratical* power, which it is manifest has gained great strength of late years, and, I am persuaded, will continue to flourish more and more every day. They have many wise maxims, by which they govern themselves ; such as, “no wooden shoes,” “liberty and property and no excise”—“no *French* dancers”—“no Mounseers”—“let every man toast his own cheese.” Such prudential axioms, founded on the soberest sense, must undoubtedly contribute to render their administration both wise and prosperous. It does not appear that they have made any great progress in the modern art of war ; on the contrary, there is reason to suppose that they all hold it in contempt. It is certain that on many occasions, when our mixed form of government has endeavoured to oppose them, by sending forth the soldiery, they have always laughed at the military force, and made them retreat without daring to fire. Their military discipline seems to be derived from the *Romans* ; they know no use of cannon, or fire-arms, but proceed to battle with sticks, bludgeons, setting up loud shouts, somewhat like the

war-

war-whoop of the *Indians*, and hurling stones, brickbats, bottles, and glasses, with tremendous force on the adverse party. To all refinements of modern luxury they are total strangers: bread and cheese, and porter, are their chief sustenance; gin being only used by them when they are low-spirited, or are going to be hanged. They do not paint their bodies with woad, like the ancient *Britons*, but generally with kennel-dirt, which lends them a formidable air in battle. Thus enured to danger, it will be no wonder if the *Mobocracy* at length become masters of this kingdom. This, as I conceive it, must shortly be the case, unless the vices of people of fashion should descend to them, and retard their progress. Of this, I must own I am inclined to cherish some hopes, having heard, that in some parts of the town, they drink, and game, and swear, and are to the full as wicked as their betters. Particularly in *Hockly the Hole*, I am told, that they have a place called *White's Chocolate-house*; that *clean lodgings for travellers* are dearer than ever, and that you cannot any where *shave for a penny*, the depravity of the times having raised the prices of every thing there, as well as at the *St. James's end* of the town.

N U M B E R LXXV.

Saturday, March 23, 1754.

*Tum Dea nube cavâ tenuem sine viribus umbram
 In faciem Æneæ, visu mirabile monstrum,
 Dardaniis ornat telis, clypeumque jubaſque
 Divini aſſimulat capitis; dat inania verba,
 Dat ſine mente ſonum. — VIRG.*

WHEN Turnus, in the tenth *Æneid*, is cutting his way through fields of slaughter, an interpoſing goddeſs ſhadows forth an illuſive appearance of the adverſe warrior. She arms the phantom, which is made to reſemble *Æneas*, with an air-drawn javelin, an imaginary ſhield and creſt, adds a mimic voice, and ſounds innocent of thought. The deluſive mockery lies before the ranks, in order to divert the real combatant, and engage him in a vain purſuit. The impoſition has the intended effect: the General is ſeduced from the field; the illuſion vaniſhes into air, and then too late the hero perceives, that he had quitted the field of glory, to diſtinguiſh his martial prowels againſt a fictitious enemy, where no honour could be reaped. In the warfare of the pen, ſomething like this very commonly

monly happens. A writer is no sooner observed to be engaged in a right course, than a counterfeit genius is instantly set up in opposition to him. Mother *Dullness*, who is always as careful of her favourites as any goddess in epic poetry, is sure to make something appear in the shape of a rival: She arms him with a goose-quill, furnishes ink and paper, supplies him with empty words, and unideal sounds, without any thinking faculty.—
Dat inania verba, dat sine mente sonum.

The machinery, which *Virgil* has thought worthy of a place in his divine poem, has always appeared to me beneath the dignity of the epic muse, and only fit for the mock heroic. *Janus*, engaged in the pursuit of a phantom, seems to be in a ludicrous situation; and surely the author, who can be drawn off from the pursuit of a nobler quarry, to follow some puny scribbler in the form of a pamphlet, a letter to a friend, a wretched poem, or an insipid epigram, must, in the eyes of the judicious, appear to act unworthily, and very much beneath his character. On this account it is, that I have hitherto kept myself clear of all disputes with my brethren of the quill. I have persevered in one uniform plan, though there have not been wanting things, “that would be

“poets thought,” who have endeavoured to molest me in my career.

Deaf to all such avocations, I have attended only to the prosecution of the design this paper first set out with, namely, to conduce my utmost to the entertainment and instruction of my readers: The former of these views, I flatter myself, has in some degree succeeded: with regard to the latter, I do not pretend to have enlightened the understandings of all my contemporaries, nor to have brought about a general reformation of men and manners. The truth of it is, I cannot consider the *Gray's-Inn Journal*, as a general *Pandæa* for the defects of mankind. My bookseller, and many of my friends (*i. e.* enemies) have been pleased to compliment me on that score. When I declare thus much, I beg I may not be supposed to envy the fame of a very elegant and ingenious brother-writer, who pleasantly congratulates himself on the extensive amendment of mankind since the commencement of his paper. He assures us, that there is no such thing at present as cards at *White's*; no naked shoulders at *Ranelagh*; and from the general cessation of vice, he flatters himself that the *Millennium* is at hand, determined, when that happy period arrives, to lay down his pen,

and receive the congratulations of his conscience for a life well spent in the service of mankind.

For my part, I shall not wait for the *Millennium*. I have met with very different success in my district. I am resolved not to cry out, in imitation of *Falstaff* to the vanquished *Hotspur*, "there lies vice; and the king will reward me; —so;—if not,—let him write the next paper himself." So far from having any title to this boast, I have at present only one letter upon my table, testifying the surprizing cure wrought by these lucubrations. This curious epistle is as follows.

To CHARLES RANGER Esq.

SIR,

FOR twenty years last past, I have been afflicted with a most extraordinary species of pride, which affected my head to so great a degree, that I could never, during that time, bow it to any one, who was not possessed of a fortune of ten thousand pounds. This, you may believe, reduced me to such a situation, that all my acquaintance shunned my company. But upon
 perusal

No. 75. THE GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL. 2ft

perusal of your paper of the 26th of *January*, I immediately found such a relaxation in the sinews of my neck, that I can already make a slight bow to my equals. In my organs of speech there is such an amendment, that I can pronounce, *Sir*, or, *Madam*, to any decent person of either sex. The truth of the above I am willing to attest on oath, when called upon, and am,

S I R,

Your most obedient Servant,

GEORGE STIFFNECK.

This is the only certificate I can produce at present of the success of these papers: I suppose, indeed, that many individuals have occasionally profited by them; yet my intelligence says, that most of the fashionable vices and follies of this metropolis are carried on with as much alacrity as if, to use the phrase of *Noll Bluff*, Charles Ranger had never been in the land of the living.

By advices from the city I learn, that, while the husband is cheating for a groat behind the counter, the wife is venturing hundreds at a rout; that the course of exchange was on *Thursday* last

very much influenced by the Jew-Brokers; that the stocks continue to be iniquitously raised or lowered in 'Change-Alley; and that criticism still prevails at Sam's. Orator Henly, I am told, continues to rave among his butchers; families are ruined every night at the gaming-clubs; and from Vauxhall and Ranelagh I hear, by undoubted intelligence, that half of the taper leg, and the pit of the snowy bosom are displayed every night by ladies of the first distinction. Zeal for the constitution is talked of in both houses of parliament, but never gains a single vote; insomuch, that Mr. *Abley* on *Ludgate-Hill*, who sells punch *pro bono publico*, is the only patriot I can any where hear of.

But though this general contagion of vice and folly still prevails, I hope it will at least be found some degree of merit to have opposed it. I persuade myself, that throughout these little essays, my satyr has been so levelled, as not to have deserved the displeasure of any worthy character. As to the anonymous invectives of little scribblers, I have already declared my opinion of them; and should a whole inundation of calumny be hereafter discharged against me, I shall not suffer myself to be drawn into petty quarrels with anonymous scribblers, or with those, whose

whose names have never been heard of in any circle of true taste and real literature. The malevolent critic, and the scribbler of defamatory libels are the pests of society. Unknown to every muse, they have nothing to inspire their puny talents, except dullness and envy. This, I think, will manifestly appear from the following paper, which fell into my hands by an extraordinary accident a few days since.

The Society of Grub-street, by the influence of Mother-Dullness's Head-College of Great-Britain, Defender of Absurdity, and so forth; to all our dearly beloved Members, to whom these Presents shall come, greeting.

Whereas *Charles Ranger*, Esq. has taken upon him to publish once a week, namely, every *Saturday*, a paper, entitled the *Gray's-Inn Journal*, and hath endeavoured, as far as in him lies, to introduce into all *Coffee-houses*, essays of wit and humour, according to the practice of the authors of the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, and *Guardian*, whom we have always held in the highest detestation: and further, whereas the said *Charles Ranger* hath avowed himself an enemy to all modern critics, stigmatizing them by the name of the *Malevelli*; and has, moreover declared war

against all foreign monsters, ostriches, and pantomimes: we hereby enjoin you, all and several, to abuse, revile, traduce, calumniate, and defame him, the said *Charles Ranger*, so as to make him uneasy in his province, and oblige him, if possible, to lay down his pen.

And we further command our dearly beloved, the doers of the several news-papers (which have been hitherto devoted to our cause), either not to mention the works of the said *Ranger*, or to damn them with faint praise, or grossly and scandalously to condemn them, as they have done to every thing praise-worthy for some years past; and for so doing, this shall be your sufficient warrant. Given in *Grub-street*, *January 1, 1754.*

By order of the Society,

JOHN HILL,
QUINBUS FLESTRIN } Secretaries,

T. R. U. E

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-House, March 21st.

WE have lately set up in this place a new invented machine, in imitation of the weather-glass, by which we can, by sure prognostics, tell in the morning the rise and fall of wit and humour for the whole day. The several stages which are fixed for its progress are in a gradual ascent from DULL, MUZZY, HEAVY, HOWISH, FINE, very FINE, HIGH, GREAT, IMMENSE BY G——. The mercury has not ascended this whole week past farther than GREAT, and, it is thought, will not reach IMMENSE BY G—— till next winter.

N U M B E R LXXVI.

Saturday, March 30, 1754.

— *Migravit ab aure voluptas*
Omnis ad incertos oculos & gaudia vana. HOR.

A WELL conducted theatre, in a large and flourishing community, is an object of much greater moment, than is generally imagined. Mr. *Whitehead*, in a copy of verses to *Garrick*, congratulating that admirable actor upon his accession to the management of *Drury-Lane*, said, among other things,

A nation's taste depends on you,
 Perhaps a nation's virtue too.

The compliment, in my opinion, was far from being overstrained. Men, who resort to the play-house, though with nothing but mere amusement in view, will see the cause of virtue supported in many of our Tragedies, with all the splendor of sentiment and language; and in the best of our Comedies, they will be taught to laugh at what is irregular, vicious, or absurd in the course of ordinary life. By the pathos of the former,

former, the mind, which would otherwise lie torpid, feels itself awakened to the sensations of humanity; and from the instructive mirth of the latter, all may carry home an useful and moral lesson. But our stage, it must be acknowledged, has been upon the decline for a number of years. Of this degeneracy it may be difficult to assign the various causes; but the fact is universally felt and acknowledged. The æra of dramatic splendor seems to have closed with the management of *Booth, Wilks, and Cibber*. The two last good Comedies in their time, if my memory does not deceive me, were the *Provoked Husband*, and the *Conscious Lovers*. From that time to the *Suspicious Husband*, in 1747, there is a melancholy chasm of twenty years. In that whole time, nothing has been produced, that deserves the name of just and regular Comedy. The *Beggar's Opera*, it is true, like a single star, appeared in the theatrical hemisphere during that interval. But the piece, excellent as it is, and sparkling in every scene with real wit and genuine humour, cannot be classed with that legitimate species of Comedy, which tends to the improvement of the manners. In Tragedy our theatres have been still more deficient. The *Siege of Damascus* was, I believe, the last piece in *Cibber's* time, that

that has since kept its rank on the stage. If so, what a dreary *vacuum* to the *Tancred and Sigismunda* of *Thompson*! Of this last mentioned writer we have had other performances, written, I think, in the true language of poetry, but without that power of interesting the heart, which is essential to the drama. Were I to make the apology of our poets for their long inactivity, I should ascribe their want of exertion to the dearth of actors, that followed, when the great triumvirate retired from public life. Happily, at present, that excuse can be no longer urged. The names of *Garrick*, *Barry*, *Mossop*, *Mrs. Cibber*, *Mrs. Pritchard*, *Woodward*, *Yates*, and *Clive*, are sufficient to end the interregnum of dullness. Accordingly, we have seen of late years *The Roman Father*, *Creusa*, *Boadicia*, and the *Brothers*. The authors of those pieces have led the way, and hopes may now be entertained, that the dramatic genius of this country will be once more revived. But to revive it in its true lustre, much remains to be done. The taste of the public, during a long reign of dullness, has been much depraved; but it is now time, as *Johnson* expresses it in his admirable prologue,

———To bid the reign commence,
Of rescued nature, and reviving sense.

The

The true purpose of the drama has been for a long time laid aside and forgotten. The theatre has been frequented merely to kill an hour. The ladies go to be seen, the fop to display his cloaths, and the small vulgar to stare at both. But the real use of the drama is, to see our common nature represented in its distresses, or its follies. In the former we sympathize, and the heart feels the pleasure of being roused from a dull and lethargic state. The stage is the mirror of our species. We love to pity misfortune, and to laugh at folly. In the frame and texture of our nature we find compassion and the sense of ridicule curiously interwoven, always active, and ready to be put in motion, whenever the proper objects are presented before us. Every man bears in his own breast the *weeping* and the *laughing* philosopher. It is upon those two principles in the constitution of human nature that Tragedy and Comedy are founded. The former addresses itself to our humanity: It is the school of virtue, in which we exercise the tender and the generous affections. Comedy owes its influence to that gay emotion of contempt, called laughter, which was implanted in the mind of man for useful purposes; to make us see, almost instinctively, whatever is wrong, irregular, or deformed in human actions; to give us a quick
sense

sense of folly, and to make pleasure attend the perception. And as we find that these two springs of the mind have for their ultimate end the real benefit of social life, can we do better than exercise them upon proper occasions, when suffering virtue demands a tear, or when absurdity provokes our mirth?

It is not necessary, in this place, to enquire, why the tear of compassion is delightful, or, in other words, why pain should be the cause of pleasure. It is sufficient, for the present purpose, that we are so constituted.

*Natura imperio geminus, cum funus adulta
Virginis occurrit, vel terra clauditur infans.*

We know by repeated experience, that the moments, when the mind stagnates, are the most uncomfortable of our being: We want something, as *Dryden* expresses it, that "brushing o'er adds motion to the pool." It is, therefore, a pleasure, to feel the mind awakened: and I hope we all know, that when the heart expands with generous affections, it is then the triumph of our nature. That moral approbation, with which we then behold ourselves, is one great source, though not the only one, of all the pleasure

sure we derive from the representations of the tragic poet.

Of the immediate and efficient causes of laughter, it is not necessary, at present, to give an elaborate and full account. The enquiry would lead beyond the limits of an essay. It is enough for the comic writer to know, that his art consists in framing a course of action, which shall, with due probability, fetch out the latent foibles, the peculiar habits, the absurdities and humours of the several persons, who are engaged or interested in the event. Let this be executed with skill, and the poet is sure of success. Men love to see their common nature faithfully represented: as Doctor Young expresses it, like the boy at the fountain, they fall in love with their own image. Where the representation is a faithful copy from life, the truth of character affords the most rational pleasure; and, if it be further attended with circumstances of ridicule, the emotion of laughter is sure to accompany it; and, perhaps, that *sudden glory*, which the philosopher of *Malmshury* talks of, arising from the comparison of ourselves with the infirmity of others, may be an ingredient in the pleasure we receive.

The main springs of Tragedy and Comedy are
thus

thus evidently seen : namely, the sensibility of the heart, and the sense of ridicule. Can we do better than exercise both? The exertion of the former is virtue ; of the latter, useful and rational mirth. But we are told by many, that the tear of sympathy is distressing ; they would rather laugh ; and their mirth, I fear, is often weak and irrational. That species of comedy diverts them most, which has ladders of rope, back-stairs, masks, disguises, and dark-lanterns. We prefer stage tricks to the humours of the mind. A Gothic taste has taken possession of the public. Nature is banished. We give credit to the magician's wand, and harlequin's wooden sword. The seasons are confounded together. A father is robbed of his daughter, and the old man is made ridiculous by his paternal affection : the more harlequin leads him a weary life, the better we are pleased. What roars of laughter and applause, when a simple clown is bit by a dog, or a Frenchman worried by a mob ! Impossibilities are crowded together ; all climates are presented before us ; heaven and hell appear ; good angels and evil demons meet ; the trap doors open ; Pluto rises in flame-coloured stockings ; and this monstrous chaos makes the supreme delight of an enlightened nation.

While the town continues lost in this anti-natural taste, can it be expected that the stage shall retrieve its ancient humour? It is a fact, well known, that the Roman drama never rose to that degree of perfection, which shone forth at Athens; and it is remarkable, that the love of pantomimes, and monstrous exhibitions, not unlike that which marks the present age, was in general vogue at Rome, the delight and joy of all ranks and conditions, even from the emperor down to the meanest citizen. One of *Terence's* Plays, and perhaps the most elegant in that collection, was driven from the stage with noise and tumult, that the people might enjoy their favourite amusement of gladiators, and gaze with stupid wonder at a rope-dancer. Of the like disgrace to all good taste and sense *Horace* frequently complains:

Effeda festinant, Pileta, Petorruta, Naves.

But that great poet stood in the gap, and with the weapons of sound and manly criticism opposed the inundation of folly, that overwhelmed the stage, and ruined the drama of his day. To correct the public ear, and recall the authors of his time to the true principles of fine writing, he produced his *ART OF POETRY*, a Poem, which,
in

in less than five hundred lines, has comprized the principal rules of composition. I have often thought that nothing can so effectually reform the modern stage, as a review of that admirable piece. An eminent comic writer of *France* saw it in its true light, not with SCALIGER considering it as an ART WITHOUT ART, but a regular system, and a model of just composition. As the ingenious commentary, which that judicious critic has left us, seems to be little known, it is my intention hereafter, to submit it to the learned. A work of this kind will tend to reform the taste of the town, and, perhaps, place *Horace's* Art of Poetry in its genuine light.

N U M B E R LXXVII.

Saturday, April, 6, 1754.

Parva leves capiunt animos.

OVID.

The following Letter affords a striking instance of the force of the ruling passion. I have enquired after the author, and find that the account, which, with great good humour, he gives of himself, is strictly true. An odd and whimsical fancy has taken possession of him. Trifling as his pursuit may appear, by the force of habit, it has given such a bias to his mind, that his whole life is now devoted to his favourite amusement. My correspondent helps to confirm what Mr. Pope gave as an unerring maxim :

*The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still.*

I shall detain my reader no longer from so curious an Epistle.

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq.

S I R,

THE bill lately said to be before the legislature for encouraging industry (however extraordinary, in some particulars) was, I do not doubt, extremely pleasing, as to its general purport, to a man of your character. For my part, I have ever beheld with pleasure the motto, with which a certain eminent physician has long adorned his chariot—*Non sibi sed toti*; and am for promoting industry in a more exalted signification of the word, than that in which it is most commonly used; I mean, as it tends to the good of mankind, without the least tincture of private advantage.

When very young, I remember to have read in some author, that the *Turks* are obliged to exercise some trade or occupation, which may contribute to the public emolument, and that even their emperors have no exemption from this institution. It is true, a certain sultan, a kind of wag, very artfully evaded the force of the law, by the following device. The Mufti, it seems, had reproved him for being so unmindful of what
their

their prophet had expressly enjoined, as to spend all his time in following hawks and hounds. The next morning the wily sultan sent his troublesome monitor an handsome present of wild fowl and venison, informing him at the same time, that being convinced of the justness of his reproof, he had in consequence thereof taken up the *trade of a hunter*.

Far from approving such a Mahometan equivocation, I began to consider wherein I could be of most general use to my fellow creatures, without the least regard to private emolument. I found myself in possession of an ample patrimony, and consequently a subsistence was out of the question. As to divinity, law, the navy, or army, I was aware that they carry with them some glittering toy, which more or less attracts the hearts of even the most philosophic of their followers. A *mitre*, for example, the *great seal*, a *flag at the main-top*, or a *truncheon*, have their respective charms, and no doubt operate accordingly on the conduct of their several admirers.

To these allurements I resolutely shut my eyes, determined to set a noble example, above all views of profit, or of self-interest. Thus resolved, to dedicate my time and studies to the

service of man (including woman), I made choice of an occupation of universal consequence to the world, but of which none, except a few mercenary pretenders, have ever made public profession. Not to keep you any longer in suspense, Mr. *Ranger*, the profession I have taken up, and exercised for some years, is that of a *dentifricator*, or what the vulgar call a *cleaner of teeth*. I have heard with rapture of a certain *Worcestershire 'squire*, who formerly applied himself with great success, as well as assiduity, to cutting and curing the corns of all those he could persuade to make an experiment of his skill. Not long since a noble peer was famous for thirsting after a few ounces of the blood of all who came near him, not from any cruelty of temper, but purely on account of the exquisite and laudable pleasure he took in the use of the lancet. Even *Peter the Great*, the immortal refiner of the *Russian* empire, greatly delighted in drawing the teeth of every one, who, by holding his handkerchief to his mouth, by making wry faces, or any such indications, betrayed a pain in those parts. Of this I have been assured by an eye-witness of his dexterity. To the common soldiers he gave a crown for every tooth he deprived them of. This generosity encouraged so many poor wretches, who were ignorant of the value
of

of their grinders, to undergo the operation of an imperial hand, that the officers remonstrated to his majesty, that if he continued to make such depredations in the mouths of the soldiery, he might disband his troops, as they would be fit for service no longer than they could eat.

To a person of Mr. *Ranger's* sagacity, I need not remark how much my profession of cleaning, beautifying, and preserving the teeth, surpasses the inconsiderate zeal of that great man. Every one is sensible how much we exceed all other nations in the bravery of our soldiers, and the dexterity as well as intrepidity of our mariners; and yet it is well known, that all this depends on eating, and, of course, on the goodness of their teeth. And as to our beaux and belles, how much the force of their charms is assisted by a delicate set of teeth, is a truth so evident in itself, as not to need the least demonstration.

In consequence of these reflections, I applied myself to study every author, who has written on this subject. I went so far as to take an *Arabian* into my house, to instruct me in his language, that I might be able to consult the writers of his country in the original, as well as the authors of *Greece and Rome*. After this I travelled over all

Europe, to converse with such as profess this noble and delectable operation. I have even put myself in their hands, in order to acquire every excellence, as well as avoid every defect incidental to my brother operators.

Some time since, Mr. *Ranger*, you favoured us with an account of the progress you had made in physiognomy. You therefore will easily believe what I am going to relate of my own sagacity. By a curious and exact observation of the various marks on the teeth in different persons, from the continual friction they undergo, as well from each other, as from the tongue and lips, I am able to discover what passions their several owners are subject to, and how far they indulge them, particularly as to *anger*, *envy*, or *love*. It is an old remark, that proverbs are a kind of test of national wisdom, being literally or allegorically founded on truths of no small importance. Now, I need only instance a few of those pithy sentences, to convince the most incredulous what great discoveries may be made by a skilful contemplator in this way; for instance, *such a one has all his eye-teeth; he shews his teeth, but cannot bite; a third has a soft tooth in his head; this good lady has a colt's tooth left; another has a liquorish tooth.* I might quote many more brilliant

liant aphorisms of equal value. I will content myself with saying, that I have pursued this train of thought, and made many observations of this nature. At first sight, I can discover whether a certain mark be out of a young lady's mouth or not; in plain *English*, whether she be in a state of pure virginity, or has really given it up; in what degree of danger she is of so doing, by the indications her teeth contract from being frequently applied to the sheets or pillows. In some I have discovered, after their having been in company with two sister-graces (a certain dutchess and countess that shall be nameless), whether their teeth have been affected by the corrosive qualities arising from envy, or brightened by that motion of the lips, which is occasioned by the smiles of a pleasing admiration.

I have already taken up too much of your time, and therefore decline giving you an account of my travels (for the narrow considerations of wife or family cannot long detain me at home), in search of all opportunities of improving myself in the art of preserving and beautifying those useful implements the teeth. It is true, I was lately very near abandoning my profession, through the treatment I met with from a certain great prince in *Germany*, who pretending to want

my assistance, no sooner got my finger in his mouth, than, closing his foreteeth, he held me fast in the greatest pain imaginable. At the same time he spoiled, with one of his grinders, the nicest pair of ruffles, which I had made up at *Verfailles*, on occasion of the rejoicings for the birth of the duke of *Burgundy*.

I am, Mr. *Ranger*, with all readiness to rub your gums, whenever you will please to favour me with your commands,

Your very obedient servant,

And constant reader,

COURTLY NICE.

P. S. I have false teeth for old maids, and the best powder for young ones. I also teach the whole art of ogling, the exercise of the fan, the newest manner of taking snuff, and, what is little understood in this country, the *French* fashion of blowing the nose.

N U M B E R LXXVIII.

Saturday, April 13, 1754.

Manet altâ mente repostum.

VIRG.

Hinc illæ lacrymæ.

TEREN.

AT the last meeting of our club, my friend, Mr. *Candid*, informed us, that he had lately seen the character of King *Lear* inimitably performed by Mr. *Garrick*. The impression, he told us, left upon his mind by the united art of the poet and the actor, kept all his passions in agitation for several days. He could not advert to any other subject, till he discharged the fulness of his thoughts in an essay upon that excellent Tragedy, which he desired might be this day communicated to the readers of the *Gray's-Inn Journal*.

In order to criticise a great poet with any degree of perspicuity, it is requisite to consider the nature of his fable, and the moral scope of the work. Order requires that in the next place we proceed to observe how he lays on his colouring, the disposition of each person, the expression of the passions, and which is the capital

pital figure in the piece. *Lear* being examined in this manner, it will appear that the author intended to exhibit, in the most striking colours, the horrid crime of filial ingratitude. To enforce this, he represents an old monarch tired with the cares of state, and willing to distribute his possessions among his daughters, in proportion to their affections towards his person. Accordingly, the two that flatter him obtain all, the third sister being disinherited for her sincerity. The king is at length driven, by the ingratitude of his two eldest daughters, to an extreme of madness, which produces the finest tragic distress ever seen on any stage.

This is the ground-work of the play. A different view of it has been of late displayed by a writer of known ability. He ascribes the madness of *Lear* to the loss of royalty. That this notion is not only fundamentally wrong, but also destructive of the fine pathetic that melts the heart in every scene, will, I think, appear from a due attention to the conduct of the poet throughout the piece. The behaviour of *Lear's* children is always uppermost in the thoughts of the aged monarch. We perceive it working upon his passions, till at length his mind settles into a fixed attention to that single object. This, I think,

I think, is evident in the progress of the play.

Lear, in his first scene, shews himself susceptible of the most violent emotions. The poet has drawn him impetuous to a degree, proud, haughty, revengeful, and tender-hearted. In such a mind, it is not to be wondered that ill-treatment should excite the most uneasy sensations. He takes fire at an imaginary appearance of disaffection in *Cordelia*.

... *But goes thy heart with this ?
So young and so untender !*

He is soon after alarmed with suspicions of disrespect from *Gonerill*. "I will look further into't."—He is soon convinced of her disregard. The effect it has upon him indicates a mind, impotent, and liable to the worst perturbations.

*Does Lear walk thus ? speak thus ? where are his
eyes ?
Either his notion weakens, his discernings
Are lethargy'd.*—————

His reflections shew what is nearest to his heart.

Ingratitude !

*Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster.——*

He observes that *Cordelia's* fault was small; and when even that made such an impression on him, what are we to expect from his fiery disposition, when rejected by those to whom he had given all? his imprecation, though big with horror, is the natural result of his indignation; and the tenderness and overflowings of softness, which melt him in the midst of his vehemence, produce a fine conflict of passions.

*Tb'untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce ev'ry sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
BewEEP this cause again, I'll pluck ye out,
And cast ye, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay.——*

His haughtiness breaks out in a menace to his daughter.

*Thou shalt find
That I'll resume the shape, which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever.*

His

His address to *Regan* is extremely tender and pathetic.

*Thy tender-bested nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness.*

And a little after.

*Thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' th' kingdom thou hast not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd——*

There have been many poets acquainted in general with the passions of human nature. Accordingly we find them constantly describing their effects; but *Shakespeare's* art shows their impulse and their workings, without the aid of definition, or flowery description. Besides the general survey of the heart, *Shakespeare* was more intimately versed in the various tempers of mankind than any poet whatever. We always find him making the passions of each person in his drama operate according to his peculiar habit and frame of mind. In the tragedy in question, there are so many strokes of this nature, that, in my opinion, it is his master-piece. In

every speech in *Lear's* mouth, there is such an artful mixture of opposite passions, that the heart-strings of an audience are torn on every side. The frequent transition and shifting of emotions is natural to every breast: in *Lear* they are characteristic marks of his temper.

*I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad.
I will not trouble thee, my child. Farewel.
We'll meet no more—no more see one another.
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh, &c.
But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it;
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high judging Jove.*

In this speech every master passion in his temper rises in conflict, his pride, his revenge, his quick resentment, and his tenderness. The following passage has some of the finest turns in the world.

*O let not woman's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks—no, ye unnat'ral hags—
I will have such revenges on ye both—I'll do such
things—
What they are I know not—but they shall be*

*The terrors of the earth,—You think I'll weep—
No—I'll not weep—I have full cause for weeping—
This heart shall break into a thousand flaws—
Or e'er I'll weep—O fool, I shall go mad.*

Here the distressed monarch leaves his daughters' roof. The next time we see him, he is on a wild heath in a violent storm. In this distressful situation, all his reflections take a tincture from the gloomy colour of his mind. We soon see what is the principal object of his attention.

*Thou all-shaking thunder,
Crack nature's mould; all germins spill at once,
That make UNGRATEFUL MAN.*

And again;

*The tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there—Filial ingratitude!*

His sudden apostrophe to his daughters must draw tears from every eye.

O Regan! Gonerill!
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all.

The

The break has a fine effect.

*O! that way madness lies—let me shun that—
No more of that—*

As yet the perturbation of his mind does not seem fixed to a point. He begins to moralize, but still with a view to his own afflictions. *Edgar* enters disguised like a madman; and this seems to give the finishing stroke. *Lear's* first question is, "have his daughters brought him to this pass? couldst thou save nothing? didst thou give them all?"—Here we have the first touch of fixed madness in the play. Will the resignation of his sceptre, or the mere loss of regal power, be any longer urged as the cause of *Lear's* distraction?

Madness opens a new field to the vast imagination of *Shakespeare*. He had before displayed every movement of the heart: the human understanding now becomes his province: in this, we shall find, he acquits himself with the most masterly skill. *Mr. Locke* observes, that madmen do not seem to have lost the faculty of reasoning; but having joined together some ideas very wrongly, they mistake them for truths; and they err as men do that argue right from wrong principles. For by the violence

violence of their imaginations having mistaken their fancies for realities, they make right deductions from them.

Agreeably to this account, *Lear*, upon the appearance of a madman, takes it for granted that it is owing to his daughters ill-treatment: when contradicted, he replies, "Death! traitor! nothing could have subdued nature to such a lowness, but his unkind daughters." He next takes him for a philosopher, and agreeably to that notion enquires "what is the cause of thunder?"

To a mind exasperated, the desire of revenge is natural: accordingly we find him breaking out with the utmost rage.

*To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come bizzing in upon 'em!*

He proceeds to accuse his daughters in a court of justice. "Arraign her first, 'tis *Gonerill*. I here make oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father. Here is another too, whose warp't looks proclaim what store her heart is made of."—He continues to dwell in imagination upon the crime of ingrati-

tude, which appears so shocking, that he exclaims, "Let them anatomize *Regan*; see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature for these hard hearts?" This last stroke cannot fail to draw tears from every eye. The reader will please to observe, that all this time there is not a word said of his royalty; on the contrary, he says to *Edgar*, "You, Sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garment."

How was *Shakespear* to represent *Lear* again, so as to keep up the passions, and heighten the distress? By taking advantage of every circumstance in *Lear's* temper. He had said that he would reassume the shape he had cast off: This then remained untouched. Accordingly, in the next scene we perceive him actually putting it in execution. His fancy suggests to him, that he is a king; from this idea he reasons as from every other principle, always with an eye to his children. "No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the king himself." "There's my gauntlet—I'll prove it on a giant." From this, his imagination wanders. "Bring up the brown bills—" "O well flown barb! i'th' clout!" "i'th' clout—Hewgh, give the word"

From this rambling he soon returns, and the habitual ideas again take possession of him. "Ha, *Regan! Gonerill!* they flattered me like a dog!" *Glo'ster* enquiring if it is not the king, he catches at the word, and answers, "Ay, every inch a king." He proceeds to draw some inferences from that notion, till he reflects that *Glo'ster's* bastard son was kinder to his father, than his own daughters, got in lawful sheets. From this he digresses into an invective against women, and continues raving, till at length his spirit of revenge returns upon him. "And when I've stolen upon these SONS-IN-LAW, then kill, kill, kill, kill."

It was *Shakespear's* art to reserve his being crowned with straw for the last scene of his madness. Here we have a representation of human nature reduced to the lowest ebb. Had he lost his reason on account of his abdicated throne, the emotions of pity would not be so intense, as they now are, when we see him driven to that extreme by the cruelty of his own children. A monarch, voluntarily abdicating, and afterwards in a fit of lunacy resuming his crown, would, I fear, border upon the ridiculous. Every topic of parental distress being now exhausted, and the master-passions of the king appearing in his mad-

ness, the poet, like a great master of human nature, shews him gradually coming to himself. We see the ideas dawning slowly on his soul.

Where have I been?—where am I?—fair day-light!

In this recollection of his reason, he never once mentions the loss of royalty, but again touches upon the cause of his distress in his speech to *Cordelia*.

*I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause; they have none.—*

Upon the whole, before his madness, in it, and after it, *Lear* never loses sight of the ideas, which had worn such traces on his brain. He must be unfeeling to the great art of our poet, who can look for any other cause of distress, in scenes which are drawn so forcibly and strong, and kept up with the most exquisite skill to the very dying words of the unhappy monarch.

N U M B E R LXXIX.

Saturday, April 20, 1754.

—*Regni demens in parte vocavi.*

VIRG.

THE following letter is written with such a vein of candour and taste, that I cannot with-hold it from the public this day. I am highly obliged to the author for so ingenious a piece; and though he seems to differ from the commentary upon King *Lear*, which I gave in last Saturday's paper, I hold it material, that *Shakespear* should be seen in every point of view, especially when I am favoured with the sentiments of so elegant a critic, as my correspondent of this day. The reader will judge of the matter for himself.

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq.

S I R,

TO address a letter to you under the character of Mr. *Ranger*, I am persuaded needs little apology; especially when it goes from one, who

R 3

has

has a real regard to your reputation as an author; and having often received pleasure from your weekly essays, takes the liberty of throwing out his thoughts on a piece of criticism, in which he differs with you in opinion.

Your paper of last *Saturday* contains an examen of King *Lear*. You seem to think that an ingenious critic, who in the *Adventurer* has given a discourse upon that beautiful tragedy, has intirely mistaken the principal idea in the old king's mind during his state of madness. After citing *Lear's* exclamation on the ingratitude of his daughters, you add, "this might lead any man to the cause of *Lear's* madness, without thinking of the resignation of his sceptre." But certainly, whoever considers *Lear's* character with attention, will from the very passage you quote, beside an hundred others, think there is much to be said on the other side of the question.

I have read with pleasure several of the remarks you make on the speeches in *Lear*, which are such as can arise only in the mind of a reader of taste; but I cannot agree, that "he must be unfeeling to the great art of our poet, who can look for any other cause of distress," in the madness of the king, than the ingratitude of his daughters.

I know

I know not in what manner you may treat the remarks I am about to make ; but I can sincerely assure you, they are only intended as hints to yourself, on a subject, which I think of some consequence to the admirers of *Shakespear*.

The critic in the *Adventurer* was somewhat wanting in justice to the poet, by mentioning the loss of royalty as the sole cause of *Lear's* madness, without taking notice at the same time of the forcible idea he must have of the ingratitude of his two daughters. I think Mr. *Ranger* also wrong, in excluding intirely his opinion. What I purpose here, is, to point out *both the ideas* working strongly in his mind, and what the author intended as conducive to the moral of his play.

No critic on *Shakespear* can better explain the characters he draws, than the poet himself does in every speech. We not only see what his persons are during the scene represented, but we are also made acquainted, by some nice touches in each play, with their former mode of thinking and acting. No poet ever understood nature better in the operation of the passions. The persons in *Shakespear* always speak and act in the highest conformity to their characters : the poet's

genius and judgment are in this respect every where equal to *Horace's* precept.

Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores.

Lear's deportment and sentiments in regard to his daughters in the first act, and what *Gonerill* says of him to *Regan*, mark very plainly his character; which is, that of a haughty, passionate, inconstant, weak old man. He does not resign his authority to his daughters so much out of love to them, as to rid himself of the cares of government. He retains the name of king, with a suitable train of attendants: he still commands with his former impetuosity of temper, and is jealous even of trifles. This the ill-nature of the daughters will not suffer. We soon find them in consultation, in the most undutiful and unbecoming manner, to deprive him of his remaining shew of power: their behaviour and ingratitude soon appear in the most glaring instances, and make the old king sorely sensible, that he had given them ALL.

Nature was *Shakespeare's* guide. He describes the imagination affected by concurring causes to pave the way for a scene of the highest distress. *Lear*, as a king and father, feels with great sensibility

bility the shock of his daughters' ingratitude and unnatural treatment. He exhibits a moving picture of the feelings of the heart, and the various conflicts of passion, expressive of his character and circumstances. If the poet had nothing more in view, he might have been well content with the masterly picture he has drawn of his distress, grief, and rage, in every scene before the loss of his senses; but he has crowned the distress by making him at last fix his imagination on his own rashness and folly in giving away his ALL. He laments his want of power to avenge himself. It is this reflection chiefly that drives him to madness.

The jesting of the fool wholly turns upon his *unkinging himself* and retaining *nothing*, which Lear minutely attends to, and says, "a bitter fool!"—After Gonerill's proposal to reduce his train, he breaks out, "*woe! that too late repents.*" The ingratitude of his daughters, and his own folly, strike him deeply.

—O Lear, Lear, Lear!

*Beat at this gate that let thy folly in,
And thy dear judgment out.*

After-

Afterwards he says to Gonerill,

Thou shalt find,
That I'll resume the shape which thou didst think,
I have cast off for ever. Gon., do you mark that?

In the next scene, wrapt up in thought, he says,

TO TAKE 'T AGAIN, PERFORCE!—*Monster In-*
gratitude!

In this line the two ideas are strongly blended, and the *loss of power* foremost; for surely that was the obvious reason of the insults he had received. If he had still been in possession, they would have continued to sprinkle him with *court holy-water*: the fool, whose phrase the last is, says,

Fathers that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.

I must here take notice of the different colouring used by our poet, and all good writers, in distinguishing the characters of men, seemingly agitated by the same passions. *Leas*'s idea of his folly,

folly, in divesting himself of his authority, is nicely and artfully distinguished by *Shakespeare*, from that kind of regret, which an imperious man of a different character would feel from the deprivation of power. He is full of the loss of his dignity, only as it was the occasion of the ill treatment he met with, not from a thirst of rule. This idea, and that of the ingratitude of his daughters, which he feels as the consequence of it, I cannot help thinking, are as closely united in his madness, as two twigs twisted together, and growing out of the same stem.

When he reproaches his daughters in that heart-piercing scene of distress on the heath, he says,

O Regan! O Gonerill!

Your old kind father! whose frank heart gave all!
O that way madness lies—Let me shun THAT; no
more of THAT.

On his recollection that he gave all, he breaks short, and immediately subjoins, “O that way madness lies; let me shun *that*; no more of *that*: let me not think that I have been guilty of so much folly, as to have given all to such ungrateful

grateful wretches ! the reflection will make me mad.

I know it may be insisted on by you, and perhaps by many others, that *Lear* makes use of the sentiment of *giving all*, only to tax the ingratitude of his daughters in a higher degree ; but, it is possible you may be of a contrary opinion, if you can allow, that the moral of this play does not expose the ingratitude of children, more than the folly of parents. *This same folly of parents* is also touched with great judgment in the under-plot of *Glo'ster*. The characters of *Lear's* two daughters are finely contrasted with those of *Cordelia* and *Edgar* ; and the poet's design in marking out so strongly the folly and ill-judged partiality of parents, is confirmed by the behaviour of *Edmund*.

When *Lear* sees the wretchedness of *Edgar*, he pursues the same train of reasoning which before possessed him, and asks, "didst thou GIVE ALL to thy daughters ?—And art thou to come to this ?" And immediately after,

What ! Have his daughters brought him to this pass ?

Could'st

Could'st thou save nothing?—Did'st thou give them all?

This is agreeable to his character. And from all that we hear in common life (for there are many stories) of old weak parents, who have acted much in the manner of *Lear*, and, to the reproach of human nature, have met with ingratitude and disobedience; these, I say, in their feeling-hours of distress, are reported to have reproached themselves with their folly in GIVING ALL, as well as to have exclaimed against the ingratitude of their children.

There are many characters, I doubt not, now in the world, who retain a heap of treasure, useless to themselves, from their children, on no better motives, than to ensure their duty and attention; and some who carry the moral of this play to a ridiculous height, by denying their children an independence, merely on the same parity of reasoning, without considering the difference between the prudence of parents and their folly.

I forbear making any quotations from *Lear's* speeches in his madness. I think the whole obvious enough, and that our immortal poet,
 2 who

who had a perfect knowledge of the workings of the human mind, has drawn *both the ideas* in *Lear's* madness, agreeable to the representation he has made of him in the first act.

What I have hitherto said is entirely confined to the different opinions of Mr. *Ranger* and the *Adventurer*. I do not expect that you will alter your's in conformity to my judgment. Let a diligent examination of the play determine you in the future criticisms you intend to give the public on this subject.

What has often occurred to me, in reading over the several editions of our poet, and what has been said by you, and many great geniusses, only serves to convince me of the difficulty of any one man's succeeding in a perfect criticism on *Shakespear*: at least, I have reason to think so, from what I have seen of the several attempts that have been made by different commentators, from the time of Mr. *Rowe*, to the mutilated condition our poet was thrown into by subsequent editors.

Several persons have succeeded in pointing occasionally some of the latent beauties; but I believe, "there is scarce one man alive (to spe

“ the style of a very extraordinary address to a great
“ man, in last *Saturday's Inspector*), who is even ca-
“ pable of calling all his beauties by their proper names,
“ much less of exhibiting them all with advantage
“ to the public ; whose property they now are, if
“ they will acquire a taste to enjoy them.”

I cannot forbear mentioning the obligation which the public has to the genius of Mr. *Garrick*, who has exhibited with great lustre many of the most shining strokes of *Shakespeare's* amazing art ; and may be justly styled (as he was once called by you) his best commentator : for it is certain, he has done our poet more justice by his manner of playing his principal characters, than any editor has yet done by a publication.

I shall conclude with the same freedom as I began, by desiring you will consider my manner of treating this subject as the mere hints of a friendly letter, and not as an essay on the subject in dispute.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

G.

NUM.

NUMBER LXXX.

Saturday April 27, 1754.

*Sua cuique cum sit animi cogitatio,
Colorque proprius.* PHÆDRUS.

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq.

S I R,

AS there is a court of Censorial Enquiry subsisting under your authority, instituted, as I suppose from the apparent tendency of it, as a secondary aid to our courts of justice, by taking cognizance of those offences which are not punishable by any of the statute laws of this realm, I must take the liberty to transmit to you an information, which I am convinced, you will think either ought to be laid before the abovementioned court, or that it deserves, at least, to be treated with the touches of your pen.

To enter at once into the business, I must inform you, that I lately had occasion to take a jaunt to *Bath*. I imagined that travelling in a stage-coach

coach would not be disagreeable, and accordingly took a place in one of those vehicles. We set out from the *Bell Inn* behind the New Church in the *Strand*. Precisely at two in the morning, crack went the coachman's whip, and off we went with six passengers. Being quite dark at the hour of starting, we began our journey without so much as knowing one another's faces, and were pretty well jolted on the stones, before we were all properly adjusted in our places. For some time we were entertained with a concert of groans, sighs, coughs, and other such agreeable interjections, to fill up the pause of conversation, till having passed the turnpike, and being arrived on the plain road, the gentleness of the motion, and the stillness of the night composed our company to sleep, as I inferred from the information of their noses, which did not cease to ply the ear, until the morning began to tinge the hemisphere towards the east with white streaks of light, by the help of which I could then discover who and who were together. I perused the countenances of my fellow-travellers, and pretty plainly read in each visage, that very character, which a short time convinced me was appropriated to the several persons in this curious groupe.

The first and most remarkable personage was the wife of a wealthy inhabitant of *Thames-street*, going down to see life, "for it is really," says she, "enough to fill one up with the vapours, to be eternally moped in that odious part of the town; and as soon as I return, I shall prevail upon Mr. *Narrowmind*, since he has now picked up his crumbs, to learn a little taste, and to remove to some genteel quarter." This scheme met with the instant approbation of her next neighbour, a motherly sort of a woman, who lets lodgings at *Bath*, and with whom the polite citizen was to fix her residence. The good old landlady declared her opinion, that folks of Mrs. *Narrowmind*'s fortune should be accommodated with elegance: and then turning about, "Ma'am, will you choose to taste the liquor I have brought in this little bottle? I know by experience, that it is the best thing in the world to keep wind out of the stomach." This proposal was agreed to, and a few minutes convinced the rest of the company, that a dram is not only of singular use to keep wind out of the stomach, but also a most excellent expeller of what may be accidentally lodged there.

While this agreeable couple were solacing themselves, the conversation was taken up by one, whom

whom we soon discovered to be a *Jew*, bound for the rendezvous of people of taste and fashion, with the double view of partaking of the diversions of the place, and getting rid of a little *French* paste, which lay upon his hands. He harangued with great volubility, and frequently embellished his discourse with the lively flashes of a diamond ring, which played upon his finger. Amidst all his vivacity, he took care to be sufficiently attentive to the grand business of selling the above-mentioned paste, which was with him so material a point, that he never once mentioned the chief object, which at present engrosses the thoughts of his whole nation. Instead of favouring us with his political speculations, he amused us with a sight of numberless pretty trinkets, the beauties of which he explained with such an artful display of his finger, and so many flourishes of speech, that he soon closed a bargain with the fine lady, whom I have already mentioned.

The next person was a young gentleman, who, from a slender figure, and the recommendation of five and twenty, promised himself success among the ladies, notwithstanding the late marriage act. Not having seen a great deal of the world, his mind was raw and uninformed: He was struck with surprize at every thing that of-

ferred, breaking out into idle questions upon the most minute occurrence. I have often observed, the memory is a prevailing faculty in weak intellects. It never fails to prove troublesome in company; and as most things, when judgment is wanting, are laid up in that storehouse without taste or discernment, they are also produced in the same manner; according to the old proverb, *ill got, ill gone*. Having dabbled a little in some of our modern poets, there hardly arose an incident, but what our fellow traveller would repeat twenty or thirty verses in a breath, from Sir *Richard Blackmore*, the choice, or some such ingenious work. The misfortune was, that what he last recited opened new traces, and he was sure to continue, as long as his memory supplied him; like the man at a fair, who will spew you up ribband by the yard, while there remains any in his mouth; and this similitude I take to be very picturesque on the present occasion, with this difference only, that what the latter evacuates does not indicate a bad digestion; whereas the former constantly discovers a foul stomach, which cannot contain its crudities. On this account, I take your ribband spewer to be much the more agreeable fellow of the two.

The

The fifth and last of the company (as I intend to say nothing of myself) was the most extraordinary of the whole collection. He slept so profoundly, that it was a long time before his character made itself known. If his repose did not proceed from the peace of his conscience, no body that saw him could be at a loss for the cause of his deep tranquillity. His size was enormous, a treble chin supported the broadest cheeks I ever saw. He engrossed so much room, that those who sat on the same side were sorely squeezed, and a paunch, capacious enough for the largest turtle that ever graced a city feast, projected so far, that we, who sat opposite to him, were overloaded.

Figure to yourself an over-grown porpus, and you will have a true idea of him. At the end of three hours, he began to stir himself; his first observation was, that he was bloody hungry. The thought waked him to new life; he told us that he was the best natured man in the world, going to *Bath* to see his wife. "My wife, you must know," said he, "frets herself to death, because we have no children. She is gone to drink the Bath waters, to invigorate her constitution." "But I tell her, the man that used to get the chil-

"dren is dead." After this pleasantry, he went on at a great rate. We found that he was an attorney, going to *Bath* to get some deeds signed by one client; to read an answer in chancery to another; and to get a third to settle a bill of costs. He gave us to understand that he should charge the full expence of his journey to each. "I understand trap," says he, "and did not serve my time for nothing. If I am not paid my costs," continued he, "I have brought *the tackle*, and intend to arrest him; for the fellow has used me damn'd ill. He has threatened to tax my bill, and that I hold to be an affront. What do you think he objects to? The scoundrel is a tailor: He made cloaths for two school boys, who are worth nothing. I arrested both for him, went on with the two actions, and brought the cause to trial. To be sure I was nonsuited: so I expected; but what of that? the costs on both sides, to be sure, fell upon him. That's his affair. *Carrat lex*; I must be paid. And then again he objects to several of the charges in my bill. I'll tell you one of them: for meeting you at church on Sunday July 14th, to talk matters over, *thirteen shillings and four pence*. What objection is that? if a man will carry an attorney so far out of his way, ought not he to pay for it?

"Now

“ Now another thing: for extraordinary trouble
 “ in the business, *twenty guineas*. What if there
 “ was a nonsuit, who is to take trouble for
 “ nothing?” In this manner our worthy attorney went on, with great intonation of lungs, till we sat down to breakfast, and there the *Cerberus* got his sop. During the rest of our journey, he often repeated, “ I have the tackle with me, and
 “ I shall see whether my wife is under the barren
 “ curse.” Eating was his favourite subject; and in that science he seemed to be a wonderful proficient, devouring more at a meal than all the others could in a week, and when oppressed with his load, binding his head with his handkerchief, and sleeping as if never to wake again. For my part, I thought he snored better things than he said.

I shall not trouble you, Mr. *Ranger*, with a further detail: having acquainted you with the characters of the company, I leave it to your own imagination to suggest, in what manner the time must have glided away among people who were all entirely attached to their prevailing foibles, and thought of nothing but the gratification of their own particular humours. During the whole journey the citizen's wife talked of her taste and dignity, which the good woman

from *Bath* confirmed; the verse-spewer thought of nothing but reciting; and the *Jew* not only minded the main-chance in the coach, but also at every inn where we put up. I remember, at *Marlborough*, where we breakfasted the second morning, we were delayed for a considerable time, till search was made after this mercantile itinerant, who was at length found selling a pair of buckles to a gentleman just arrived in a post-chaise. The attorney eat and slept, and slept and eat, and talked of the *tackle* all the rest of the way.

I think, Mr. *Ranger*, you have already mentioned an attention to self alone, as one of the greatest errors in society. As it must be more particularly so, when people are tied to each other for any space of time, I could wish for a reformation in this particular. In the *Spectator* I remember to have seen a proposal to place a system of rules for behaviour on the side of every stage-coach in the kingdom: now, Sir, as I think something of this nature absolutely requisite at present, if you would be kind enough to employ a leisure moment in this way, it would, I persuade myself, tend to promote good manners among the people of this kingdom, and oblige him, who is with great respect,

Sir, Your most constant Reader,

* * * * *
N U M-

N U M B E R LXXXI.

Saturday, May 4, 1754.

*Quid loquor? aut ubi sum? quæ mentem insania
mutat?*

VIRG.

S I R,

IN your paper of Saturday, April 20, you have given place to a letter, written, indeed, with taste and great acuteness of argument, which seems intended as a refutation of the principles advanced by me in a late criticism on the tragedy of *King Lear*. Your correspondent seems to think, that neither the papers in the *Adventurer*, nor the essay in the *Gray's-Inn Journal*, have settled with precision the true cause, that brings on the madness of the distressed and aged monarch. The arguments on both sides taken together, and consolidated into one, might, in your friend's opinion, give a solution of the difficulty.

Notwithstanding what that gentleman has so ingeniously urged, I cannot, after a review of the tragedy,

tragedy, find any reason to retract my assertion, that the madness, so finely drawn by *Shakespeare*, is occasioned by the ingratitude of his daughters. The folly of a parent's putting himself in the power of his children must incidentally appear in a play, founded on such a story; but, had those children not proved ungrateful, I apprehend there is no reason to imagine, the king's mind would have taken that fatal turn. Let us, if you please, once more advert to the frame and temper of the old king. In the texture of the man, the poet has, with great art, taken care to shew us the latent seeds, which are likely to kindle into a blaze upon the revolt of his daughters. The impression, which *Cordelia's* artless answer had upon him, is described by himself.

O most small fault,
 How ugly didst thou in *Cordelia* shew,
 Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
 From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,
 And added to the gall!

Here we see where the old man's passions were most accessible, and how strong the inward-workings were likely to be, when he should find a total disaffection. It is then no wonder, that his frame of nature should be wrench'd from the
 fix'd

fix'd place; and, indeed, his tendency that way soon discovers itself, when he breaks out into these words.

I will forget my nature;—so KIND a father!—

Were the loss of royalty uppermost in his thoughts, his remarks would take their tincture from that idea: he would rather blame himself as a *WEAK father*, who had given all to his children. But the circumstance of his having given all is never mentioned, unless it is to aggravate the ill-usage he has met with. When he says to himself, *to tak'e't again perforce*, it is plain, that it is not merely for the sake of regaining lost grandeur, but to avenge his wrongs; he immediately subjoins, *monster ingratitude!*—And a little after, *let me not, be mad; not mad, sweet Heaven!* The fool, indeed, taunts him with the folly of his having divested himself of power, and put the rod, as he calls it, in his children's hand. These ideas are so obvious, that *Shakespeare* knew they would strike even the most superficial mind; but we find it is no consideration with the father. He never dwells upon it, though suggested to him, so frequently. On the other hand, how acute are his feelings, whenever he recurs to his daughter's want of filial piety! He that can read
the

the following lines, without being softened into tears, must, as Mr. *Addison* has said upon another occasion, have either a very good, or a very bad head.

————— *Ob! Regan! she has tied
Sharp-tooth'd UNKINDNESS like a VULTURE here!
—I scarce can speak to thee—thou'lt not believe.
Wish how deprav'd a quality—Ob! Regan!*

What a picture of a mind is here presented to us!—The struggle with his sorrows, the breaks of passion, the attempt to speak, and the instant suppression of his powers, are the most natural and pathetic touches. Can the human imagination, in all her treasury of language, find words to express at once the detestable crime of filial ingratitude, and the exquisite feelings of an injured father, like the following passage?

————— *She has struck me with her tongue
Most serpent-like upon the very heart!*

Who is there, that does not instantaneously find himself in a gush of tears on reading those lines? when, a little afterwards, he comes to the speech which closes with,

————— *Yore*

————— You think I'll weep ;
 No, I'll not weep—tho' I have full cause of weeping
 —This heart shall break into a thousand flaws
 Or e'er I'll weep—O fool ! I shall go mad !

The last touch in this speech is the finest close of a climax of passion that can be conceived. To prepare us for what is to follow, we are here told, that his *wits begin to turn*. For this melancholy situation, *Shakespear* all along finely prepares us.

I have dwelled thus long on the cause of *Lear's* distraction, because the arguments offered by your ingenious correspondent are not without plausibility ; but from what has been premised, together with what I have urged in my former paper, there cannot, I think, remain a moment's doubt. To those, who are not satisfied with this reasoning, it may be proper to recommend the noblest commentary this, or any poet ever had ; I mean Mr. *Garrick's* performance of *Lear*, in which there is displayed so just a knowledge of the human mind under a state of madness, together with such exquisite feelings of the various shiftings of the passions, so finely at the same time enfeebled with the debility of age, that I believe, whenever this admirable actor ceases

ceases to play this part, the unhappy monarch will lose more than *fifty of his followers at a clap*.

Though our great poet pays us amply for all his transgressions against the laws of *Aristotle*; yet, I have frequently wished, that the noble wildness of his genius had not rendered him so unbounded and irregular in his fables. Had this tragedy been planned with more art, and without that multiplicity of incidents, which draw off our affections from the principal object, it had been a piece for the united efforts of *Greece* to envy. The episode, however, in which the *bastard* acts the same unnatural part as *Lear's* legitimate daughters, is not entirely detached from the main subject: the misfortunes of the good old *Gloster*, who endeavours to assist the forlorn king, must touch every breast, and the character of *Edgar* is sure to be amiable in every eye.

The close of this tragedy is full of terror and commiseration. Our great poet has here given us a death, not often to be found in the play-house bill of mortality; I mean, the death of *Lear* without the dagger, or the bowl. But, perhaps, after the heart-piercing sensations, which we have endured through the whole piece, it would be too much to see this actually performed on
 5 the

the stage: from the actor whom I have already named, I am sure it would. I should be glad, notwithstanding, to see the experiment made, convinced, at the same time, that the play, as altered by *Tate*, will always be more agreeable to an audience. The circumstances of *Lear's* restoration, and the virtuous *Edgar's* alliance with the amiable *Cordelia*, can never fail to produce those gushing tears, which are swelled and ennobled by a virtuous joy. The alteration is justified by another reason, which is, that *Lear* was really restored to his crown, if we may believe *Spencer*, who gives the following remarkable narrative, with which I shall close this letter. To see *Shakespear's* story related by so great a poet as *Spencer*, in his tenth canto of the *Fairy-Queen*, may prove amusing to the reader.

I am, Sir, &c.

CANDID.

NEXT

27.

NEXT him King *Lear* in happy peace long
reign'd,

But had no issue male him to succeed,
But three fair daughters, which were well up-
train'd,

In all that seem'd fit for kingly feed :
'Mong whom his realm he equally decreed
To have divided. Tho' when feeble age
Nigh to his utmost date he saw proceed,
He call'd his daughters, and with speeches sage
Inquir'd, which of them most did love her pa-
rentage.

28.

The eldest, *Gonoril*, 'gan to protest,
That she much more than her own life him lov'd;
And *Regan* greater love to him profess'd,
Than all the world, whenever it were prov'd.
But *Cordeil* said, she lov'd him, as behov'd ;
Whose simple answer, wanting colours fair
To paint it forth, him to displeasance mov'd,
That in his crown he counted her no heir,
But 'twixt the other twain his kingdom whole did
share.

So



29.

So wedded one to *Maglan* king of *Scots*,
 And th' other to the king of *Cambria*;
 And 'twixt them shar'd his realm by equal lots :
 But, without dower, the wife *Cordelia*
 Was sent to *Aganip* of *Celtica*.
 Their aged sire, thus eas'd of his crown,
 A private life led in *Albania*,
 With *Genoril*, long had in great renown,
 That nought him griev'd to been from rule de-
 posed down.

30.

But true it is, that, when the oil is spent,
 The light goes out, and wick is thrown away :
 So, when he had resign'd his regiment,
 His daughters 'gan despise his drooping day,
 And weary wax of his continual stay.
 Tho' to his daughter *Regan* he repair'd,
 Who him at first well-used every way ;
 But, when of his departure she despair'd,
 Her bounty she abated, and his cheer empair'd.

31.

The wretched man 'gan then avise too late,
 That love is not where most it is profess'd,
 Too truly try'd in his extremest state.
 At last, resolv'd likewise to prove the rest,

He to *Cordelia* himself address'd,
 Who with entire affection him receiv'd,
 As for her fire and king her seem'd best ;
 And after all an army strong she leav'd,
 To war on those which him had of his
 bereav'd

32.

So to his crown she him restor'd again,
 In which he died, made ripe for death by eld ;
 And after will'd it should to her remain,
 Who peaceably the same long time did weld,
 And all men's hearts in due obedience held ;
 Till that her sister's children, woxen strong,
 Thro' proud ambition against her rebell'd,
 And overcome kept in prison long,
 Till weary of that wretched life, herself she hong.

NUMBER LXXXII.

Saturday, May 11, 1754.

Vere magis, quia vere calor redit ossibus— VIRG.

THE gloomy month of *November* is distinguished by foreigners, as the season in which *Englishmen* are apt to hang and drown themselves. From a diligent observation, I can venture to affirm, that the month of *May* is always attended with a larger bill of mortality than any other part of the year. It is the spring-time of love, when the blood has received a renovation of warmth, and young maids are melted down in the amorous fire. A bookseller, with whom I now and then chat at his *Circulating-library*, informs me, that he can tell when the poison of love begins to rankle in the breast, that he can trace it in its progress, and knows exactly when it is become quite general in its influence. Romances, he says, in the beginning are more and more called for; as it increases, *Lord Grey's Love Letters*, the *Loves of Octavia and Philander*, *Abelard and Eloise*, *Letters from a Nun to a Cavalier*, and pieces of that kind come into play. When the infection is grown epidemic, the Tra-

gedics of *Romeo and Juliet*, *All for Love*, or *the World well Lost*, *Theodosius*, or *the Force of Love*, with many others of equal lubricity, cannot be supplied quick enough to answer the demand. My ingenious friend will sometimes take me into his back-room, and "Friend Ranger," says he, "can't you touch us up some secret memoirs, or a love-tale, or something by way of novel? If green peas come in fast,—the season for peas is always favourable to love-sick minds: I can manage to put you off—let me see—ay, about a couple of thousand by Midsummer: yes, thereabouts. I could get, if you will put your name to it,—a matter of fifteen hundred subscribed among the trade. How will you make it end?—happy or unhappy? for there will be a difference in that: but that must be determined by the Chapter of Accidents. A north-east wind chills the amorous heat: in that case, you had better make them die. But, if the southern gale continues, they may, in the conclusion, be *conducted by the laughing loves to the nuptial bower*. The book will soon be in every body's hands, at *Tunbridge, Bath, Scarborough*; and we shall have a swimming trade."

In this manner my friend, who I think understands his business better than most, is, for taking

ing

ing advantages of that succession of foibles, constantly rising and falling in this metropolis. The truth of it is, the Play-houses, the Circulating-libraries, the public gardens about town, owe very much of their success to the love-sick minds of boys and girls. It is this universal passion which rolls so many of the youth of both sexes down the soft declivity in *Greenwich Park*; it is this which is so fond of catching cold at the tin cascade in *Vauxhall* gardens, and this which pours forth so many groupes of enamoratos along the fields and meadows about *London* every *Sunday* evening.

Notwithstanding the extensive influence of this soft infection, it is somewhat surprizing that, among all the writers, who have endeavoured to describe it, very few have succeeded in any tolerable degree. What numbers of *English* Tragedies have been sunk into an insipid languor by the ineffectual whine of episodic love? The Tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*, excepting now and then some glittering conceits, which we may suppose to be transfusions from the *Italian Novelist*, who furnished *Shakespeare* with the story, affords a beautiful representation of two young minds touched with this tender sympathy. Many of the Tragedies of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*,

though now too much neglected, display the delicate sensations of love, in all their native genuine simplicity. I am not clear whether the fine interchange of sentiments between *Jaffier* and *Belvidera* should come within the precincts of love; because the desire of possession, which fires the tender imagination into a gentle enthusiasm, has subsided into a sympathetic friendship between man and wife. We find, accordingly, that the most pathetic touches are derived, not from the lover's fond hope of mutual bliss to come, but from a retrospect to those vanished hours, when *Jaffier* lay for three whole happy years in *Belvidera's* arms. The transition from former endearments to present misery excites the tenderest emotions of pity for their fate. Perhaps, after the writers just mentioned, the Tragedy of *Tancred and Sigismunda* has the fairest claim to any degree of reputation. In this piece the love of the young prince is manly, never dwindling into childish conceit: the feelings of *Sigismunda* are delicate and sensible. Through all the scenes the softness of their passion is ennobled by sentiments of honour and moral dignity. But, in the number of books, which the enamoured of both sexes are apt to call for at this season of the year, there is none which can exhibit

hibit so lively a picture of love, as the fourth book of *Dryden's Virgil*. I recommend it to my young readers, not by way of adding fuel to the fire, but to warn them of the dangers of the growing flame. In that charming piece of poetry they will perceive all the vicissitudes of the passion, till at length it terminates in a melancholy catastrophe.

I shall conclude this paper with an extract from an unpublished pamphlet, written by an ingenious gentleman, who has given me leave to make my own use of it. It is called the *History of Rosamond's Pond for the Month of May*. Though some of the incidents are not the effects of love, it will, however, shew many of the disasters that attend that sweet, but dangerous sensation.

The History of Rosamond's Pond for the Month of May.

A young lady of fashion, whose name it is thought proper to suppress, flung herself into the pond, because she had an amour with *Thomas* the footman: she was taken up by the sentinel, and only damaged a gauze capuchin.

Miss *Betty Threadneedle*, Milliner, in the *New-Exchange*, threw herself in, on account of ill-usage from *Monsieur Capriole*, a French figure-dancer at *Drury-Lane* play-house: the coroner's inquest brought in their verdict, *lunacy*.

William Ponderwell was in love with a celebrated coquette, and, after paying an attendance of several months, was at length quite tired out. He walked very demurely to the brink of the pond, where he stood some time fixed in thought, then changed his mind, and walked home to think better of it.

Bob Dare Devil, having very passively received a kicking from an officer, threw himself in the oblivious lake, that he might not survive the loss of honour: he was taken up, and now thinks of assuming a new character in some part of the world, where he is not known.

John Henpeck drowned himself, after walking very soberly with a friend in the *Bird-Cage Walk*. There were found in his pocket, a cork-skrew, a tobacco-stopper, *Passeran* upon self-murder, and a piece of paper, on which were written the following lines,

A frowning

*A frowning world, and a scolding wife,
Is the cause of my putting an end to my life.*

Dick Nimblewrist, alias *Crook-fingered Jack*, fell in love with a gentleman's handkerchief; but, being discovered in the attempt to steal it, he was ducked by the mob, in order to cool his unruly passion.

Dick Wildfire threw himself in about six in the evening, which drew together a large concourse of people; but, it being only a frolick for a wager, he swam across, and got out again.

N. B. He took cold, and died in a few days of a raging fever.

Sappho, the famous poetess, fell in, while she was resounding aloft an Ode of her own composing, upon the new building at the *Horse-Guards*.

Fresh-coloured Moll was tired of the world, and went to fling herself into the pond; but meeting a young *Templer* at the fatal brink, she adjourned with him to the little island, and instead of sending a person out of the world, it is confidently said, that, in nine months, she ushered a foundling into it.

N. B. She now sells apples and picks pockets in the *Piazza of Covent-Garden*.

Monfieur

Monſieur *Languedoc*, a *French* gentleman, who came over here for his religion, was challenged to box by a pick-pocket in the *Mall*, whereupon he drew his ſword, which ſo enraged the populace, that they took him to the pond, and ducked him three times.

Mrs. *Fretful*, wife of *John Fretful*, threw herſelf in, becauſe her ſiſter was better married, and kept more card tables than herſelf.—Upon being taken out, ſhe ſaid, “There was no ſuch thing as bearing it, and that ſhe was the moſt unhappy woman in the world.”

N U M B E R LXXXIII.

Saturday, May 18, 1784.

—*Veteres ita miratur laudatque Poetas.
Indignor quidquam reprehendi non quia crasse
Scriptum, illepidève putetur, sed quia nuper.* HOR.

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq.

S I R,

I Know the importance of an author to himself is always great. He looks upon it as absolutely necessary, that the public should be informed of every particular circumstance relating to his body or mind. He keeps a journal of the minutest trifles, and gravely tells us, at what hour he went to bed, on which side he composed himself to sleep; whether his slumbers were interrupted, and, above all, the purport of his dreams, *for dreams descend from Jove.* This practice, I believe, is perfectly just; but, I hope, Mr. Ranger will not monopolize dreaming. I am to entreat, sir, that you will give an occasional writer the liberty of communicating to the public, how he passed the night. My hopes of succeeding

ceeding in this request are the more sanguine, as the intellectual scene, of which I mean here to give some account, was occasioned by a perusal of a vision of your own, in which you describe a *Sacrifice to the Graces*.

The images, which that piece excited in my fancy, incorporated, if I may so say, with the ideas, that had been uppermost in my waking thoughts for some time. I imagined in my sleep that there was a general election in *Parnassus* for proper members to represent the republic of letters. It seems *Apollo* was induced by frequent murmurs and complaints to dissolve his parliament. Certain malcontents among the moderns were, it seems, of opinion that the ancients had arbitrarily voted themselves perpetual dictators in wit; whereas, upon a free uninfluenced election, they believed themselves capable of returning a larger number than the said ancients. The party for the moderns was led on by Monsieur *De la Motte*, *Perrault*, and *Wotton*; the two former were vigorously opposed by *Boileau*, *Madam Dacier*, and the latter by *Mr. Pope* and Doctor *Swift*. *Swift* ordered a new edition of his battle of the books to be published forthwith, and *Pope* took occasion to reprint his *Essays and Criticisms*

ticisms upon *Homer*. The *old* and *new* *interest* were the words by which each party signified their attachments. Reams of *lampoons*, *acrostics*, and *rebuffes* were issued out by the moderns, which were all answered by epigrams, fables, and burlesque pieces, written, by the friends of the ancients.

At length, the writs were issued out to the proper officers to chuse representatives for the several counties and borough-towns in *Parnassus*, some places, by poetic licence, having leave to return as many members as could fairly prove a qualification. *Homer* and *Virgil* were declared for epic poetry; *Milton* was set up by the encouragement of several friends, and all three were duly elected. *Homer* had four and twenty upon the poll; *Virgil* twelve; *Milton*, by an assessment a little before the election, created two new votes, by which he also reached the number twelve. *Virgil* was so modest, that he made no objection. *Tasso* and Sir *Richard Blackmore* were declared candidates; but the former was proved to have bribed with false ware and *tinsel*: the latter could not make out a qualification.

In the regions of tragedy, *Sophocles* and *Euripides* joined interests, and *Aristotle* undertook to canvass

canvass for them; but *Shakespear* carried it by a great majority. *Corneille* and *Racine* stood next upon the list. A scrutiny was demanded in favour of the *old interest*, upon a suspicion that several *copy-holders* had polled for the moderns. The *new-interest* employed some *French* critics to go through their answer; it was thought it would at last end in a double return. It was further said, that *Otway* and *Rowe* would be declared duly elected. *Dryden* and *Lee* joined interests, and, though many gay and flighty persons were very warm in their cause, their schemes were looked upon, by the cool and judicious, as rather too wild and romantic. The *French* critics threatened that, at some future election, they should be able to make more members, being resolved to put up *Crebillon* and *Voltaire* even against *Shakespear*; to which end, several libels against the last-mentioned genius were already drawn up by *Voltaire*.

In the comic region the ancients lost their election by a great majority. *Melicre*, *Ben Johnson*, *Congreve*, and *Vanburgh* were declared duly elected. *Shakespear* was made an honorary member for this quarter, being universally allowed a representative of both places. *Dryden* found means,
 • • • • • by

by the assistance of a *Spanish* friar, to insinuate himself into this place. It was given out, that, when *Colley Cibber* arrives, he will be put up as a person duly qualified; though it is apprehended that his quarrel with *Pope* has deprived him of several votes.

The *new interest* exulted greatly upon their conquest in the last election. In order to complete their triumph, they claimed an exclusive right in the regions of *humour* and *ridicule*. *Homer* was here again put up by *Aristotle*, who urged the *Margites* as a sufficient claim; but, the writings of that estate being lost, he was obliged to decline the poll. An advertisement was published, desiring the votes and interest of all the true sons of merriment for *Aristophanes*, *Menander*, *Plautus*, and *Terence*, who had just lost their election in another place. *Lucian* set up upon his own interest. The moderns declared *Cervantes*, *Rablais*, *Swift*, and *Butler* joint candidates, being all gentlemen heartily attached to true wit and humour. Votes were also solicited for several other personages; *Monfieur la Sage*, *Scarron*, *Marivaux*, and *Addison* were strongly recommended; but the latter being returned, in conjunction with *Terence* and *la Sage*, for the borough of POLITE-MIRTH, *Sir Richard Steele* appeared on the hustings, and

withdrew his friend's name. *Swift* mixed with the lower sort of people; joked with the women about their dressing-rooms, and republished his account of the strange man just arrived in town. *Rablais* contributed a good deal to the general mirth: the grave humour of *Cervantes*, and that wonderful vein of sense which he displayed with infinite variety, charmed all that heard him: *Lucian* was not able to make himself universally understood. Many of his turns did not allude to modern-practised life. *Scarron* got together a company of strollers, and exhibited entertainments in booths with great success. *Ward*, *Concanon*, and *Tom Brown* offered themselves on this occasion, but were rejected with contempt. At length the books were closed, and *Lucian*, *Cervantes*, *Butler*, and *Swift* were declared duly elected. By this event, the managers for the new interest were highly inflamed: they lodged a petition in favour of *Rablais*; but such a vein of extravagance runs through the whole of that writer's work, and some passages are worked up into such a strain of unintelligible frolic, that it was generally supposed it would be given against him. His friends, however, were determined to bring him in for an inferior borough: in those regions, *Scarron* and *Marivaux* were also assured of their election. Whenever *Fielding* shall arrive

arrive in those regions, the borough of *true humour* is ready to elect him.

To have so many moderns chosen for the last division was highly agreeable to the *new interest*. They were however a good deal dejected at the election for *history*: their contest here was ineffectual, *Thucydides*, *Sallust*, *Livy*, and *Tacitus* being chosen by a great majority. *Faminianus Stada* endeavoured to hurt the election of the last-mentioned writer, in order, as it was thought, to substitute himself; but peers being allowed to appear at elections in *Parnassus*, Lord *Bolingbroke* gave all his interest to *Tacitus*, and assured him that his works were of infinite use in all his political tracts. *Sallust* recommended *St. Real*, an approved *French* historian, to a borough. *Julius Caesar* was put up without his consent, literary fame not being the object of his ambition. Lord *Clarendon* was for a long time decried by a party, but was at last declared duly elected.

Demosthenes and *Cicero* harangued from the hustings, and were unanimously chosen for *Oratory*. It was thought that some, who have made a conspicuous figure in the *British* parliaments, would be admitted to the honour of a seat with those immortal geniusses. A party of *Frenchmen* en-

deavoured to make a stand; upon the strength of some certain funeral orations; but in a few hours they found themselves greatly out-poll'd.

Horace, Boileau, Dryden, and Mr. Pope were made the representatives of *Satyr*; *Juvenal* and *Persius* having set up upon their own separate interests. As soon as the election was over, *Pope* thanked the electors for the honour conferred upon him, and signified his inclination to take his seat for *Ethics*, to which he was recommended by the Lord Viscount *Bolingbroke*. The voters came to a resolution to fill up the vacancy by putting up the famous Doctor *Young*, though in his absence.

Lord *Bacon* and Mr. *Locke* were returned for real and useful philosophy, at which *Aristotle* was violently enraged. He was, however, somewhat comforted to find himself the first on the poll for *Criticism*; *Longinus, Quintilian, and Bobours* were also declared duly elected. There was a great number of boroughs in this county, most of which were represented by *Frenchmen*, the chief of whom was the *Abbé du Bos*, author of the *Reflections upon Poesy and Painting*. Mr. *Addison* was also returned in this district, but being previously chosen for another place, he thanked the voters
in

general, and told them they would not be at loss for a proper representative, whenever the author of the *Polymetis* should be willing to stand the poll. *Vida* and *Boileau* were unanimously chosen.

In the regions of miscellaneous poetry, *Dryden* had an offer from almost every place. *Spencer* was elected for a borough, said to be over-run with witches and fairies. In *Pastoral*, *Ambrose Philips* exerted his utmost interest; but it was said that Mr. *Pope*, though he did not chuse to be the representative himself, had resolved to hinder *Philips* from coming in. *Virgil* thanked the country people for the offers made to himself; expatiated on rural happiness, and said he should always be a lover of *Woods* and *Rivers*; but begged leave to recommend *Vanierè*, writer of the *Prædium Rusticum*, and the late Mr. *James Thompson*, author of the *Seasons*. He praised many passages in *Rapin's Gardens*.

Æsop, *Phædrus*, *la Fontaine*, and *Gay*, were chosen for the fabulous country, where a new party was springing up for the author of the *Fables* for the *female sex*. With these proceedings the new interest had no reason to be dissatisfied, though they were highly disappointed in several places. However, they were determined to keep up their spirits with a shew of a general victory.

Their acclamations were so loud on the occasion, that I was awaked from my dream.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient servant,

J. NIGHTMARE.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Rainbow Coffee-house.

Yesterday at a board of PRIGGISM held here, it was pretty warmly debated between *Jemmy Spindle* and *Jack Dupe*, whether a gentleman acquires more honour by whoring than by gaming? When Mr. *Spindle* begged leave to say, that the little reputation he held in the world was entirely owing to his appearing, every night during the winter season, between two girls in the balcony — here Mr. *Dupe* interrupted him, and observed that undoubtedly whoring was essentially necessary towards establishing the character of a man of spirit; but that in his opinion, gaming shewed more the man of consequence, the first men in the kingdom being jockeys and gamblers. Cards and dice being carried in, the company were like to sit late.

NUM-

N U M B E R LXXXIV.

Saturday, May 25, 1754.

Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem :

Dulce est desipere in loco.

HOR.

AFTER having perused the new Tragedy of *Creusa*, with all that pleasure which results from a well-conducted story, and an elegant simplicity in the diction, I was at length struck in a very particular manner with the second epilogue, which the author has annexed to it. A parliament of women suggests many ideas of a pleasant nature : There is a variety in the turn of expression, for which this little piece has been justly admired. Having laid aside the book, I found that the female House of Commons had taken entire possession of my imagination. Methought I saw my fair countrywomen engaged in a deep debate. The lovely *Whigs* and *Tories* carried on their party-divisions with great warmth and vehement elocution. The words *Court* and *Country Interest*, *British Constitution*, *Patriotism*, *Virtue*, *Bribery* and *Corruption*, *Liberty* and *Property*, *free uninfluenced Election*, *arbitrary Power*,

with a long string of such like phrases, were banded about by these beautiful representatives, with as much zeal and impetuosity, as ever they have been from the days of *Hampden* down to the present happy period. Their fans I imagined prettily diversified with various emblematical figures. Instead of love-sick virgins, jessamine bowers, rural swains playing on the flute, they displayed to view nothing but scaffoldings, executions, scenes of broils and battles, sea-pieces, embattled squadrons, the spirit-stirring drum, as *Shakespeare* has it, the ear-piercing fife, the royal-banner, and every circumstance of glorious war. The patch no longer served as a mere embellishment of beauty: it had now the most expressive energy, denoting the attachments of the ladies to the court or country party. Blue and yellow ribbons adorned the head-dress, and hung out a kind of flag of defiance to the opposite party. Elections were strongly contested all over the kingdom: The old and new interest clashed in *Oxfordshire*, and ended at last in a double return. In *Kent* a lady of ancient and honourable family was thrown out. The people of *Bristol* paid a voluntary compliment to a lady of distinguished genius, who had been instrumental in bringing *Bristol* stone-buckles into fashion. After a very warm contest for the City of *London*, upon finally

closing

closing the poll, the numbers stood thus :

Lady Betty Allworthy, She-Knight, and Milliner	} 3650
Mrs. Mary Meanwell, Haberdasher	3570
Lady Fanny Comely, She-Knight, and Perfumer	} 3125
Mrs. Elizabeth Sugarcane, of Billingsgate- Ward	} 2950
Lady Harriet Lutestring, She-Knight, and Mercer	} 2603
Lady Deborah Gideonite, She-Knight, and Malt-Distiller.	} 2521

Whereupon the four first were declared duly elected. The last mentioned lady, it was said, would be brought in for some other place at the recommendation of an old dutchess at court. The writs being all returned, I supposed the parliament assembled, the ladies in the upper house, and the commoners in the lower. The female commons immediately proceeded to chuse a speaker, which was a point of great difficulty, every one being eager for that office, upon a supposition, that the speaker was to have the largest share of the debate: being undeceived in this point, the matter was at length adjusted. The house proceeded on business. As several occurrences

offered themselves to my thoughts on this occasion, I shall throw this part of my waking-dream into the form made use of on these occasions.

VOTES of the FEMALE HOUSE of
COMMONS.

Veneris, 16 Die Maij, 1754.

AN ingrossed bill from the ladies, entitled, *An Act for repealing an Act made in the last sessions to prohibit short aprons, and bring the same into fashion again*, was read a second time, and committed.

An ingrossed bill from the ladies, entitled, *An Act for repealing another Act made last sessions for preventing clandestine marriages, and other purposes therein mentioned*, it being the sense of all ladies of condition, that they should have a discretionary power to marry Mr. *Thomas* the butler, or *John* the coachman, or *Squire Hazard* the gamester, or *Bob* the footman, or any other person according to their own whim and fancy. The bill was read a second time and committed.

Ordered,

Ordered,

That leave be given to bring in a bill to amend several laws relating to the paying and returning visits in the cities of London and Westminster, and that Mrs. *Letitia Loveit* do prepare and bring in the same.

A message from the ladies, by Mrs. *Fattle* and Mrs. *Gobetwee*, that the ladies have passed a bill, entitled, *An Act for the sale of a capital messuage in Grosvenor-Square, in the County of Middlesex, and the gardens and outhouses thereunto belonging (part of the estate of the present Lord Townly), and vesting the same in William Pounce, of Lombard-Street, Banker, and for laying out the purchase-money in discharge of Lady Townly's gaming Debts, and for other purposes therein mentioned*; to which the ladies desire the concurrence of this house; and also,

That the ladies have passed a bill, entitled, *An Act for vesting part of the estate of George Fiddlefaddle, Esq. in the County of Suffolk, and part of his estate in the Isle of Wight, in trustees, to receive the rents of the same, and apply the issues in payment of Mrs. Fiddlefaddle's pin-money, to defray the necessary expences attending routs and drums, the keeping of a faro-bank, and other purposes therein mentioned*;

mentioned; to which the ladies desire the concurrence of this house.

And then the messengers withdrew.

An ingrossed bill from the ladies, entitled, *An Act to dissolve the marriage of Lady Betty Witlefs, with Lord Viscount Manly, on account of his insolent presumption in controlling his said wife, and to enable her to marry again, and for other purposes therein mentioned.* The bill was read a second time.

Resolved,

That this house will, upon this day seven-night, resolve itself into a committee of the whole house upon the said bill.

Mrs. *Gadabout* moved for leave to bring in a bill to enable Mrs. *Tarbarrel* to keep a dozen card-tables, in spite of her unruly husband, Captain *Tarbarrel*, just returned from the *East-Indies*, who is brute enough to say, he will have no such doings in his house.

Ordered,

That Mrs. *Gadabout* do prepare and bring in the same.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Bizarre* (according to order) reported from a committee of the whole house, to whom the bill to repeal several laws to prohibit the importation of *French laces* and *cambricks*, and a bill to suppress the *Spittle-field* weavers; and relating to paint, washes, fans, gloves, and other important articles, and for the better encouragement of *French* hair-cutters, and to authorise the payment of the bounty to *John Exotic*, and others, upon a ship fitted out for *China*, in order to import teas, and *China* figures of all sorts, and lost near *Madagascar*, was committed; and Mrs. *Bizarre* read the report, and afterwards delivered the bill, with the amendments, in at the *Yeas-table*, where the amendments were read, and agreed to by the house.

Ordered,

That the bill, with the amendments, be ingrossed.

Ordered,

That Mrs. *Trifle* have leave to make a motion.

And she moved the house accordingly.

An ingrossed bill from the ladies, entitled, *An Act to enable Pompey the little, lap-dog to Lady Mary*

Mary Carmine, to relinquish the said name of Pompey the little, and assume for the future to him and his heirs-male, the stile and name of MARQUIS, was read the first time.

Ordered,

That the said bill do lie upon the Tea-table.

Ordered,

That Mrs. Bragwell have leave to make a motion.

And she moved the house accordingly.

An ingrossed bill from the ladies, entitled, *An Act for changing the present current stile in this kingdom, and to convert night into day*, was read the first time, and ordered to be read a second time.

An ingrossed bill, entitled, *An Act for empowering Lady Stakeall to cut down and sell timber standing and growing upon the estate of Lord Stakeall, her husband, in order to enable the said Lady Stakeall to purchase monkeys, parrots, and other necessaries, and also to make a very large bet at the next masquerade, and for other purposes therein mentioned*, was read the third time.

Resolved,

Resolved,

That the bill do pass.

An ingrossed bill, called by the vulgar, *the starknaked bill*, but more properly entitled, *An Act for abolishing the present form of dress among ladies of fashion, and reducing it, as near as modern manners will permit, to the primitive custom of our first mother Eve, by shortening the petticoat and lowering the stays, upon a plan of œconomy to make both ends meet*, was read a third time.

Resolved,

That the bill do pass.

Ordered,

That Mrs. *Fetch* do carry the bill to the ladies, and desire their concurrence.

And then the house adjourned till to-morrow morning nine of the clock.

NUMBER LXXXV

• Saturday, June 1, 1754.

*O rus! quando ego te aspiciam, quandoque licebit
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno & inertibus horis,
Ducere solite jucunda oblivia vitæ?*

HOR.

ILATELY met with a fable; which I thought was carried on in a pleasing vein of fancy. Poetry (says my author) is the son of the God of *Ease* and the Goddess of *Meditation*. He bears in his appearance such a strong resemblance to his parents, that it is impossible to mistake the marks of his legitimacy.

From his father, he derives his apparent indolence, his serenity, his graceful elocution, and his unlaboured turn of thought. A remarkable neglect of the ordinary uses of life, a disregard for riches, and a total absence of all worldly ambition, save what is inspired by virtue and honest fame, are his distinguishing characteristics. From his mother he possesses his modesty, which makes him not very fond of obtruding himself into company; his pensive air; which inclines him

him to precepts of morality, or some topic which may be subservient to the use or enjoyment of life; his love of solitude, which leads him into rural scenes, where he may give free scope to his imagination, undisturbed by the cares and anxieties of life. The same disposition in his temper renders him not very fond of being known by the bulk of mankind. If he thinks proper to publish the result of his contemplative moments, he does not like to be pointed at by the multitude, but chuses to receive the tribute of applause, obtained by his writings, without being liable to the sarcasms, the taunts, and malevolent jests, which are always the sure concomitants of praise, like the slave in the triumphal car of the Roman general.

From these motives he is enamoured of retirement, convinced, that the more he keeps himself at a distance, the more beauties will be seen in his productions; as the hills, and remote parts of a prospect present a more vivid green, than when the scene lies nearer, and the heath, the craggy rock, and ploughed land, are familiarised to the naked eye.

Such is the substance of the fable. The best writers in all ages have concurred in the same sentiments.

sentiments. Accordingly the best of the ancient poets are constantly offering warm pictures of rural imagery to our imaginations. They seem to be stifled with dust and smoke, when they mention a city-life. We frequently find them expatiating with rapture upon the pleasures of a country-life, which they look upon to be the nurse of thought, and the only sphere in which their studies can be prosecuted with any degree of success.

The same observation will hold good with regard to all kinds of writings, unless it be those excellent productions of the press, which make their appearance under the various shapes of *Newgate*-memoirs, news-papers, and political pamphlets. In works that call for a long train of reasoning, subtle disquisitions, and unwearied application, undoubtedly the proper place is in those regions, where riot and debauchery are strangers; where gaming and drinking are unknown, and where, above all, health and cheerfulness add new lustre to the face of things.

It may perhaps seem a paradox, that, among all the gentlemen of the quill, there is not one, to whom solitude and ease are more necessary than the periodical writer. His •lucubrations,
it

it is true, are generally comprized in a narrow compass. He does not, for the most part, pretend to search every subject to the bottom. The reader does not expect deep speculations, abstract reasonings, or new systems of morality and religion. It is, notwithstanding, the interest of the adventurer in this way to appear as seldom as possible in little circles at coffee-houses, convivial clubs, at taverns, and the long train of public places, which serve no other purpose than merely to kill time, and hurry him into a course of vanity and dissipation.

There is a passage in Mr. Pope, which I have ever perused with admiration, because it shews him a man of the most prudent understanding, as well as the most finished poet.

*I ne'er with wits, and wittlings pass'd my days,
To spread about the itch of vulgar praise.
Nor, like a puppy, dagg'd thro' the town,
To fetch and carry sing-song up and down.
Nor at rehearshals mouth'd, and sweat, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my side.
I ask'd no homage from the race that write,
But kept, like Eastern monarchs, from their sight;
And sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To Bufo left the whole Castalian state.*

Perhaps too great a tincture of pride runs through these lines, for any one else to make application of them to himself. *Pope* had talents superior to almost all mankind; but if a more humble writer cannot withdraw himself, like an Eastern monarch, he may at least accomplish it, like *Juvenal's* friend in his third satire, who retired from *Rome*, to avoid its plagues and inconveniencies.

— *Atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.*

It is possible my readers may think these tenets inconsistent with the character of *Ranger*; but airy and gay as he may appear, he is now perfectly averse from the wild sallies of his name-fake in the play. He would not chuse to stagger home from a box and dice in the morning, nor get through a window into an honest gentleman's house at night; he cannot run after every white apron he sees, nor keep company with a set of fellows whom he despises. And yet there are inconveniencies, to which a resident in town is for ever liable. Prejudices are apt to rise against an author, who does not take care to conceal himself. The transition is so quick from the performance to the person, that from the moment a man begins to publish, he is engaged in

in a state of warfare with almost all the malevolent critics of the age.

Some readers have no criterion, by which to judge of a production, except the rules of physiognomy. If an author appears younger than themselves, they hold it absolutely impossible to receive any instruction from him. It is, by the way, somewhat strange that this experienced class will not allow a man to be fit to entertain them, until his imagination begins to flag, his invention to close, like flowers at the setting of the sun, his memory to decay, and his wit, if he have any share of it, to become slow and torpid.

There is another set of people, who make it their business to pry into a writer's connections, and thoroughly inform themselves of his attachments, his friendships, and his resentments. As these happen to coincide with their own way of thinking, they blame or approve.

In this manner is the person judged, who attempts to run the dangerous career of wit, as *Boileau* expresses it, *du bel Elprit la Carriere epineuse*. Upon the whole, I think it may be laid down as a maxim, that the writer who would evade the censures of prejudice, the blasts of detraction,

detraction, and the envy of rival wits, should as long as possible remain unknown. *Patroclus* conquered in the armour of *Achilles*: had he let the secret escape, with double his strength and valour, he would not have been able to achieve any thing remarkable against the *Trojans*. In his own person and character he would have made no impression on the enemy: under his feigned appearance he performed wonders.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-House, June 1st.

LAST night the Parliament of Criticism met here, when Mr. *Town* came with his usual apparatus, and gave his assent to the following bills.

An act to prevent a constant repetition of the same worn-out tragedies throughout every season.

An act to oblige every capital actor to bring at least two new parts into the stock every winter, by way of shewing how he passed his time in his recesses from business during the summer, and

and to several public and private bills. After which Mr. Town made the following most gracious speech.

My Friends and Critics,

As we are now come to the conclusion of the critical sessions, I cannot dismiss you, without returning you thanks for that peevishness and petulance, which you have manifested during this last season. It is with the utmost pleasure I now let you know, that several pretenders to poetry have wrote new tragedies and comedies, in a style that will afford the highest joy, as they will all most infallibly be damned, whenever they appear.

Gentlemen of the City,

Your clapping and hissing, with implicit deference to my judgment, at both play-houses, during this last winter, shews your affection for me and my cause.

My Friends and Critics,

It is with an unspeakable regret I am now to tell you, that I must retire from the weighty cares of criticism, until providence shall please to restore my hissing powers, which are now somewhat

impaired. I must now dissolve the parliament of criticism; and, whenever you are summoned together again, I hope you will adhere to the noble principles of *malevolism*, which it has ever been my study to inculcate.

And the parliament of criticism was dissolved accordingly.

N U M B E R LXXXVI.

Saturday, June 8, 1754.

— *Res antiquæ laudis & artis*
Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes. VIRG.

OUR club met a few nights since at the Devil Tavern, when the conversation principally turned upon topics of literature, and particularly dramatic poetry. Many of our best modern tragedies were examined. I observed, that it was frequently said of pieces, confessedly inartificial in the fable, unforcible in sentiment, and destitute of character, that they contained a fine vein of poetry. Our professor of criticism immediately objected to the propriety of the expression. He did not understand how a bad play could have fine poetry: florid descriptions, and imagery finely painted, if out of time and place, are vicious in the kind. The poetry, he said, which is neither suited to the occasion, nor governed by the laws of the work in hand, must be always condemned by men of taste and judgment. My friend Mr. *Candid* has drawn up a set of papers, which may throw some light upon

the subject. He gave me an essay for this day, which may serve as an opening of his design.

In order to decide upon the excellence or imperfection of any art, it is necessary to know the original intent and aim of that art, with the various means by which it accomplishes its designs. If the art be a branch of literature, it will be expedient to trace all manner of composition to its source, and thence to pursue the several rivulets which have streamed from it. This has been done with great perspicuity and elegance by the author of the essays on the characteristics, who has justly determined the three primary branches of composition to be, *poetry, eloquence, and argument*. A just coalition of all three forms the consummate beauty of fine writing. "It would be," continues the author, "perhaps both a new and pleasing speculation to point out the writers in their several kinds, who have been most remarkably excellent, or defective, with regard to the just union of these three species of composition. At present it must suffice to have hinted such a criticism, which the reader may easily prosecute." Such a criticism might distinguish the respective graces of all kinds of writing. It would enable us to ascertain and fix the proper criteria,
by

by which to judge of the beauties proper to each different species. Upon this subject it is my intention to offer a few reflections, and, as concisely I am able, to point out the rise of the three modes of writing already mentioned.

Man being a sociable creature, it was necessary, that certain signs, universally agreed upon, should be used for the reciprocal conveyance of his ideas. Sounds, which we call words, were the quickest vehicles, and therefore grew into general use. As the stock of ideas enlarged, the demand for words became more extensive: mutual intercourse begot further acquisitions, and language daily increased. That every distinct idea should be expressed by a term appropriated to it was altogether impossible. The mind, therefore, soon found an expedient to supply its wants. Reason began to compare, to distinguish, and separate the various ideas, which had passed through the senses, and were formed into different combinations by the power of imagination. A similitude was discovered between various images. It followed, that things were expressed by borrowed names on account of a resemblance existing between them. The term thus transferred was called a *metaphor*, and what was thus introduced

duced out of necessity, became in process of time an absolute luxury. The poets, who it is probable, were the first composers, were soon aware of the beauty that results from metaphorical expression. They were to lead mankind from huts and dens to a state of civilization. By their songs and ballads the imagination of their hearers was to be seized, and for this purpose every thing was to be painted forth in the warmest colouring. The epithet which denotes the qualities inherent in all objects lent its aid, and song and melody became the delight of mankind.

But the matter did not rest here : cities were multiplied, and states enlarged themselves : artificial passions began to operate ; ambition grasped at power ; and *envy, jealousy, revenge,* and *malice* sowed the seeds of discord, of party, and faction. Distracted with intestine commotions, the crowd was governed by the demagogue, who was most fluent in words. There was not time for the measured writer to produce his composition ; an immediate address was requisite to influence the passions of the multitude : men of genius came forth, and, destitute of number, addressed the people in humble prose. But still the attention was to be fixed ; the orator could

not divest himself of all the properties of poetry, but continued to address the imagination, and thus to influence their passions. As the least appearance of a design upon their understandings on these occasions would totally defeat itself, it followed, that all the ambitious ornaments, and those gaudy colourings, which poetry spreads so lavishly on every subject, were here introduced with a more sparing hand. The imagination was addressed as it affords access to the passions. In this manner eloquence deduced its origin, a less luxuriant kind of poetry, disengaged from regular numbers, but still filling the ear with harmony, and moulding the passions to its own end and use.

In proportion as mankind became enlightened, as arts and manufactures increased, and science extended itself, it was not enough that *poetry* charmed with its graceful combinations, and that *eloquence* awakened and agitated the passions; *reason* began to exert its influence, to look for utility and truth in every composition, and stripping away the luxuriances of lavish description, coolly and dispassionately to consider every thing that was offered. Hence sprung the *didactic*, or the argumentative form. *Demosthenes* was obliged to borrow much from this more instructive manner.

From

From a refined and polished people he was obliged to conceal his art: while he storms the heart, he frequently appears to do no more than reason with energy. *Tully* had to deal with minds more gross and less informed. To such hearers the art of the orator would not be palpable; and we, therefore, see him upon every great occasion exhausting all the stores of eloquence.

In this manner, the three primary branches of composition arose in the world. Each is plainly deducible from the very principles of our constitution. As the imagination is the warmest faculty of the soul, *poetry*, whose principal intent is to please; particularly addresses this power of perception. *Eloquence*, more chaste and reserved in its embellishments, strikes chiefly at the passions; and the passions are then most powerfully excited, when fancy pictures strong appearances of good or evil. *Eloquence* to render its colourings strong and glowing is often obliged to borrow from the regions of imagination. The argumentative form proceeds in a different manner: it is the province of *reason* to compare its ideas, and to form various affirmations or negations relative to them; the *didactic*; therefore, holds less of embellishment, content to be plain, correct, and unadorned.

There

There are not in human nature any other inlets of perception, or any other faculties of sensation, to which the art of a writer could apply. The imagination, the passions, and reason are the three springs of composition. Men of refinement and reflection, perceiving what a powerful influence any one of these branches of writing has upon the mind, have thence inferred, that the joint force of all three united, must carry the power of genius to still a greater degree of perfection. Hence, in whatever way they were engaged, we find them taking every opportunity to make excursions into their neighbours territories, and borrowing improvements to decorate their productions. *Eloquence* has learned from *poetry* to warm and enliven the imagination; *poetry* has marked the influence of *eloquence* on the passions, and has endeavoured to glide to the heart through the same inlets; both have found it necessary to recommend themselves to *reason*, and we see them, accordingly, borrowing assistance from the *didactic*. The reasoning faculty, in its turn, aware that a mere train of deductions would be too dry, takes occasion to adorn itself with the flowers of imagination, and, in some speculations, endeavours to awaken the passions.

Hence

Hence then it appears, that a concurrence of the primary branches of writing is requisite in all works of genius: but there is some danger of running riot, and making too frequent and unjustifiable progresses into each other's territories. To fix the boundaries of each kind has been the task of criticism. By the great masters in this art we are taught to determine how far one mode of composition may encroach upon another; and while it borrows assistance, we know that the just colouring, which belongs to the kind, must be always carefully preserved.

Distinctas servare vices operumque colores.

There are in nature but few original colours. It is from the meltings and softenings of these into each other, that the various appearance of things derives its origin. It is the same in writing: the several species of it, which are now practised, are modes of *poetry*, *eloquence*, and *argument*, differently blended. How far the union is just, shall be occasionally examined in a few detached essays. The result of the enquiry will, perhaps, enables us to see the peculiar merit of an *Epic Poem*, a *Tragedy*, or a *Comedy*. The reader may at his leisure carry the research into other subordinate branches of writing.

NUMBER LXXXVII.

Saturday, June 15, 1754.

*Et prodesse volunt & delectare poetæ,
Et simul & jucunda & idonea dicere vitæ.*

*Neque satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia sunt,
Et quocumque volent, animum auditoris agunt.*

HOR.

THE author of my motto has comprised, in a few lines, the three principal qualities of poetry. Its aim, says he, is to afford at once utility and delight: to offer what may be agreeable to the fancy, and conduce to the advantages of human life. He adds, it is not enough that a poem abounds in beauties; it must find its way to the heart, and rouse the soul with what passions it pleases. This description includes the leading requisites of poetry; and, likewise, the three primary modes of composition mentioned in our paper of last Saturday. To please, to persuade, and to instruct are the great ends of composition, sometimes, indeed, distinctly pursued, and, occasionally, all in one united effort.

It

It is to these principles that we owe *poetry, eloquence, and argument.*

Epic poetry has always had the pre-eminence: it affords the freest and most ample room for display of the three original species of writing. It is by observing how these friendly colours mix and blend with each other, that we are to form a judgment upon the different authors, who have proved any way eminent in the literary world. *Bossu* and other critics have informed us, that the epic fable must involve one entire action; that this action must have a beginning, a middle, and an end: they have told us, that the poet must not take up the thread of his narrative too near the beginning of his story; that he must hasten into the midst of things, and occasionally give a retrospect to such matters as are necessary to be known. They have treated largely of the machinery; of the time the fable should include, with many other particulars, which, though proper to be explained, do not any way conduce to the refinement of taste, or the improvement of true genius. These rules, with many others of equal moment, are no more than observations upon the practice of great writers; and what great writers have done, critics have been willing to convert into a law. Such laws

laws may, in general, be convenient, but they are arbitrary at best. Those rules only, which are founded upon the inward frame and constitution of man, can be regarded as permanent, and unalterable.

It is manifest, that the epic writer has the most unbounded latitude. He may insert the graces of every kind of composition. All nature lies at his command; wherever he casts his eyes, he is lord of the manor; he can turn a road, by poetical act of parliament, through lawns and groves, and scenes of pasturage; the four seasons obey his directions; he needs never be at a loss for agreeable exhibitions of nature, to please the imagination. The whole system of ethics is also his; he may take occasion to improve his readers by short sentences, and transient reflections on human life. The whole art of eloquence is likewise perfectly open to the epic author: the passions wait his nod, and rise or fall, as he directs. In this last-mentioned requisite the *Abbé du Bos* places the consummate perfection of fine poetry. Certain it is, the mind never feels such intense pleasure from any of the imitative arts, as when its passions are awakened; when the soul finds itself roused from an impassive state, and unexpectedly agitated by the skilful

touches of a master-poet. The author just quoted ascribes the pleasure we feel from that inward ferment, which the poet raises, to the satisfaction which the soul enjoys at the perception of its own activity: may we not add to this, what is suggested, if I remember right, by the author of *the Pleasure of the Imagination*? Our moral sense receives on the occasion an additional delight. We are pleased to find the social Passions sensibly alive: we delight in the proper sensations of humanity. *Aristotle* adds the gratification we feel in comparing our ideas. Where the real object agrees with the image excited by the imitative arts, we observe with rapture that the representation is just and true.

Were I to say, in which of the three powers of the mind, already mentioned, *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Milton*, are most eminent; I should ascribe to *Homer* the strongest and most vigorous efforts of imagination, with an amazing faculty of alarming us with noble descriptions of all the magnificent objects in nature. As to our own *Milton*, I should be inclined to declare him a rival of the *Greek* poet, for a comprehensive sublimity of conception; and *Virgil's* excellence I should place in beautiful touches of poetic eloquence. His whole fourth book I take to be a master-piece in this way. The various agitations

tion of mind which *Dido* endures; her love, her jealousy, her rage, her tenderness, her many mixed emotions, are perhaps the finest strokes in poetry. In his sixth book there are several scenes of the most tender nature, and, in the ninth, the grief of the mother after the death of *Nisus* and *Euryalus*, and the lamentations of *Evander*, are all to be ranked in the same class, in my opinion unequalled by any other poet, though *Homer* has succeeded so well in *Hector's* last scene with *Andromache*, and though *Milton* has a great deal of finely impassioned dialogue in his justly celebrated poem. *Virgil* more frequently applies himself to the passions of his readers, than either of his competitors. He has, indeed, some improbabilities, which are to pass under the apologizing name of THE MARVELLOUS; but *Virgil* does not so often shock our reason, as the *Grecian* poet, who, it must be owned, is often extravagant. *Milton* has the advantage of having founded his story upon traditions, which our religion has sanctified; otherwise I should consider his fallen angels, and the war waged by them, together with the invention of cannon, and many other circumstances, as highly chimerical, even though they expand our fancy with grand and surprising appearances.

I shall take another opportunity to consider how far tragedy may dispute with epic poetry for the pre-eminence. At present I shall only observe, that the writers of heroic poesy have, in general, been too fond of the marvellous. I would not be understood to censure the use of machinery; when introduced with discretion, it serves to present agreeable scenery to the mind. It were, I think, to be wished, that the correctness of Mr. *Glover's* judgment had not entirely excluded it from his poem of *Leonidas*, which certainly has many passages of warm poetic eloquence, many pieces of beautiful imagery, and several strictures of useful and improving morality, artfully interwoven with the ground-work of his fable.

I shall beg leave to conclude with an observation, which is not entirely foreign to the purpose. It is remarked by Mr. *Addison*, that *Virgil* has but one conceit throughout his poem, and that, says he, is put into the mouth of the young *Julius*, when, with a kind of punning ambiguity, he observes, that they are eating their tables. But surely the great critic had forgot the passage, where the poet tells us, that a warrior, who runs round a tree after a flying enemy, PURSUES, and is

• PURSUED,

PURSUED, because both move in a circular manner. — *Sequiturque sequentem.*

This, tried by the rule of *Bobours*, appears to have truth for its foundation; but it is so childish a truth, that I am sorry to find it intermixed with the majesty of the *Æneid*. Perhaps, it is like the fly on the picture, which a minute observer was going to brush away, and then found it was placed there on purpose by the hand of the artist.

N U M B E R LXXXVIII.

Saturday, June 22, 1754.

————— *Quem didum non ulla injecta morabant*
Tela, nec adverso glomerati ex agmine Graii,
Nunc omnes terrent auræ, sonus excitat omnis
Suspensum —————

THERE is not a more exquisite pleasure in the power of man, than that which arises from a view of his own inward frame. To observe the association of our ideas, combined with a wonderful rapidity; and to watch the subtile movements of the passions, in their nature complicated and surprising, is a task requiring the closest attention, and at the same time productive of the most useful knowledge we can boast.

The solution of a mathematical problem may be agreeable to that curiosity, which is implanted in us; the *Newtonian Philosophy* may expand the imagination with stupendous ideas of the distances of heavenly bodies; but in these occupations we are in the case of *Swift's* taylor. If we mistake

our figure, our ingenious labour evaporates into air; whereas in the pursuit of self-knowledge our enjoyments are from feeling, and our discoveries, besides the advantage of being as surprizing as in any other science, carry with them a further pleasure; we are ourselves more immediately concerned. In travelling through a champaign country, the prospect on every side may administer to the pleasures of imagination; but a man will certainly feel more lively sensations when riding upon land belonging to himself; the landscape of his own estate will look more beautiful to the eye; the lawn shall spread a more pleasing verdure, and the discovery of a mine, or the secret spring of a little rill running through his meadows, will afford him a delight not to be equalled by the gayest scenes that can be presented.

The study of the human mind is, therefore, a rational and pleasing employment. I am always happy when any accidental circumstance throws me into this tract of thinking: whether reading *Rabelais's* frolic ravings, or the sublime enthusiasm of *Homer*, I take occasion to lay aside the volume, in order to trace the pleasure, which I have received, to its hidden source. An opportunity

of gratifying this turn occurred to me the other day. I was casually turning over some of the most beautiful passages in epic poetry, and could not help taking notice, that I perused the description of thousands stretched upon the field of battle, weltering in blood, agonizing with their wounds, and trampled under horses hoofs, without feeling any of those propensities to compassion, which were frequently awakened by the death of a single person. I could read, with the greatest composure, lines, which mention dying groans of numbers falling in one promiscuous carnage, broken limbs of warriors, men and horses, all mixed in one general scene of destruction.

*Tum vero gemitus morientum, & sanguine in alto,
Armaque, corporaque, & permisti cæde virorum
Semianimes voluuntur equi.*—————

A muster-roll of heroes, who in one line embraced their fate, did not excite the least tender sensation.

*Chloræaque, Sybarimque, Daretaque, Therfilocumque.
Alexandrumque, Haliumque, Noëmonaque, Prytanique.*

In these general accounts of calamities the mind is wholly impassive; but when the poet thinks proper to distinguish a single person from the throng,

through, we melt in pity of his fate, heedless of the general devastation, which is spread around him. That this is the case every body that has read the *Aeneid* will be ready to acknowledge. In this there is something strange: it might be imagined that our hearts should be more intensely agitated, when desolation sweeps whole ranks of our fellow-creatures from the face of the earth, than when we read the fate of an individual; but such is our disposition, that we can go through all these narratives without emotion; and when the epic writer throws out but a short reflection upon the fall of one man, we are instantly fixed in attention, and our hearts throb with compassion for his untimely end;

The reason I take to be, that in the former case, we are only told, that so many embraced their fate in battle. Death is one of the conditions of human life. We therefore consider the descriptions of *Homer* and *Virgil* as no more than a mere bill of mortality. When they inform us that such a number perished upon the spot, we peruse the tale with as much calmness as the paragraph which tells us, "increased in the burials this week five hundred." When they tell us, that one receives an arrow in the jugular vein; another has a spear run through his shoulder,

der, and is rivetted to the ground; a limb is wounded in the mouth, and has his head split in two; it may serve, as the critics observe, to give variety to the battle, but in fact amounts to no more than what we read in a common newspaper,—“Yesterday a labourer fell from the top of an house, by which accident he broke his collar bone, and instantly expired.” An account of bodily pain makes a slight impression: it is mental distress that principally operates upon our hearts, and our pity rises in proportion to the agitations of mind, which we perceive in the person afflicted. Besides this, the poet frequently finds collateral avenues to our souls. He mentions family-connections, and to heighten our sorrow, addresses himself to the moral sense of his reader. He represents the amiable qualities, which would have rendered his hero a deserving member of society. Our tenderest feelings are awakened: the effect is not unlike what a man may experience in a church-yard, where he sees a multitude of different graves, in which the good, the bad, the old, and young, lie in promiscuous silence: he therefore beholds the scene without emotion; but as soon as the tomb-stone presents a character of one distinguished from the rest, he laments the generous friend, the tender husband, the indulgent father, and mourns for him

him who acted agreeably to the relations in which he stood to his fellow creatures. Thus when we read of a dying person, that he was a friend of the muses, and that harmony was the delight of his soul, we consider him in a different light from those, who as Mr. Addison expresses it, are celebrated for nothing but being knocked in the head.

Amicum Cretea Musis,
Cretea Musarum, comitem, cui carmina semper
Et citbaræ cordi, numerosque intendere nervis.

When we are told of another, that his death was lamented by his friends in sundry parts of his country, we cannot help joining in the general grief.

*Te nemus Angitiæ, vitreâ te Fucinus undâ,
Te liquidi flevère lacus.*—————

The number of sufferers is increased, and our passions increase in proportion to the knowledge conveyed to us of their affections, their tender friendships, and their schemes for future happiness. One falls in the midst of his half-finished projects; him his blooming mistress mourns with frantic sorrow, and all his relations bewail his loss. Another receives his mortal wound through
the

the very garment which his mother worked for him with her own hands.

*Transit & parmam macro, levis arma minacis,
Et tunicam, molli mater quam necebat auro,
Implevitque sinum sanguis.*

Besides these little touches, the epic writer occasionally diversifies his battles with episodes, or short accounts of particular adventures, in order to secure our attention, and relieve us from a scene of general slaughter. The story of *Nisus* and *Euryalus* will always soften the reader into compassion; other passages, in one line of which there is infinitely more mischief done, will be passed over with indifference. I should not think the worse of him that should calmly go through most of the battles in epic poetry; but I hope there is not one of my readers who would not yield to the tenderest impressions at the fall of *Pallas*, and the lamentation of *Aeneas* over his dead body.

The use I would make of what has been premised is, that, as our passions are incited in proportion to the amiable qualities of the character in distress, our modern writers of tragedy should attach themselves to this circumstance, and consider that it is not the theatrical apparatus, the bowl,

bow), the dagger, the dungeon, or the clank of chains, that can affect an audience, but a faithful portrait of the mind. If the players would also consider the same, noise and rant would be banished. Instead of aiming at applause by the mere effect of sonorous voices, they would endeavour, by every look, every tone, and every attitude, to mark the in-felt anguish of the heart.

NUMBER LXXXIX.

Saturday, Aug. 3, 1754.

*Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus, & modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.*

HOR.

THERE is no species of writing which has not had its particular admirer. Dr. South was of opinion, that a complete epigram is the masterpiece of man. Mr. Addison calls a perfect tragedy the noblest production of human nature. The truth is, each has delivered his sentiments agreeably to his own peculiar turn of thinking. Doctor South excelled in lively strokes of wit: every new combination, which he formed, was an epigram; and on this account he was willing to speak in praise of his own talent. Addison employed many of his hours in planning his Tragedy of Cato: when that piece had received the highest polish he could bestow upon it, it was the greatest production of human wit. But the assertions of great men, unsupported by argument, are not to be considered as decrees, from which there can be no appeal:

Tragedy

Tragedy can only claim the second place. The powers of genius, such as *imagination, eloquence, and reason*, may be exerted in their full force in the epic composition; in tragedy they suffer great limitation. The same thing, which on many occasions makes tragedy the most powerful performance, serves also to divest it of many advantages. It comes immediately before the eye. It is justly remarked by *Horace*, that what is conveyed to our notice through our ears, acts with more feeble impulse, than when it passes through the organs of sight.

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, & quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.*

For this reason many passages, in which the epic writer warms and expands the imagination of his reader, are entirely excluded from the dramatic scene: The eye will not suffer itself to be deluded. A god, says the critic, should not be introduced, unless the occasion require a supernatural agent: he had said better if he had absolutely interdicted the appearance. We may in reading suffer such an incident to be imposed upon us; but the eye will be shocked with the representation. The marvellous seems to be excluded from the stage. Tragedy admits no display

display of *pure poetry*. The heroic poet for the most part speaks in his own person: it is expected of him to pay great court to our imagination; but the dialogue of persons, engaged in a sphere of action, intended to interest the auditors, will not allow them to take up the scene with florid imagery. The following lines in the mouth of *Calista* in the *Fair Penitent* may be extremely picturesque, but if considered with regard to the situation of character, they are both inartificial and undramatic.

————— *my sad soul*

*Has form'd a dismal melancholy scene;
An unfrequented vale, o'er-grown with trees,
Mossy and old, within whose lonesome shade
Ravens and birds ill-omen'd only dwell;
No sound to break the silence, but a brook
That bubbling winds among the weeds.*

In the regions of fancy, the *drama* must yield to the *epic*. In the art of eloquence, and in all applications to our reason, tragedy can boast full room for the most vigorous exertion. The *drama* may be as sentimental as any other kind of writing; nay, its excellence frequently consists in being so. With regard to the passions, the mode of imitation renders its influence more forcible. *Virgil* was as skilful a master of the passions

passions as any writer, ancient or modern; and though the passions of *Dido* are drawn with as strong and glowing colourings as language can bestow; though their various strugglings are finely marked; I believe, notwithstanding, that *Shakepear's Lear* and *Otbello* have made deeper impressions upon the minds of an audience.

These advantages, however, are derived to the tragic queen from the labours of another art. Acting, which is in itself a mode of imitation, serves to render the touches of the writer more striking, and more feelingly expressive. This superiority the *drama* certainly has over the *epic*. The skilful performer imitates the voice of nature: he speaks the same simple and affecting language; and that profusion of figures, which mere poetry admits, is discarded from the stage.

Shakepear is almost the only poet who has excelled in a masterly power of striking the imagination, the heart, and our reason, all at once: Poetry, sentiment, and passion, are combined in the most agreeable assemblage. In his Tragedy of *Macbeth*, there are several strokes of this nature. The following lines are introduced with

a solemnity suitable to the occasion, and have a pleasing kind of gloomy imagery.

— *Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-born beetle, with his drouzy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.*

To conclude: *Aristotle* tells us, that fable is the soul of tragedy; and there can be no doubt but the great critic is right. Tragedy represents the misfortunes of the great; and misfortune is the consequence of human actions. *Shakespeare*, with all his rudeness, was fully aware of the doctrine, and accordingly we find, that no man better knew the art of bringing forward great and striking situations. He was not versed in *Aristotle's* art of poetry; but he had what was better than art; a genius superior to all mankind.

N U M B E R X C.

Saturday, July 6, 1754.

*Creditur, ex medio quia res arcessit, habere
Sudoris minimum, sed habet comœdia tanto
Plus oneris, quanto est veniæ minus.* HOR.

ARISTOTLE informs us that *Homer* wrote a comic-epic poem, entitled *Margites*, which, to the no small detriment of succeeding ages, is unfortunately lost. To this species of poesy, we may suppose comedy has the same reference, that the tragic bears to the heroic. For my part, I cannot conceive why a good comedy has never been styled by those, who are fond of deciding literary precedence, the greatest production of human nature. It consists of known and familiar ideas: but should that circumstance derogate from its real merit? On account of that very circumstance, it meets with less indulgence: the business comes nearer to every man's breast, and, of course, the vulgar are in some measure judges of the imitation. In tragedy, declamation lulls, florid epithets amuse, lofty metaphors amaze, and pompous expressions elevate and surprise.

Tragedy aims more particularly at the passions: the chief merit of *comedy* consists in its effect on the merry affections of the human mind; the former principally awakens sensations of terror and pity; the latter gives emotions of a gay contempt, or, in plainer *English*, makes us despise and laugh at an object at the same time. To succeed in this last-mentioned mode of writing, requires as fine and as lively an imagination as any of the other imitative arts. The tragic poet excites the most intense sensations, when his expressions convey the liveliest images to the fancy; and, in like manner, the comic poet, when he seizes the imagination with an assemblage of ludicrous ideas, is sure of agitating those passions, to which his art directs him, with an irresistible power. If this be so, what are we to think of that idle dispute, whether comedy may be called poetry or not?

———*quidam comædia necne poema*

Esset quæsiere———

It is manifestly an imitative art. It makes use of means different from the more elevated species of writing; but it is full as hard to paint ordinary things, as objects of more importance. *Virgil's* line, which describes an old woman running

running across *Dido's* apartment with officious zeal,

Illa gradum studio celerabat amili,

is as picturesque, and has as much merit as the description of the ambrosial locks of *Venus*.

*Ambrosæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
Spiravère.*—————

The comic writer, as well as the tragedian, must derive his force from the primary sources of composition: he must seize our *imagination*s with striking pictures of human life; he must instruct our reason by inserting sensible observations on the manners of the world; and he must frequently apply himself to those passions, which it is the merit of his art to awaken. In this last-mentioned particular consists the beauty of a well wrought comedy. Both the tragic and comic poet, to obtain the true end of their art, must select such circumstances in every object, in every passion, and in every action, as will be most conducive to their peculiar end. When this is rightly performed, whether in the solemn or humorous scene, it is true poetry: in either

case it is by the means of a mode of eloquence, that the art produces its desired effect. Ridicule, by which comedy works, is as much a mode of eloquence, as the several arts of persuasion, and the several figures, which rhetoric has reduced into a system for the excitement of the more serious passions.

The dispute that subsisted among the learned for a considerable time, perhaps not yet determined, whether ridicule is a test of truth, seems to be both idle and frivolous. I have often wondered, that neither *Aristotle*, *Tully*, nor *Quintilian*, have given a just and adequate definition of ridicule. To say that it consists in raising our laughter at some turpitude, is a very insufficient account of the matter. *Fielding*, in his preface to *Joseph Andrews*, has thrown some light upon the matter; but as he places the source of it in affectation, it may be questioned whether he has taken a comprehensive survey of his subject. I apprehend the ridiculous may be found where there is no affectation at the bottom. *Parson Adams* I take to be an instance of this assertion.

Doctor Akenfide, in his excellent poem on the *Pleasures of Imagination*, seems to have given a
 2 clear

clear definition of ridicule: the passage is as follows :

*Where e'er the pow'r of ridicule displays
Her quaint-ey'd visage, some incongruous form,
Some motley dissonance of things combin'd
Strikes on the quick observer; whether pomp,
Or praise, or beauty, mix their partial claim,
Where sordid fashion, where ignoble deeds,
And foul deformity are wont to dwell.*

The ingenious author pursues his subject through a variety of illustrations. We see in each of them, that the ridiculous always arises from repugnant qualities, ill-paired and blended together. He tells us, in the note, that "the sensation of ridicule is not a bare perception of the agreement or disagreement of ideas, but a passion or emotion of the mind consequential to that perception."

The emotions here intended are laughter and contempt, and these it is the business of comedy to excite. To perform this in all objects which come before the comic muse, in men and manners, in all actions and passions, requires a very

delicate hand. *Prior* has expressed this with his usual elegance.

And tho' the error may be such

As Knaggs and Burgess cannot hit,

It yet may feel the nicer touch

Of Wycherly or Congreve's wit.

In producing portraits of mankind, it is not enough to display foibles and oddities; a fine vein of ridicule must run through the whole, to urge the mind to frequent emotions of laughter; otherwise there will be danger of exhibiting disagreeable characters, without affording the proper entertainment. *Ben Johnson* is apt to err in this point: *Marose* is a surly, ill-natured, absurd humorist, whom we can hardly laugh at; he soon becomes bad company. Many of *Johnson's* characters are of the same cast; while in *Shakespeare's Falstaff*, the ridiculous ideas are placed in such an artful point of view, that our merriment can never be restrained, whenever *Sir John* appears. *Congreve*, in my opinion, had a great deal of the same talent; what I have somewhere seen objected to him, that many of his characters are obvious in human life, is with me a strong proof of his superior genius. An old *bachelor* is a common character; but he must pass through such an imagination as *Congreve's* to support several

several scenes in the drama with exquisite pleasantry. The character was not new; yet his management of it has all the graces of novelty, and the situations in which we see him are exquisitely ridiculous. Personages of this class, unless artfully conducted, may very soon tire an audience; but in this excellent poet's hands nothing suffers. The same, I think, appears in his *Sir Paul Pliant*: in that character there is perhaps as much comic force as in any one piece on the stage. *Sir John Vanbrugh* was a master of his art in this respect, and *Sir John Brute* is a remarkable proof. The knight diverts us with an odd whimsical way of thinking, which at once serves to display his own foibles, and entertains his audience with a pleasantry, of which he seems unconscious.

It is by placing the humours and foibles of human nature in a ridiculous light, that the true comic force is created. The author of *the Pleasures of Imagination*, whom I have already quoted, has judiciously explained each part of the definition cited above, and has finely traced the several sources, from which true ridicule springs. Whoever chuses to consider the matter, will find affectation to be but one spring, however diffusive the streams may be. To the poem itself I beg leave

leave to refer my readers. I shall dismiss this paper, after observing, that the whole beauty of the comic diction consists in the words and phrases being so chosen, as to give to the mind the most lively impression of known and familiar images, and at the same time the strongest marks of character, and each person's peculiar temper.

N U M B E R X C I.

Saturday, July 13, 1754.

Ridiculum acri.

*Fortius ac melius magnas plerumque secat res.
 Illi scripta quibus comœdia prisca viris est.
 Hoc stabant, hoc sunt imitandi; quos neque pulcher
 Hermogenes unquam legit, neque Simius iste.*

HOR.

IN my last paper I considered ridicule as being of the essence of comedy. There are, it must be owned, critics of distinguished ability, who seem to be of a contrary opinion. They require truth of imitation, and laughter, the *γέλωτος* which Aristotle makes part of his definition, they think may be fairly discarded. A faithful draught of the manners, and the general characters of men, in the course of civil life, is sufficient to answer their idea of comedy. Should the several persons, represented in the drama, be in their conduct correct and regular, of amiable manners, and upon all occasions governed by principles of honour and virtue, such pieces, in their judgment, may be considered as legitimate. To this notion it is that we owe that new fangled species of the drama, called sentimental or pathetic comedy, of late years highly applauded
 in

in *France*, and cultivated by writers, who, as the event as shown, had not talents to tread in the steps of *Moliere*. Compositions of this kind, while they give a transcript from real life, may claim their share of praise; but whether the mass of mankind affords, with probability, those select groups of virtuous characters, may be questioned. Persons, whose minds are warped by folly, diseased by humour, or tainted with vice, are, I believe, more frequently seen. This is the condition of life, and it is from the obvious manners of the world that the writer of comedy professes to copy. The drama is called by *Dryden*, the theft of the poets from mankind. He, who should take for the groundwork of his piece, a set of characters, in themselves absurd, and under the dominion of some predominant humour, without one person among them of sober manners, and a just way of thinking, would not, in my opinion, furnish an agreeable entertainment. The attempt has been made by some of our old poets; but, I believe, their success has not encouraged many of their successors to tread in their steps. For this there seem to be two well-grounded reasons; in the first place, a collection of mere *humorists*, without an intermixture of others, governed by the ordinary rules of common sense and common honesty, seldom occurs

occurs in the usual course of life. Secondly, the charm of contrast would be altogether lost. The piece would want those lights and shades, which are perceived in every company, and every club. *Ben Johnson's Every Man out of his Humour* may serve as a proof of what is here advanced. Old *Ben* was a sharp and severe observer of the manners. The peculiar bent of his genius, as *Dennis* observes in a letter to *Congreve*, inclined him to draw deformity, rather than beauty. The same writer adds, "*Johnson* is so eager to pursue folly, that he forgets to take wit along with him. His dialogue seems often to want that spirit and grace, which are found in more modern plays, and which are ingredients that ought to be inseparable from comedy." *Shadwell*, who wrote in *Dryden's* time, seems to have had the saturnine humour of *Ben Johnson*: he has, I think, nowhere endeavoured to give the features of an amiable character: all with him must be absurdity; and that, not restrained within the bounds of probability, but pushed on to the very brink of extravagance. Humour, or some uncommon and inordinate absurdity, was his favourite pursuit. His plays exhibit Bartholomew-fair characters. He might say in the title-page of every one of them, "Walk in and see the Monster." Many others, in the great
number

number of comic writers, which this country has produced, have split upon the same rock. Humour, though an excellent ingredient in every imitation of the manners, has been, when carried beyond the bounds of credibility, the ruin of many a comedy, in other respects well imagined. It may be proper, therefore, in the remainder of this paper, to enquire, what that quality in human actions is, which has obtained from our best critics the name of *humour*.

The word, as applied to the mind, is a metaphorical expression. *Ben Jonson*, in his play of *Every Man out of his Humour*, has given a full explanation of it. His verses have much of the rust of antiquity, and, indeed, of that uncouth phraseology, which often disfigures the style of that, otherwise, valuable author. The sum of what he says seems to be this: the properties of humour, in the natural sense of the word, are fluxion, and moisture, as water poured on a stone will wet and run. Of the human body the humours are, choler, phlegm, melancholy, and blood. These, as they happen to predominate, are said to influence and determine the natural temper. When any one of these has the ascendant, and the other juices convert themselves into it, we say that the person, so affected, has a humour. In a metaphorical use of
the

the word, we talk of the humour of the mind: that is, when some one quality, opinion, prejudice, or absurdity, doth so possess the general cast and frame of thought, as to draw to it the spirits, the affections, and ideas, out of their proper course, so as to make them run one way: that may be said to be a *mental humour*.

In this manner we have a clear account of the matter. A humour in the body draws and converts the other juices into itself: a humour in the mind influences the general disposition, and gives a tinge to the whole temper and way of thinking. The former is an habitual distemperature in the body, that calls for alteratives: the latter is a disease of the mind, that does not rise to vice or criminality, demanding only the correction of ridicule. A humour in the body, when attended with danger to the constitution, generally takes another name: it is an abscess, an imposthume, or whatever, the nature of the case implies. In like manner, when the disease of the mind rises to an inordinate degree, threatening danger to the person himself or others, it is no longer a humour, but the rage and violence of some furious passion. *Aristotle*, the great master-critic, has made this distinction: The ridiculous,
he

he says, in human actions is a blemish, or deformity, that gives no pain to the person, in whom it is perceived, and is neither pernicious, nor dangerous. This, he tells us, is what comedy loves to imitate. The reason is evident: if attended with pain, it would excite pity; if pernicious, or dangerous, it would give ideas of terror.

The cruelty of *Nero*, the duplicity of *Tiberius*, and the spirit of *Alexander*, are not humours. *Don Quixote*, *Falstaff*, and *Sir Roger de Coverley*, are under the dominion of their own peculiar oddities. Persons of this cast have been denominated *humorists*. Each of them has a particular cast of thought, that warps this imagination, and breaks out (as the humour of the body shews itself in pimples and other eruptions) in distorted, odd, and irregular sentiments, or actions, not immediately attended with danger, but calling for the alteratives of ridicule.

The poet, who exhibits the character of the *humorist*, is called a man of *humour*. Writers for the stage are never so happy, as when they are able to single out persons of this extraordinary cast; but the misfortune is, our dramatic authors often mistake external appearances, and extravagancies

vagancies of every kind, for true *humour*. This was seen long ago by *Ben Johnson*.

*But that a rook, by wearing a pyed feather,
The cable hat-band, and the three pil'd ruff
A yard of shoe-tie, or the Switzer's knot
On his French garter, should affect a humour!
Oh! it is more than most ridiculous.*

We have seen bodily disease, deafness, provincial accents, and foreign idioms pass upon the stage for humour. Even when the extravagance, which the poet produces is seated in the mind, it may be proper to observe, that the oddity may, notwithstanding, be unfit for representation. It is not enough that the author has somewhere seen it in real life: it should be of such extensive influence, as to constitute a species. We then acknowledge it to be a character drawn from life: Our pleasure arises from comparing the copy with the original, and the truth of imitation is sure to give delight. I shall only add, that though the *humorist*, when faithfully delineated, is the richest entertainment the poet can offer, yet comedy may well subsist without any such character. There are in life a sufficient number of follies, which, though they do not rise high enough to deserve the name of *humour*, are the

proper quarry of the comic writer, and demand the lash of ridicule: he, it is true, who exhibits genuine humour will always bid fairest for success: he shews the deepest insight into the inward frame, and by displaying the ridiculous in the strongest colouring, gratifies that love of laughter, which is the first principle of comedy.

N U M B E R X C I I .

Saturday, July 20, 1784.

Ego vero hæc lumina orationis velut oculos quosdam esse eloquentiæ credo. Sed neque oculos esse toto corpore velim, ne cætera membra officium suum perdant: et, si necesse sit, veterem illum horrorem dicendi malim, quàm istam novam licentiam, ne dum volumus esse meliores veteribus, simus tantum dissimiles.

QUINTIL.

HAVING endeavoured to fettle, as well as the limits of an essay would permit, the true notion of humour, I could not help observing, that a rage for producing those strong features of character has defeated the purpose of many dramatic writers. Persons under the influence of some extravagant habit, or some prevailing oddity, that gives a bias to the whole temper and understanding, have been delineated with a masterly hand by a few of our best authors. Men of inferior genius, observing the success of such excellent portraits, have endeavoured to follow them in the same paths of fame; but *Congreve* observes, in his letter to *Dennis* (the once famous critic) that *what he*

takes to be true humour has not been so often written, as is generally imagined. He adds, that some who have valued themselves, and have been esteemed by others for that kind of writing, have seldom touched the strings of genuine humour. Every kind of whim, extravagance, or distortion of mind, and indeed of outward form and deportment, has been mistaken for true expression of character. *Shadwell* was in this class, and possibly the person whom *Congreve* had in view. That writer, in one of his plays, presents an old gentleman, whose passion it is, to arrive at consummate perfection in the art of swimming. In compliance with this strange ambition, we see the whimsical humorist stretched upon his breast on a table, with a swimming master at hand, and, under the direction of his instructor, striking with his legs and arms at a prodigious rate. Proud of his abilities, and flushed with the idea of his great proficiency, he asks his master, in the joy of his heart, whether he shall not soon become amphibious? This instance may serve, as well as a thousand others, to illustrate what is intended, when I take upon me to say, that a mistaken notion of humour has put many of our comic writers upon a wrong scent. If *Shadwell* actually knew a person, in some obscure corner, weak enough to addict himself to such a folly,

he

he should have remembered, that the manners of life, as they fall under general observation, are the proper objects of dramatic representation. The absurdity ridiculed by *Shadwell* may possibly have existed, but it could not, nor has it ever been general enough to constitute a species of men under the dominion of such a wild extravagance. The case is not the same with *Congreve's Old Bachelor*, *Forefight*, and *Lady Wisfort*. We all can vouch for the existence of such characters; and, when we see them properly acted, we acknowledge the truth of imitation. As true humour, therefore, has greatly enriched our comedy, so the false and spurious kind has very much disfigured the *English* stage, and filled it with characters fit only for a sub-urb-fair.

There is another ingredient of comedy, which, in judicious hands, enlivens the dialogue, and gives spirit to the scene, but, unskilfully exerted, has often done fatal mischief. True wit, like true humour, is of the highest value; but the false and counterfeit in either kind is nothing more than wildness and extravagance. It may, therefore, be proper, in the remainder of this paper, to throw together some reflections upon *wit*. I shall, in as narrow a compass as I am able, first,

enquire what *wit* is, and secondly, what ends it is, or ought to be, designed to answer. From such a discussion, the true use of it in comedy may, perhaps, be clearly inferred.

Upon this subject, many writers have employed their pens. After all their efforts, the account of the matter given by Mr. *Locke* appears to be the most accurate and satisfactory. *Wit*, says that admirable author, *lies in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures, and agreeable visions in the fancy.* All subsequent writers, with *Addison* at their head, have adopted this explanation. They have added some useful hints; as, that every resemblance between ideas is not wit, as when extreme whiteness is compared to snow. The point of relation, in which two or more ideas agree, should not be obvious; the two things should lie remote, their congruity not perceived, till pointed out with quickness, with novelty, and that unexpected lustre, which charms at once by the justness of the comparison, and the surprise that attends it. *Addison* seems to think, that this effect is not included in *Locke's* definition; But it may be asked, is it not implied in the quickness

quickness and variety which he requires? In the similes of *Homer*, or *Milton*, quickness is not the quality, to which we are indebted for our pleasure. Greatness of conception, and a successive expansion of the fancy, fill the mind with a degree of admiration; that goes on increasing, as the poet rises in his imagery. In strokes of wit, the more distant the ideas lie from each other, our pleasure is enhanced; and of course, when objects, which seem wholly repugnant, are on a sudden found to have some agreement or analogy, the mind delights in seeing them brought together, and enjoys at once the beauty of contrast and similitude. This last is what the critics call wit in the opposition.

Usque adeo quod tangit, idem est, tamen ultima distant.

There is no reason to imagine that, in the passage above quoted, Mr. *Locke* intended a full and exact definition; he stated enough for his purpose, namely, to shew the difference between *wit* and *judgment*. Perhaps the exception to be taken, is, that the only end of wit is said to be that of raising *pleasant pictures*, and *agreeable visions in the fancy*. Were this all, wit would be no better than a wild meteor, that dazzles for a moment, and is seen no more. To please

the imagination is, without doubt, one of the objects in view; but for the honour of wit, let it be remembered, that it aims at something still more important. To illustrate, or to place a thought in the clearest light, is often the principal intention: as when the poet says, that virtue is often produced by the turbulent emotions of the mind; and to enforce his doctrine, adds,

*As fruits ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage rocks inserted learn to bear;
The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild nature's vigour working at the root.*

Wit is also used to adorn the subject in hand; as when we are told of the ruling passion,

*Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r,
As Heav'n's blest beam makes vinegar more sow'r.*

It is used to degrade the principal idea; as when Dryden says,

*Half-wits are fleas, so little and so light,
We scarce should know they live, but that they bite.*

Or when Pope says of scribblers,

*False steps but help them to renew the race,
As after stumbling jades will mend their pace.*

A resem-

A resemblance is sometimes struck out between two objects, with intent to place that, which is introduced by way of comparison, in a ludicrous light.

*Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies, when refus'd a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce, that unrepenting die;
Not CYNTHIA, when her mant is pinn'd awry;
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd hair.*

To excite the sensation of laughter is often the reason, for which things, that in appearance have no kind of analogy, are brought together.

*Sense pass'd thro' him no longer is the same,
As food digested takes another name.*

These instances may serve to shew the various ends, for which wit may be employed. Other purposes may, upon reflection, be pointed out. It is enough for this short essay to suggest the hint, and the comic poet may, at his leisure, pursue it farther. If he cannot, in the passages where he chuses to shine and dazzle, fairly answer to himself what end he aims at, his wit will probably be no more than an idle amusement. Nor will it be enough, that his allusions

are

are at once just and brilliant; they must be suited to the occasion, to the place, and the character. The sanguine temper will break out in sallies of vivacity: The morose and saturnine will deal in comparisons of a more gloomy colour. To be natural, is the first requisite in every mode and style, but more especially in dramatic imitation. *Cowley* has well observed,

*Jewels at nose and lips but ill appear,
Rather than all things wit, let none be there.*

Comedy, in the hands of some writers of the last century, has been vitiated by this excess. *Shadwell* has introduced a silly fellow, who delights in wit, and wants upon every occasion to make a simile: When he is well kicked, he wishes he could find out what it is like. The poet, who with a brisk disregard of character, wants to surprise and glitter, when he should be natural, will not be less absurd than *Shadwell's* coxcomb. To conclude; *Quintilian* has given the rule to every writer, who wishes to succeed by propriety of thought and expression: He considers the bright and luminous passages as the eyes of eloquence; but eyes are not to be placed in every part, lest the limbs should be deprived of their natural function.

N U M B E R X C I I I .

Saturday, July 27, 1754.

Ampullas & sesquipedalia verba. — Hor.

HAVING in a former paper offered some cursory remarks upon RIDICULE, I shall this day take notice of a species of writing, which, on account of some affinity, is often supposed to be the same mode of composition, introduced by men of genius, in order to fall in with that propensity to laughter, which prevails with all mankind in general. What I here intend is *burlesque*, often adopted to answer the purposes of ridicule, but, frequently, to make that appear ridiculous, which, in truth, is not so.

It must be remembered, that the *ridiculous* consists in a coalition of circumstances repugnant to each other in their own natures, but yet whimsically blended together in any object, any human action or passion. To call forth this inconsistency to public view, and to shew the motly assemblage, in such a manner as to provoke the mind to laugh

at

at it with contempt, is to exert the rare and excellent talent of *ridicule*. This when well executed is attended with fine effects. The lovers of *burlesque*, eager to have their share in the promotion of mirth, will not wait to discover a real incongruity: by the force of their own imaginations they create it for themselves, and by obtruding circumstances, which do not belong to the object, are frequently successful in rendering things apparently ridiculous, which to an attentive eye may not wear the motly livery, however it may serve the purposes of mirth to invest it with it. In order to explain more fully what is here insisted on, it may not be improper to lay before the reader a few instances of the *ridiculous*, and also of *burlesque*. This will serve to place the distinction in the clearest light.

When *Fielding's* Parson *Adams*, in distress at an inn, retires very gravely with a *London* bookseller to raise money upon his manuscript sermons, I believe the dissonant circumstances in this case strike very forcibly upon the mind of every reader. Having travelled a great many miles from his own place of abode towards *London*, with no other business upon earth, than to dispose of these sermons, we hear the parson, not able to find them,
 very

very gravely say, "I protest I believe I left them behind me." When the same person assures us, that he is very rich, and then adds, that he does not say it by way of ostentation, but to shew that he can live well on the road; and, to confirm this, produces half a guinea: the difference between his opinion and the small value of the piece, and this too from a clergyman, a scholar, and in many things a man of excellent understanding, produces an emotion of laughter, attended, in this instance, with a contempt for *Adams's* want of knowledge of the world. In like manner when *Don Quixote* very gravely says, that he has seen the sea, and that it is much larger than the river at *La Mancha*, we cannot help laughing at a man, who has formed his ideas of things by what he has seen at his own native place. The comparing of an insignificant river to the sea presents such a repugnant conjunction of images, as must necessarily operate upon our risible faculties.

These instances, which have first, among a thousand, offered themselves to my memory, are true instances of the *ridiculous*. Nothing foreign, or unconnected with the original idea, is here obtruded upon our imagination. In *burlesque* the case is different. Adventitious circumstances

are

are called in to form a strange and heterogeneous mixture of jarring images. The picture thus prepared has the same effect as that, which is in itself truly ridiculous. For instance, if the object, which comes before the *burlesque* writer, be low in its own nature, he immediately bethinks himself of conferring on it a mock dignity. It now begins to look big, like the champion at a coronation, who boldly challenges mankind, when he knows nobody will fight him. I have been often pleased with a touch of this kind in a note to *Fielding's Tom Thumb*, where having mentioned something of the soul of man, he gravely tells us, "Plato is of this opinion, and so is Mr. Banks." The stroke in the *Beggar's Opera* is of the same nature; "There is nothing so moving as a great man in distress." In this case the great disproportion between the two objects strikes our imagination, and that which without reason is set in competition irresistibly provokes our laughter. When a clergyman, of a grave and reverend character, seeing, as he walked along, a builder fall from the roof, and his scaffolding rumbling upon him, cries out, "Blessed are they that die in the Lord, for their works shall follow them," it is impossible to abstain from a smile, on account of the new ideas associated with

with an object, in itself by no means ridiculous.

The ludicrous assemblage is formed by an association of ideas, which we are diverted to see, beyond our expectation, joined together. The other method of *burlesque* is, if an object has any thing respectable, to join it with images, not only inferior, but in themselves contemptible. Mr. *Pope* is very frequent in this kind of satire throughout his *Dunciad*; and *Boileau* has many strokes of the same kind in his *Lutrin*. *Garth* also has many similar passages in his *Dispensary*, where a ridicule is thrown upon his heroes by associating with them images of things, to which some kind of turpitude adheres; thus the *Physicians*, quarrelling among themselves, are finely placed in a ludicrous light by the following humorous simile.

*Thus often at the Temple stairs we've seen
Two tritons of a rough athletic mien,
Sourly dispute some quarrel of the flood,
With knuckles bruis'd, and face besmear'd with blood;
But at the first appearance of a fare,
Both quit the fray, and to their oars repair.*

Butler's description of the morning may be referred to the same cause.

And,

*And, like a lobster boil'd, the morn
From black to red began to turn.*

Another common method of *burlesque* is by making frequent application of grand and sublime passages in our best poets to things unworthy and mean. *Boileau* is, in my opinion, the happiest of all modern poets in this particular. As passages of this nature are frequently mistaken for an intent to *burlesque* the author, from whom the image is borrowed, it may not be improper in this place to observe, that parody does not always carry with it a sneer at the author parodied. The best lines in *Virgil* may be aptly applied to other objects, while the poet remains superior to ridicule. We find that *Vida*, in his elegant and beautiful poem on the *game of chess*, in almost every line surprises us with expressions from the *Aeneid*: by this artifice he gives spirit and life to his poem, animates his imaginary warriors with human passions, and fills the fancy with entertaining ideas of mock heroic majesty. The description of the hawock at a game of chess is perfectly elegant.

*Sternitur omne solum buxo atque miserrima cædes
Exoritur; confusa inter sese agmina cædunt,
Implicitæque runt, albæ, nigræque phalanges;
Sternuntur pedites & corpora quadrupedantum.*

The

The description of the queen is also highly beautiful.

*At medias inter acies crudescit Amazon,
Candida, plena animis, mediisque in milibus ardet.*

When the elephants and the cavalry enter into the battle,

Quadrupedamque gemit bicolor sub verbera campus.

Pope in his account of a game at cards in the *Rape of the Lock*, has imitated this excellent poet in his manner of exalting inanimate things. But this, let it be observed, is not *burlesque*. Inanimate objects cannot be made ridiculous: laughter implies censure, and moral agents only can be the object of it. Should the orders of architecture be improperly joined, the appearance will surprize, but it is the design of the artist that will be laughed at.

In *burlesque*, as in every other kind of writing, truth should be the foundation. *Aristophanes'* ridicule of *Socrates* is now held in contempt. The object attacked must be exceptionable, otherwise it can never be essentially hurt by a false combination of adventitious ideas. As there is a strong propensity in the generality of

people to this kind of humour, tragic poets, in particular, should be cautious how, by any passage or expression, they excite ludicrous images. If once in the most serious scene a wrong association of ideas be formed, the mind is apt to attach itself to the object of its mirth, and thus a well-imagined piece may be obstructed. A very elegant critic observes, that the following line of *Dryden*,

A star-light morning, and an ev'ning fair,

has in it nothing improper: and yet, if any one recollects that a *star-light morning* is the language of a watchman, it may occasion some sprightly raillery. On this account, in all the different species of composition, the writer must carefully remember to keep within his proper boundaries. The least excursion too far may give room to small wits either to point out incongruous circumstances, or to obtrude them upon the reader's imagination.

N U M B E R X C I V .

Saturday, Aug. 3, 1753.

*Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi*————— Juv.

IT was the answer of an eminent Jew, when asked by what means he accumulated so large a fortune, that he had more difficulty in acquiring the first three thousand pounds, than all the rest of his immoderate wealth. This apophthegm may be said to comprize the whole secret of rising in the world. Not one, however, of these worldly proficients has thought proper to tell by what means the first three thousand were made, whether by good sense, or meanness, by fraud, or honest industry. How the man, who has nothing, is to make a sum, which is to be his first step to preferment, is yet a mystery; and while it remains so, indigence, it is to be feared, will still continue to labour under its difficulties. The author of my motto has observed, many ages since, that virtue and rare accomplishments do not find it easy to rise above distress; and the maxim remains true to this day.

There is hardly a man, but can point out, in the circle of his acquaintance, persons of very extensive capacity, strong parts, and a delicate sense of honour, whose talents have not been called forth by opportunity, or animated by success. Genius, wherever it subsists, must be warmed and cherished: it is a sensitive plant, that shrinks from too rough a touch. The refined sensations of an enlightened understanding occasion a certain delicacy, and a dejection of spirits upon many occasions. Elegance of sentiment is not the quality, that can meet the storms and the rough seasons of life. Fine parts must be tenderly preserved, or in the blasts of adversity, they will languish and decay; like those fruits, which would wither unripened in our cold northern clime, were they not carefully assisted in their vegetation by the use of hot beds.

The circumstance, which reflects the greatest lustre upon the character of Lord *Sommers*, is the encouragement he afforded to such a genius as Mr. *Addison*. Without the assistance of such a patron, that vein of humour, which is now the genteelness in the world, might have taken a tincture from low life: the raillery, which delights every reader, might have sunk into coarse and vulgar railing: that exquisite taste, which was

° finished

finished by travel and learned leisure, might have grown callous and indelicate: for the moral strain of his writings we might, perhaps, have seen calumny, detraction, and personal abuse; his wit might have raised the blush of confusion in that female face, which he took so much pains to set off in the smiles of native innocence and unaffected beauty: and that pen, which entertained the town with some of the most elegant productions, might have been employed in politics, invective, and party-rage. The protection of Lord *Sommers* hindered him from sinking into obscurity, and from being compelled by necessity to sully that fair fame, which is now the reward of his excellent performances. The assistance of Lord *Sommers* was a demand upon him, for all that elegance, which now distinguishes itself in his writings. He, who is now the finest writer in our language, might have been only the best scribbler in *Grub-street*.

*He from the taste obscene refines our youth,
And sets the passions on the side of truth.*

It has been the fate of many, endowed, perhaps, with parts not inferior to *Addison*, to droop in indigence. I make no doubt, but in the present age, there are those who might become shining ornaments of the republic of letters, were

there any incitement to spur the muses' steed. But a treatise on *cribbage*, or a calculation of the chances at whist, is sure of being better received, than the odes of *Collins*. While a *Smart* subsists among us, I cannot help thinking it a reproach to the age, that he has not any where found a *Mecenas*. A bookseller is his only friend, but for that bookseller, however liberal, he must toil and drudge. With extensive learning, and real genius, he is suffered to draw his pen in the praises of his maker, without any other reward, than a small premium at *Cambridge*, and that portion of fame, which, in spite of malice and envy, he will be always sure to enjoy.

Wit is generally considered as an object of contempt, rather than an accomplishment deserving encouragement and esteem. Call a man a poet, and by the term you imply poverty, and every thing that provokes vulgar mirth.

*Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculus homines facit.*

The lively *Doctor Young* has placed the enemies of learning and talents in their true light.

*These, when their utmost venom they would spit,
Most barbarously tell you—"he's a wit."*

Poor

*Poor negroes thus to show their burning spite,
To Cacodemons say, they're dev'lish white.*

There is hardly any thing more affecting to a man of real merit, than the insolence of purse-pride. People of affluence should consider, when they attempt to depreciate men of superior parts, that they betray an unmanly triumph over those, who have still their fortune to make. But, as Mr. *Pope* finely observes, the world in general is apt to form an idea of a man, at the time he is least able to make a proper judgment for himself. Genius is often ruined by slight errors, trivial indiscretions, and petty inadvertencies; while the sons of avarice owe their elevation to their vices, to inordinate passions, and a regular systematic plan of close design, and selfish views.

They who sit smiling at the goal of fortune, while others are running the course, should reflect, that it is possible for perseverance and unremitting application to reach the very point, in which they take so much pride. A well turned spirit, with the advantages of education, and a competent knowledge of the world, must certainly receive additional lustre from an accession of wealth. The accomplishments of such a man will, in their turn, adorn and embellish affluence. This obser-

vation I would recommend to all parents, uncles, guardians, and all ranks of people, who have any concern in the education of the rising generation. By the rigour of those, who are advanced in life, and the avarice incident to age, young men are often driven to extremities, which a well timed indulgence might have prevented, and they, who might have been the ornaments of society, are left *to live, men know not how, and to die in obscurity, men mark not when.*

N U M B E R XCV.

Saturday, Aug. 10, 1754.

*Illum non populi fasces, non purpura regum
Flexit, & infidas agitans discordia fratres,
Aut conjurato descendens Dacus ab Istro;
Non res Romanæ perituraque regna, nec ille
Aut doluit miserans inopem, aut invidit habenti.*

VIRG.

THE stoic philosophy was by many of the ancients esteemed the height of human wisdom, the road to happiness, and the apotheosis of an exalted character. Its excellence consisted, not in the due government of the passions, but in extirpating them from the human heart. The seat of feeling, and source of every exquisite pleasure, as well as tender pain, was to be rendered callous and insensible, suffered to move only with the flux and reflux of the blood. Our excellent poet has given us a very picturesque description of this notable system of philosophy.

*In lazy apathy let stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost,
Contracted all retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest.*

How

How an absolute repugnance to the laws of nature, and the want of those feelings, which are the best ingredients in our composition, can constitute an exalted character, I am at a loss to determine. *Vita secundum naturam*, a life conformable to the laws of nature, is Tully's definition of a moral, as well as an happy state. Elegance of mind, and taste for virtue, must arise from those sensations, which nature has implanted in us. What gratification, worthy of a rational being, have we left? The pleasing anxieties of virtuous friendship, the grateful solicitude of love, the melancholy luxury of tender compassion, and the delights which we derive from a well-wrought scene of distress in an affecting tragedy, must all lose their influence. The mind sinks at once into a dull state of insensibility. For my part, I have always had a sovereign contempt for the unfeeling, pedantic wisdom of those unnatural followers of a brutal philosophy; nor could I ever admire their ridiculous ostentation of a towering superiority of soul. That this is also the sense of the greater part of mankind is very visible, from that indifference with which they behold persons of this cast interwoven into the drama. Characters of a mixed nature, in whom the passions are in a beautiful struggle between virtue and vice, are
 always

always sure to seize the affections of an audience. We are interested in the fortunes of persons, who resemble ourselves.

Virgil has transmitted to us a picture of that happiness, which was the exalted boast of the stoics; In the words of my motto, he tells us, that the person, whom he describes in the possession of true felicity, is never touched with popular esteem, or the dazzling splendour of the regal state; the difference between brothers, conspiracies against his country, or the decline of the constitution, never disturb his breast; nor is he ever made uneasy by compassion for the indigent, or envy towards the great. This is a character totally different from the amiable sketch of the man, who considers the relations in which he stands to society, and feels for all mankind. The negative enjoyments above described can result from nothing but an absolute indifference to our fellow-creatures. To attain this, what philosophy is requisite? Every rake about town is, at this rate, a stoic philosopher. I was lately in company with one of this class, who appeared to me to be a great proficient, and to have carried into his practice, every branch of the foregoing system. The light in which I saw
 this

this gentleman was such, that I shall here sent him to my readers, and, in his person, character of a modern stoic philosopher.

Jack Oakley is possessed of a fortune, which might enable him to live with splendour, or to prosecute any enterprize in the service of his country. He has all the advantages of birth, to render him reputable in the eye of the world; but like a true philosopher he never placed any value upon these happy circumstances. With a noble contempt for riches, he squanders away his substance, in a manner, which shews him to be above the mean ambition of popular applause. Instead of being arrogantly elated with the thoughts of his high birth, he has been known to associate with the lowest of mankind; superior to those little sensations of pride, which might be apt to play about the heart of a man of worldly vanity. Contented in his own mind, he never condescended to court the favour of his countrymen at an election for members of parliament. The *populi fasces* have had no attraction for *Jack Oakley*. He is so little touched with the splendour of majesty, that he does not care for any king in *Europe*. While our politicians make the two *brothers* the constant object of their attention, he is little solicitous whether there be
a dif-

a difference between them or not. The fortifications of *Dunkirk*, the depredations of the *Spaniards* in the *West-Indies*, the election of the king of the *Romans*, the equipment of *French* fleets, and all the other points of moment, which engross the thoughts of our present race of patriots, never once discomposed the serenity of his mind. Liberty and property are to him unideal sounds. If *Magna Charta* were burned by the common hangman, it would not occasion the least gloom in our hero's soul. He can behold the distresses of the indigent, the corroding anxieties of poverty, most stoick-like, without a sigh, *nec doluit miserans inopem*; and so far from being envious of another's superiority, while he is easy himself, he never yet was known to compare his own situation with any man above him.

Nor does the firmness of *Jack Oakley's* mind rest here. He can visit all the brothels in this metropolis, without feeling the least degree of uneasiness. He can behold, undisturbed by any of those tender touches, which might agitate weaker breasts, an elegant form, and the most beautiful set of features falling a prey to *infamy*, *diseases*, and *prostitution*. As the ancient worthies thought it a noble achievement totally to forget
the

the man, in order to raise their philosophic fame to an higher degree of eminence, so our modern stoic can suppress the natural affections. In the rake he can also forget the man. *Jack* is a very *Roman* in that point. He practises *Horace's* golden rule, to admire nothing; and, if confined to the bed of sickness, he is sure to spend his time in a series of moral reflections. He wisely observes, that all pleasure is fugitive; that the reversion of pain falls to every man's lot; and that the condition of human life is frail and uncertain. When his health returns, he indulges in all the follies of his wild imagination, to shew, that, like *Arisippus*, he can adapt himself to every situation. In short, my friend *Oakley* has upon all occasions a true philosophical turn. In every situation of life, the versatility of his mind suggests to him those reflections, which are most conducive to secure his own happiness, to prevent the ruffled state arising from conflicting passions, to preserve the even tenor of his thoughts, to reconcile him to himself, and enable him to possess his soul in ease, tranquility, and cheerfulness.

This character of a modern town philosopher contains, in my opinion, all the branches of the much boasted stoic system. The leading principles

principles of happiness, which that school inculcates, are carried by our modern practitioners to a much greater height of wisdom, than they ever were by the most rigid follower of the stoic doctrine. The modern hero grafts his happiness on the passions: he plays them one against another, and in that sense may be said to live *secundum naturam*; whereas the ancient stoic endeavoured to subvert the very elements of our being. In that sect, he was the most exalted worthy, who was the most divested of humanity.

N U M B E R X C V I .

Saturday, Aug. 8, 1754.

*Nil admirari propè res est sola, Namuci,
Soloque quæ possit facere & servare beatum.*

HOR.

NOT to admire, is the golden rule, established by *Horace*, for the acquirement of inward happiness, and the securing of it, when once obtained. The precept may also be enforced as the surest method to form a sound understanding, and preserve the judgment free and undistempred. *Pope* says,

For fools ADMIRE, but men of sense APPROVE.

In our greener years, indeed, when the affections are, to use the poet's phrase, *tremblingly alive all o'er*; when every object presents itself in new and striking colours, ADMIRATION may be then allowed to gaze, and each incident in the scene of life call forth the juvenile expressions of wonder and astonishment. When, farther advanced, we become hackneyed in the ways of men; when habit has coated over that quickness of sensation, which attends the raw and inexperienced mind, the

the elevated brow of amazement may be expected to give way to the sober cast of reflection and knowledge. I am at present acquainted with a gentleman, who has made so many sensible animadversions on the smallest occurrences of life, that, I am convinced, nothing can excite in his breast, the smallest emotion of surprize. I have often heard him say, "I have already known so many
 " unexpected turns and revolutions of things,
 " that were I to see the MONUMENT walk down
 " *Cheapside*, and take out *St. Paul's Church* to
 " dance a minuet, it would make no more im-
 " pression on my spirits, than when I read high-
 " water at *London-Bridge* at half past ten."

But in the general mass of life, the gross of mankind are so scantily furnished with ideas, that there are but few, who, when taken from their manual occupations, or their other business, do not fall into total languor, for want of sufficient matter to employ their intellectual faculties. Thus by habitual remissness, the power of arranging and comparing our ideas lies inactive; and the consequence is, that astonishment and wonder break out upon every occasion. It is observable, that this disease is not always confined to the uneducated part of mankind. We may sometimes perceive it among those, who,

from their education, and their intercourse with the world, might be expected to be better prepared for conversation. There are, in the circle of my acquaintance, at least half a score persons, possessed of talents, and capable of thinking justly upon ordinary topics; and yet, through an habit of inattention, such a total relaxation unstrings their intellectual powers, that in fact they appear to have pinned their faith on other men's sleeves, and to have lost all kind of capacity of judging for themselves. It is among such people, and such only, that THE COMICAL FELLOW, OR THE AGREEABLE DEVIL, whom I have described in a former paper, acquires his prodigious reputation for wit and humour. Sir *Andrew Wonderful* has for some time past been esteemed a knowing one by his neighbours in the ward of *Farringdon Without*: in his business, he is accounted a man of very notable dexterity; but spend the evening with Sir *Andrew* at any tavern on the *St. James's* side of *Temple-Bar*, and he is all amazement from the time he enters the room. Mention to him the lye of the day, that the lady of a certain noble lord was caught in bed with a lieutenant of the guards, "Good law!" says Sir *Andrew*, "you don't say so!"—'Tis very true though, and this morning early a well-dressed man walking across *Lincoln's-Inn Fields* fell down, dead—"Dear heart,"

“heart,” says the knight, “you surprize me!”—Late last night a game at *Whist* was played at *White's* Chocolate-house, on which upwards of three thousand pounds depended—“Three thousand pounds! I never heard of such a thing in my born days: three thousand pounds!—Good law!—Three thousand pounds!”

Every man, who has the laudable ambition of being a rational creature, should endeavour to fix within himself such habits of thinking, as will keep him collected, and prevent his thoughts from being scattered into wild surprize upon every little emergence that offers. There should be in every breast the pride of preserving its own free agency: the understanding should be independent, self-directed: it should be roused to thought by its own ideas, and set to work by its own inward spring. Nothing can be more unmanly, than to leave the faculties of the mind, or the muscles of the face, to be played upon by the will and pleasure of another. To have a titter ready, whenever the COMICAL FELLOW chuses to be facetious, and to hold a man's belief at another's disposal, indicates a weak and frivolous understanding.

I was led into this tract of thought by a reflection

tion on the manner in which I spent an evening this week, with three gentlemen, who had solicited the meeting with earnest importunity. During the last six weeks, I never met any one of them, but he instantly began, "Well! when shall we have an evening? You know it is what we have long wished for." At length the rendezvous was fixed. At the appointed hour I met my friends, not without high expectations of a pleasant evening. A bottle of *Allen's* in an instant appeared on the table, and circulated with uncommon celerity. I expected my friends to open some vein of discourse, but in vain. I began with an ordinary topic, and enquired about *Elizabeth Canning*. "I suppose, said I, the government is resolved to let her see foreign parts." "That's *humour*," said one of the gentlemen to his next neighbour, and all three burst into a loud laugh. I did not perceive the joke, "But," continued I, "whether she is guilty or not, it will do her no prejudice to see the world." "*Humour* again," says the gentleman who sat opposite to me; "You're a fine young fellow," says the second: "This is high," says the third, and then followed a chorus of laughter. "The captain, who carries her abroad," added I, "will have a good contract of it, for he need give her nothing but crusts and water for six
"and

"and twenty days." "*Another touch,*" says my friend over the way. "*Admirable!*" cries his neighbour; and the gentleman next to me, alarming me with a flap on the shoulder, roared out, "*Odzouns,*" and then *Laughter, holding both his sides,* took possession of them for the space of ten minutes.

I now perceived that my companions held more of ADMIRATION, than of JUDGMENT. I grew tired of the party. That's *humour!* *You're a fine young fellow!* *Odzouns!* were the sum total of all the conversation that I heard from these three notable blanks in the creation. In disgust, I took occasion to break up the meeting. Upon retiring home to my chambers, I could not help drawing up this loose essay, which I have ordered my publisher to send to each of the gentlemen, in order, if possible, to cure them of their servile admiration, and inform them, if they desire to be ranked among free-agents, that their only title to it consists in thinking and judging for themselves.

N U M B E R XCVII.

Saturday, August 24, 1754.

— Felices ter & amplius
Quos irrupta tenet copula.

HOR.

To the A U T H O R.

S I R,

YOU have long since list'd yourself in the service of the fair: as a volunteer in the same cause, I take the liberty to address this letter to you. I am induced to it, by an advertisement in the common news-papers, calculated merely for the use of the men, without any regard to the weak, but lovely, part of the creation. The advertisement I allude to is as follows:

"Gentlemen that are inclined for marriage,

*"I have daily fresh deplorable reasons to press
"you to fly to me to prepare for that important
"state: if my advice only is wanting, you shall
"have it, without any view of return; and, let
"what will be wanting, be assured the emolument*

*“ or pleasure I shall have from the institution, will
 “ chiefly consist in that sweetest of sensations, which
 “ the heart feels, in having relieved the distressed,
 “ or inspirited the languid. I have by hard study
 “ found out medicines, that will give perfect redress
 “ to any afflicted with the venereal infection, or weak-
 “ nefs of body, from any injuries, in a short time.
 “ From Mr. J. O. hospital surgeon, opposite the
 “ Auditor’s-Office, in Upper Scotland-Yard,
 “ near White-Hall. N. B. The strictest honour
 “ may be depended on.”*

Would not one imagine, upon perusal of the first part of this advertisement, that it is an effusion of benevolence from some clergyman, prompted by a laudable zeal to encourage the observance of the commandment for the propagation of the species, and, by his efforts, to strengthen the late marriage act. *To prepare for that important state!* Does not this expression suggest ideas of our awful religion, and the solemn institution established by it? And then how disinterested is the sweetest sensations! It does not lie in the palm of his hand, but plays around his heart, an indication of a pure and extensive charity. On reading a little further, it however appears, that Mr. J. O. has only assumed the ap-

pearance of a parson, like Sir *John Brute* in the play, for a frolick : when you are just upon the point of enquiring if he has any cure, he cries out very frankly, “ *an excellent cure for a clap.*” As surgery is now arrived to a very great degree of perfection, the last assertion may be true; but as to his preparations for the important state of matrimony, we are quite left in the dark. Be it the business of the men to make farther enquiries about his boasted *nostrum*. For my part, I do not propose to concern myself, in the course of my practice, with the lords of the creation: devoted entirely to the service of the ladies, I shall now proceed to offer my own advertisement, which, I hope, will be attended with good consequences.

“ *To the ladies inclined to matrimony.*”

“ *Never were nervous decays less frequent than at present, which has induced me to press you to enter into the married life, as you will not, in the present glow of health, be in danger of converting your bed-chamber to nurseries for your husbands, nor have any occasion to lie with your footmen. To prepare you for the important state, I have, with infinite pains, devised a recipe, which cannot fail*

“ 10

*“ to procure you good offers, and make the married
“ state completely happy.*

*“ N. B. I have the honour of having Mr. Keith,
“ late of May-Fair, to vouch for my being regularly
“ bred at the hand and pen, and always a zealous
“ promoter of marriage before the late Act. From
“ Q. D. G. near May-Fair-Chapel.”*

I know the world in general is apt to form very disadvantageous ideas of us advertising doctors; but I beg leave to assure Mr. *Ranger*, that the above is not in the ordinary way of puffing, but to promote the real benefit of the community. I have obtained a patent for the sole vending my composition for the space of fourteen years; and, to convince you of its efficacy, I will hereby inform the world of the ingredients, which are in the possession of so few, that I am not apprehensive of having my business taken out of my hands. The component parts of those admirable powders, with which heaven has enabled doctor *James* to preserve, as it were by proxy, the lives and constitutions of millions, are well known; but it is in the proportion of the mixture, and the whole process of the preparation, that the secret lies. In like manner my medicine will save me the trouble of crying out, *“ Beware of counterfeits,*
“ for

“*for such are abroad.*” It will be impossible to offer, in opposition to it, any mixture that will not immediately be liable to detection. The ingredients, which I make use of, are as follows: “*Good-manners, good humour, an aversion to politics, cards, and scandal; modesty, discretion, a scorn of fools, a regard for persons of sense and principle, truth, frankness, honour, neatness, ease, and mirth, a little levity, pride in small quantities, with a few other well-culled materials not necessary to enumerate.*”

These are the elements of the *nostrum* I have prepared: among them are some poisons; but, properly tempered, and counter balanced by opposite qualities, they will, I venture to pronounce it, get a young lady a husband, and ensure mutual happiness, better than any thing hitherto devised.

Instead of producing a large number of vouchers for the salutary effects already felt from my medicine, I shall close my letter with the history of two female reigns; for every beauty is, for a time, the queen of her admirers. The first is that of a beautiful tyrant, who made a wrong use of her power; the second, of one more discreet, who had recourse to the above recipe.

MARIA

MARIA ascended the throne of beauty in the eighteenth year of her age: immediately upon her accession, she dissolved her parliament, turned out of her privy-council every person of sense and discretion, and introduced, in their room, a *French* hair-cutter, two milliners, a chambermaid, and many other personages of equal rank and condition. By the advice of these assistants she reigned with despotic sway. She heard the complaints of her slaves without ever feeling the least propensity to a redress of their grievances. The consequence was violent jealousy, and murmurs of discontent, which at length called forth a shoal of writers against her government, as generally happens in all political states, when the supreme power is abused. A number of sonnetteers, libellers, and epigram-scribblers poured forth treason against her beauty. She was by common consent pronounced a tyrant born to enslave mankind. She had a particular pleasure in signing death warrants for her votaries. She looked upon the whole race of man as formed to flatter her vanity, and to pay her adoration. She exacted tributes of admiration at such an exorbitant rate, that at last an *Hambden* arose, who disputed with her a contribution of incense which she insisted upon. This proceeding

ceeding opened the eyes of the rest of her subjects. All conspired to dethrone her in the twenty-third year of her age; and thus fell the tyrant *Maria*, without one to lament her fall, after a short reign of five years, in which she conquered with so wild a rage, that, with the universal joy, succeeded to her, the fair *Elizabeth*, whose reign commenced, like a mild evening after the violent scorching of a hot summer's day.

ELIZABETH endeavoured to render herself the mistress of all willing hearts. She valued herself more upon the love of her subjects, than any idle flattery she might extort from them. The poet's description was perfectly adapted to her;

*Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.*

Guided entirely by the directions of prudence, virtue, and good sense, she had no female friends in her cabinet council. An *Essex*, at length, insinuated himself more particularly into her good graces; but she had such a command over her passions, that she never disgraced him by a blow, but, in the end, took him as an associate into her empire, which she, in a short time, finally resigned,

signed, in order to enjoy the calmer gratifications of a domestic life, where she now shines with every amiable grace, while *toasts* and other ambitious beauties fatigue their eyes, and weary every feature, to gain admirers.

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader,

CRITO.

NUM-

Saturday, Aug. 31, 1754.

*Est aliquid quo tendis, & in quod dirigis arcum?
An passim sequeris corvos testâque lutoque,
Securus quo pes ferat, atque extempore vivis?*

PERSIUS.

THE necessity of applying part of our time to literature, and the study of valuable authors, is so apparent, that one might imagine it does not stand in need of further argument or illustration. "Letters," says *Tully*, "cherish and invigorate the mind in its greener years; in the more advanced periods of life they are our amusement; they adorn profperity, and soften the shocks of adversity; they yield delight in our domestic hours, and are no incumbrance abroad; they cheer the midnight hour; travel with us into foreign countries, and make the best part of our every page in all rural excursions."

I am aware, that the translation, which I have here offered, falls many degrees short of the purity and graceful strength of the original. *There is, says Addison, as much difference in apprehending a thought*

a thought clothed in Cicero's language and that of a common author, as in seeing an object by the light of a taper, or the light of the sun. The same elegant writer wonders how men of sense can spend so many hours together, without receiving any other ideas than what are suggested by an arrangement of black and red spots. But such is the prevailing fashion of the times, that the book of four kings is the only volume at present perused with any degree of attention. The four motley monarchs, are better beloved by persons of condition than any real king in Europe. A friend of mine, who has a knack in conforming to the prevailing taste of the town, tells me very seriously, that he has often wondered how men of discernment can sit down to performances, which a little experience might inform them will never be read; such as, the *History of England*, the *Life of Harry the Seventh*, the *History of Charles the First*, or the *Histories of Livy and Tbuanus*. Determined to avail himself of the favourite passions of his readers, he is now actually employed in compiling memoirs of the KING OF SPADES, annals of the KING OF CLUBS, anecdotes relating to the KING OF HEARTS, remarks on the KING OF DIAMONDS, including battles more memorable than those of *Cressi* and *Pioctiers*, fought in the verdant plains of *Picquet*,
Cribbage,

Cribbage, Quadrille, and Whist. In this work will be interwoven the private characters of the *Knaves*, with the secret history of the *Queens*, to be published in numbers, price one guinea each weekly number. At the particular desire of several persons of quality, five thousand copies will be printed upon royal paper; the subscribers' names to be annexed, with their places of abode, and how many card-tables each person keeps. A work of this kind may serve to give posterity some idea of the grandeur of the present age.

I am sensible, that a dissuasive from the pursuits of this nature will be the jest of every card-table in town. I must, however, beg leave to inform my pretty readers, that they are highly mistaken, if they imagine, that, by dedicating a few hours to literary amusements, they endanger their lovely features, or run a risque of dimming the sparkling lustre of their eye. On the contrary, a page or two in a morning may serve to adjust the countenance: the acquisition of a new idea may give a more engaging ornament to the head, than a new *Paris* cap; and the eye will beam with brighter lustre, when directed by an active principle within, than swimming round the room in pretty, giddy, vain, senseless affectation.

tation. How finely has *Pope* described a life spent in a circle of follies!

See how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A fop their passion, but their prize a'got,
Alive ridiculous! and dead, forgot.

How much more eligible to employ some portion of our time in a way, that may enlarge the mind, and increase it's stock of ideas? Add to this, that softening quality, which letters have in all cases of adversity. In the day of affliction, the surest and most certain relief the mind can receive will be derived from the habit of being conversant with books. If I remember right, it is *Mr. Locke* that observes, in his *conduct of the understanding*, that a power of transferring our thoughts from one object to another is an essential requisite in a well-formed understanding. And what can better help to prevent the mind from dwelling too long upon any habitual set of ideas, that may occasion a settled gloom of melancholy, and, perhaps, render life insipid? The most deplorable object that I know, is a person who has nothing to do. He walks about listless from morning to night. His time is

WOL. VI. D d spent

spent in sauntering from one Coffee-house to another. *Horace* says, "If you do not call for a book before day-light, and engage in some fair and liberal pursuit, you will be the prey of envy or of love." But he has not stated the worst of the case: the rack of idleness is the most dreadful torture. Vice, gaming, and the bottle are the only expedients; and when they attract no more, what resource is left? *Socordia innocens* is a despicable character: to be innocent merely because you are sluggish, can have no claim to merit. I remember to have seen an essay, recommending to all, who will not employ their time, to learn to WHISTLE. Where that is suited to the person's talents, I have no objection to it; but to those who have a little more genius, my precept is, LEARN TO READ. I shall conclude this paper with a *journal for one week* of an acquaintance of mine, who never sees the inside of a book; and of another, who devotes part of his time to letters.

Journal of William Tasteless.

Monday. Dozed away five hours after my natural rest—Rose at one o'clock, pulled on one stocking, then yawned for a quarter of an hour by the bedside, and pulled on the other. Journeyed into



No. 98. THE GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL. 403

into the next room to breakfast; looked out of the window; every thing appeared the same; no variety in life; lounged at the Coffee-house; looked over the papers; paragraphs all the same; deaths, births, burials, and marriages; played cards in the evening; went to bed fatigued.

Tuesday. Got up fatigued; the same thing over again; the Park; the play; the tall woman at *Charing-Cross*; cards at night.

Wednesday. Nothing done.

Thursday. Nothing done.

Friday. Horrors all day; weary of my life; ready to hang myself.

Saturday. Waked in bad spirits; wished myself dead; went to the play; slept during three acts; lost my pocket handkerchief as usual; weary of the world.

Sunday. Weather gloomy; horrors; went to ten different routes; came home tired; ready to hang myself again.

Journal of John Bookwit.

Monday. Waked at eight o'clock out of a pleasant dream of being in company with *Horace*, *Virgil*, &c. went to breakfast, read a paper in the *Rambler*, opened my book-case; went back three thousand years to converse with *Homer's* heroes: looked over *Spence's Polymetis*:—went to my bookfeller's; adjourned from thence with two men of genius to dinner, and afterwards to see *Garrick* in the character of *Hamlet*; went home, and read the three first acts of *Hamlet*.

Tuesday. A rainy dull morning; had recourse to *Virgil*, who dispensed blue skies, lakes, caverns, lowing herds, &c. read the dissertation on the *Eleusinian Mysteries*: went in the evening to a route: tired of the company, went home, and spent the evening with Sir *William Temple*.

Wednesday. Met with an unexpected misfortune; soothed my uneasiness by reading *Don Quixote*.

Thursday. Read a paper in *The World* at breakfast; opened my book-case, and took in hand *Lord Shaftsbury* on *Virtue*: turned to *Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination*; I was carried away by the

the enthusiasm of the poet, and could not lay down the book till I went through it.

Friday. Rose somewhat feverish;—my mind unsettled; had recourse to *Madam de Sevigne's Letters*: walked in the *Park*; the softness of the season called to my mind several elegant passages in poetry: went home in the evening, and read *Addison's Pleasures of Imagination*.

Saturday. Walked in the fields early in the morning: turned over *Doddsley's Collection*; breakfasted at the Coffee-house; overheard a debate between two politicians: went home and read *Swift's Dissensions in Athens and Rome*. Went to the opera: best fingers had sore throats: went to *Drury-Lane* play-house, to see Mr. *Garrick*, and Mrs. *Cibber* in the last act of *Tancred* and *Sigismunda*.

Sunday. Read one of the Bishop of *London's* sermons: dined with two men of genius: went home and read the tragedy of *Cato*; concluded the evening with *Pope's Essay on Man*.

NUMBER XCIX.

Saturday, Sept. 7, 1754.

*Hic secura quies & nescia fallere vita,
 Dives opum variarum; hic latis otia fundis,
 Speluncæ, vivique lacus, hic frigida tempe,
 Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni.*

VIRG.

THE following letter contains so many lively observations, and raises such a number of pleasing pictures in the fancy, that I shall give it for the entertainment of this day.

Dear Ranger,

WERE I not to inform you, you would certainly never be able to guess at what hour I have now sit down to write to you. It is almost six in the morning, and I have already spent half an hour in an agreeable attention to those studies, which have taken possession of me since my retreat to the country. I am pleasantly situated upon *Richmond-Hill*, and am here a kind of *Pater-familias*, with all my little brood of hens and chickens round me. I look upon myself to be greatly interested in their welfare: their wants

and their inconveniencies it is my earnest care to remove. I am entirely conversant with their different tempers, and can tell you the ruling passion of each of them. I can shew a *Banham* coquette, and a prude from the other side of the line: among the males I have a coxcomb, a bully, a coward, and, in short, almost all the characters that offer in human life.

Since my rising from my pillow, I have interposed in two violent feuds. In this manner am I entertaining myself, while my friend *Ranger* is, perhaps, reeling home from some tavern; weary of noise, and riot, and confusion. If this be not the case, you lie in enervating repose, and slumber away the prime of life, in a few hours more to wake from a distempered dream, with a troubled spirit, a throbbing pulse, and nerves enfeebled and relaxed. Give me leave here to address you in the words of the excellent author of *The Seasons*.

*Falsely luxurious, will not man awake,
And rising from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song?*

Believe me, the most jovial three in the morning at the *Shakespeare* never can afford such delight,

as plays around the heart-strings in this calm period of the morning. The mind is then cheerful and serene; fancy is light and airy, and seems to threaten I know not what prodigious things: every object excites finer feelings and more delicate perceptions, than can be suggested by *Bacchus* to the heat-oppressed brain, as *Shakespear* phrases it.

Prithee, honest *Ranger*, how long since you saw the sun rise? I dare believe not for many years. But surely, if this phenomenon had not innumerable glories in its train, the poets would never have been so fond of seizing every opportunity to describe it. Since I have mentioned the poets, I must observe, that our great dramatic bard has in two passages excelled all the writers, from the days of *Homer* down to the present state of modern poetry, in their favourite openings of the morn. The saffron-tinctured fingers of *Aurora*, the sun rising from *Tbetis's* lap, the daughter of the dawn issuing from the bed of *Tithonus*, are, in my opinion, very inferior to the more natural description in *Romeo and Juliet*;

Jocund Day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain's top.

I have

I have compared this admirable piece of imagery, for several successive mornings, with the real object in nature, and am at a loss which to admire most: like the travelling *Persian*, when the solar rays (as happens sometimes in those countries) have formed in a cloud another imaginary sun; he gazes at both, in doubt with himself to which he shall offer his morning adoration. The second passage I mean is in the tragedy of *Hamlet*, where after seeing the ghost of the deceased king, *Horatio* breaks off with,

*But see the Morn, in russet-mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dews of yon high eastern bill,*

You know the poets are fond of personifying both physical and moral qualities, in order to give animation to their poetry, and to throw things as much as possible into action. Boileau has described, in beautiful lines, the secret of this poetical artifice, and the fine effects of it.

*La pour nous enchanter tout est mis en usage;
Tout prend un corps, une ame, un Esprit, un visage.
Chaque Vertu devient une Divinité:
Minerve est la prudence, et Venus la beauté.
C'est plus la vapeur qui produit le tonnerre;
C'est Jupiter armé pour effrayer la terre.*

*Un orage terrible aux yeux des matelots,
 C'est Neptune en courroux, qui gourmande les flots,
 Ebo n'est plus un son qui dans l'air retentisse ;
 C'est une Nymphe en pleurs, qui se plaint de Narcisse,
 La poete esleve, et aggrandit toutes choses,
 Et trouve sous sa main des fleurs toujours écloses.*

Shakespear gives us this animating figure in its high perfection: the whole picture could not receive finer colourings from the hand of *Titian*; the drapery is beautiful, and the action, in which this poetical being is represented, is admirably descriptive of the first dawns of the day.

Come, *Mr. Ranger*, and let us criticise upon this phenomenon: let us enjoy that delight, which the mind takes in comparing the objects of imitation with the finishings of art. Let me assure you, that to see the gradual expansion of the solar influence on the face of nature, will give such a calm flow of spirits for the ensuing vocations of the day, as cannot be experienced in a city life. You will possibly say, you had rather loiter in your chambers, than endure the intolerable rage of the sun tending to his meridian height. In this case, *Richmond Gardens* afford umbrageous walks, where the noontide ray has no access. How sweet here to lose oneself in
 pleasing

No. 99. THE GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL. 411

pleasing error, to recline under an impervious shade! and in lettered indolence converse with *Virgil, Shakespear, Milton, Spencer*; or with *Waller* cry out,

O! how I long my careless limbs to lay
Under a plantain shade, and all the day
With am'rous airs my fancy entertain! &c.

Or, if inclined to diversify the scene, and ramble about in gentle exercise, what place so fit as these very gardens, which afford such pleasing variety? Do you delight in trim hedges, uniform vistas, smooth pastures, and studied regularity? Your taste may here be gratified. Or are you rather like the person of a truer sense, of whom *Martial* says, *rure vero barbaroque letatur*, one who likes the true country, rude, barbarous, and unspoiled by the elegancies of art? Here you are suddenly surpris'd to find yourself upon a barren heath, lost to the world, and nothing presenting itself to view, but the withered shrub, the blasted clump of trees, and hares and rabbits running across the scene. From hence, you wander into some grove, and hear the woodman at his labour; then issue out upon the ploughed land, and behold around you nothing but busy tokens of rural industry; or led by the hand of contemplation, you lose yourself

yourself in the solitude of the hermitage, or wander into

*The thrush-haunted copse, where lightly leaps
The fearful fawn the rustling leaves along.*

When you are at length satisfied with this retreat, *Richmond-Hill* invites your steps. From thence you may command a boundless prospect of all the country round. Villas, stately buildings, groves, meadows, the woodland, fertile pastures, hills, and vales, offer themselves to the sight in mixed variety. The barren heath and the sun-burnt craggy soil appear with all those softening to the eye, which distance throws upon a landscape: nature appears with all her striking majesty, and all her softer graces.

To crown the whole, at the bottom of the hill old father *Thames* expands his rural stream. To pursue the river in its several windings, fertilizing the country round, is at once a refreshment to the eye, and the constant succession of new objects takes off from that stillness, which would otherwise overspread the whole. Here, we enjoy that tranquillity of which *Virgil* speaks so feelingly; we have innocence, living lakes, embowering shades, indolent repose beneath an arbour, and the

the lowing of the cow; musick, believe me, far preferable to the *Savoyard*, or a city concert. Besides this, let me assure you, you will find the muses more becoming girls here, than in the noise, and smoke of *London*. But, I fear, I have lengthened this letter beyond all bounds; I can only tell you, after an eminent *French* writer, that if I had time enough, I should make it shorter. Take it as it is, loose, rambling, and desultory, and believe me to be

Your sincere friend,

and humble servant,

* * * * *

N U M B E R C.

Saturday, Sept. 14, 1754.

*Dicimus autem**Hos quoque felices, qui ferre incommoda vitæ,
Nec jactare jugum vitæ didicere magistrâ.*

THE following letter comes from a correspondent just entering into life, who has not yet been taught in the school of experience, and may therefore be allowed to utter his astonishment at those actions, which to persons conversant with the world are trite and common occurrences. A young man, of a sanguine disposition, candid, generous, and confiding, may stand and gaze, when he meets with a stroke of perfidy. The author of my motto has treated this subject in one of his best satires: He allows, that the young and inexperienced may, upon such an occasion, use the language of complaint; but men, he contends, who have had opportunities of seeing the manners of the world, and the progress of life, ought not to vent themselves in terms of lamentation, wonder, or complaint.

Sacrum

————— *Sacrum tibi quod non reddat amicus*

Depositum : stupet hæc, qui jam post terga reliquit.

Sexaginta annos, Fonteio consule natus !

I have said thus much to soothe the anxiety of my correspondent, and, by informing him that his case is not uncommon, to soften the resentments of a mind at present exasperated. The experience he has now had will, I hope, give him a more prepared spirit for the future ; and, for the sake of others, young and uninformed, like himself, I shall in this, and next *Saturday's* paper, present his two letters at large. As *Terence* says,

Hæc nosse salus est adolescentulis.

To the Author of the Gray's-Inn Journal.

S I R,

WHEN I tell you, that my age does not exceed twenty, it will, no doubt occur to you, that I must be still a novice in the ways of the world, and you may, therefore, be inclined to assist me with your advice. Encouraged by the opinion I entertain of your benevolent disposition, I shall proceed, without ceremony, to the main point and object of this letter. My design is,
to

to be informed by you, what I am to understand by *a good sort of man*. Of persons of this description I hear every day. They are to be seen in every parish, every street, and almost every family. It is the common language of praise and admiration: *He is the best sort of man in the world! as good a sort of man as ever was born!* With the men, who have obtained from their friends this testimony to their characters, I have been hitherto highly captivated, imagining them to be persons of fair intention and unblemished integrity; of minds above all duplicity, and sinister views of private interest; not merely of a fair-seeming outside, but substantially, and in the deepest recesses of the heart, just, generous, upright, and humane. "Men should be what they seem," I know to be a maxim in morals, and I had no doubt, but your *good sort of man* conformed to the precept with scrupulous exactness.

I am sorry to say, that I have had reason lately to flutter in doubt, if not entirely to change my opinion. I wish to avoid a rash conclusion; but to speak my mind freely, I am inclined to fear, that when I meet with what is called *a good sort of man*, I see the *worst kind of man in the world*: I mean an artful, plausible hypocrite,

hypocrite, who wears the semblance of virtue, merely to deceive; one of a specious, florid outside, but rotten at the core; who affects to love every body, but in fact values nothing but himself; who seems to enter with sympathy into the good or evil fortune of his neighbours, and always wishes he could be of use, but unfortunately never is able. In short, Sir, not to weary your patience with my prolixity: By a *good sort of man*, I mean your smiling, affable, affectionate, good-natured creature, who glosses over the whole of his conduct with a smooth surface of integrity, and makes no other use of his character, than to render it a mask for treachery, avarice, and imposition.

I am to learn from you, Sir, whether I am wrong in thus extending the notion, which I have lately acquired, or ought still to suppose, that the *good sort of man* does not form a species, or an entire class of characters in human life, though now and then an individual may be found, who is a disgrace to the title. I write, and cannot disguise it, with the recent feelings of a mind irritated by a discovery, that has at once shocked and surpris'd me. I have tired you, perhaps, with this long introduction: but you will pardon a raw and tender mind, that has not yet

learned to suffer in silence. I shall now proceed to the facts, that have made me thus credulous and importunate.

I have an uncle, whose name is *Varnish*. He has been always counted as *good a sort of man* as you would wish to know. His features are always becalmed with a kind of repose, that might, strictly speaking, be called *dullness*, but in his favour it took the name of *serenity*, or complacency of temper. His eye is generally deadened with want of thought, and if ever it looks brisk, it is with that pertness, which with some people passes for meaning. Having no settled opinion, he has offended no body by argument, or contradiction. Mr. *Varnish* has for many years kept a tavern, in a part of the city that shall be nameless. His house was never a place of general resort, being frequented chiefly by those, who liked a *good sort of man*, and, to serve him, made parties among their friends, and formed weekly and monthly clubs at his house. The charges, indeed, were generally complained of. In this article I can almost excuse my uncle *Varnish*. He did no more than write the several items of the bill: the pounds, shillings, and pence, he left to be added by his wife.

wife. With an open vacuity of countenance, he had the art of keeping his thoughts close. This, I could perceive, he learned from his wife, who watched his conversation; and, if she saw him touching upon any secret of their own affairs, was always artful enough by winks and nods, or by interfering briskly upon some new topic, to hinder him from going too far. While they both were guarded in what related to themselves, their curiosity in other people's affairs had a greedy ear. These observations I did not pause upon at the time, for I had the best opinion of Mr. *Varnish*. There was one thing that puzzled me not a little: I wondered to find him closely connected with several of those, who at *Newmarket* are called BLACK LEGS. Many of his friends wished that he would break off at once from that race of men; but his wife encouraged him to persevere. Her husband, she said, went to *Newmarket* for amusement only, being a great lover of horses, and it were a pity that poor *Jobany* should not have an excursion now and then. I have heard people say, that *Varnish* must have been let into the secret by his acquaintance; otherwise a woman, eager in the pursuit of gain, would not altogether approve of the diversion, without some *douceur* to attend it. This, however, was thought to be the suggestion of malice.

Mr. *Varnish* went on tolerably well in his business, not indeed with rapid success, but charging smartly, whenever an opportunity offered, and keeping things together very tolerably. He was, I think, a good œconomist. In this part of his plan, his wife gave all her assistance. She was rather shewy in her dress, but with this disposition, she never put her hand in her husband's purse. Without any natural turn of wit, or any kind of acquirement from circulating libraries, she had a smart word, a smile, and a flaunting air for every body. She knew how to insinuate herself into the good graces of numbers in succession, as they happened to frequent her house; her discernment of characters was always quick, and in her friendships she generally chose those, who were of the most generous disposition. With those who were careful of their money, she was seldom intimate. I verily believe, that in the course of several years it did not cost her fifty pounds for her dress: her gowns, and gloves, and fans, and tippetts, were always presents. When she had her friends about her, she would silyly say, *Johnny*, you must give me a new gown, or, if you will not, some of my friends shall. This succeeded wonderfully: a piece of silk, a shawl, a new cap, or whatever she wanted, was always at her service; and Mr. *Varnish* was so good a sort of

of

of man, that he could not find fault with his wife, while she put him to no expence. Upon particular occasions, I thought they were both off their guard: I have seen a gentleman make large and liberal presents, and the moment his back was turned, I have known them laugh at him with coarse and vulgar mirth. I mentioned this to a friend, who answered, "Poh! there is nothing in it: *Varnish* is a good sort of man; and "they may laugh that win."

From the time I left school, I was a constant visitor to my uncle *Varnish*: his behaviour to me was such, that I hoped at all times to find in him a real friend. Of the reasons which I have had to alter my opinion, and the facts which have abated all my respect for a good sort of man, I have given, in a second letter, which accompanies this, a full detail. I have heard, that you intend shortly to lay down your pen: should my story appear, before you resign your office, you will greatly oblige

Your sincere well-wisher,

DAVID SIMPLE.

NUMBER CI.

Saturday, Sept. 21, 1754.

*Tam facile et pronum est superos contemnere testes;
 Si mortalis idem nemo sciat, aspice quantâ
 Voce neget, quæ sit fidei constantia vultus.
 Nam cum magna malæ superest audacia causæ,
 Creditur a multis fiducia.* JUVEN.

THE Continuation of *David Simple's* narrative shall fill up this day's paper. The story, I think, demands attention. I have ever been an enemy to false pretensions. Plausible characters are, in my opinion, the most dangerous in society. By wearing the mask of goodness, they pay, it is true, a compliment to virtue; but villany masked undermines all moral rectitude; as when Birmingham guineas are current, the sterling coin of the mint is suspected. It was well said of the hypocrite, by an approved writer, "*He dresses up a sin so religiously, that the Devil can hardly know it of his own making.*" For my correspondent, and the circumstances, which he states, I do not pretend to vouch: but the story is related with such an appearance of probability, that I think
 it

it may serve as a beacon to give notice of the rocks and quicksands, that often lie concealed beneath a calm and smiling surface.

To the AUTHOR:

S I R,

I come now to the facts, that gave me an insight into the character of my uncle *Varnish*. He had a maiden sister, advanced in years, whom I always called my aunt *Molly*. I will not say of her, that she was *a good sort of woman*. That appellation, I think, is brought into disgrace. She was goodness itself. By unremitting industry, and frugal management, she had saved some money, not indeed sufficient to be called a fortune; but a sum, with which, she used to say, it was in her power to do some good to two persons, whom she loved. The objects of her affection were my sister and myself. The whole of my aunt's wealth was a thousand pounds in the stocks, and about two hundred pounds in her drawer. My sister, who had reached her eighteenth year, lived with my aunt, whose health was greatly on the decline, near two years before her death. *Sophy* was always of a disposition nat-

turally tender and sympathetic. Her care and affection, I can venture to say, alleviated pain, and smoothed the bed of sickness. For above twelve months, my poor aunt was so weak and infirm, that she was altogether unfit to manage her own affairs. Her understanding began to share the decay of her constitution. In this weak state, she sent for my uncle *Varnish*, and desired he would take a power of attorney, to receive the dividends upon what she had in the funds. He listened to his sister with a look of the tenderest affection. He thought nothing a trouble, that could conduce to her tranquillity; but it was impossible, he said, to foresee events: and as her condition seemed precarious, he thought it adviseable, that she should add a power to transfer stock, in case her necessities should require it. My aunt agreed, without hesitation, to what *so good a sort of man* as her brother *Varnish* proposed. We were all glad to see her trust to him with unbounded confidence. Mr. *Varnish* took the money out of her drawer, observing that house-breakers were more rife than ever; and said he would call from time to time to supply her wants. From this time my poor aunt declined very fast. In a week or two she said she felt the symptoms of her approaching dissolution; and calling my sister to her room, desired her (as she wrote
a remark-

a remarkable good hand) to copy out a will, which she had by her, ready prepared, by an attorney of eminence in the city. Sophy took it into another room, and, as she transcribed it, moistened the paper with her tears. As soon as she finished the trying task, she carried it to my aunt, who read it over several times. In the evening, two proper witnesses were called in, and the will was duly executed. My aunt locked it up in her bureau, observing to my sister, that whenever any thing happened to her, it would be found in that drawer, directed on the outside for my uncle *Varnish*, who was named executor. To these proceedings I was not long a stranger. I went, as usual, to see my aunt, and my sister took an opportunity to acquaint me with the contents of the will. My poor aunt desired to be decently interred in the next parish church; and after giving two hundred pounds to Mr. *Varnish*, bequeathed the rest, in equal shares, to my sister and me. The sum of five hundred pounds to each of us, we thought, would be a pretty addition to the small fortunes, which we had before; and to so good a man as my uncle *Varnish*, we were far from regretting what was left. We thought it a proper recompense for the trouble that would fall upon him, in the office of executor.

My

My aunt lived several months afterwards; but illness carried on a constant sap. The decay of her understanding kept pace with that of her body. She lost her senses entirely, and continued week after week, in a languid and hopeless condition. Mr. Varnish was assiduous in his visits, watching with anxiety the gradual symptoms of decay. He never failed to ask if any thing was wanting, and with great tenderness supplied my sister with little sums. My aunt in the mean time lay in a state of childhood: she looked at her friends, and did not know them. At length the fatal moment arrived: my poor aunt heaved a sigh and expired. My sister and I were present, and the shock we felt is inexpressible. My uncle Varnish was immediately sent for. He came without delay. I saw him, with his eyes swollen with tears, take her keys, and my sister and I agreed that it was a great consolation to have the assistance of such an excellent man.

The funeral was performed with the utmost decency. We all went into mourning. A month or six weeks elapsed; and, during the whole time, Mr. *Varnish* did not say a word about my aunt's effects, though I was a constant visitor at his house. Every meeting was clouded with melancholy. Seeing my uncle one day in better spirits

than usual, I asked him if he had proved the will? "The will! What will?" He told me that my aunt left no will. I cannot express the astonishment occasioned by this answer. I fixed my eyes upon him in amazement, and, as soon as I recovered my organs of speech, told him all the circumstances already stated. His countenance had no longer the appearance of the *good sort of man*, whom I used to admire. I saw marks of confusion, a wavering eye, a trembling lip, and hesitating voice. "A will!" said his wife; "there was a paper in her drawer, which might be intended for a will; but the name was torn off." "Yes," said Mr. Varnish, in a tremulous tone, "the name was torn off." "Poh!" said his wife, "that paper is nothing: *Fungoso*, the lawyer, says she died intestate." My astonishment was too great: I did not know what to say. After some time, I asked, where the paper was? "The paper!" said he. "It is too ridiculous to mention it," said the wife: "Being a mere nothing at all, *Johnny* threw it into the fire." I desired to know who was present at the transaction. "Oh! Sir, do you doubt my husband's word?" said the wife; "very fine indeed! go on, but *Johnny* is so *good a sort of man*, nobody will doubt his word." I went away covered with confusion.

sion. A friend informed me the next day, that the statute of distribution would take place. This was some degree of comfort. I informed Mr. *Varnish*: and here again my surprise was redoubled. "Statute of distribution!" said he, "What is there to distribute?" "The thousand pounds in the funds." "My sister left no such thing."—"No such thing!" "No: she gave that to me in her life-time." "Gave it to you! in whose presence?" "Oh!" said his wife in a fit of laughing, "there again you doubt *Johnny's* word." I had no more to say: amazement took away all my powers, and I left Mr. *Varnish* and his wife, determined never to see either of them again.

In my way home, I recollected a broker, who had shewn me occasional civilities. He made enquiry for me, and then it appeared, that about a week before my aunt's death, when she lay, as she had done for some time, out of her senses, Mr. *Varnish* had transferred the stock to his own name.

I have now given you, Sir, the finishing stroke. Attornies have talked to me of a bill in chancery; but that, I find, may be a considerable expence. I now appeal to you, and would gladly be

be informed, whether I have not reason to be
 tired of your *good sort of man*? The smooth sur-
 face shall never again deceive me. I will only
 add, that the whole of this contrivance seems too
 deep for my uncle's capacity. If his wife was
 the *Lady Macbeth* of the business, she may say all
 the rest of her life, "*Out spot!*" but nothing
 will wash it away.

I here bid adieu to all *good sort of men*, and
 am, with my best apologies for this intrusion,

Yours, with esteem,

DAVID SIMPLE.

N U M B E R C I I .

Saturday, Sept. 28, 1754.

— *Uno avulso non deficit alter
Aureus, et simili frondescit virga metallo.*

VIRG.

To the Author of the Gray's-Inn Journal.

S I R,

I N a late paper, you gave us an account of your night-thoughts, or your dream, in which an election in Parnassus passed before you, in all its various circumstances. I congratulate you, that you had so pleasing a vision, in which, I think, nothing occurred to overcast or cloud the serenity of your imagination. For myself, I cannot boast of the same tranquillity of mind. I have had my dream, occasioned, perhaps, by the perusal of your paper, but it was very different from yours. I saw Parnassus in an uproar. A scene of so much tumult and disorder, I have scarcely ever beheld, though I remember the Spitalfields weavers, and the discontented journey men cabinet-makers, parading the streets, with all the terrors of an insurrection! Of the manner, in which I passed the night, I beg leave to communicate the particulars.

I had been reading your prospect of Parnassus; and a *Virgil* lying on the table, I opened the
book

book at the place, where the following lines present themselves to the eye.

*Sed me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor; juvat ire jugis, &c.*

The rapture of the poet, in some degree, communicated itself. I took fire, and wished to set out on the same aerial voyage. In this disposition, I retired to rest, and from the mixture of ideas fluctuating in my mind, the following scene was dressed up to, my imagination. Methought, one of the muses appeared before me, and, taking me by the hand, addressed me in the following words of *Milton*; for *Milton's* language, and that of the muses is the same: "*We shall conduct you to a hill side, laborious indeed, at the first ascent; but else, so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospects and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming.*" She was as good as her promise, and in a short time landed me on the summit of *Parnassus*. Here my guide, for reasons best known to herself, took her leave, resigning me to my own discretion, to wander, as I pleased, in those delightful regions.

, Though it was deep midnight when I set out, it was here broad day-light. Their own sun enlightened the hemisphere, and the country round presented a scene, that cherished and enlivened

all

all my faculties. I paused and listened, but heard none of those melodious airs, which I expected; all was hurry, noise, and confusion. The celebrated wits, who inhabit this place, were as much at variance, as our English country squires, with whom the command of manors is a feather in the cap, and a thorn in the side. They all complained that their neighbours were constantly trespassing on their grounds, lopping their trees, carrying off branches from their laurel groves, and robbing their nurseries. Ill-humour and litigation prevailed in all quarters. You might see hedgers and ditchers every where at work. All were busy in making fences round their lands. Park-walls, and park-pails, were going on at a prodigious rate; and the great wits, who had hitherto loved each other, were now determined to live in hostility, and be bad neighbours for the future.

I wished very much to know the cause of so much diffension. My curiosity was soon gratified. I found that a busy pragmatistical fellow had lately, by some means or other, gained admittance into these parts. The description given of him, by the country folks, represented him as being somewhat above the middle size, with a vermil colour in his cheek, and an eye that

that pleased at first sight; but fluttered in strange confusion when you looked at him with attention. It was said, that he had a good memory, and as he passed by the labourers, they heard him repeat with rapture, long passages from the writings of the wits, with whom he walked.

This, they supposed, with the aid of a certain fawning civility in his deportment, helped to wriggle him into favour. Before the arrival of this man, serenity and happiness covered the whole region of Parnassus. One of the country-labourers, who seemed not to want sagacity, told me, that the strange visitor had been long suspected of sowing the seeds of mischief, wherever he went. He had heard it said of him, "though
 "his tongue drop manna, his looks are false and hollow." Upon further enquiry, I found that this information was strictly true. The particulars of what came to my knowledge will shew the intriguing spirit of the man, and the industry with which he seeks the malicious delight he feels in setting folks together by the ears.

He visited *Homer*, and after calling him the God of his idolatry, told him that *Virgil* was a poacher, and was ever stealing plants and flowers from the Greek estate. Of *Homer* himself he spoke in, the like scurrilous terms to *Orpheus*,

Thamyris, and *Hesiod*. He went next to *Virgil*, and admired his gardens and plantation-walks. Some trees he observed grew up from slips taken from *Homer's* grounds; but on the present spot, the soil, he said, was richer, and the branches shot forth with bolder expansion, and in fuller luxuriance. He advised the Mantuan bard to beware of several modern poets, who were always culling flowers on his premises. Our visitor went next to *Theocritus*, and told him, if he did not bring his action of trespass, the Roman pasture would be enriched with spoils from Sicily, and nothing would be left in the lands of the first occupant. He told *Lucan* and *Tacitus*, that, if they suffered *Corneille* and *Racine* to carry on their depredations, they would, in a little time, not have a flower, or a shrub left. *Vida*, *Sannazias*, and *Tasso* were greatly incensed against *Milton*, who had built a *Pandemonium* upon his estate, with materials, as they were told, taken from them. *Terence* and *Menander* were also much at variance, the latter complaining aloud, that an irruption of barbarians had destroyed the title deeds of his estate, and yet he saw *Terence* enjoying a beautiful farm, and sauntering in the walks with *Scipio* and *Lælius*. *Horace* and *Juvénal* were employed in writing a satire against *Pope* and *Boileau*. The former, indeed, was often seen

to smile, but the latter went on in a strain of indignation. Against Pope the resentment of many other angry wits was inflamed to a pitch of the highest fury. This was not accomplished by our visitor without great pains and industry. He had heard of *Silius Italicus*, but was a great while before he could find his place of abode. That poet it seems had purchased an estate near the bottom of the hill. His grounds were not laid out in the best taste. You may here look in vain for those scenes of grand and magnificent nature, which adorned the lands of those poets, who have obtained the name of sublime. Elegance was what *Silius Italicus* chiefly aimed at: his walks were regular, his hedges neat and trim, and his trees grew in regular order: but after all his pains to make his farm look like *Virgil's*, he was not able to rival so beautiful a model. The stranger, however, who had by this time insinuated himself into every body's house, at length found his way to *Silius Italicus*. After paying some compliments, he told him that *Pope* was a common plunderer. He took out of his pocket the *Essay on Criticism*, and read the following passage.

*So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;*

*Th' eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;
 But, these attain'd, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way:
 Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise.*

Silius Italicus thought the passage beautiful:
 "But do you not perceive," replied the critic,
 "that it is your own? Here is your description
 of *Hannibal* passing over the Alps: listen to
 these lines.

*Quoque magis subire jugo, atque evadere nisi
 Erexere gradum, crescit labor, ardua supra
 Sese aperit fessis, et nascitur altera moles.*

"The friends of *Pope*," continued the critic,
 "say that he embellishes and improves what
 "he takes; but a pickpocket may have the same
 "excuse; he may make my watch go better. Nor
 "is this all that *Pope* has stolen from you. You
 "cannot sling a stone into a limpid stream, but
 "he takes it from you, with all its dimpling cir-
 "cles: hear this passage.

*As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
 The sinking stone at first a circle makes,*

The

*The trembling surface, by the motion stirr'd,
Spreads in a second circle; then a third;
Wide and wore wide the floating rings advance,
Fill all the watry plain, and to the margin dance.*

“Now, read your own verses, and tell me if
“the theft is to be endured.

*Sic, ubi perrupit stagnantem calculus undam,
Exiguos format per prima volumina gyros,
Mox tremulum vibrans motu gliscente liquorem
Multiplicat crebros sinuati gurgitis orbes,
Donec postremo laxatis circulus oris
Contingat geminas patulo curvamine ripas.*

“Do you not see,” said the critic, “that the
“thief has pilfered from you? you cannot have a
“pebble, but he runs away with it.”

By these proceedings, Parnassus was filled with fear, suspicion, and jealousy. Our critic went the length of introducing *steel-traps* and *spring guns*. The consequence was, that almost every genius was wounded, or caught fast by the leg. Apollo heard of these dissensions, and immediately called the wits before him. The trumpeter sounded, and the hills of Parnassus rung with the enchanting music. The geniuses of all ages and

nations appeared in court; the author of the mischief being first seized, and brought in a prisoner in chains. The account of himself was, that he was by profession a *critic*, and *commentator*. This, he was told, could not avail him; none being allowed to practise the art of criticism, without a commission from *Apollo*, or the *Muses*. This was the reason why there have been few good critics in the world. *Aristotle*, *Longinus*, *Horace*, *Quintilian*, *Vida*, *Boileau*, *Bohours*, and some other moderns, had all a special licence. The whole matter was fully investigated, and, the malicious artifices of *our critic* being laid open, *Apollo* proceeded to pass sentence upon him. He was ordered away to the cave of envy, to live there upon snakes and viper broth, with *Zoilus*, *Millbourne*, and *Lauder*. Clear the court of such a monster, was now the word. As soon as the order was obeyed, *Apollo*, with a smile on his countenance, addressed the assembly of wits, and recommended to them, to dwell together in harmony, mutual esteem, and affection. A slip, he told them, taken from the nursery of one, and planted on another's ground, or grafted on a tree, would, as soon as it began to flourish, not only decorate the new spot, but add to the fame of the first possessor. He added, that a friendly communication

munication between wits was their greatest honour; that original beauties have been often improved by transplanting them; and that in all cases, where the ideas of others are adopted, there remains, at least, to the successor, the honour of inventing the plan of his arrangement, and a new combination. To enforce this, he opened a volume of *Seneca*, and read the following sentence: "*Sed etiam si omnia à veteribus inventa sunt, hoc semper novum erit, usus, et inventorum ab aliis scientia and dispositio.*"

The court broke up in good humour, and I waked from my dream.

X.

N U M B E R C I I I .

Saturday, Oct. 5, 1754.

*Frangere miser calamos, vigilataque praelia dele,**Qui facis in parvâ sublimia carmina cellâ;**Ut dignus venias hederis, & imagine macrâ.*

JUV.

A SPIRIT of enterprife, while it has not yet lost the charms of novelty, gives fresh vigour to the mind, and lifts the bold adventurer above himself. If doubts arise, they are soon lost in the ardour of hope. Success holds forth the laurel wreath, and fame stands, in a corner of the scene, blowing her silver trumpet. Happy, were the golden dream never to evaporate! But clouds arise, the beams of imagination are diminished; the spirits, that expanded every nerve, subside into languor, and satiety takes possession of the mind. The story of *Pyrrhus* and his prime minister is well known. The king, in the rapture of a new expedition, filled his mind with ideas of conquest, anticipating in fancy the vast exploits he was to perform. "And what," says the minister, "does all this tend to? I shall add the
"neigh-

“neighbouring nations to my dominions,” says the monarch, “And what then? I shall declare war against the adjacent states. And then? The next province shall receive my yoke, and in a little time their neighbours shall also pay tribute.—This is very well, my liege, but what next? I shall gradually extend my victories, till I become master of the globe.—And then? Why then I shall sit down, and drink a bottle with my friends. And pray, Sir, why not do so now?” The good sense and humour of this little anecdote are obvious to every understanding. Were the greatest hero of antiquity to make up the account, his dearest actions in the tented field would terminate in the same point.

Amongst all the various *Quixotes*, who have gone forth in pursuit of adventures, there are, perhaps, none so liable to ridicule as the race of authors. What scenes of happiness present themselves to the periodical writer! As new ideas occur, what sensations unfelt before! What cheerfulness, what fancy, what luxuriant wit! When a sheet, yet wet, is sent him from the press, how his heart bounds to see himself in print! The fineness of the paper! How it pleases him! The elegance of the type! How just and how exact! Flushed with ideas of his own importance,

he

he addresses himself in the words of *Hamlet*:
 “What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties!” And yet pass but a few hours, how changed is every trace of reflection! The critics gather round him: like the harpies in the third *Æneid*, they break in upon his meal, denouncing penury and famine. The learned meet his work by chance; they speak of it, but not with sufficient warmth, because men of sense never admire: they only approve. The writer's friends condemn the performance, for no other reason than the pleasure of tormenting a living author. The number of petty circumstances that mortify an author's pride is not to be imagined. Add to this, the novelty of the performance will wear off with him, as well as his readers; and even fame, supposing him to enjoy his full proportion, will pall, and grow insipid, like all other pleasures. In the conclusion, I believe, the liveliest adventurer of the pen will find, that, here like, he cannot drink his bottle with greater pleasure, than when he first set out.

The courtly *Roman* satyrift has attacked, with delicate raillery, that spirit of uneasiness, which renders people discontented with their own situation in life, and envious of their neighbours. In

that list of male-contents, which he has produced, I have often wondered, that the race that write did not occur to him. The reason may be, that authors have more reason to repine and murmur, than any other class of men.

And, indeed, considering the great disproportion between the labours of the mind, and those of the body, I do not know whether *Juvenal's* advice to be an auctioneer rather than a poet, is not perfectly founded in reason. The faculties, of which the literary enthusiast is possessed, are the inlets of our most refined pleasures: but, from their quickness and sensibility, they give acuteness to pain, and sharpen the edge of anxiety.

Of this truth, I believe all good writers are convinced. Of the vain scribbler, who admires himself and his works, but admires without a rival, nothing need be said. To the cares that attend the elegant writer, he is a stranger. Justness of conception, and propriety of language, give him no solicitude. To abuse those, who write better than himself, is the height of his ambition; and as long as the printer of a newspaper admits his paragraphs, he is the wit of a coffee-house.

The love of fame is the incitement of every valuable author. For this he endures fatigue, and renounces the lucrative pursuits, that engage the busy part of mankind. But the acquisition of fame is uncertain, and the tenure precarious. The difficulty of pleasing a variety of readers is well known; and who, that has formed his taste upon the best models, can write up to his own ideas of composition?

I have been led into this tract of thought by a review of my own sensations, ever since I undertook the anxious character of a public writer. I have now maintained my post for the space of two years; and, having swelled these essays to a sufficient number, I purpose next *Saturday* finally to take leave of my readers. The doing of this I feel as an act of self-denial. The pleasure of conversing with thousands every *Saturday* will be at an end. I shall retire with reluctance, especially while there is so much in the field still to be gleaned. The hoop has of late spread to a wider circumference, and fenced, as it is, with formidable rows of steel, no beau can approach, without the danger of a broken shin. While this fashion continues, the ladies may be charged with carrying concealed arms, without necessity; as their courage in all public places is known to exceed

exceed that of the fiercest *Amazon* of antiquity. The viragos of old advanced with only one breast exerted, but the modern fair comes forward with both displayed to view. The head is built up several stories higher than usual, and the art of painting is so well understood, that every woman has now as many faces as tippets, fans, or gloves. Cribbage has driven *Cupid* out of doors, or the urchin is obliged to learn to cogg the dice, or to play the whole game at *bragg*. As *Addison* says in the Prologue to the *Tender Husband*, "Here's still encouragement for those that write." But the truth is, my *Muse* and I have lived together for some time past, like man and wife. I have had so many curtain lectures, that I now long to keep separate beds; or to say the civil thing once in a year; and, with the true modern husband, to like any body's *Muse* better than my own. I am, therefore, suing for a divorce in the Court of *Parnassus*. Sentence will be pronounced before next *Saturday*; and as the lady has not brought me any fortune to speak of, we shall not have much occasion to differ about a separate maintenance. Malicious critics, I am aware, may give out, that I was separated *causâ frigiditatis*; but the public are just in all their decisions, and to their sentence it becomes me to submit.

N U M B E R C I V .

Saturday, Oct. 12, 1754.

*Hic labor extremus, longarum hæc meta viarum ;
Conticuit, factoque hic tandem sine quievit.*

VIRG.

IT was the maxim of *Solon*, that no man is happy till he is dead ; and it was the wisdom of the *Ægyptians*, not to do funeral honours to any person whatever, until the actions of his life had been impartially examined. As soon as they crossed the lake with the body, a public accuser stood forth, to charge the deceased with all the crimes and vices that could, with any colour, be imputed to him. If the prosecution was not supported by the evidence of facts, the memory of the person dead was honoured with a suitable encomium, and the panegyrist had the pleasure to reflect, that he, who was then no more, could not, by any subsequent action, give the lie to the praises bestowed upon him.

As the time is now arrived, when this paper will be reckoned among the departed, the author cannot help being anxious about his memory,
after

after his literary disease. He does not suppose that he shall want a public accuser; and, as it is the natural wish of every man to leave a good name behind him, an author may be allowed to have the same laudable ambition.

Two different forms of writing have offered themselves to me upon this occasion. The first has been practised by several gentlemen of the quill, and consists in a declamatory style against that degeneracy of taste, which has too fatally prevailed in the present declension of literature. The general disposition to gaming, and many other unavailing amusements, which have called off the attention of the better sort of people, might be urged as difficulties, that nothing could surmount. I might say, that woman has been rightly defined by the *Greek* philosopher, "*An animal delighting in finery,*" and that it is not in the power of the best writers of the age, to attract the attention of that wandering sex. The chit-chat, which issues from their own pretty red lips, will silence the best attempt to retrench their follies, to regulate their fancy, and to encourage the acquisition of those mental beauties, such as sweetness of temper, affability, and good sense, which will always prove the best wash for the complexion, and an infallible preservative against the

the encroachments made upon the tincture of the skin, by envy, malice, tea, scandal, and painful watchings at a gaming-table. But this form of composition is inconsistent with the purpose of him, who wishes to lay down the pen in the good graces of all his readers.

The second method of address, is that used by the author of the *Tale of a Tub*. After his example, I have been tempted to return thanks, in the most solemn manner, to his Majesty's most honourable privy-council, to the lords spiritual and temporal, to the honourable the house of commons, to the gentlemen of the royal society, to the worshipful the board of aldermen, to the club at *White's*, to the critics at the *Bedford*, to the connoisseurs at *Sam's*, to the society of *Grub-street*, and, in short, to all degrees and ranks of people, for the just and favourable reception they have been pleased to give to the most delectable, humorous, and instructive lucubrations, that we have published in this our *Gray's-Inn Journal*; which has been the delight of the age, the terror of all offenders against decency and good-manners, and has ascertained to the author an immortal reputation.

*Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignes,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.*

But having considered these two forms of address with mature deliberation, I have determined to reject them both. I am sufficiently aware, that a small portion of fame can be attributed to the productions of a young author, hurried down the stream of dissipation, interrupted by avocations of a thousand sorts, seldom enabled to write at leisure, frequently obliged to dismiss the uncorrected sheet to the press, and rarely happy enough to have written up even to his own taste.

On the other hand, it is with pride I now reflect, that I have been able, for two years together, to procure to myself a considerable audience every Saturday. I have given a kind of weekly memorial of my existence, and some sort of proof, that my time has not been thrown away in a manner totally unavailing. *Sallust* has a fine sentiment, which has made a very deep impression on me. *Verum enimvero is demum mihi vivere & frui animâ videtur, qui aliquo negotio intentus, præclari facinoris aut artis bonæ famam querit.*

“ He may be said to live, and to enjoy the
“ functions of his soul, who, engaged in a lau-
“ dable occupation, endeavours to distinguish

“ himself by some splendid action, or by the acquisition of fame in some liberal art.” That I have succeeded, I will not pretend to boast; but that I have endeavoured to do it, is an honest pride, in which, I hope, I may be indulged.

The plan, on which I have written, however feeble the execution of it may be, I am inclined to believe is not void of merit. That it has not been better cultivated in all its parts, must be imputed to my having stood singly and alone.

When I say alone, I do not mean that I never received any assistance. On the contrary, I think it incumbent on me to acknowledge, that a particular friend has furnished me occasionally with several pieces, written with a delicacy peculiar to himself. To this gentleman * I am indebted for a letter from an *Englishman in Paris*, No. 13; for a scene at *Jonathan's Coffee-House*, No. 18; for an essay on theatrical parties, No. 30; for a second scene at *Jonathan's*, No. 51; and for the essays No. 54, and 66. As he possesses an ele-

* Mr. Fitzpatrick, well known in the city, and, during his life, admired for his talents and his amiable manners. A cruel caricature of him was drawn by Churchill in one of his poems, to gratify the resentments of Garrick.

gant facility on every subject, I sincerely wish that I had been able to prevail upon him, against his natural indolence, to afford me a great deal more of his assistance.

A paper upon imitation in writing, No. 15, and an essay towards the fixing the standard of modern criticism, No. 26, were the contributions of another ingenious gentleman, whose friendship I am proud to acknowledge.

I must take this opportunity to thank the author of a letter on *King Lear*, No. 30, which was sent in the warmth of friendship, and, in my opinion, written in the warmth of genius. An essay on *Physiognomy*, No. 6, was a present from another quarter, as likewise the letter, No. 77. For every thing else *Ranger* himself must stand accountable.

I have now, I think, mentioned all the assistance I received in the course of this paper. I believe it will be found very short of the advantages enjoyed by some of my brother writers. In this edition I have retrenched a great deal. The *Dutch* are said to burn a considerable part of their spices, to enhance the value of the rest. Their policy I have imitated, but, I fear, without their

success. Many things were merely suited to the day. All such fugitive topics I have now discarded, retaining only as much as may shew the general plan; a plan conducted, I hope, with a strict regard to decency, and without any offence against virtue or good manners. To this circumstance I believe it in a great measure owing, that I have been so favourably received. Be the cause what it may, I shall always retain a grateful sense of the indulgence, which the public have shewn to this undertaking. I shall take my leave in the language of CICERO: *Valeant, cives mei, valeant; sint incolumes, sint florentes, sint beati: Stet hæc urbs præclara, mibique patria carissima: Ego cedam, atque abibo.*

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.



THE
WORKS

OF

L.L.D.

ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

V O L . VII.



L O N D O N :
PRINTED FOR T. CADELL,
IN THE STRAND.

M DCC LXXXVI.

C O N T E N T S
 OF THE
 SEVENTH VOLUME.

	Page.
A POETICAL EPISTLE TO DR JOHNSON	3
THE EXPOSTULATION, a Satire	15
PROLOGUES, EPILOGUES, &c.	43
THE GAME OF CHESS, a Poem, in Five Cantos, translated from the SCACCHIA of VIDA	} 73
TEMPLUM FAMÆ, a Latin Poem, from the TEMPLE of FAME of Mr. Pope	} 153
POPE'S ODE ON SOLITUDE, translated into Latin	} 219
BUSY CURIOUS THIRSTY FLY, in Latin	222
GRAY'S CHURCH-YARD ELEGY, in Latin	227
THE RIVAL SISTERS, a Tragedy	251
PROLOGUE, occasioned by the Death of Mr. Henderfon	} 369
POSTSCRIPT	373

TO THE
M A L E V O L I.

G E N T L E M E N,

THE Work of an eminent Divine has been dedicated to the *Freetinkers*, not, as appears, with an intention to deprecate their resentment, but because the learned Author thought them enemies to the cause, which the labours of his life tended to support. It is for similar reasons that I address myself to you. The cause, which I have ever admired and loved, is that of Taste and Liberal Science; and though I cannot, like the learned Prelate, boast of the services which I have done, I consider you as the enemies of all good letters. Of your whole race, *Zoilus*, I think, was the founder. Your ancestors, like noxious animals preserved in spirits, are rescued from oblivion in the Prologues of *TERENCE*; and the *Tale of a Tub* has made honourable mention of you. Nothing great, or good, or just, or praise-worthy, has escaped your censure for a number of years. The press is open to you; Malice is your *APOLLO*, and you know no other inspiration.

inspiration. The scribbler, who cannot pursue a train of thought through half a page, has vigour enough to pen a Paragraph, a REBUS, or what he calls an EPIGRAM. He despises the grace of order and connection: to be pert and brisk in flippant and disjointed sentences, is the height of his ambition, and the utmost effort of his talents. This is what FIELDING calls, the new invention of writing without learning or genius.

The volumes, which I presume to offer to the public, will of course fall into your hands. All that you have said against them for twenty years, I expect will be hashed up again. Novelty is not to be expected from you. That the pieces here reprinted have survived your abuse, may be matter of vexation to you: without a word, on my part, to sooth your anger, or vindicate a single line, they are left entirely at your mercy. In this volume, there are pieces, that never saw the light before: against these you may possibly figure away with some new strokes of malignity: but I foresee difficulties in your way, and how you will surmount them, it is impossible to determine. There is, indeed, a new tragedy, called, *The RIVAL SISTERS*, and there, I think, you will have easy work upon your hands. Your old hackneyed phrases will answer the purpose. Call it a French play, a pilfered plot, all stolen fable,

fable, character, sentiment, and diction, and your business is done. In wit, as in politicks, the lie, that lives three days, may do a world of mischief. But there are other pieces, which, I fear, will give you some embarrassment. You will find here several translated poems, from the Latin into English, and from the English into Latin. These require the knowledge of two languages. For myself, I make no apology for them. They were the productions of my early years, and the time they took was, at least, innocently employed. Should your distress be great, I can suggest a hint, that may help to extricate you out of your difficulties. There is amongst you, and, I think, at the head of your society, a man of notable alacrity in mischief. To the doctrine of certain moral writers, who contend that *unprovoked, deliberate, calm, and disinterested malice*, never entered the heart of man, he is a living contradiction. Malevolent pleasures, the *mala mentis gaudia*, are his only gratifications. He can complain of no rival; for in what liberal art has he distinguished himself? He is not afraid of being eclipsed: the merit of others is his only provocation. But why should I be at the pains of drawing his character? I find it ready to my hand, as it was given to the world several years ago, under the name of the MODERN ZOILUS. I beg leave to lay the portrait before you.

“ In the arts of scandal and defamation THE MODERN ZOILUS is indefatigable. His criticism upon the comedy of KNOW YOUR OWN MIND, is in his best manner. He has reviewed his own works for twenty years past, *Annales Volusi, cacata charta!* and out of the rubbish he has licked up his own venom, and coughed it up again. His common-place book, which was thought to be exhausted in his *superfatation* upon the former editors of *Shakespeare*, had still some gleanings left. The industry, with which he has exerted himself, almost exceeds credibility. Furnish him with a lie, and he will run about the town to propagate it, with that *vermilion* in his cheek, which proceeds from the ferment of venomous numours, and with that *tremulous eye*, which betrays, at once, the consciousness of guilt, and the dastardly spirit, that shrinks back from detection. The lie, once gulped down, operates in his constitution as an absorbent: it draws to itself the morbid juices of his nature, and comes out in the *St. James's Chronicle* with additional rancour. His duplicity, in every family, where he has gained admittance, is such, as would, displayed in a comedy, be thought overcharged, and stretched beyond the limits of theatrical probability. He wriggles himself into a gentleman's house to make proposals to a young lady, and

and takes that opportunity to try the virtue of the wife. In a little time, he worms himself into the secrets of the family, and by anonymous letters in the newspapers, a worthy set of people are thrown into confusion, they know not why, nor by whom. ZOILUS is attentive to the present state of literature. He knows the factions and little jealousies, that prevail among authors. He is well with one party, to betray them to another. In the outset of life he lived in intimacy with a generous, unsuspecting friend, and by a stroke of perfidy almost broke his heart. You see him every morning hurrying from *Hampstead* with his budget full, and running, all the rest of the day, from bookseller to bookseller, and from printer to printer, to discharge his whole stock of malevolence. He frequented formerly some persons of genius and learning: from their countenance he gained, for a time, some degree of estimation; but no longer able to impose, he is now avoided by all good men for his duplicity, treachery, and malice."

Such is the MODERN ZOILUS. The character, it may be said, has harsh features. There is in it a perfection of guilt, which, even by the MALEVOLI, may be thought improbable. To remove all doubt, I shall relate the particulars of this

this man's conduct, in a real transaction that fell within my own knowledge. The story will seem, perhaps, both tedious and dull; but the facts will afford an admirable instance of that *calm, deliberate, and unprovoked malice*, which has been already mentioned. *Pendentem volo Zoilum videre.*

It was the misfortune of an author, who had written a tragedy, called ALZUMA, and designed it for the stage, to have a slight acquaintance with our MODERN ZOILUS. They met by accident at *Hampstead*. Our critic desired to read the play. After having it in his possession for three or four weeks, he returned it, with a packet of curious observations, such as indicated the genius of a COMMENTATOR. His remarks were disregarded, and the tragedy was acted in the following winter. After two or three nights, the author was called into the country, where he remained five or six weeks. On his return to town, our critic paid him an early morning visit, announcing himself the writer of an account of the play in the CRITICAL REVIEW. Pray read it, said he; you will see in it the hand of a friend. The poet complied, and found the praise of the critic worse than his abuse.

*Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the flaver kills, and not the bite.*

ZOILUS

ZOILUS paid another visit on the following morning: he talked again of the CRITICAL REVIEW; but who is the man that has been abusing you for five or six weeks together in the MORNING CHRONICLE? The poor Poet made answer that he did not know, nor care: *He that is abused, not knowing what is said, let him not know it, and he's not abused at all.* That were strange insensibility, replied our CRITIC: this man writes above the common level; at all events he deserves an answer. Here the visit ended.

He came again next morning: Have you seen the Morning Chronicle?—No:—The malice of this day is beyond all enduring: He is an ill-natured scoundrel: send for the paper. The request was complied with. After reading no less than two columns of abuse, Do you call this ill-nature? said the Poet: This is as good-natured a fellow as ever was born: The man has no gall in him; he can hurt no body. ZOILUS was now much disconcerted: he blushed, turned pale, beat the floor with his heel, muttering to himself, and still repeating, it is a most malicious paper. This raised the first suspicion against himself. From this moment the Poet had an eye upon him. The Critic went away, repeating that the writer in the MORNING CHRONICLE was an ill-natured scoundrel.

scoundrel. That so much well intended malice had missed its blow, seemed a sore disappointment to him. *Vixque tenet lacrymas, quia nil lacrymabile cernit.* He was no sooner gone, than a bookfeller, who then lived in *Catherine-street*, entered the room, and disclosing all the circumstances within his knowledge, proved that the person, who was a friend in the *CRITICAL REVIEW*, was the writer of all the calumny in the *MORNING CHRONICLE*.

In a day or two the *CRITIC* paid another visit. A snare had been laid for him. The author of *Alzuma* translated a scene of his play into Latin, and in the *Iambic metre*. The lines, with the assistance of a friend, who copied them, were conveyed to the *ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE*, with a plentiful share of abuse upon the author of *Alzuma*. It was to be published on a Thursday. *Zoilus* was early in his morning visit: What, said he, is this Latin tragedy, from which they charge you with pilfering whole scenes? The original is to be published this evening. Hereupon the *CRITIC* took his leave, apparently in great spirits. He now renewed the charge with more fury than ever. The author of *Alzuma* was a thief, a pick-pocket. The *Critic* railed, with virulence, for five or six days, when it was thought proper to check him in his career. Accordingly

the poor persecuted Poet delivered a letter to Mr. BALDWIN, marking out to the public the author of six weeks scurrility, and, as no less than forty letters had then been written, promising an equal number by way of retaliation.

This letter, which appeared in the ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE on a Saturday evening, brought the matter to a crisis. ZOILUS saw it, and the next day, while the Poet and a friend were sitting together, sent in his name. He was shewn into another room. The Bard went to him. ZOILUS reached forth his hand in token of friendship. No, Sir, said the poet, many words must pass before we shake hands. The CRITIC drew a chair: the attack, he said, upon his character was cruel in the last degree. He was paying his addresses to a young lady in Essex: as the family took in no paper but the St. JAMES'S CHRONICLE, his fortune might be marred. He uttered this in a softened tone of voice. He would have cried, but could not. *Each drop he falls would prove a crocodile.* Not being able to awaken compassion, he desired to refer the matter to DR. JOHNSON. The proposal was agreed to. On the next day the Doctor came, and heard both parties. After a full discussion, he clearly saw that ZOILUS, though he denied the whole, was guilty of the duplicity
and

and deliberate malice laid to his charge. *Zoilus*, however, asserted his innocence. He was asked, will Mr. WOODFALL, or Mr. BALDWIN declare upon oath that you are not the Author? His own Manuscript Criticisms were produced to shew that two or three remarkable Speeches were quoted there, with the same peculiarities, that appeared in the newspaper. That, said DR. JOHNSON, could not happen to two men, who had not communicated with each other. The Doctor shook his head, and remained silent for some time. After a long pause, he turned to the Author of ALZUMA, and, with that friendship, which he always had for him, said "You can employ your time better than in a wretched paper war." He advised, that a paragraph should be inserted in the newspaper, signifying that the dispute was at an end.

The Poet complied with this advice. On the next day DR. JOHNSON, at *Streatbam*, related the whole, and ended with this observation: "It would be sad drudgery to answer such a man: He lives the life of a BUSHFIGHTER, and an OUTLAW." It may be asked, since the affair ended in this manner, why revive it now? The reason is, *ZOILUS* has been carrying on a clandestine war ever since.

Destroy

*Destroy his fib and sophistry in vain:
The creature's at his dirty work again.*

The MALEVOLI, I think, must be pleased with this account. It shews what a genius they have amongst them. For myself, it would, perhaps, have been more prudent to have passed this man by in silence. There is a passage in *Lord Mulgrave's Voyage towards the North Pole*, that might have taught me to be cautious. We are told, in that work, that some officers, returning in a boat to the man of war, fired at, and wounded a sea-horse. The animal dived immediately, and the sea was tinged with blood. The men in the boat were glad to be delivered from a troublesome attendant; but they had not reason to exult long. The sea-horse rose again, and brought with it a number of others, who joined in a general attack, wrested an oar from one of the men, and were, with difficulty prevented from staving, or upsetting the boat. In the ocean of ink, similar MONSTERS may act in the same manner. ZOILUS will probably take a dip in the puddle of GRUB-STREET, and come up with a number of others to revenge his cause. But I beg no quarter from the MALEVOLI.

I am, GENTLEMEN,

Your Humble Servant,

The AUTHOR.

May 18, 1786;

TO

Dr. J O H N S O N,

A

POETIC EPISTLE.

Eheu ! quid volui misero mihi ? floribus Austrum
Perditus, et liquidis immisi fontibus Apros.

VIRG.

TO
Dr. JOHNSON,

A
POETIC EPISTLE.

TRANSCENDANT Genius, whose prolific vein
Ne'er knew the frigid poet's toil and pain;
To whom APOLLO opens all his store,
And ev'ry Muse presents her sacred lore;
Say, pow'rful JOHNSON, whence thy verse is fraught
With so much grace, such energy of thought;
Whether thy *Juvenal* instructs the age
In chaster numbers, and new-points his rage;
Or fair *Irenè* see, alas! too late
Her innocence exchange'd for guilty state;
Whate'er you write, in ev'ry golden line
Sublimity and Elegance combine;
Thy nervous phrase impresses ev'ry soul,
While harmony gives warmth and rapture to the
whole.

ME, whom my angry stars have dipt in ink,
Who for my sins am doom'd these rhymes to link,
On me, alas! no grace APOLLO shed,
No dreams poetic hover round my head;

An early dupe to fame, I waste my prime,
Parnassus' galley-slave, chain'd down to rhyme;
 I rub my forehead, bite my nails in vain,
 No Muse e'er succours the forbidden strain;
 In fev'rish toil I pass the weary night,
 And when I would say BLACK, Rhyme answers WHITE.
 A bard of genius if I would describe,
 Whose polish'd numbers charm the tuneful bribe;
 Who knows no malice, feels no envy rankling,
Reason says WHITEHEAD, Rhyme will have it
 FRANKLIN.

Who shares a critic's taste, and morals too?
 In prose 'tis *Spence*, 'tis *Melmoth*, *Hurd*, and *You*,
 But wicked Metre babbles—the Review. }
 Who loves fair truth? On candour who relies?
 And scorns to spread foul calumny and lies? }
 'Tis LLOYD and SHIRLEY, wayward Verse replies.
 In short, whate'er I think, whate'er would say,
 Some dæmon leads me from the truth astray.
 Exhausted, tir'd, to rave at length I cease,
 And sink to dull serenity for peace;
 And cursing books, and poetry, and fame,
 I run to *Fielding's*, and on oath proclaim,
 That ne'er again *Parnassus'* heights I'll climb,
 In fruitless search of unavailing Rhyme.

But mark the sure returns of fancied wit:
 Again I'm seiz'd with the poetic fit;

Like

A POETIC EPISTLE.

3

Like *Bow'r*, my affidavit I withdraw ;
 My counsel tells me 'tis not good in law.
 Again I rave, again I'm all on fire,
 " Here, bring me paper, boy ; bring, bring a quire :
 " The God ! the God ! what bright ideas rise !
 " What wit, what fancy sparkles in my eyes !"

In a fine phrenzy straight my pen I seize,
 This thought will elevate ; this phrase must please.
 Sudden I stop ; I pause, look blank, and stare ;
 The vivid spirits vanish into air :
 JUDGEMENT, like FALSTAFF, views his mental train,
 And swears his RAGGAMUFFINS give him pain ;
 Vows he's aham'd such starv'd conceits to view,
 Or march to DODSLEY'S with the wretched crew.

Did not this delicacy seize the mind ;
 Tho' deaf APOLLO, and each MUSE unkind,
 How easy were the task to pour along
 The unideal barrenness of song ?
 And if my Muse should feel a dearth of rhyme,
 Then, not to waste in quest of words the time,
 Beneath my feet all grammar I could tread,
 And boldly break unhappy PRISCIAN'S head.
 To shew some wretch by misery o'erborne,
 I'd sing with FRANCKLIN, while *Electra* mourn ;*

* Vide TRANSLATION, a Poem.

Or add, for rhyme-fake, in her hapless state
 How fair *Antigone* her griefs RELATE,
 And CÆDIPUS REVOLVE the dark decrees of Fate. }
 Or else, despairing of poetic rage,
 With some vile CRITIC fill the Grub-street page:
 With him each day on wings of Malice fly,
 Around the town to propagate the lie;
 With him seek scenes of woe to glad my breast,
 And only grieve when I see others blest;
 In secret brood o'er vengeance, deep and slow,
 For years that meditates th' assassins' blow.
 These blended qualities, in Phœbus spite,
 To form the CRITIC and FALSE FRIEND unite.
 Hence each revolving morn our eyes survey
 Dull prose, mad verse, the libel of the day.
 Hence letters, essays, epigrams we view;
 The LLOYDS, the PURDONS, and the FRANCKLINS too.

Happy associates! whose congenial fires
 Dullness excites, and Envy still inspires;
 Whom not a Grace, whom not a Muse will own;
 Urg'd on by pride and emptiness alone.
 As when the sun withholds his genial ray,
 Foster'd by warmth, which dirt and dung convey, }
 The forc'd production vegetates its way.
 Spur-gall'd to write, all genius they oppose,
 Sworn at some Grub-street, altar learning's foes!
 What tho' their Muse no long excursions tries,
 But feeble born, just sees the light and dies!

Yet,

A POETIC EPISTLE. 7

Yet, insect-like, it darts th' envenom'd sting,
 And buzzes for a day on Scandal's wing.
 Scandal their malice helps about the town,
 It lends the gilding, and the pill goes down.
 Thus phosphorus, resplendent in the night,
 Owes to stale urine its deceitful light.
 And shall I too like these, with desp'rate aim,
 Attack each volume, ev'ry bard defame?
 Thanks to my stars, I love the gen'ral weal,
 I still some clemency for paper feel.
 In copious reams I never can o'erflow,
 From some high garret, on the town below;
 Who gape and wonder at their dextrous arts,
 And cry, " These fellows must have ready parts."

And yet what boots the injudicious praise?
 Did e'er these scriblers gain one sprig of *bayes*?
 Deep in the center of the Muses' grove,
 A laurel thrives beneath the smile of *Jove*:
 Quiv'ring in air the lofty boughs display,
 To tempt the youthful bard, th' immortal spray.
 Th' immortal spray, if so the Nine decree,
 Obeys his touch, and quits its parent tree.
 The *scyon* gone, to catch poetic eyes,
 Instant another bears the verdant prize,
 Willing to yield, whene'er high Heav'n inspire
 The chosen genius with ætherial fire.
Dryden with this could critic monsters tame,
 And tuneful *Pope* explore the realms of fame.

8 TO DR. JOHNSON,

And thou too, *Johnson*, with this boon divine,
 Shalt prove thee sprung from true poetic line ;
 Thy eagle flight may'ft stretch to high renown,
 Safe from each barking *Cerberus* of the town.
 But for fuch bards as *FRANCKLIN* and myself,
 Mere pigmy wits, of genius each the elf ;
 From whom the Nine withheld their sacred pow'r,
 Nor smil'd propitious on our natal hour,
 Nor all our toil can prove our title true,
 From the *Apprentice* to the last *Review*,
 That gives to *OSWALD* what was *SAPPHO's* due.*

Ill fare the man, the first in verse who brought
 Exact propriety of word and thought ;
 Who gave each syllable its measur'd time,
 And solid reason reconcil'd with rhyme !
 Without this trade, this foe to my repose,
 My time might pass in one continued doze ;
 My sole employ, like others void of care,
 " To tend the tangles of *Neæra's* hair ;"
 Or free from strife, and heedless of vain glory,
 Jolly as *Quin* eat turtle and *John Dory* ;
 And far from envy, far from vulgar praise,
 To gentle dullness dedicate my days ;
 Safe where no Parson plays the critic's part,
 And preaches, with a libel in his heart.

* The *Æolian Lyre* in Gray's Ode was in the Critical Review taken for *Æolus's Harp* : And this at the time was said to be the criticism of a *Greek Professor*.

But

But from that moment, when the scribbling strain,
 The rage poetic seiz'd my troubled brain,
 I rave by night, of some new plan I think ;
 Wit, plot, and character ne'er yield a wink.
 To write politely, and with care I strive,
 Afraid of ev'ry critic cur alive.
 I mark how action, time, and place agree ;
 I write four scenes, and then I blot out three.
 The work, when seen, with varied spleen attend
 The furious foe, and the false simp'ring friend.
 That loudly raves of violated laws ;
 This paler grows, and sickens at applause ;
 With purblind eyes he can no wit descry ;
 But frets, and gives the public voice the lie !
 Of all my pains I find abuse the fruit,
 And envy *Hill* his wild *Valerian* root.

Happy *Inspector* ! who could once a day,
 Spawn without labour some half-form'd essay ;
 Whose flippant Muse could, innocently dull,
 Now saunter in the Park, now simples cull ;
 Now thoughtless round a glow-worm dance a jig,
 Now prate of snuff, his stockings, or his wig,
 His silver standish, or his blooming fair,
 His florid night-gown, or his elbow chair ;
 Now at *St. James's*, now at mother *Hardings* ;
 Now for religion, now for *Cuper's Gardens*.
 Spruce, pert, and brisk, and yet devoid of spirit,
 Thy works, 'tis true, can boast no real merit ;

Through

Through the dull page no rays of genius gleam,
 The hackney-writer of each hackney'd theme !
 And yet neglect a while thou need'st not fear :
 Thy wit, like Almanacks, may last the year ;
 If *Osborne* waft thy folio through the land,
 And form each embryo with his plastic hand.
 Happy next him the bard ! whose fertile vein
 At will can hatch some panegyrick strain ;
 Who with a *British* herring or a song,
 Can at a court salute the 'glitt'ring throng.
 But thrice unhappy he ! whose tim'rous mind
 To rules of art is servilely confin'd ;
 Who makes no book a job ; whose honest aim
 Aspires to twine the laurel round his name.
 A fool admires each offspring of his brain,
 No mother of her fav'rite dunce more vain !
 Soon as his work stands venal in the *Strand*,
 Yield, yield, ye *Grecian*, and ye *Roman* band !
 Not so whom *Phæbus* favours, and the Muse
 Brings to his hallow'd lip *Castalian* dews ;
 Whate'er he writes, his taste rejects with pride ;
 Displeas'd himself, he charms the world beside.
 Thus *GRAY* unwilling strikes his living lyre,
 And wishes, (not content !) for *Pindar's* fire.
MELMOTH repining pants for classic rage,
 And envies *PLINY*, while he decks his page.
 For freedom when *LEONIDAS* expires,
 Tho' *PITT* and *COBHAM* feel their Poet's fires,

A POETIC EPISTLE.

11

Unmov'd, lo! GLOVER hears the world commend,
 And thinks ev'n PEMBERTON too much his friend.
 While crowds admiring ring with just applause,
 WHITEHEAD still doubts his ROMAN FATHER'S cause:
 A rigid censor to himself alone,
 He praises scenes like mine, yet slights his own.
 And that sweet bard, * who to our fancy brings
 " The gayest, happiest attitudes of things,"
 His raptur'd verse can throw neglected by,
 And to *Lucretius* list a reverent eye.
 Each wealthy genius pines amidst his store,
 And sighs, unconscionably! still for more.
 Oft on fame's rubric he who long will shine,
 Sorely repents of each immortal line;
 And wishes, when he dar'd a wit commence,
Monro had purg'd him to mere common sense.

Thou then, my friend, who see'st the dang'rous
 strife
 In which some dæmon bids me plunge my life;
 To the *Aonian* fount direct my feet,
 Say, where the Nine thy lonely musings meet?
 Where warbles to thy ear the sacred throng,
 Thy moral sense, thy dignity of song?
 Tell, for you can, by what unerring art
 You wake to finer feelings ev'ry heart?
 In each bright page some truth important give,
 And bid to future times thy RAMBLER live?

* Dr. Akenfide.

Or rather, lest thy care abortive prove,
(For genius must be lineally from *Jove*)
Teach me to sep'rate talents from desire,
From genuine rapture ineffectual fire;
And, since I ne'er can learn thy classic lore,
Instruct me *Johnson*, how to write no more.

Lincoln's Inn,
10th Oct. 1760.

THE
EXPOSTULATION,
A
SATIRE.

Afpice num mage fit nostrum penetrabile telum.

VIRG.

First Published in October, 1761.

THE
 EXPOSTULATION.

A
 SATIRE.

WITH thee, thou inward spark of vital fire,
 Who do'st each function, and each thought
 inspire,

Who oft impell'ft me into scenes of strife,
 And boldly bid'ft me shun the calms of life;
 With thee, my Mind, I now must converse hold,
 And all I think, and all I feel unfold.

Too long my indolence forbore to weed
 Thy rankling faults, all wildly grown to seed.
 But since at length you've fairly rous'd my gall,
 Now hear your own, my friend, and once for all.

To hear thee in thy wild capricious vein,
 At dullness rail, the cause of wit sustain;
 Discourse of authors, and decide their fate,
 Important master of each learn'd debate!
 And boldly thunder out thy classic lore,
 We'd swear above all modern fame you soar;
 For just expression, and conception true,
 For genius, taste, and spirit—who but you?

You,

You, one would think, in this degen'rate time,
 Alone shou'd wear the meed' of sacred rhyme,
 And boast, (so freely all around you deal)
 No pore to smart at, and no nerve to feel.
 But I, who know your very inmost part ;
 (Come, sit we down, and let me wring your heart !)
 Yes I, who know which way your folly tends,
 Who count your vices at my fingers ends ;
 Laugh in my sleeve, whene'er so brisk and vain,
 You dogmatize in high *Parnassian* strain.
 Whene'er incens'd, your neighbours faults you fear
 Forget the author, and dissect the man ;
 No barrister harangues with half your spleen ;
 When out of place, no patriot half so keen.
 But fairly say, does Heav'n thy breast inspire
 With emanations of ætherial fire ?
 Does that fine phrenzy in thy bosom roll
 Which fires a genius, and pervades his soul ?
 To thee propitious, have th' *Aonian* maids
 Led thy young footsteps to their springs and shades ?
 Know, whoe'er fails *Parnassus'* height to climb,
 And taste the well, whence flows immortal rhyme ;
 On wings *Icarian*, vain excursions tries,
 And downward cleaves the unelastic skies :
 Ranks not with DRYDEN on the rubric row,
 But crawls with LLOYD among the weeds below.

But if, advice unheard, remonstrance vain,
 You need must follow still this idle strain ;

By

By fairer methods aim at gen'ral praise,
Nor on the thorns of satire graft your bays.
With a bold hand bid Clio sweep the string,
And sound the virtues of a *British* king.
Shew him with all his subjects blessings crown'd,
In war victorious, and in arts renown'd.
Tell how the Muses, with a gen'rous strife,
Rouze at his voice, and waken into life.
Swell, at his word, the Rhine with Gallic blood,
And bid thy verse devolve a crimson flood.
Sing how the Indian, near the rising day,
Lays down his arms, and venerates his sway,
What, tho' Apollo should his aid refuse,
You'll shew, at least, a kind good-natur'd muse;
Perhaps may sell (reflect what gain 'twill bring ye)
An ounce of incense for a solid guinea.
But I, you'll say, your feeble pow'rs invite
To regions that demand an eagle's flight.
A *British* king should have a muse of fire;
To sing *Augustus* calls for *Virgil's* lyre:
But LLOYD and I, who, without Phoebus' aid,
Are doom'd to follow still the rhyming trade;
A theme so lofty we can ne'er rehearse,
Mere spider-spinners of a cobweb verse!
For us 'twere best not tempt forbidden lays;
Nothing dishonours like insipid praise.
At fulsome panegyrick, void of skill,
Blush, tho' the poet can't, the patron will.

And thus, my Mind, thus would you hide your
spleen,

And to malignity give candour's mien ?
Were it not better mount in epic bold,
And be whate'er *Rome's Querno* was of old ?
Like him, in fustian, prove the public sport,
And be the rhyming blockhead of a court,
Than strive with wit to say the piercing thing,
And dart your soul in each envenom'd sting ?
Hop'st thou to rival Pope's immortal page,
And smile at folly in a future age ?

Cast but your eye around you, and survey
Books once admir'd, now with'ring in decay ;
Whole poems, for their time delightful found,
All now transferr'd to grocers by the pound.
Verse, that could once a lady's toilet grace,
'Gainst a dead wall attracts the liv'ry'd race.
Else to High Holborn, or Moorfields consign'd,
'Midst other still-born embryos of the mind,
It lies for ages doom'd, in silence deep
With *Shirley's Pepin*, or *Black Prince*, to sleep ;
Where worms subsist on rhymes once counted terse,
And elegantly feed on mould'ring verse.

But grant your works may share a better fate,
And taste, or true or false, prolong their date ;
Grant that your foes may all, well-nich'd in rhyme,
Go down ridiculous to latest time ;

Yet,

Yet, while you live, if mankind hate or fear,
 What can avail the laurel on your bier?
 Slow comes, if warfare is the author's doom,
 Slow comes the praise engraven on his tomb.
 What dæmon then inflames your angry fits?
 Why wage a war with blockheads, or with wits?
 Th' envenom'd shaft they've levell'd at your name:
 Has the blow reach'd you?—have they hurt your
 fame?

And why then drag them to the public eye?
 In their obscurity let libels die.
 LLOYD's poetry is quietly inurn'd,
 From dirt 'twas born, and is to dirt return'd.
 Incog. has *Shirley* vented all his spite;
 His perish'd essays never saw the light.
 Th' *Apology* is number'd with the *dead*;
 Each trunk it decks lie lightly on its head!
 In peace henceforth may ev'ry scribbling slave
 Creep to oblivious slumber in his grave.
 Yes, write who will; each blockhead still possess
 The darling boast of a licentious press.
 Each modern *Carl* still has his rubric post,
 And ev'ry shop maintains a scribbling host.
 Bankrupts in trade, their pens that moment dip,
 As rats will issue from a sinking ship.
 Each printer perks subscriptions in your face;
 Proposals crowd each diuretic place.
 Hence England's navy oft defrauded stands,
 And the soil loses its manuring hands.

20 THE EXPOSTULATION,

And yet no patriot reformation makes,
 Nor yet, whom hunger spares, the press-act takes ;
 Writers abound ; no bard so void of fire,
 But finds his fools to purchase and admire.
 You, only you remain disgusted still,
 The fancied regent of the Muses' hill !"

But since on others works you must refine,
 And trace new blemishes in ev'ry line ;
 Since censor-like, you judge each writer's wit,
 Think in your turn to what must you submit.

First, LLOYD will cry—(now estimate your fame !)
 "MURPHY, or DURFEY, for 'tis all the same."
 Ev'n he, the adverb-teacher of a school,
 To nonsense-verse who striplings form'd by rule ;
 Beneath the influence of some full-orb'd moon,
 Or else inspir'd by Bacchus' sprightly boon,
 Shall a bag-wig with a subscription get,
 And give for ready gold insolvent wit.
 Then shall the birch, thirsting for youthful gore,
 Stream like a meteor in his hand no more ;
 But at *Bob Derry's* for instruction still
 The unfledg'd pupil shall attend his will ;
 There shall he to his circle, wisely drunk !
 Now praise the *Jealous Wife*, and now a punk ;
 Now vent his spleen in his malignant fit,
 Against thy life, thy morals, and thy wit ;
 His meagre cheek, 'midst his nocturnal sport,
 With envy pale, and his lips black with port.

Beware,

Beware, he cries, of that proud haughty spirit,
 Who views malignly ev'ry poet's merit.
 Still fond in letter'd warfare to engage,
 Some gad-fly bites, and stings him to a rage.
 A fool, who thinks his notions to dispense,
 The legislator of all taste and sense!
 He runs a muck, and quite a coxcomb grown,
 Hates COLMAN'S comedies, and likes his own.
 At bar or senate ne'er approves a speech,
 And falls asleep, tho' CHURCHILL'S self should
 preach.

CHURCHILL, a rough unwieldy son of earth,
 Vain of himself, and foe to other's worth;
 Inflam'd with malice, in invective fierce,
 A strong uncouth day-labourer in verse!
 Who by sharp scandal hopes in wit to sway,
 As Hannibal by vinegar made way;
 He too shall rouse your writings to revile,
 And make more desert still the *Desert Isle*.
 He to the world shall tell the horrid story,
 How *Metastasio* had a fawn before ye.
 Th' impassion'd tear if *Cbina's Orphan* drew,
 The scenes fresh modell'd, and the fable new,
 The whole, intrepid genius! he'll advance,
 Was plunder'd from the fopperies of *France*.
 His friend the while may alien wit attack,
 And the wren mount upon an eagle's back;

22 THE EXPOSTULATION,

From the *Spectator* safely may purloin,
 Fine-draw each shred, and vamp, and piece, and
 join ;
 From *Fielding's* page raise contributions due,
 And classically drunk, sing, " I love *Sue* ;"
 From bards exploded incidents may glean ;
 Take from *Alfatia's* squire a fainting scene ;
 Spunge-like absorb whate'er comes cross his way,
 'Till *Garrick* squeeze him dry into a play,
 Then how the shouts of fond applause rebound !
 Each ancient laurel withers at the sound !
 He ranks with all whom former ages saw ;
Congreve's his brother-student of the law !
 Ye moderns kneel at his thrice-honour'd shrine !
 Worship the author of a work divine !
 Now a new progeny shall glad our days,
 A better order of succeeding plays.
 New fashions in high life shall strike our eyes,
 And from the *Irishman* new bulls arise ;
 By him distorted shall the country squire,
 New shapes and manners, not his own admire.
 Kneel and adore ye bards : This, this is He,
 The great restorer of true comedy !
 Thus Io Pæan ! all his friends shall sing,
 From boys at school consenting shouts shall ring,
 Upborne by them he'll soar aloft to fame ;
 But thou, a helpless, an inglorious name !
 With not a friend to deck thy brow with bays,
 Dost thou, alas ! aspire to gen'ral praise ?

To

To draw from books in him is great, indeed ;
 In such as thee 'tis criminal to read.
 Seated by party on the Muse's throne,
 Whate'er he takes, by conquest is his own.
 If e'er he deign to shine in borrow'd lays,
 For him they'll quote immortal *Homer's* days.
 But thou presume to imitate a line,
 No star *Mæonian* on thy head shall shine.
 Whatever praise with all thy toil and pain
 Thou gain'st, my friend, thou must with envy gain ;
 Declar'd a plagiary, proclaim'd aloud
 A mere jack-daw in furtive colours proud.

Thus do they treat you ; an auxiliar band
 Lift in their cause, and thicken round the land.
 To arms, to arms, the scribbling Legion cries,
 Your goosequills seize ; his reputation dies.
 See *Shirley* rushes on, devoid of fear,
 And leads his *Craftsman*, and his *Gazetteer*.
 In tenfold brass behold the *MURPHYAD* rise,
 Arm'd at all points with ribaldry and lies.
 See Grub-street opens her ten thousand doors,
 See Billingsgate unshuts all her stores ;
 See essays, fables, puns, assist the fray,
 Abuse descending from confed'rate *SAY* :*
 See authors on all sides desert their dens,
 New edge their blunted wits, and nib their pens :

* Printer of the *GAZETTEER*.

24 THE EXPOSTULATION,

All who in distant Hockley-hole reside,
 The men who drink, Fleet-ditch, thy sable tide!
 Who in Moorfields have scrawl'd a darken'd cell,
 In the King's Bench, or in the Compter dwell;
 On Ludgate Hill, who bloody murders write,
 Or pass in Fleet-street supperless the night;
 The bards who doze around an alehouse fire,
 Who tittle drams, or fatten with entire;
 Thick as when locusts o'er the land appear,
 And ruin all the promise of the year;
 Thick as when pismires crawl along the plain,
 Or half-starv'd crows around some ripen'd grain,
 They form their ranks; they rail, they doom me
 dead,

And the press aims its thunders on my head,
 And must you ever in new broils engage?
 Must I still be a victim for your rage?
 Must still your petulance mankind provoke?
 Answer me fairly; for 'tis past a joke.
 What can you urge?—Must I then bear, you say,
 To be made still the topic of the day?
 Still must I hear, and never once reply,
 Teaz'd as I am by all the scribbling fry?
 Must I not dare resent, tormented sore
 With *Churchill's* rumbling *Rosciad* o'er and o'er?
 Shall *Lloyd* with fables and epistles tease,
 And dine upon me whensoever he please?
 I never can, (and let the scribblers know it)
 Bear in the dog-days a reciting poet;

A bard

A bard who takes a mean clandestine aim,
To raise himself, and wound another's fame ;
Or if of open combat not afraid,
Calls in his brother bravoës to his aid ;
On strength of numbers his whole courage grounds,
And, whom he single dreads, with clans surrounds.

For me, I never form'd a junto yet,
Ne'er made a black conspiracy in wit ;
At other's fortune never heav'd a sigh,
Nor view'd a rival with an eunuch's eye.
Ne'er fought the silent covert of the night,
To steal unseen, and stab with coward spite ;
If e'er provok'd to tempt the letter'd fray,
I still, like Ajax, wish'd for open day ;
And may my name stand, ay ! accurs'd by men,
If e'er I hold a dark insidious pen.
I'll fare the page, tho' all the Nine should join,
To point each thought, and harmonize the line ;
I'll fare the page, by envy's breath inspir'd,
And not with gen'rous emulation fir'd ;
That anger bears without occasion fit,
And quarrels for the vain renown of wit ;
In an ingenuous mind that plants a sting,
Or of young genius hurts the trembling wing ;
To war with merit that would rather choose,
Than glow with gen'rous rapture for the Muse.

But shall each mean, each vulgar son of earth,
My fame attack, my morals, and my birth ?

26 THE EXPOSTULATION,

Still on my head shall furious *Churchill's* rage,
 Come inexhausted foaming o'er his page?
 What crime has made it my unhappy lot
 To bear his phrenzy?—I provok'd him not.
 When he my enemy avow'd became,
 Had I e'er stain'd my volume with his name?
 His bread to injure did I ever strive?
 Kind heav'n! I knew not such a thing alive.
 His rage announc'd him first; as bugs by night,
 To warn ye of their being, stink and bite.
 And thus attack'd, shall I not ward the blow?
 Not bid defiance to th' insulting foe?
 Shall I not tell the scurrilous divine,
 The Naiads of Fleet-ditch inspire his line?
 Not tell his pious leer and double chin,
 That arrogance and venom dwell within?
 As some huge marble goodly to the sight,
 Where the blue veins meander and unite;
 Where nature throws a grace on ev'ry part,
 And with a casual hand out-rivals art;
 Soon as the workman cleaves it's pond'rous side,
 And bids the mass in various parts divide,
 Within the center of th' enormous load,
 Strange to relate! he finds a lurking toad.

Is it injustice, is it barb'rous skill,
 With his own arts the murderer to kill?
 Consider well the matter, and you'll find
 I only claim what's claim'd by all mankind,
 The gen'rous freedom to declare my mind.

} Each

Each reader claims it, standing at a stall ;
 Each critic claims it, who ne'er reads at all,
 Who can behold a self-applauded bard,
 Whose ev'ry line doth common sense discard,
 But instant cries, " The silly scribbling fool !
 " Of a brib'd bookfeller the venal tool ;
 Or else, " The madman ! shut from pen and ink,
 " Let him of hellebore deep doses drink."
 This will they say, and what do I say more ?
 They speak unhurt ; provok'd I quit the score.
 Is this the sign of a malignant spirit,
 That views with envious eye each author's merit ?
 By more deliberate means know envy tends ;
 Saps on unseen, and with'ring gains its ends,
 With cautious malice never once speaks out,
 But nods, winks, hesitates, and hints a doubt.
 Hoards her designs ; ne'er acts the open part ;
 Smiles in your face, and stabs you to the heart ;

Not so the honest mind : from byas free,
 It counts no object, sacred truth ! but thee.
 For thee it searches all with stern delight,
 Brings a right honourable lie to light ;
 Thro' each false medium darts a look severe,
 And thro' his dignities can eye a peer ;
 Gives things their proper name with freedom brave ;
 A cat's a cat, and LLOYD a play-house slave ;
 In works of wit ne'er lets the fashion sway,
 Nor joins the current folly of the day ;

Each

Each piece rejudges by the rules of art,
 And plays o'er all an *Aristarchus* part;
 Marks the obscure; to bear *will* not incline
 The lazy harshness of a rugged line;
 Th' ambitious poverty of founding phrase,
 The mediocrity of easy lays;
 The worn-out joke, the raillery unfit,
 The mere rough horse-play of a clumsy wit.
 With faults like these, if the work venal stand,
 It marks each fault with a proscribing hand;
 Pronounces sentence with a critic's fire,
 And leaves the author's faction to admire.

Are there, who stoop a manager to please,
 Who, if he belches, can commend his ease;
 Around the town who circulate his tales,
 And take the freedom of the house for vails?
 Is there a clerk, who writes for hire the day,
 And steals at night to see a virgin play?
 A bard, whose tragedy rejected lies,
 And each day bathes in tears its parents' eyes?
 Or else, whose Muse nine nights escap'd disgrace,
 And hates with female spite a rival face?
 Ev'n such, with other fops, the vain, the sad
 Half-wits, half-beaux, half-parsons, and half-mad;
 Whene'er they please in dread array can sit,
 The self-impanell'd jury of the pit!
 Annoy the play'rs, with scorn each scene dismiss,
 Whistle and catcall, roar, and chafe, and hiss.

Rise

Rise from th' unfinish'd piece; the bard decry,
The only culprit that unheard must die.

A writ of error should he dare to bring,
And fly on Millar's, or on Tonson's wing,

Of ev'ry reader he becomes the slave,
The standing jest of each buffooning knave.

In humble preface he implores in vain,
Or lulls with dedication's gentle strain.

The poet's judge no flatt'ry can allay,
As *Dennis* rigid, and foul-mouth'd as *Say*.

And must I only then still choke with bile?
Shall men be coxcombs, nor I dare to smile?
Not dare to smile, when all around I see,
Each garret emptying its full reams on me?
On me, who Heav'n be thank'd! have had the skill
To keep at bay the brethren of the quill;
Who ne'er with *Shirley* have a pipe enjoy'd,
Nor at Bob Derry's have got drunk with *Lloyd*.
Who shun the haunts of each dull scribbling fool,
And ne'er with *Churchill* read my works to *Pool*.*
My writings hurt them: what, Sir? their success?
May envy still grow pale, nor know redress!
My satire hurts them too!—misguided men!
Who own a wound from such a pow'rless pen.
A Muse like mine may serve, but never bites;
Who, without me, had known that *Shirley* writes?

* A lady celebrated, in an indecent poem, called the *MERETRICIAD*.

Yes, yes, he writes, nor has my feeble strain
 Congeal'd his gall, or petrified his vein.
 Still *Churchill* pours the torrent of his wit;
 Yet why?—th' advice I gave was found and fit:
 "No more abroad to mend the manners roam,
 "But know that charity begins at home;
 "And e'er to plays and play'rs you turn your head,
 "Attend your function, and inter the dead."
 This was the counsel; this the kind address;
 And tell me frankly, said his Bishop less?

Whom have I wounded? did I e'er with art
 Aim at the innocent a poison'd dart?
 On any honest head did I with skill,
 A drop of venom from my pen distil?
 Shew me the man, whom real genius fires,
 Who pants for fame, and whom the God inspires;
 Of right and wrong the bounds who still can find,
 And boasts the pure recesses of the mind;
 Who free from envy sees a rising youth,
 His breast impregnated with gen'rous truth;
 Fond to oblige, desirous to commend,
 Nor for his talents jealous of a friend:
 In his own way a rival who can eye,
 Nor to subvert him, helps about a lie;
 Shew such a man, my idol he shall prove,
 And ev'n with *JOHNSON* shall divide my love.

But should there issue forth a pigmy wight,
 Still flagrant from the rod, who needs must write;

Whose

Whose hand, still tingling from the usher's stroke,
 Must pen an essay, and the Muse provoke ;
 Prate, like a CONNOISSEUR, of just and fit,
 Yet want the growth of manhood and of wit ;
 From a friend's genius who his strength derives,
 As grafted on the crab the medlar thrives ;
 Who thus supported, can the merit claim
 Ev'n from the stock whence his nutrition came ;
 In self-applause who can whole hours employ,
 While his fond eye consents in tears of joy ;
 By works of darkness hopes to rise to day,
 And *damns* a brief, and *petty-fogs* a play ;
 Cabals and plots, and wriggles for a name,
 And shrinks and withers at a rival's fame ;
 Who Scythian-like, when his keen shaft has sped,
 Thinks he enjoys the virtues of the dead ;
 Fears lest your industry with him should vie,
 And seems a friend to be a surer spy ;
 Fond to advise you, merely to deceive,
 And, if your work succeeds, the first to grieve ;
 Who, for his ends, mean offices can bear,
 And fetch and carry letters for a play'r ;
 Who deems a MANAGER a sacred thing,
 And swears who laughs at him reviles his king ;
 Far, far from me let such his talents boast,
 And be the GENIUS of an *Evening Post*.

Farther, still farther let *Crispinus* stand ;
 Between us rise whole continents of land.

Yet

32 THE EXPOSTULATION,

Yet e'er we part, his picture I would choose :
 Come then and sit, *Crispinus*, for the Muse ;
 The honest Muse, whose hand severely kind,
 Shall crayon forth each feature of thy mind.
 Her work begins :—emerging from the strife
 Of mingling colours, lo ! he starts to life.
 Is that *Crispinus* ?—what that uncouth form !
 Who seems a very monster in a storm !
 Can he, or truth, or poesy, dispense ?
 That CALIBAN in manners as in sense !
 In his fierce look, what passions scowling lie !
 The downward head, and the assassin's eye.
 His very youth 'gainst decency rebell'd,
 From school with early infamy expell'd.
 Thence comet-like irregular he flew,
 And as he fled, still more eccentric grew.
 Still he despis'd all order, sense, and rank,
 At fairs he cudgell'd, and with porters drank ;
 In ev'ry low dexterity he dealt,
 Broughtonian fame, and judgment at the belt.
 'Till, wond'rous to relate ! his race to crown,
 He sanctify'd his scandal with a gown.
 Then Tartuff-like, a pulpit he attain'd,
 With real malice, and devotion feign'd :
 There pious leers, a satyr in disguise !
 And talks of virtue with lascivious eyes ;
 For scanty hire the morning lecture gives,
 And still a needy *Bacchanalian* lives.

His

His days of folly one continued round,
 Now at the punch-house, now the skittle-ground ;
 Now at the billiard-room whole hours he'll sit,
 Now his, the foremost critic of the pit ;
 To works obscene now lend th' obscener zest,
 And to a *Meretriciad* give a zest.
 To acts of envy all his soul inclin'd,
 A mere *Thersites* both in form and mind !
 All worth above him eager to annoy ;
 Mischief his pride, and malice all his joy.
 Who gains by libels infamous renown,
 And forges Grub-street lies for half a crown ;
 Who doom'd to wander still in folly's maze,
 Spends in one vile antithesis his days ;
 Reels to the altar, four with morning gin,
 And in a brothel writes lampoons on sin ;
 Of ev'ry name the common stabber grown,
 Then suicide next moment of his own.
 With him of lawy'rs, NORTON is the worst,
 And WARBURTON's with want of learning curst.
 Ev'n He, the ornament that gilds our age,
 Is now no more than JEFF'RIES or than PAGE.
 If such *Crispinus*, may he shun my ways,
 And be his calumny my highest praise.

Thee too, *Orbilius*, thee my just disdain
 Rejects ; thou meanest of th' envenom'd train !
 To thy green years if nature e'er was kind,
 Grown old in youth, thou'rt now a vanish'd mind.

34 THE EXPOSTULATION.

By drains thy faculties dissolv'd away,
 Of rankling envy thou art left the prey.
 He knows thy character, who sees thy face;
 Thy look's a libel on the human race!
 The envious sneer is thine, if genius rise;
 The ghastly smile, when patient merit sighs.
 Thinking, that frets, but never tends to use;
 The pangs of labour, nothing that produce.
 Rancour, that lusts each neighbour to abuse;
 An unperforming pidgeon-liver'd Muse!
 The narrow spirit, that for self can pray;
 Profusion, that can muddle it away.
 So mean, for favours he can humbly sue,
 So proud, when granted, can abuse you too:
 In each low plot a ready tool profess'd:
 An understrapper at his own request!
 Despis'd by rakes, sad outcast of the schools,
 Bullied by cowards, a flatt'rer to fools!
 A mere—but more the Muse will not detect;
 For who can bear a *Maggot* to dissect?

Sworn in a league when bards like these combine,
 And rancour is th' Apollo of each line;
 When half-wits covenanted seize the bays,
 And sing alternate one another's praise;
 From others brows when ev'ry sprig they tear,
 Vainly they think usurpers-like to wear;
 When their own works for models they display,
 And this man's poems shew, and t'other's play;

At

At this I burst; at this my Muse proceeds,
 Not like the barber whisp'ring to the reeds,
 But tells aloud, and calls the world to hear,
 Each jealous scribbler wears an ass's ear.

But still, my Mind, why quarrel with these fools
 Why indiscreetly wanton with edge tools?
 Satire's a dang'rous weapon, and hath made
 Sworn foes to Pope himself the rhyming trade.
 Renounce for ever your satyric pen,
 Or let your Muse ne'er tread the stage again.
 Else shall the Vandals storm you from the pit,
 And with their lungs revenge their want of wit.
 Must I then stand appall'd by party-zeal?
 No!—to a people's judgment I appeal.
 That people ever generous as brave,
 From ruffian hands the virgin Muse will save.
 A play of merit their protection draws;
 Find but the piece, and they will find applause:
 Faction with all her catcalls shall retire,
 And envy with'ring, with her snakes expire.

But still, tho' here the disappointed foe
 Sounds a retreat, he aims a second blow:
 Angry he foams; he roars with croaking note,
 "The scenes are patchwork, like a Joseph's coat;
 "The whole, a motley linsley-wolfey piece,
 "From 'old and modern Rome, from France and
 Greece."

36 THE EXPOSTULATION.

Why let him say it: if the creature lie,
 His fib will bounce, and flutter, hiss, and die,
 And if the charge be true, shall men expect
 To find us scholars, then as thieves detect?
 Shall I see others rifle all the spring,
 Nor dare a garland for myself to bring?
 No; let me roam through each poetic shade,
 Taste ev'ry fount, and visit ev'ry glade;
 Crop from each ancient's brow the fairest flow'rs,
 And follow Genius to th' Aonian bow'rs;
 Still some small spark of inspiration gain,
 Or from the Muse, or Muse-inspired train.
 Ye sacred Nine, to whom I lowly bend,
 To whom my morning orisons ascend;
 With whom my earliest youth aspir'd to dwell,
 And sought your visions in each pensive cell;
 Give me, oh! give me purer air to breathe,
 In haunts where poet never cull'd a wreath;
 Bid new-form'd images before me roll,
 And stream the fair ideas on my soul.
 Or if, like Philip's son, I sigh in vain
 For some new world's yet unexplor'd domain,
 Like him, then let me make the old my own,
 Its manners view, and leave no tract unknown.
 Chief let the band, who warm'd a happier age,
 Who strung the lyre, or gave th' historic page;
 Let them, Oh! let them teach their sacred lore,
 And of fair wisdom open all their store;

At

At morn, at eve the rapture still impart,
 And touch with finer sentiment the heart;
 Embellish virtue, give the lash to crimes,
 And be the moralists of after-times!
 Illustrious race! if e'er I court the Muse,
 Some heav'nly portion of yourselves infuse;
 Nor let the flow'rs, which at your shrine I gain,
 Transplanted die, and curse my barren brain;
 But round my brow, ye sons of lasting praise!
 With modern ivy twine one sprig of bays.

Old Homer thus could Maro's breast inspire,
 And thus Menander his own Terence fire.
 Moliere himself, the great Moliere, whose view
 Unmask'd each object, and look'd nature thro',
 To Plautus' palette could his colours owe,
 And bid with Roman tints his canvass glow;
 Seize the true comic, each diverting whim,
 And Spain and Italy both wrote for him.
 On ancient columns Johnson rear'd his name;
 On borrow'd wings ev'n Shakespear foar'd to fame.
 The manly Wycherley lov'd foreign lays,
 And Steel and Vanbrugh travell'd for their bays.
 On their example will I rest my cause,
 Tho' niggard envy still withhold applause.
 Yes, while I live, it is my settled plan,
 Whate'er I read, to profit all I can,
 Tho' dulness sons conjoin'd—friend, learn to fear
 (The voice of prudence whispers in my ear)

Why dulness sons for ever?—let the men
 Just bubble up, and then sink down agen;
 Sooth 'em with flatt'ry; to oppose is vain:
 With all my heart, I'll sing another strain;
Bob Lloyd in fable equals *La Fontain*;
Colman, the comic Muse is yours entire;
 And *Juvenal* must yield to *Churchill's* fire;
Purdon and *Thrush*, and *Pottinger* and *Say*,
 The weekly lie, the scandal of the day,
 The lurking foe,—Bravo, my Mind! proceed;
 'Tis wond'rous well!—Bravissimo, indeed!
 But can'st thou sooth them with this artful style?
 'Tis deep malignity beneath a smile.
 This praise that damns will make 'em chafe the
 more:

Heav'ns! how they now will fret, and rave and roar!
 Hard is, at best, the fate of all who choose
 For idle fame to meditate the Muse;
 Tapers light up to lend mankind a ray,
 And unregarded waste themselves away.
 Round you more various ills in ambush wait,
 For you must add severity to fate.
 Lo! from the Printing-house one darts his pen,
 And vomits smoke, like *Cacus*, from his den.
St. James's Chronicle alarms the town,
 And in four columns scandal marches down:
 Scandal, you say, soon drops its languid head:
 At morn it flutters, and at eve 'tis dead.

For

For boys at school it helps to vamp a kite,
 Or ~~the~~ emblazes some rejoicing night.
 To the tale whisper'd, or the printed lie,
 A life well acted, is a dread reply.
 To all the harm a jealous wit can mean,
 A picce well written is the worst of spleen.
 It is, my Mind; then let it be your rule,
 To smile contempt on ev'ry scribbling fool.
 What, smile in silence, and with patience bear
 Fierce slander's tongue, and envy's livid glare?
 No; from the lash be ev'ry witting sore,
 As for their malice witches died of yore.
 Alas! alas! all Grub-street in a rage,
 Will lay its harpy claws upon your page;
 Your name each angry bard will still pursue:
 What can the bravoës of Parnassus do?
 What should I fear?—an evidence suborn'd,
 And ev'ry mischief from a poet scorn'd;
 Who can—what can he?—hush!—speak out—
 again!
 Be prudent, friend, or fairly drop your pen.

P R O L O G U E S,

E P I L O G U E S, &c.

P R O L O G U E

T O T H E

E A R L O F E S S E X ;

A

T R A G E D Y

Written by HENRY BROOKE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF GUSTAVUS VASA.

Spoken by Mr. SHERIDAN.

WHENE'ER the brave, the generous, and just,
 Whene'er the patriot sinks to silent dust ;
 The Tragic Muse attends the mournful herse,
 And pays her tribute of immortal verse :
 Inspir'd by noble deeds she seeks the plain,
 In honour's cause where mighty chiefs are slain ;
 And bathes with tears the sod that wraps the dead,
 And bids the turf lie lightly on his head.

Nor thus content, she visits Death's cold womb,
 Bursting the carments of the marble tomb,
 "To cast him up again!"—to bid him live,
 And to the scene the bright example give.
 Thus once-fam'd Essex at her voice appears,
 Reviving from the sacred dust of years.

Nor deem it much, that we retrace to night
 A tale, to which you've listen'd with delight.
 How oft, of yore, to learned Athens eyes
 Did new Electras and new Phædras rise ?
 In France how many Theban Monarchs groan
 For Laius blood, and incest not their own ?
 When there new Iphigenias heave the sigh,
 Fresh drops of pity gush from every eye.
 On the same theme though rival wits appear,
 The heart still finds the sympathetic tear.

And if soft pity pours her plenteous store
 For fabled kings, and empires now no more ;
 Much more should you,—from Freedom's gen'rous
 plan
 Who still inherit all the rights of man ;
 Much more should you with kindred sorrows glow,
 For your own chiefs, your own domestic woe ;
 Much more a British story should impart
 The warmest feelings to each British heart.

Our Bard you know :—you've felt his sacred rage,
 Proscrib'd by pow'r,* yet glowing in his page :
 Crown'd with your praise this night let Essex shine,
 And pay Gustavus for each golden line.

* Gustavus Vasa, a Tragedy, soon after the Licensing Act, prohibited by the Lord Chamberlain.

E P I L O G U E
 TO THE
 T R A G E D Y
 O F
 Z O B E I D E,

Written by J. CRADDOCK, Esq.

Spoken by Mrs. YATES.

WELL fare the man, peace to his gentle shade,
 The Bard, who first made Epilogues a trade!
 Without that art, design'd from ev'ry face
 With wit and mirth fair virtue's tear to chase,
 Heav'ns! what a life each actress must pursue!
 To weep and rave is all she'd have to do!
 Night after night, with warring passions fore,
 "To fret her hour, and then be heard no more."

Now, after blood, and death in ev'ry play,
 We come again, to laugh it all away;
 Rally the pit; set belles and beaux at odds,
 And prove a smart freethinker to the gods; (*the*
upper gallery)

Chat

Chat in familiar strain; the boxes maule
An Epilogue, like gaming, levels all.

Not ev'n our Bayes within must hope to be
Free from the lash:—his play he writ for me;
And, in return, my gratitude you'll see.

Why ramble with Voltaire to Eastern climes,
To Scythian laws, and rude, unpolish'd times?
Change but the names, his tragedy, at best,
Slides into comedy, and turns to jest.

As thus: a statesman, old, and out of place,
Sour, discontented, malice in his face!
(In these blest days we but suppose the case)
Flies from St. James's to his own estate,
To chew the wisdom of each past debate;
How in the house he made a glorious stir,
With "Sir, I move"—and, "Mr. Speaker,—Sir!"
Zobeide's his daughter:—Oh, for her farewell
The town, and all that charms a modern belle!
Almacks farewell!—farewell the masquerade!
Sweet Ranelagh! Vauxhall's enchanting shade!
Squire Groom makes love; rich? Yes; a vast do-
main;
Well-bred?—The savage Scythian of the plain!
The match is fix'd; deeds sign'd; the knot is tied;
Down comes my Lord in all his pomp and pride.
"And will my angel choose this rustic plan?"
"Oh! cuckold him by all means; I'm your man."

Now

Now mark our author's ignorance of life:
 What, not elope?—is that a modish wife?
 Her fool, she doubts; says, no; her husband dies;
 Now stab yourself, says Bayes; but Nature cries,
 Now! stab yourself! for what? For vain renown?
 Lean, put the horses to, and drive to Town.
 That were true taste, life! manners! painted high!
 But our Bard makes,—to moisten ev'ry eye,
 A widow with a prince refuse to fly.

Yet, after all; excuse him, ladies, pray;
 For sure there is some nature in his play.
 He's modest now; but if no censure blight
 A first attempt, he'll soar a nobler flight.
 Drop one kind tear; give him that slender token;
 And hither come, till the Pantheon open.

E P I L O G U E,

Spoken by Mrs. BARRY

ON HER BENEFIT-NIGHT, MARCH 1772,

IN THE CHARACTER OF SIR HARRY WILDAIR.

WHERE are my fellows?—Hey! La Fleur;
my page?

Send my coach round; I'll walk across the stage!
But nine o'clock!—at this hour whither fly?
To kill the time what gay expedient try?

Ladies, your pow'r though lawless man denies,
This night presents the triumph of your eyes.
The wild to conquer still is beauty's lot;
Behold your beau fast in the marriage-knot!
I'm fairly caught:—yet how to train a wife,
And fix the fleeting joys of wedded life?
Since first Sir Harry's shoulder-knot was seen,
London is chang'd, and grown another scene.
New manners reign; ev'n love itself must yield,
And to Demoivre's chances quit the field.
The urchin Cupid feels the gambling vice;
Lays by his dart, and shakes the box and dice.
Amongst the gay, Avarice has rais'd her throne,
And youth now burns with passions not it's own.

Far, far from me such cares, and still be mine
 The joys of gen'rous love, and gen'rous wine.
 In France all rhyme, dance, sing; their swords they
 draw,
 And though they're slaves, they're slaves to Nature's
 law.

Love is their Grand Monarque: him all obey;
 The fair command; the young their homage pay.
 Hibernia's sons, abroad oblig'd to roam
 To seek that bread, they must not earn at home,
 Address the fair, "all seasons and all weather,
 "Oh, as if heav'n and earth, my dear, were come
 "together!"

They love; they fight; the sword ends all debate;—
 But still in honour;—nothing done in hate.

"Parry this!" one falls; the victor droops his head;
 "Ah! spake, Sir Callaghan, if you are dead."

Sir Callaghan looks up with rueful face,

"Not dead, my friend, but speechless; that's my
 case."

"Yafs, they are brave, and well become the field,"

Cries the North Briton, "yet we do no yield;

"The Campbells, and Monroes are bonny cheeld."

A Frenchman's angry: "diable, pourquoi ça?"

Lets day light through you—"ah! pardonnez moi."

Thus men and manners travellers may see;

And better far than in one spot to be,

"I'll lay you two to four, and five to three."

So a *l'bonneur*; my page! yet e'er I go,
 No more Sir Harry kissing the Pope's toe,
 Plain Mrs. Barry begs a word or so.

To win your favour ev'ry shape I try;
 'Tis that which makes my best ambition sigh;
 For that I hazard, in the varied scene,
 Euphrasia's dagger, and Sir Harry's mien:
 If he obtain a smile, and she a tear,
 Each wish is crown'd; my Jubilee is here.

P R O L O G U E

B R A G A N Z A

T R A G E D Y,

By ROBERT JEPHSON, Esq.

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

WHILE in these days of sentiment and grace
 Poor Comedy in tears resigns her place,
 And smit with Novels, full of maxims crude,
 She, that was frolic once, now turns a prude;
 To her great end the Tragic Muse aspires,
 At Athens born, and faithful to her fires.

The comic sister in hysteric fit,
 You'd swear, has lost all memory of wit.
 Folly for her may now exult on high;
 Feather'd by Ridicule no arrows fly,
 But if you are absurd,—she's sure to cry.

She that could jig, and nickname all Heav'n's crea-
 tures,

With sorrows not her own deforms her features.
 With stale reflections keeps a constant pother;
 Greece gave her one face, and she makes another.
 So very pious, and so full of woe,
 You well may bid her, "to a nunnery go."

Not so Melpomene: to Nature true,
 She holds her own great principle in view.
 She from the first, when men her pow'r confess,
 When grief and terror seiz'd the tortur'd breast;
 She made, to strike her moral to the mind,
 The stage the great tribunal of mankind.

Hither the worthies of each clime she draws,
 Who founded states, or rescued dying laws;
 Who in base times a life of glory led,
 And for their country who have toil'd or bled;
 Hither they come; again they breathe, they live,
 And virtue's meed through ev'ry age receive.

Hither the murd'rer comes, with haggard mien!
 And the fiend Conscience hunts him o'er the scene.
 None are exempted, all must re-appear,
 And ev'n Kings attend for judgment here;
 Here find the day, when they their pow'r abuse,
 Is a scene furnish'd to the Tragic Muse.

Such is her art; weaken'd perhaps at length,
 And while she aims at beauty, losing strength.
 Oh! when, resuming all her native rage,
 Shall her true energy alarm the stage?

This night a bard—(our hopes may rise too high)
 'Tis your's to judge; 'tis yours the cause to try.
 This night a bard, as yet unknown to fame,
 Once more, we hope, will rouse the gen'rous flame.

His

His French play, tame, polish'd, dull by rule ;
 Vigorous he comes, and warm from Shakespear's
 School.

Inspir'd by him, he shews, in glaring light,
 A nation struggling with tyrannic might ;
 Oppression rushing on with giant strides,
 A bold conspiracy, which virtue guides ;
 Heroes, for freedom who dare strike the blow ;
 A tablet of honour, guilt, and woe.
 If on his canvass Nature's colours shine,
 You'll praise the hand, that trac'd the just design.

E P I L O G U E

T O T H E

S I E G E O F S I N O P

A

T R A G E D Y

By Mrs. B R O O K E.

Spoken by Mrs Y A T E S.

IN all this bustle, rage, and tragic roar,
 Which some wits here politely call a *bore*,
 Have I not wept, and rav'd, and tore my hair,
 Till some I forc'd to weep, and some to stare?
 Yet now I must, by custom to divert you,
 Tell what I think of this heroic virtue.
 Mirth has increas'd, when tragedies are finish'd,
 Increases still, and must not be diminish'd.
 Alarm'd your passions tho' our play may keep,
 Behind the curtain you must have a peep.
 Tho' bright the tragic character appear,
 Our private foibles you delight to hear.
 In life's great drama the same rule we find:
 When, on that stage, the patron of mankind
 Performs his part, the public virtues strike;
 But 'tis the secret anecdote we like.

If there a Patriot rave with furious might,
 And love his country, out of downright spite ;
 'Tis galls for a copy of his face ;
 Has he not been at Court to beg a Place ?
 When some bright Orator his country's cause
 Sustain, and talks of liberty and laws,
 Hear, hear, all cry ; in attitude he stands,
 Sprawling his feet, and stretching forth his hands :
 In this petition, Sir ! the nation begs ;
 And, Mr. Speaker ! while I'm upon my legs ;
 And, Sir—our ancestors—and whig and tory ;
 "And, Sir—the laws ;—and, Sir—Great Britain's
 glory !"

All gaze ; all wonder ; such amazing powers !
 But how does he employ his private hours ?
 The nation fav'd, he hurries, in a trice,
 To shake the box, and be undone at dice ;
 Or tir'd of party, sinks into a place,
 And with a RIBBAND covers his disgrace.
 Some Politicians figure in debate,
 Then snore, to shew the quiet of the State.
 Your Hollanders, when treachery is ripe,
 Break every treaty, and can smoke their pipe.

If by remonstrances you try to mend them,
 Mynheer smokes on—" 'tis all *ad referendum*."
 We storm upon the stage th' impassion'd breast,
 Then come, and turn all sympathy to jest.

And yet, shall flippant mirth, and giddy joy,
 The best impressions of the heart destroy ?

56. PROLOGUES, EPILOGUES, &c.

'Tis yours, ye fair, to quell our Author's fear ;
A Female Poet draws the tender tear.
True to her sex, she copies from the life
The Mother, Daughter, and the faithful Wife.
Let her this night your kind protection gain :
The Critic then will parody in vain.
And let fair Virtue, ere she quit the age,
Here pause awhile, and linger on the stage.

E P I L O G U E

TO THE

ROYAL SUPPLIANTS,

A

T R A G E D Y

By the Rev. DOCTOR DELAP:

Spoken by Mrs. BARRY.

WELL, these heroic times,—(I scarce can speak)
 These ancient fables borrow'd from the Greek
 Are all so full of horror, rage, and death,
 So violent! they take away ones breath.
 Let me recover, pray:—this tragic strife
 Night after night, leads one a weary life.

Through what variety of folks long dead,
 Through what strange times, and beings are we led?
 Now a fond daughter trembling for her fire,
 Now PHÆDRA burning with unlawful fire:
 Now a FAIR PENITENT my lungs I crack,
 Now Desdemona, smother'd by a black!
 To take these various shapes, and fill the whole,
 An actress needs a transmigrating soul.

This

This night, you'll own, I've had full cause to
mourn,

A chief renown'd from my embraces torn!
Well might she weep, and hang her pensive head,
From whose fond arms fam'd HERCULES is fled.
The air with griefs a widow well might load;
Oh! such a husband can these times afford?
With bright renown he fill'd the Eastern climes,
And differ'd, ladies, from these modern times.
Yet in one thing, which hist'ry wont disguise,
Tho' brave, heroic, generous, and wise,
The hero tam'd, aside his club could throw,
Chain'd to the distaff, like a modern beau.

And yet, ye beaux, think not in these light rhymes
From you we'll draw the colour of the times.
Ev'n at this hour, in these degen'rate days
Heroic virtue still can merit praise.
Survey the globe, where'er our navy rides,
Still British valour in each breast presides.
When round the ship, by dire disastrous chance,
Devouring flames on ev'ry side advance;
No succour near! when in each swelling breeze
Destruction rushing on the sailor sees;
Lo! on the anchor where the hero * lies,
With look serene, and still the foe defies!

* Captain Farmer, Commander of the *Quebec*, who fought a French ship of war off Ushant for upwards of three hours, and in the moment of victory, his ship accidentally taking fire, perished in the manner here described.

He

He views the flame; he views the brawling wave;
 Then sinks, undaunted sinks, in glory's grave.

May worth like his each gen'rous breast inspire,
 And kindle through the land our ancient fire;
 For nought, as Shakespeare sings, "can make us
 rue,
 "If England to herself will prove but true."

P R O L O G U E

FOR THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF

MISS BRUNTON,

At the Theatre Royal in Covent-Garden, on Monday, October
the 17th, 1785.

Spoken by Mr. HOLMAN.

THE Tragic Muse long saw the British stage
Melt with her tears, and kindle with her rage:
She saw her scene with various passions glow,
The Tyrant's downfall, and the Lover's woe.

'Twas then her GARRICK—at that well known
name

Remembrance wakes, and gives him all his fame,
Then GARRICK came, and with him came each night
True comic mirth, or tears that gave delight.

To him great Nature open'd Shakespeare's store:

“ Here learn (she said) here learn the sacred lore.

“ His fancy realiz'd the bard shall see,

“ And his best commentator breathe in thee.”

She spoke: his magic talents ROSCIUS tried:

Then HAMLET moraliz'd, and RICHARD died.

The

The dagger gleam'd before the murd'rer's eye,
 And for old LEAR each bosom heav'd a sigh.

When ROMEO drew the sympathetic tear :
 With him and CIBBER love lay bleeding here.

Enchanting CIBBER ! from that warbling throat
 No more pale sorrow pours the liquid note.

Her voice suppress'd, and GARRICK's genius fled,
 MELPOMENE declin'd her drooping head :

She mourn'd her loss ; then fled to Western skies,
 And now at Bath another genius rise.

She saw her SIDDONS ; saw her pow'ful art,
 Born to command, to seize, to melt the heart ;

To rival ancient fame, and reach the goal,
 With notes that charm, with eyes that look the soul !

Old Drury's scene the Goddess bade her choose :
 The Actress heard, and came, " herself a Muse."

From the same nursery this night appears
 Another warbler, yet of tender years.

As a young bird, as yet unus'd to fly
 On wings expanded through the liquid sky,
 With doubt and fear its first excursion tries,
 " And shivers ev'ry feather with surprize ;"

So comes our chorister :—the Summer ray
 Around her nest call'd forth a short essay.

Now flutt'ring, ling'ring, on the brink she sees
 This unknown clime, nor dares to trust the breeze,

But

62 PROLOGUES, EPILOGUES, &c.

But here no unfledg'd wing was ever crush'd :
Be each rude blast within its cavern hush'd !
Soft swelling gales may waft her on her way,
Till eagle-like, she views the fount of day.
She then may dauntless soar : her tuneful voice
May please each ear, and bid the grove rejoice.

T O

Mrs.

B A R R Y,

With the printed Copy of the

GRECIAN DAUGHTER.

ENchanting genius! Siren of the age!
 O form'd to animate a drooping stage!
 Blest in thy talents, matchless in thy art!
 Delightful tyrant of the feeling heart!
 This Play be thine, accept the Poet's praise,
 And still endure the scenes you help'd to raise.

Britain and France shall now the laurel share;
 Thou *Clairon* here, and she a *Barry* there.
 Proceed, great Actress! friend of every Muse!
 The Nine without thee half their rapture lose.
 Fair Virtue's image they can only trace;
 Thou giv'st her form, her harmony, and grace.
 In human shape (what Plato wish'd to see)
 She walks the stage; she breathes, she charms in thee.
 Proceed each night to draw the tender tear,
 Please ev'ry eye, and ravish ev'ry ear.
 Nor let the pride of a too selfish age
 Damp with unhallow'd sounds thy native rage.
 Ah! let not surly wealth thy art degrade,
 And genuine rapture call a mimic trade.

Thine

Thine is the art, which Tully priz'd of yore,
 Himself instructed by theatric lore :
 Thine is the art Demosthenes admir'd,
 Th' Athenian State when his bold action fir'd ;
 Aloft, like thine, when his extended hand
 Appall'd the proud oppressors of the land ;
 And, nerv'd by feelings equal to thy own,
 Made haughty Philip tremble on his throne.

Go, fair Enthusiast ! with thy magic skill
 Mould the obedient passions to thy will :
 The passions, pliant to thy sov'reign sway,
 Alternate rise, blend, mix, and melt away.
 Shew how Euphrasia, of affections mild,
 Doats on her fire, her husband, and her child.
 Sweet fall the accents—oh ! let stillness reign,
 While the soft warbler pours the plaintive strain !
 Sweet fall the accents, meek as ev'ry grace
 That decks that form, and beams around thy face.
 Then rising higher, urg'd by Nature's laws,
 Brave ev'ry danger in a father's cause ;
 With pilgrim-feet ascend the craggy steep ;
 There might the night-bird listen as you weep.
 Thence to the tyrant wing thy rapid way,
 And shake his soul with horror and dismay.
 Alarm'd, distracted, wild with madd'ning fears,
 " Amaze the faculties of eyes and ears."
 To vengeance rous'd, charming in terror shine,
 And bid ev'n Brutus' dagger envy thine.

Lovely

Lovely affassin!—hark!—with loud acclaim.
 Consenting theatres attest thy fame;
 Delighted hear thee, with true genius fraught,
 Give weight to words, and energy to thought.
 Wak'd by thy voice to life each Muse shall spring:
 "What Muse for Barry can refuse to sing?"
 Whitehead once more shall form the just design,
 And tune the note, almost as sweet as thine,
 Glover shall open his poetic store,
 And his lov'd chorus meditate no more.
 Then shall new Rowes, new Southern's, Otways
 rise;
 A Shakespeare comes but once from the indulgent
 skies.
 These scenes no longer shall attract thy eye,
 Poor lost Euphrasia thrown neglected by!
 A female Garrick Britain's stage shall see,
 And ev'n the Bard owe half his fame to thee.

Lincoln's-Inn,
 May 22, 1772.

THE
GAME OF CHESS,
A
POEM,

TRANSLATED FROM THE

SCACCHIA, LUDUS

OF

MARCUS HIBRONYMUS VIDA.

—Angustis hunc addere rebus honorem.

VIRG.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

OF the original poem, which is here presented in an English dress, it were superfluous to say, that from the time of Leo X. it has been admired by all persons of a just taste. It was this performance that first recommended the Author to the patronage of the great, and raised him, afterwards, to the bishoprick of Alba. The art of ennobling trifles, and almost out of nothing raising a succession of beautiful images, is here displayed with a wonderful felicity. HOMER, in his battle of *the frogs and mice*, led the way; but it may be doubted, whether VIDA has not surpassed his master. In the former we see the passions of human nature assigned to irrational animals; VIDA has given the same to inanimate objects, and that vein of fancy, which runs the whole, is, perhaps, a step beyond the great poet of antiquity. In perusing VIDA's performance, the Reader may recollect a remark of Mr. Pope's, as sensible as it is elegant. "I believe, says that admirable author, "it will be found a just "observation, that the low actions of life cannot "be put into a figurative style, without being "RIDICULOUS; but things natural can. Metaphors "raise the latter into dignity, as we see in the "*Georgicks*; but throw the former into ridicule, as

“ in the *Lutrin*. I think this may well be accounted
 “ for. Laughter implies censure: Inanimate and
 “ irrational beings are not objects of censure, and
 “ therefore may be elevated, as much as you please,
 “ and no ridicule follows. But where rational beings
 “ are represented above their real character, it be-
 “ comes ridiculous in art, because it is vicious in
 “ morality. The *Bees* in Virgil (were they rational
 “ beings,) would be ridiculous, by having their
 “ manners and actions represented on a level with
 “ creatures so superior as men; since it would im-
 “ ply folly or pride, which are the proper objects of
 “ ridicule.” Of this fine observation VIDA seems
 to have known the full extent. He has given to a
 Game of Chess all the grandeur of a battle in
 Homer or Virgil; and he has, withal, found the
 art of interesting the reader in the fate of his war-
 riors. The beautiful embellishments, which Mr.
 Pope derived from this poem, in the description of a
 game at cards, in the *Rape of the Lock*, will occur to
 every body.

For translating so ingenious a piece, the present
 writer, after saying that it is the production of his
 earliest years, will make no apology. He thinks it
 necessary to add, that the names of the chess men,
 in Vida's Poem, do not correspond with those now
 in use. What PHILLIDORE calls BISHOPS, KNIGHTS,
 ROOKS of CASTLES; and PAWNS, the language
 of poetry has entitled ARCHERS, CAVALRY, ELE-
 PHANTS,

PHANTS, and INFANTRY. Whether the latter were the original names in vogue, or were introduced by *Vida*, to give to his piece the graces of a more animated and poetic diction, is a point left to the Antiquarians, and to that race of men, who throw round every Author, however elegant or pathetic, the mist of their own dullness, and call themselves Commentators.

ARGUMENT of the First Canto.

THE subject proposed: a ludicrous war between two imaginary nations. The Kings contend for Glory. Invocation to the Nymphs of the river Serio. The difficulty of treating poetically so uncommon a subject. Origin of the Game of Chés. Neptune's Marriage: Jupiter with the other Deities attends the Nuptial Feast: Neptune, after dinner, to amuse the Company, produces a Chés Board. Description of a Chés Board. Neptune makes a speech: He produces the Chés Men. Description of the Men; their number; their colour, and their several functions. The two armies are drawn up in order of battle. The several stations of the combatants assigned. The Kings, the Queens, the Archers, the Cavalry, the Elephants, and the Infantry are all described. A simile. The laws of war are explained, and the various movements of the combatants set forth with precision. Jupiter recollects the consequences of party and faction among the Gods, and how Olympus had been shaken by the animosity of the leaders. He enjoins a strict neutrality. Apollo and Mercury are appointed to play the Game. The choice of their different sides is left to themselves, and to excite their ardor, ample gifts are promised as a reward to the Victor.

T H E

G A M E O F C H E S S .

C A N T O I .

Fantastic scenes of mimic war I sing,
 Contending heroes, and a routed king ;
 How two mock realms, their glory to maintain,
 Marshall their squadrons on the chequer'd plain :
 Ye blue-ey'd Nymphs, that haunt the flow'ry meads,
 Where his soft stream the silver SERIO leads,
 And knit in dance along the margin green,
 Charm with melodious airs the sylvan scene ;
 Celestial maids attend ; the theme display,
 The mighty theme, unknown to poets lay.

Hard

LUDIMUS effigiem belli, simulataque veris
 Prælia, buxo acies fictas, & ludicra regna :
 Ut gemini inter se reges, albusque nigerque,
 Pro luteo oppositi, certent bicoloribus armis.
 Dicite, Serrades Nymphæ, certamina tanta,
 Carminibus profus vatum illibata priorum.

Nulla

74 THE GAME OF CHESS.

Hard is the task, and yet, inspir'd by fame,
 And youthful ardour of poetic flame,
 I mount aloft, unbeaten paths explore,
 And range thro' wilds beyond the Muses lore.
 The rather, Virgins, guide your bard along,
 Through all the mazes of the mystic song;
 From you Ausonia learn'd these wars to wage,
 Pleas'd with the mockery of martial rage;
 To you a sifter told the wond'rous tale,
 And what she taught shall over time prevail.

Old Ocean burn'd of yore with warm desire,
 Not all his sea could quench the am'rous fire:
 The nymph he wo'd, and to his arms for life
 At length receiv'd a constant virtuous wife.

Fair

Nulla via est: tamen ire juvat, quò me rapit ardor,
 Inviaque audaci propero tentare juvena.
 Vos per inaccessibleis rupes, & inhospita euntem
 Saxa, Deæ, regite, ac secretum ostendite callem.
 Vos hujus ludi in primis meminisse necesse est:
 Vos primæ studia hæc Italiam monstratis in oris,
 Scacchidis egregæ monumentum insigne fororis.
 Jupiter Æthiopum sedes, & Memnonis arva
 Iverat, Oceani mensas dignatus amici,
 Qui sibi tum optatis junxit Tellurem hymenæis.
 Affuit unâ omnis Superûm chorus: omnia festo
 Æquoris immensi resonabant littora plausu.
 Ut dapibus compressa fames, mensæque remotæ,
 Quò Superûm mentes ludo mulceret inani,

Oceanus

Fair Amphitrite her name: to grace the feast,
 Jove deign'd to visit him, an humble guest.
 Adown he march'd to Ethiopia's plain;
 The lesser deities attend his train.
 With genial mirth the sprightly jest went round;
 With genial mirth the wide-stretch'd shores resound.
 Soon as the banquet ceas'd, the hours to kill,
 The bride-groom meditates with eager skill.
 A board he brings, whose well contrasted die
 Presents a checker'd object to the eye.
 Sixty and four small squares, in equal rows,
 Rank'd eight by eight, a larger square compose;
 Of equal size each small quadrangle's seen,
 But colours differing variegate the scene;
 A milky white succeeds to jetty black,
 Like tints that vary on the tortoise back.

Then

Oceanus tabulam afferri jubet inter pictam.
 Sexaginta insunt & quatuor ordine sedes
 Octono; parte ex omni, via sante quadrat
 Ordinibus paribus; necnon forma omnibus una
 Sedibus, æquale & spatium; sed non color unus:
 Alternant semper variae, subeuntque vicissim
 Albentes nigris; testudo picta superne
 Qualia de vexo gestat discrimina tergo.
 Tum Superis tacite secum mirantibus inquit;
 Marti aptam sedem, ludæraque castra videtis:
 Hoc campo adversas acies spectare licebit
 Oppositis signis belli simulacra ciere;
 Quæ quondam sub aquis gaudent spectacula tueri
 Nereides, vastique omnis gens accola ponti;

Siquando

Then Ocean thus: th' attentive Gods give ear:

“ Behold the feat of desolation drear;

“ The hostile field, where oft with dire alarms

“ Contending nations meet in adverse arms.

“ The war's whole art, if e'er the watry plains

“ In calms subside, and grateful stillness reigns,

“ In their cool grots the Nereids pleas'd survey,

“ While unperceiv'd the minutes glide away.”

He said, and streight from his inverted urn

Th' imprison'd heroes on the table turn.

Touch'd into human shape by th' artist's hand,

Frowning in imitative box they stand;

They seem to think, and emulous of life,

Look stern defiance, and demand the strife.

Suppe-

*Siquando placidum mare, & humida regna quiêrunt.
En verò simulata adsunt qui prælia ludant.*

*Sic ait; & versa in tabulam deprompsit ab urna
Arte laboratam buxum, simulataque nostris
Corpora, torno acies fictas, albasque, nigrasque;
Agmina bina pari numeroque, & viribus æquis;
Bis nivea cum veste octo, totidemque nigranti.
Ut variæ facies, pariter sunt & sua cuique
Nomina, diversum munus, non æqua potestas.
Illic & reges paribus capita alta coronis,
Et regum pariter nuptas in bella paratas,
Cernere erat: sunt qui pedibus certamina inire
Sueti; sunt & equis qui malint, quique sagittis;
Nec deest quæ ferat armatas in prælia turres*

Bellua;

Superior strength on neither side they boast :

But sixteen combatants in either host.

Here the white troops their glitt'ring falchions wield ;

There the black legions darken all the field.

By diff'rent paths they urge their way to fame,

Nor differ more in feature than in name.

In regal state two Monarchs first appear ;

With these their Queens rush on devoid of fear.

On foot some boldly to th' attack advance,

And some on horseback shake the glitt'ring lance.

Amidst the charging hosts some boast the art

From the bent bow to aim the missive dart.

Ev'n elephants attend the martial train,

Add horror to the war, and tow'r along the plain.

And

Bellua; utrinque Indos credas spectare elephantes.

*Jamque aciem in versum statuunt, structæque
cohortes*

Procedunt campo, castrisque locantur utrisque.

Linea principio sublines ultima reges

Parte utraque capit, quartis in sedibus ambos

Tractu eodem adversos inter se; sex tamen æquis

In medio sedes spatii hinc inde relictæ:

Sede albus sese nigra tenet, ater in alba.

Proxima reginas capit orbita: regibus ambæ

Hærent, quæque suo, dextrum latus altera, lævum

Alter a lege datis tangunt stationibus; atrumque

Atra tenet campum, spatio stat candida in albo,

Et proprium servant prima statione colorum.

Inde

78 THE GAME OF CHESS.

And now from either camp in just array
 Pour fourth the nations eager for the fray.
 Deep in the rear, far as the utmost line,
 From danger safe the wary Monarchs shine.
 On the fourth tract, six squares between, they stand;
 The Moor on white, the foe on sable land.

Not so the Queens: to please the female mind,
 Congenial colours are to these assign'd;
 With their complexions such as just agree,
 And woman's vanity ev'n here we see.
 Around their Lords with anxious care they cling,
 One leads the right, and one the adverse wing.

Next two white archers boldly take their post;
 An equal number joins the sable host;

Intrepid

Inde sagittiferi juvenes de gente nigranti
 Stant gemini, totidem pariter candore nivali;
 Nomen Areiphilos Graii fecere vocantes,
 Quod Marti ante alios cari fera bella laceffant.
 Continuo hos inter rex, necnon regia conjux
 Clauduntur medii: duo dehinc utrinque corufci
 Auratis equites sagulis, cristisque decori,
 Cornipides in aperta parant certamina Martis.
 Tum geminae, velut extremis in cornibus arces,
 Hinc atque hinc altis stant propugnacula muris,
 Quas dorso immanes gestant in bella elephantum.
 Postremo tibeunt octo hinc atque inde secundis
 Ordinibus pedites, castrisque armantur utrisque,
 Armigeri partim regis, partimque ministræ

Virginis

Intrepid warriors all ! to danger train'd,
 And fam'd for laurels in the combat gain'd;
 Hence sons of war to Grecian fages known,
 And dear to Mars, the God inspires his own.
 Next to their sov'reigns plac'd, they bend the bow,
 Their country's pride, and terror of the foe.

The troopers next in radiant vest appear,
 Their haughty crests high curling in the air;
 Two on each side bound o'er the chequer'd board,
 And brave the fury of the slaughter'd sword.

In either wing, far as the verge o' th' field,
 The warlike elephants their castles wield.
 Amidst the ranks they move in martial state,
 And the earth labours with the cumbrous weight.

Next

Virginis armisonæ, qui prima pericula belli,
 Congressusque ineant primos, pugnamque laceffant.
 Non aliter campis legio se'buxea utrinque
 Composuit duplici digestis ordine turmis,
 Adversisque ambæ fulsere coloribus alæ,
 Quàm Gallorum acies, Alpino frigore lactea
 Corpora, si tendant albis in prælia signis,
 Auroræ populos contra, & Phaethonte perustos
 Infano Æthiopas, & nigri Memnonis alas.

Tum pater Oceanus rursus sic ore locutus:
 Cœlicolæ, jam quænam acies, quæ castra, videtis:
 Discite

Next eight foot combatants their strength combine,

And form their phalanx on the second line.

One half the King's own regiment compose,

And half, a virgin train, their Queens inclose.

'Tis theirs, 'midst scenes of death, in armour bright
To march, and foremost to provoke the fight.

As when from Alpine heights the Gaul descends,

And to the burning zone his progress bends;

Unfurl'd in air the gilded lilies play,

White from the snow of many a winter's day;

Asia's alarm'd through all her wide domain,

And her black sons come thick'ning o'er the plain.

The troops thus rang'd, again the God proceeds;

“ Now see, immortals, what heroic deeds,

“ What

Discite nunc (neque enim sunt hæc sine legibus
arma)

Certandi leges, nequeant quas tendere contra.

Principio alterni reges in prælia mittunt

Quem pugnae numero ex omni elegere fuorum.

Si niger arma ferens primus processit in æquor,

Continuò adversum semper se candidus offert;

Nec plures licet ire simul, factò agmine, in hostem.

Propositum cunctis unum, studium omnibus unum.

Obsessos reges inimicæ claudere gentis,

Ne quò impunè queant fugere, atque instantia fata

• Evitare :

" What wars I promis'd, and what dire alarms,
 " And learn what rules controul each nation's arms.
 " First then the Monarchs, with alternate sway,
 " Detach some chosen hero to the fray;
 " And, if a warrior of the sable host,
 " Straight a white champion issues from his post.
 " Ne'er in whole squadrons are they known t' ad-
 vance,

" But man by man they brave the hostile lance.
 " One general aim each private soldier knows;
 " One common purpose in each bosom glows,
 " The adverse Monarch to encompass round,
 " And seize each apt advantage of the ground,
 " To bar his passage: with their Monarch's life
 " The conquer'd nation ends the doubtful strife.

" But ere to fate the King beleaguer'd yield,
 " An Iliad rises on the chequer'd field.

" O'er

Evitare: etenim capiunt ita praelia finem.
 Haud tamen interea cuneis obstantibus ultro
 Parcunt; sed citius quo regem sternere leto
 Desertum evaleant, cadunt ferro obvia passim
 Agmina: rarescunt hic illic funere semper
 Utraque castra novo, magis ac magis arca belli
 Picturata patet; sternuntque caduntque vicissim.
 Sed cadentem opus est sublato protinus hostis
 Successisse loco, & conatus vindicis alæ
 Sustinuisse semel: mox, si vitaverit ictum,
 Inde referre licet se in tutum præpete plaata.

82 . THE GAME OF CHESS.

" O'er the wide plain rage, death, and terror fly ;
 " By turns the heroes conquer, or they die.
 " The ranks are thinn'd by the wide waſting ſword,
 " And carnage defolates the painted board.
 " Each hapleſs combatant, that falls in fight,
 " Meets in the hoſtile camp ſepulchral rite ;
 " While the brave youth, who gave the deadly blow,
 " Seizes the ſtation of the ſlaughter'd foe :
 " There if for once no mortal ſtroke he meet,
 " The hero then may ſeek a ſafe retreat.

" But the foot ſoldiers, an ignoble race,
 " The laws forbid their footſteps to retrace.
 " The wars whole art againſt their wily foe,
 " By diff'rent modes, the rival nations ſhew.
 " In a ſtraight line the infantry advance
 " From ſquare to ſquare, and ſtand the doubtful
 chance :

" But

At pedites prohibent leges certaminis unos,
 Cum ſemel exierint, (facilis jactura) reverti.
 Nec verò inceſſus cunctis bellantibus idem,
 Pugnandive modus : pedites in prælia euntes
 Evaleant unam tantum transmittere ſedem ;
 Inque hoſtem tendunt adverſi, & limite recto.
 Congreſſu tamen in primo fas longius ire,
 Et duplicare gradus conceſſum : at cominus hoſtem
 Cum feriunt, ictum obliquant, & vulnera furſim
 Intentant ſemper lateri, cavaque ilia cædunt.
 Sed gemini claudunt aciem qui hinc inde elephantii,
 Cum turres in bella gerunt, ac prælia miſcent ;

Recta

" But when to war their first approach they make,
 " A double space they bravely then may take ;
 " And if enrag'd they aim the deathful wound,
 " Sidelong they walk the parti-colour'd ground ;
 " Across the angle of each square they tread,
 " And heap the plain with mountains of the dead.
 " The elephants right onward move, and to and fro
 " Their castles bear against the trembling foe.
 " Far as the limits of the plain you spy,
 " On every side without controul they fly.
 " O'er all the ranks the ruthless monster bounds ;
 " The groaning earth beneath his hoof resounds.
 " But never angular they move along,
 " With pace unwieldy, thro' th' embattl'd throng.
 " That way the archers scow'r along the field,
 " And bid their arrows pierce the sev'nfold shield.
 " On

Recta fronte valent, dextra, lævaque, retroque,
 Ferre aditum contra, campumque impunè per omnem
 Proruere, ac totis passim dare funera castris.
 Ne tamen obliquis occultent nixibus ictum ;
 Qui tantùm mos concessus pugnantibus arcu,
 Dilectis Marti ante alios : nam semper uterque
 Fertur in obliquum, spatiis migrantibus alter,
 Alter candenti semper se limite versat ;
 Directisque ineunt ambo fera bella sagittis.
 Nec variare licet, quamvis fas ire per omnem
 Hinc atque hinc campum, atque omnes percurrere
 sedes.
 Insultat ionipes ferus, atque repugnat habenis :

" From right to left, thro' the thick war they fly,
 " And where they rush the vanquish'd legions die.
 " Back on the rear with martial rage they turn,
 " Or in the van with tenfold fury burn.
 " Sometimes obliquely 'cross each square they go ;
 " Nor bound, nor limit doth their courage know ;
 " Through ev'ry path they seek the trembling foe. }
 " Unless some warrior, raging in the fray,
 " Prevent the heroine, and obstruct her way.
 " But o'er the ranks to bound they ne'er prepare ;
 " The cavalry alone thus wage the war.

" In the fierce shock, with less impetuous rage,
 " The scepter'd rulers of each realm engage ;
 " The father of his people each ! on him the fate
 " Of war depends, and glory of the State.

While

Procedit ; neque enim curvato insurgere saltu
 Cornipedum de more licet : non terminus olli,
 Nec cursus meta ulla datur ; quocumque libido
 Impulerit, licet ire ; modò ne ex agmine quisquam
 Hostilive suove aditus occludat eunti.
 Nulli etenim super educto fas agmina saltu
 Transiliisse : equiti tantùm hæc concessa potestas.
 Cautiùs arma movent gentis régna tor uterque,
 In quibus est omnis spes, ac fiducia belli.
 Omnibus, incolumi rege, stat cernere ferro ;
 Sublato, pugna excedunt, & castra relinquunt ;
 Ille adeò in bello captus secum omnia vertit.
 Ergo, hærens cunctatur ; eum venerant, & omnes
 Agmine circumstant denso, mediumque tuentur :

" While he survives, they meet the raging strife,
 " Firm patriots all, and prodigal of life :
 " But if their Monarch fall, in battle slain,
 " They sheath the sword, and, drooping, quit the
 plain.
 " Hence the wise Sov'reign, to the public good
 " Attentive still, preserves his sacred blood.
 " To him his subjects firm allegiance vow ;
 " Him they address ; to him they lowly bow ;
 " Round him they form, and as one man contend
 " Him with their lives and fortunes to defend.
 " Oft to his reign to give a longer date,
 " The self-devoted victims meet their fate ;
 " To save their sov'reign's life they hazard all,
 " And with their country's wishes bravely fall.
 " The wary Kings ne'er seek the hero's name,
 " Nor rise by purple slaughter into fame.

" The

Utque armis sæpe eripiant, sua corpora bello
 Objiciunt, mortemque optant pro rege pacisci.
 Non illi studium ferendi, aut arma ciendi :
 Se regere est satis, atque instantia fata cavere.
 Haud tamen obtulerit se quisquam impunè propin-
 quum
 Obvius ; ex omni nam summum parte nocenti
 Jus habet : ille quidem haud procurrere longus .
 ausit ;
 Sed postquam auspiciis primis progressus ab aula
 Mutavit sedes proprias, non amplius uno
 * Ulterius

" The gentler proof of patriot minds they give :
 " 'Tis a King's glory for the State to live.
 " If the foe near him stand, by honour sway'd,
 " He sends him headlong to the Strygian shade ;
 " On ev'ry side inflicts his rage at will ;
 " His high prerogative is sacred still,
 " His first step knows no bound ; that motion o'er,
 " A free career, the laws allow no more ;
 " From square to square with caution he proceeds,
 " The public weal inspiring all his deeds,
 " Whether unstain'd with blood he walk the plain,
 " Or hurl the foe to Pluto's gloomy reign.

" These are the manners, these their ancient laws ;
 " Now view them warring in the public cause."

Thus Ocean spake : the cloud-compelling Sire
 In his capacious mind revolving how the ire

Of

Ulteriùs-fas ire gradu, seu vulneret hostem,
 Seu vim tela ferunt nullam, atque innoxius erret.
 Hic mos certandi, hæc belli antiquissima jura.
 Nunc aciem inter se certantes cernite utramque.

Sic ait ; at quoniam, quoties fera bella fatigant
 Mortales, Superi studiis diversa foventes,
 • Ipsi etiam inter sese odiis bellantur iniquis,
 Maximaque interdum toto ardent prælia cælo ;
 Jupiter omnipotens folio rex fatus ab alto
 Omnes abstinuisse jubet mortalibus armis ;
 Atque minis, ne quem foveant, perterret acerbis.

88 THE GAME OF CHESS.

Of adverse nations sets all Heav'n in arms,
 Till high Olympus shake with dire alarms,
 The heav'nly Synod from his seat address'd,
 And spoke the thoughts deep rolling in his breast,
 He wills that unimpassion'd all forbear
 To aid the strife, or mingle in the war;
 On ev'ry mind strikes reverential awe,
 And gives his will the sanction of a law.

Then he selects, to guide the mimic fray,
 Unshorn Apollo, and the son of May,
 Fair blooming Mercury: not yet the God
 Had wav'd the wonders of the magic rod;
 Nor yet his golden pinions dar'd to try,
 Through worlds and worlds, along the liquid sky:
 Not yet Apollo through the Heav'nly way
 Guided the chariot of the garish day;
 Distinguish'd only by his graceful air,
 The well-stor'd quiver, and the golden hair.
 Jove to their skill commits the martial train,
 And all the labours of the vast campaign;

He

Tum Phœbum vocat intonsum, Atlantisque nepotem,
 Egregium furto peperit quem candida Maia,
 Insignes ambos facie, & florentibus annis.
 Nondum Mercurius levibus talaria plantis
 Addiderat: nondum Titania lumina agebat
 Per liquidum curru gemmato Phœbus Olympum,
 Tantùm humeros pharetrâ insignis, & crinibus aureis.
 Hos

THE GAME OF CHESS. 89

He adds the pow'r to choose their diff'rent sides,
As fancy dictates, or as judgment guides;
With bright reward each gen'rous chief inspires,
And their young breasts with love of glory fires.

Hos Pater adversis solos decernere jussit
Inter se studiis, & ludicra bella fovere,
Ac partes tutari ambas, quas vellet uterque :
Necnon proposuit victori præmia digna.

92 THE GAME OF CHESS.

ARGUMENT of the Second Canto.

THE Gods take their places. Apollo commands the white Army, and Mercury the black. They cast lots for the first move: Apollo begins. A white soldier advances, and is opposed by a black one. Being upon opposite squares, they cannot attack each other. The troops advance on both sides. The black soldier, that first stepped from the lines, kills his man, and is slain in his turn. The black King moves to the left wing. The Cavalry, on both sides, come into the engagement. A dreadful slaughter follows. Mercury moves one of his horse to an advantageous post, from which check is given to the white King, and an Elephant is at the same time in danger. Apollo saves his King. The Elephant falls. The white army is covered with consternation. The black Trooper is slain by the white Queen. The Elephant is still lamented. A simile. Mercury is resolved to work by Stratagem. A black Archer threatens destruction to the white Queen. Apollo overlooks her situation, and is going to move. Venus favours the white army: She makes signs to Apollo: The Queen is saved. Mercury complains of foul play. Apollo justifies himself: He had a right to change his mind, before his hand was off. A new law is made, and for the future the rule is *touch man and go*. Jupiter reproves Venus by an angry frown. Mercury is enraged: he is tempted to throw the board in their faces. He endeavours to cheat by a false move; Apollo sees the fraud: The man is recalled. A hearty laugh among the Gods. Apollo watches Mercury's tricks. A black horseman attacks the white Queen. A white Archer interposes. The black King and Queen are both in danger from an Archer. The Archer is killed, and the black one, who gave the mortal wound, falls in his turn. A dreadful combat ensues. Both sides retreat alternately, and return to the charge. The Canto ends with a Simile.

CANTO II.

TH' immortals take their seats; around them
stand

Of lesser deities a duteous band.

The white battalions to Apollo's sway

Submit; and Mercury the Moors obey.

The compact settled, that no pow'r shall show

To either side the meditated blow,

By lot they try, which state shall claim the right,

(A point of moment!) to begin the fight.

To the white nation this the fates assign:

Their chief conceives a deep well-laid design.

He bids a soldier tempt the Moorish host,

Before the Queen who took his faithful post.

The soldier marches forth; two paces makes;

The sable warrior the same measure takes.

Now

DII magni federe: Deum stat turba minorum
Circumfusa; cavent sed lege, & federe pacto,
Ne quisquam, voce aut nutu, ludentibus ausit
Prævisos monstrare ictus. Quem denique primum
Sors inferre aciem vocet, atque invadere Martem,
Quæsitum: primumque locum certaminis albo
Ductori tulit, ut quem vellet primus in hostem
Mitteret: id sanè magni referre putabant.

Tum

Now front to front each other they defy,
 And seem in wood to roll a threat'ning eye.
 Vain menacing! the laws restrain their rage,
 Nor let foot soldiers on one tract engage.
 Auxiliar aid straight joins each adverse band,
 Pour forth their camp, and people all the land.
 Nor yet the horror of the day is seen,
 And Mars but preludes to the swelling scene.
 At length the warrior of the fable crew,
 Forth from the lines who first to combat flew,
 On his left side directs a deadly wound,
 And plants his standard on the hostile ground.
 Unhappy youth! he little saw the foe
 With vengeful malice aim the sidelong blow;
 Prostrate the hero falls, untimely slain,
 And leaves his laurels on the crimson plain.

This

Tum tacitus secum versat, quem ducere contra
 Conveniat, peditemque jubet procedere campum
 In medium, qui reginam dirimebat ab hoste.
 Ille gradus duplices superat: cui tum arbiter ater
 Ipse etiam adversum recto de gente nigranti
 Tramite agit peditem, atque jubet subsistere contra
 Advenientem hostem, paribusque occurrere in armis.
 Stant ergo adversis inter se frontibus ambo,
 In mediis campi spatii, ac mutua tentant
 Vulnere, nequicquam: neque enim vis ulla nocendi
 est

Armigeris, tractu dum miscent praelia eodem.
 Subsidio focii dextra, lævaque frequentes

Hinc

This from his rank beheld the Moorish king,
 And mov'd his sacred person to the wing.
 There deep surrounded, and from danger far,
 He eyes the quick vicissitudes of war.

And now the cavalry in all their pride
 From the left wing descend on either side.
 Furious they rush alternate on the foe,
 And scatter round destruction, death, and woe.
 From all retreat the laws of war debar
 The foot, who fall whole hecatombs of war.
 O'er the wide ranks the fiery Trooper bounds,
 And the drench'd field with pawing steeds resounds:

But while Apollo guides his horse along,
 And wreaks his vengeance on th' ignoble throng ;

In

Hinc atque hinc subeunt, latè & loca milite complent,
 Alternantque vices: necdum tamen horrida miscent
 Prælia, sed placidus mediis Mars ludit in armis ;
 Excursusque breves tentant, tutique tenent se.
 Jamque pedes nigri rectoris, qui prior hostem
 Contra iit, obliquum læva clam strinxerat enses,
 Atque album è mediis peditem citus abstulit armis,
 Illiusque locum arripuit præstantibus ausis :
 Ah miser ! instantem lateri non viderat hostem ;
 Ipse etiam cadit, & pugnas in morte relinquit.
 Tum cæutus fuscæ regnator gentis ab aula
 Subduxit sese media, penitusque repõstis
 Castrorum latebris extrema in fauce recondit,
 Et peditum cuneis stipantibus abditus hæsit.

Nec

In Hermes breast designs far deeper roll,
 Lodge in each thought, and settle in his soul.
 He bids his cavalry remit their sway,
 And unperforming thro' the battle stray.
 Th' obedient steed flies guiltless o'er the plain;
 Bounds o'er the ranks, nor hears the founding rein,
 Till all his wiles, and all his doublings past,
 He gains the meditated post at last:
 There the bold enterprize confess'd to view,
 Proudly he halts before the hostile crew;
 Threatens destruction to the regal state,
 Or dooms an elephant to instant fate.
 A tow'ring elephant, on the right hand side
 That march'd in all his formidable pride.

Apollo, now what anxious thoughts possess
 Thy troubled soul? while in the last distress

A Monarch

Nec mora, surgit eques bellator lævus utrinque,
 Et mediis hinc inde insultant cœtibus ambo,
 Alternique ruunt, & spargunt fata per hostes.
 Sternuntur pedites passim, miseranda Juventus,
 Quod nequeant revocare gradum: sonat ungula
 campo

In medio, & totis miscentur funera castris.
 Dum verò peditum intentus Latonius heros
 Cædibus instat atrox, equitemque per agmina versat
 Vastatorem alæ piceæ; longè Arcada major.
 Ardor agit tacitis jamdudum invadere furtis
 Magnum aliquid; peditumque ultro sæpe obvia
 transit.

Agmina,

A Monarch calls for aid ; or, doom'd to die,
 An elephant with mute imploring eye
 Sues for relief in vain ! The Monarch's life
 Claims his first care. Amidst the dangerous strife
 The elephant remains : The fatal blow
 At length is dealt him by the fable foe.
 Oh ! dire disaster to the milk-white train !
 The huge vast beast down drops upon the plain.
 " The time shall come," incens'd Apollo cries,
 " When thou shalt sorely rue that dear-bought prize ;
 " When thou shalt wish thee guiltless of the life,
 " Of my brave warrior, noble in the strife.
 He said : His infantry sweep o'er the land,
 And round the victor close-embodied stand.
 The Trooper sees th' impending danger nigh ;
 He falters, looks aghast, attempts to fly.

Vain

Agmina, cornipedem ducens in prælia lævum,
 Qui regi insidias tendens huc vertitur, atque huc,
 Per mediosque hostes impunè infrænis oberrat.
 Constatit, optataque diu statione potitus
 Letum intentabat pariter regique, elephantique,
 Alæ qui dextro cornu turrus in auras
 Attollens caput, ingenti se mole tenebat.
 Delius ingemuit, clauso succurrere regi
 Admonitus ; namque indefensum in morte elephan-
 tem

Linquere se videt, atque ambos non posse periculo
 Eripere, & fati urgeri cernit iniquis.
 Cura prior sed enim est trepidum defendere regem,
 VOL. VII. H Quem

Vain his attempt! Here the white Queen commands,
 And there the foot, a dreadful phalanx stands.
 At length, enrag'd, the fair one gives the wound,
 And lays him breathless on the chequer'd ground.
 Who would not be that youth? no more to rise,
 Slain by a female hand, the hero lies,
 His comfort ev'n in death! and clos'd his willing eyes.

But the white nation still their loss bemoan;
 A mingled cry bursts forth, an army's groan!
 Rage and despair rise in each breast by turns,
 And the whole host with mix'd emotions burns.
 As when a bull enrag'd, with furious might
 Provokes the war, and rushes to the fight;
 'Gainst his right horn if Fortune's blow hath sped,
 And shatter'd half the honours of his head;

With

Quem rapit in dextrum latus: at niger emicat ense
 Stricto eques, & magnis elephantem intercipit ausis,
 Damnum ingens; neque enim est, sævæ post virginis
 arma,

Bellantum numero ex omni magis utilis alter.
 Non tamen impuné evades, ait acer Apollo;
 Et peditum cuneis densaque indagine cingit.
 Ille igitur trepidare metu, certique pericli
 Frustra velle fugam: nam, hinc fata minatur Amazon,
 Inde obstat conferta phalanx: tandem altiùs acto
 Virginis ense cadit, pulchræ solatia mortis.
 Æstuat alba, cohors latere heu! minùs utilis uno,
 Et magis atque magis furit acri accensa dolore.

Sicut

THE GAME OF CHESS.



With strength renew'd he kindles all his ire,
 And from his eye-ball flashes living fire ;
 His huge broad chest, his limbs, he bathes in gore,
 And hills and woods rebellow to the roar.
 Revenge, revenge ! exclaims the God of day,
 And animates his cohorts to the fray.
 On the black troops enrag'd his cohorts fall,
 Careless of life, and prompt at honour's call ;
 In Moorish blood the crimson fields are drown'd ;
 And shrieks and agonizing groans resound.

But Mercury, meantime, with deep intent
 Views all the war, and on destruction bent,
 Observes each motion, where the warriors glow,
 And plans the future slaughter of the foe.
 The snowy Amazon he views from far,
 As on she rushes thro' the ranks of war.

Her

Sicut ubi dextrum taurus certamine cornu
 Amisit, dum se adverso fert pectore in hostem,
 Sævior in pugnam ruit, arnos sanguine, & altè
 Colla animosa lavans : gemitu omnis sylva remugit.
 Talis erat facies, cæsi post fata elephantis,
 Candentis turmæ : hinc furiis majoribus ardet
 Phœbus, & ultrices hortatur in arma cohortes,
 In ferrum & cædes pronus, cupidusque nocendi ;
 Incautusque ambas perdit sine lege phalangas :
 Dumque hostes pariter cernat procumbere victos,
 Ipse suos morti indefensos objicit ultro.
 Mercuriis, melior furto, cunctatur, & hærens

Her to ensnare his bold brigades he led,
 And ruin nods o'er her devoted head.
 The infantry, to hide the bold design,
 A man detach to tempt the hostile line.
 The man advances: with well-feign'd surprize
 The leader seems to mark where danger lies;
 Blames his rash conduct; with delusion fly
 Starts, looks aghast, and heaves a treach'rous sigh.
 Meantime a sable archer shifts his place,
 And from the right moves on with ardent pace:
 'Gainst the white Amazon with dextrous art
 He draws his arrow, levell'd at her heart:
 Apollo saw it not, with hopes elate,
 Unconscious of the scheme, and blind to fate,
 To the left wing he rolls a pensive eye,
 Resolv'd from thence an ambuscade to try;

There

Usque alium ex alio spectando prævidet ictum.
 Sæpe ille, ex longo meditatus fata superbæ
 Reginæ, peditem perdendum comminus offert,
 Dissimulatque dolos; mox pœnitet, & trahit alto
 Improbus, errorem fingens, suspiria corde.
 Atque sagittiferi è dextro jam spicula cornu
 Virginis in latus albentis tendebat: id hostis
 Haud primùm sensit, peditemque trahebat in atram
 Læva aciem, rerum ignarus: verùm improba cladem
 Et tantas Erycina Venus miserata ruinas,
 Incauto juveni furtim tacito innuit ore,
 Atque oculis; Phœbo nam forte adversa sedebat:
 Nulla morâ, ad nutus Divæ tremefactus Apollo
 Constitit, atque oculis latè agmina circumspexit;

Et

There on a warrior's shoulder lays his hand ;
 The warrior felt him, eager for command.
 But the soft Queen of Love, who took her feat
 Before Apollo, saw the near defeat ;
 To her own lov'd white warriors still a friend,
 And griev'd to see unnumber'd woes impend,
 She nods, she smiles, she rolls a melting eye,
 And winks intelligence of danger nigh.
 Scar'd at the sight, Apollo checks his aim,
 And once again reviews the lists of fame ;
 Sees the black archer in close ambush wait,
 And from his Queen averts the feather'd fate.
 " She's mine, she's mine," enraptur'd Hermes cries,
 " What ho ! Apollo, yield the radiant prize ;
 " The Queen is mine," he shouts, and rends the
 sky ;
 The Queen is mine, the echoing shores reply.

But strong affections thro' the host divine
 Invade each breast, and different ways incline.

Phœbus,

Et subito insidias sensit, peditemque retrahit.
 Quem contra impulerat dextra impiger; atque periculo
 Reginam eripuit: tum Maia Atlantide cretus
 Littoreum caveæ confessum vocibus implet,
 Reginam captam ingeminans: fremit undique turba
 Cœlicolùm studiis variis, seseque tuetur
 Phœbus, & his alto fatur de littore verbis.

Quæ porro invidia est dextram ludicra petenti
 Præmia corrigere incautam, in meliusque referre,

Phœbus, who knew all parties, and their ends,
Their views and wishes, thus his cause defends.

“What law forbids me, provident and slow,

“While yet I meditate the future blow,

“Ere yet alone the untouch'd warrior stand,

“What law forbids me to retract my hand?

“Wouldst thou enact, that when our fingers light

“On a man's head, that man shall stand the fight

“Without retreat from danger or surprize?

“If such thy will”——“We will it,” Hermes cries.

The warriors hear; the law both nations choose;

The Gods approve, and loud applause ensues.

Meantime, of Heav'n the cloud-compelling Sire
Awful beholds the Queen of soft desire;
Not with that look, which sends the storm aloof,
But nods his sable brow, and frowns reproof.
Cyllenius saw it not, but sore with pain,
And still his wrath unable to contain,

In

Cùm nec pacta verent? Quòd si, Maia, fate, posthac
Id sedet omnino prohiberi; lege caveto:
Quique prior fuerit digitis impulsus in hostem,
Sive albus, piceusve fuat, discrimine nullo
Ille eat, & dubii subeat discrimina Martis.

Dixit, & hæc toto placuit sententia circo
Coelicolis: Venerem obtutu clam versus acerbo
Juppiter increpuit; nec sensit filius Arcas:
Sed puer ingemuit labefactus corda dolore
Ingenti; vix se tenuit, quin ludicra castra,

Injectisque

In rage well nigh o'erthrew the mimic world,
 And both the camps in one confusion hurl'd.
 With art he now resolves the foe to meet,
 Train'd up in fraud, and practis'd in deceit ;
 He bids an archer, in the deathful scene,
 Of a brave trooper counterfeit the mien.
 Too plain the cheat Apollo to beguile :
 To the celestial Synod, with a smile,
 " What tho'," he said, " Cyllenius boasts the art
 " To practise wiles, and play th' impostor's part,
 " And though, thou cunning deity, I find
 " Fraud is the ruling bias of thy mind,
 " Yet here no more thy stratagems perform ;
 " Call back your archer, and his pace reform,"
 He said ; with joy the glad spectators roar,
 And unextinguish'd laughter fills the shore.
 Hermes with vain excuse his man withdraws,
 And through the ranks proclaims the martial laws.

But

Injctisque acies manibus confunderet ambas.
 Tum secum statuit furtis certare dolisque
 Omnibus, ac totis fraudes innectere castris.
 Jam tum igitur juvenem pharetratum in prælia ducens,
 Cornipedis simulare gradus jubet : ocius ille
 Emicat, atque albæ reginæ fata minatur.
 Non Phœbum latuere doli : subrisit & ore
 Versus ad astantes, Quamvis accommoda furtis
 Mercurio sit dextra, inquit, fraudique, dolisque,
 Callide Atlantiada, invigiles ; haud me tamen ultra
 Fallere erit ; jamque, improbe, iniquam corrige
 dextram.

But not less vigilant Apollo's mind;
 He dreads a foe to perfidy inclin'd;
 Watches each movement with observant eye,
 And marks the nimble fingers where they fly:
 The nimble fingers, as they move along
 Th' alternate soldier through th' embarras'd throng,
 Might else a second, ambush'd in his hand,
 Instruct to march, and gain his silent stand.
 A sable trooper now in martial state
 On the white Queen denounces instant fate;
 But soon the Moor is check'd; the wily foe
 An archer sends to ward th' impending blow;
 Meantime, an elephant in snowy pride
 Is seen from far o'er all the ranks to ride.
 Now a white trooper, from his fatal post,
 Aims at both sov'reigns of the Moorish host.
 Mistaken youth! smit with the love of fame,
 His breast high beating with the patriot's flame,
He

Spectantum cunei ingenti risere theatro,
 Atque Arcas, veluti deceptus imagine falsa,
 Summisit buxum concessō in praelia gressū
 Arcum intendentem: vigilat jam cautus Apollo,
 Fraudesque, insidiasque timens, occultaque furta.
 Ille etenim persæpe, manu dum ducit in hostes
 Alternam buxum, jus contra & foedera pacta,
 Implicitans celeres digitos duo corpora bello
 Objiciat simul, observet nisi providus hostis.
 Jamque equitem contra nigrantem candidus arcum
 Intendens sese opposuit pharetratus, & arceat
Reginæ

He takes his stand where fiercest valour shines,
 And fears no danger 'midst the hostile lines ;
 In fancy sees the swarthy Memnon yield,
 And deems his own the laurels of the field.

To check his rage see the black archer fly,

And lent-devoted for his King to die.

What tho' too near a snowy soldier stand,
 In act to stretch him on the crimson strand,
 Dauntless he draws the bow ; th' unerring dart
 Pierces the foe, and quivers in his heart.

The snowy trooper falls, and bites the ground,

Th' indignant spirit issues at the wound.

Nor long the Moor rejoices ; on the board

Prostrate he falls, by a white soldier's sword ;

Soon the white soldier dies the crimson plain,

“ And the gor'd battle bleeds in ev'ry vein.”

The tow'ring elephants with fury rage ;

Archer meets archer ; horse with horse engage.

The

Reginæ jugulo intentum : tum dexter oberrat

Huc atque huc elephas, niveisque exultat in armis.

Hæserat in medio, dominæ, regique minatus

Albus eques ; ratus impunè, & jam forte superbus

Nequicquam spoliis animam pascebat amore.

Non tulit hanc speciem juvenis pharetratus, & arcu

Contendit calammum, seseque immittit in hostem,

Fata licet pedes intentet, moriturus in armis

Insigni pro laude ; alvo mediæ hæsit arundo

Stridula, & ima chalybs descendit in ilia adactus.

Volvitur ille excussus humique, & æstibus auras

Verberat ; in ventos vita indignata recessit.

Inde

The fiery troopers swell the purple flood,
 " Spur their proud courfers hard, and ride in blood."
 The ranks condense; with rage the battle burns;
 Plebeians, Heroes, Kings and Queens, by turns,
 Mix in the strife; arms clash, and bucklers ring;
 The fierce battalions throng around their King.
 Slaughter ensues; blood streams; the nations yield
 And valour now, now fortune rules the field.
 The Moor retreats; enrag'd the milk-white train
 Pursue the swarthy legions o'er the plain.
 The white troops halt; they fly; the Moor pursues,
 Hangs on the rear, and the fierce fight renews.

As when th' Ionian wave fierce tempests sweep,
 Or where th' Atlantic heaves the rolling deep,

If

Inde sagittiferum sternit pedes: hunc pedes alter
 Hostili de plebe necat: pugna aspera surgit.
 Turribus occurrunt ingenti mole elephantum:
 Sæva pharetrigeri contendunt spicula nervis;
 Quadupedumque gemit bicolor sub verbere campus.
 Incaluere animi parte ex utraque, & in armis
 Concurrunt densi: simul omnis copia gentis
 Albæque piceæque, duces, ambæque phalanges;
 Confusæque acies magno certamine totis
 Densantur campis; virtus, fortunaque in unum
 Conveniunt: hi nunc victores agmina versa
 Æquore agunt toto; versis referuntur habenis
 Nunc iidem, variantque vices, & fluctuat omnis
 Area bellorum: vasti velut æquoris undæ.

Siquando

If burst from adverse quarters of the sky,
 The winds their high engender'd battle try,
 Now o'er the land the swelling billows roar,
 Now back recoil, and foam along the shore.

*Siquando inter se, recluso carcere, sæva
 bella cient animosi Euri, vertantque profundum,
 Ionio in magno, aut undifono Atlanteo,
 Alternos volvunt procurva ad littora fluctus.*

THE
GAME OF CHESS.

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT of the Third Canto.

THE Queen of the white nation is inflamed with warlike rage. She rushes into the thick of the battle. A prodigious carnage follows. She kills, as she advances, a black archer; in her retreat, an elephant falls a victim to her fury. The Moors behold the havock with dismay. The black King sees the desperate situation of his affairs: He applies to his Queen to save the State from destruction. The Queen wants no importunity. She enters into the engagement. The battle now is warmer than ever. The two Queens enact wonders. The Kings, in the meantime, watch the part of their several camps, where the slain are deposited, that none may be brought back into the field of battle. Mars is a friend to the Moors: He endeavours by fraud to support their cause. He conveys from the burying ground a black Archer and a foot soldier into the ranks. The men come to new life. A Simile. Vulcan sees the cheat, and proclaims it. Jupiter reprimands the God of war for his treachery. The two men are carried back to the enemy's camp. Apollo and Mercury use their best exertions. The Queens continue the attack. At length the white Queen is slain. The black one does not long survive. Both armies are dejected: They lament their loss. The numbers are diminished on both sides. Apollo has only remaining an elephant, an archer, and three of his infantry: Mercury has the same number, but a trooper instead of an elephant. He is resolved to fight it out to the last. The field, which at first presented two powerful armies, is now a scene of desolation.

CANTO III.

Meanwhile the Queen, whom the white realms
obey,

Darts through the field, and scatters wide dismay ;
With rage resistless thunders o'er the ground,
And a black archer meets his deadly wound.
Back she retreats, and as she scow'rs the plain,
She hurls an elephant to Pluto's reign.
Now on the left she breaks the thick array ;
Now on the right with slaughter marks her way.
Launch'd from her arm the missive jav'lines fly,
And groans of dying warriors rend the sky.
Where'er the heroine treads the crimson field,
Horror attends ; the Moorish squadrons yield.
A thousand hearts within her bosom bound,
And if she falls, she falls with glory crown'd.

Impend-

AT medias acies inter crudescit Amazon
Candida, plena animis, multisque in millibus ardet.

• Namque sagittiferum incurfans, rediensque elephan-
tem,

Nigrantes sternit ; dextra, lævaque per alas
Fulminat, atque manu spargens hastilia sævit.
Bellanti dant tela locum, retroque residunt

Hinc,

Impending fate the fable nation rues,
 And to his Queen th' afflicted Monarch sues ;
 Nor pause, nor stay ; the Queen her sabre draws,
 And asks no motive but her country's cause,
 Who first, brave Amazon, in scenes of death,
 Who last to thee resigns his fated breath ?
 To thee how many owe their mortal wound,
 Steeds fall on steeds, and bite the chequerd ground
 In heaps the infantry bestrew the plain,
 And mangled archers, dear to Mars in vain.
 To paint the fight what Bard shall dare aspire !
 Oh ! for a hundred tongues ! a Muse of fire !
 A Muse to fly, where'er the heroes call,
 Where dangers press, and where the thickest fall !
 With heaps of slain the field is cover'd o'er,
 And ruthless slaughter bathes her feet in gore.
 Horsemen and horse together swell the tide,
 And the wide plains with purple streams are dy'd.
Shouts

*Hinc, atque hinc inimicæ acies : per tela, per hostes
 Illa ruit pulchram in mortem ; simul ultima tentat
 Castra, fugæ fidens, animosque in bella viriles
 Sæva gerit ; penetrat cuneos, aperitque viam vi.
 Tandem fusca cohors, nigrantisque arbiter alæ
 Ipse etiam arma suæ trepidus, viresque, animosque
 Virginis implorat : nulla est mora, fervida Amazon .
 Emicat, atque ardens paribus se sistit in armis.
 Quem primum hasta, aut quem postremum, bellica
 virgo,
 Demetis ; aut quot humi candentia corpora linquis ?*
Semi-

THE GAME OF CHESS. 113

Shouts from both nations intermingled rise ;
Who fights, meets death ; death follows him that
flies.

Thro' paths of blood the warlike heroines fly,
Determin'd each to conquer, or to die.

And now the Monarchs, who both nations sway,
The captives of the sword with care survey.
Safe from the foe a station they assign,
Where their entrenchments stretch their farthest line.
There the brave warrior, who disdain'd to yield,
And left his mangled body on the field,
With his fall'n countrymen, a gen'rous band !
'Midst heaps of slain lies welt'ring on the strand ;
And, left again he view the realms of light,
Or dare in steel complete provoke the fight,
Each sov'reign watches with observant eye :
In their King's cause 'tis giv'n but once to die.

But

Semianimes volvuntur equi niveique nigrique,
Et peditum cunei, dilectaque pectora Marti
Aligerâ juvenes ineuntes bella sagittâ
Quis cladem fando illius, quis funera pugnae,
Prostratosque duces speret se æquare canendo ?
Sternitur omne solum buxo, atque miserrima cædes
Exoritur : confusa inter sese agmina cædunt ;
Implicitæque ruunt albæ, nigraeque phalanges :
Sternuntur pedites, & corpora quadrupedantum.
Nam versa inter se jactantes mutua tela

VOL. VII.

I.

Fœmineis

But now the God of war, an anxious friend,
 O'er his lov'd Moors sees various ills impend.
 He views the purple field, and round him throws
 His eye quick glancing, where the combat glows,
 In death's wide range, if aught he could explore,
 Of the black troops the fortune to restore.
 He views afar the melancholy plain,
 Where breathless lie the chiefs in battle slain,
 And from the heap conveys with furtive aim
 A foldier, and an archer known to fame.
 Wak'd to new life with glad surprize they view
 Their former camp, and to their country true
 Again they live, again the fight renew.

As when some wretch at Cholcos yields his breath,
 A ghastly form, stretch'd in the arms of death,
 Her potent charms Medea straight applies,
 And the ingredients of her cauldron tries :

The

Fœmineis ambæ nituntur Amazones armis,
 Usque aded certæ non cedere, donec in auras
 Aut hæc, aut illa effundat cum sanguine multo
 Sævam animam, solâ linquentes prælia morte.
 Interea amborum populorum rector uterque
 Captivos hostes, & victa cadavera bello
 Carcere servabant castris vicina, caventes.
 Ne capti semel, aut obita jam morte jacentes,
 In vitam revocati iterum certamina inerent.

At lateri innixus Phœbeo Threicius Mars,
 Junctus amicitia puero Arcadi, si quid amico

Fata

The subtle drugs insinuate their force,
 And the meand'ring blood renews its course :
 The dead revives ; he joins the sons of men,
 And wond'ring acts his functions o'er again.

But Vulcan, son of Heav'ns imperial Queen,
 Observes each movement of the various scene :
 He call'd on Mars, and call'd with cloud acclaim :
 The Thracian hero burns with conscious shame ;
 While grief and rage in Hermes' bosom roll,
 Heighten despair, and desolate his soul.

The mighty Sire, to whom th' immortals bow,
 Perceives the fraud, and awful shakes his brow ;
 Then Mars addressing with indignant ire,
 While from each eye shot forth cœlestial fire,
 " And dost thou hope," he said, " dost thou presume
 " To thwart our fix'd, irrevocable doom ?
 " Thy

Fata sinant prodesse, animum per cuncta volutat,
 Observatque omnes casus : tum corpora bina
 Capta, pharetratum juvenem, peditemque nigrantes,
 Cœtibus è functis jam vita, atque æthere cassis
 Surripit, & castris rursus clam immittit apertis.
 Ergo iterum gemini captivi prælia inibant ;
 • Miscebantque manus animosi, atque arma ferebant.
 Haud fecus (ut perhibent) cùm Colchis nacta cada-
 ver,
 Aut virgo Massylla, recens : cantuque triformem
 Sæpe ciens Hecaten, ac magni numina Ditis,

" Thy arts are fruitless; vain the bold design;
 " Let those, who once were slain, to death resign:
 " Such is our sov'reign will." He spoke, and straight
 The new recruits once more submit to fate;
 Again they seek the pale, the silent shore,
 And all the order of the field restore.

And now the chiefs, inflam'd with tenfold rage,
 In the fierce horrors of the war engage.
 Breathing revenge, and terrible in arms,
 The Queens shake all the field with dire alarms.
 The lines shrink back, where'er the heroines tread,
 And the earth groans with mountains of the dead:
 Their vigour fails at length, by toil oppress'd,
 And weary slaughter pants awhile for rest:
 In sullen mood they quit the doubtful strife,
 And each repairs to guard her Monarch's life.
 Soon the white Amazon new strength inspires,
 And love of glory still her bosom fires;

Against

Falsam animam insinuat membris, auræque loquaces:
 Continud erigitur corpus, loquiturque, videtque,
 Et vivos inter fruitur cœlestibus auris.

Non tulit indignum facinus Junonia proles
 Mulciber, (ille dolum solus deprendit) & ore
 Inclamat, Phœbumque monet: Thrax palluit heros
 Deprensus: Phœbo exarsit dolor ossibus ingens.
 Tum Marti Pater omnipotens iratus, iniqua
 Præsidia abduci, atque indebita corpora bello
 Protinus è castris jubet, atque retexere falsos
 Hinc atque inde ictus; & cuncta in pristina reddit.

Jamque

Against the Moorish Queen she wings her flight ;
 The Moorish Queen sinks down in endless night.
 O short liv'd triumph ! Short, alas ! the date
 Of joy and victory ! The hand of fate
 To death, ah ! beauteous warrior ! bids thee yield,

• -And lays thee decent on the sanguine field.
 Their Queens both states lament in mournful strain,
 And grief and horror cover all the plain.
 Each bosom sighs ; tears gush from ev'ry eye,
 On their cold bier as the pale slumb'ers lie.
 The last sad obsequies the nations pay,
 And the long funeral pomp obscures the day.

The rites perform'd, with zeal the troops repair
 To guard their Kings, sole object of their care.
 The thin battalions now scarce man the board,
 Remnants of war, and gleanings of the sword.

Each

Jamque duces furiis ambo majoribus instant ;
 Reginaeque ambas conversa per agmina mittunt :
 Cæde madent illæ, toto æquore fata ferentes :
 Confidunt tandem obversæ, regesque tuentur
 Quæque suum. Ecce, autem bellatrix agminis albi
 A tergo ferro invasit, stravitque nigrantem
 Igraram : verùm ipsa etiam cadit icta sagittâ
 • Ah misera ! & spoliis haud longum exultat opimis.
 Convertere oculos ambæ hinc, atque inde cohortes ;
 Atque acies lacrymis & foemineo ululatu

118 THE GAME OF CHESS.

Each shatter'd host beholds with wild affright
 The waste of blood, and carnage of the fight;
 Equal their loss, and equal their dismay;
 An equal tempest swept their ranks away.
 One elephant, Apollo, in thy train,
 An archer, and three soldiers, now remain.
 These to oppose, the Moors direct their course;
 The same their numbers, but not so their force.
 No elephant is seen in tow'ring pride:
 Their last brave elephant in battle died.
 From the right wing a trooper dares advance,
 Firm to the last, and shakes his glitt'ring lance:
 In their King's cause the rest resign'd their breath,
 And peaceful lie in honourable death.

O'er the wide waste now Hermes rolls his eye;
 He views a scene of blood, and heaves a sigh:

Yet

Ambas incubuisse putes, dum funera ducunt.
 Tum reges mœstos ipsa ad prætorïa densi
 Agglomerant sese circum; timor omnibus idem
 Incumbit; par tempestas, par hausit utrosque
 Diluvium populos; & sunt sua funera cuique.
 Haud prorsus tamen ambobus defecerat omne
 Robur: opes restant, & adhuc intacta juvenus,
 Tres pedites tibi, Phœbe, sagittifer alter, & ingenis
 Bellua turrïto dorso; totidemque tibi, Arcas,
 Excepto, elephante, alta qui nuper in aula,
 Pace fruens, cecidit, positus inglorius armis,
 Eminus aligerâ percussus runcine pectus.
 Sed dexter tibi restat eques imperditus: hausit

Cetera

Yet nought his warlike ardour can abate,
 Resolv'd to grapple to the last with fate ;
 His troops, sad reliques of Apollo's rage,
 He orders now with caution to engage :
 His soldiers scorn capitulating fears,
 And the field gleams with their erected spears.
 Slowly they march ; each pass with care survey,
 Still to retrieve the fortune of the day ;
 Now ambush'd close they meditate the blow ;
 Now guard each post, and now assault the foe.
 Nor less Apollo burns with martial ire,
 Trembling with hope, and stung with fierce desire.
 His feeble lines present their thin array,
 The shatter'd cohorts of the long-fought day.
 The glitt'ring bands, which at the morning's dawn
 O'er the wide field in martial pride were drawn,

Now

*Cetera bellantum Mars impius agmina, bellicæ
 Alea, florentes & defolaverat aulas.*

At Cyllenæo juveni spes occidit omnis.

Æstuat, amissæ gentis memor, & suspirat

Heroas magnos tot fato corpora functa.

Non tamen excedit pugna : fracta agmina bello,

Reliquias tenues immitis Apollinis, astu

Cautior in pugnam mittit, post funera tanta

Si qua fata sinant gentis sarcire ruinas.

It nigrum campis agmen, stat ubique morari,

Fortunamque omnem tentare, aditusque nocendi.

Exultat contra non æquo prælia motu

Cynthius invadens : facies indigna cohortum,

120 THE GAME OF CHESS.

Now mourn their chiefs, their bravest warriors slain,
And a dispeopled realm in one campaign !

Heu ! facies miseranda ducum ; raro agmine aperta
Castra patent latè, viduatæ & civibus aulæ.



THE
GAME OF CHESS.

CANTO IV.

ARGUMENT of the Fourth Canto.

THE Kings are inconsolable for the loss of their Queens : They grow tired of a widowed bed. Though they still love their first wives, they have no objection to second nuptials. The white King proclaims his intention : He incites the virgins to contend for his throne and bed. That honour, by the laws, is for her only, who reaches the farthest line of the enemy. The white virgins exert their utmost courage. One on the right wing flies before the rest. The Moor gives no opposition. He is now bent on a second marriage. A black virgin urges on, but is a square later than her antagonist. The white virgin succeeds. The King weds her. Her coronation. Mercury is overwhelmed with grief. The virgin, whom he loved, is near her wishes, but does not dare step on the last line. An elephant of the enemy guards that whole tract. The white Queen urges on with prodigious slaughter. The black troops fly before her. A Simile. The slaughter continues. The black King is in danger. A post lies open to the white Queen, where she may be sure of victory. Mercury perceives it. He endeavours, by talking, to divert Apollo's attention. The scheme succeeds. Apollo overlooks his advantage, and kills a foot soldier. Mercury exults. He saves his King by interposing a black trooper, who soon after kills the white elephant. A black Queen is raised to the throne. The fight is renewed with great ardour on both sides. Mercury again cavils with Apollo, and puts him off his guard. Apollo answers with warmth. He sends his Queen into the thick of the enemy. A dreadful combat follows. Both armies are thrown into confusion. Victory inclines to neither side.

CANTO IV.

THE scepter'd Monarchs, fore beset with
pain,

Strive to allay their grief, but strive in vain.
Since that black hour, when their lov'd consorts fell,
A thousand passions in their hearts rebel ;
Their fond regret no comfort can controul,
Each beauteous dame deep-imag'd in the soul.
But in the crisis of the war they dread
A vacant throne, and solitary bed.
To their first vows, and to their country true,
They think of pleasures past, and sigh for new.
By proclamation the white King invites
His blooming virgins to the nuptial rites ;
The blooming virgins, 'midst the din of arms,
Call forth at once their courage and their charms ;

In

MCEREBANT vacuis thalamis regnator uterque
Jamdudum exosi sine conjuge tædia lecti,
Primus amor maneat quamvis immotus utrisque,
Sors tamen ad nova conjugia, atque novos hymenæos
Flectit iniqua. Igitur primùm rex agminis albi
Reginæ comites olim, fidasque ministras
Regali invitât thalamo ; quæ, funera mœstæ
Post fera bellatricis heræ, tela irrita bello

Jactabant,

In deeds of glory with each other vie,
 Resolv'd, their Monarch to embrace, or die.
 The wary Monarch views the gen'rous strife,
 And from the laws alone demands a wife.
 The laws to her the diadem assign,
 Through the thick war, who gains the utmost line.
 The fiery virgins rush through sword and fire,
 Love and ambition all their souls inspire ;
 Eager they pant ; but on the army's right
 Thro' the third tract a rival wings her flight,
 And flush'd with hope, anticipates the charms
 Of love and empire in a Monarch's arms.

The Moorish King from his pavilion spies
 The warlike maid, as to the goal she flies ;
 Confess'd to view he sees her hopes appear,
 Inactive sees, nor checks the bold career.

Of

*Jaçtabant, acies inter cuneosque nigrantes,
 Oppetere, amissæ, dominæ pro cæde, paratæ.
 Sed priùs explorare ausus sedet, atque viriles
 Cunctarum spectare animos, ut digna cubili
 Intret : in hostiles sedes, atque ultima castra
 Hortaturque, jubetque supremam apprehendere metam.
 Nulli fas etenim regis sperare cubile,
 (Pacta verant) nisi quæ per tela invec̃ta, per hostes,
 Transactis spatiis cunctis impunè suprema
 Attigerit priùs adversi penetralia regis.
 Arrexere animos famulæ, pariterque per hostes
 Limitibus properant rectis : tamen ocior antè it*

Tertia

Of gentle love he too had felt the dart,
 The pow'r of beauty thrilling to his heart.
 On the fourth tract a fun burnt dame aspires
 To wake by valour a young Monarch's fires.
 But, ah! brave virgin! to thy cause unkind,
 The fates detain thee on one square behind;
 While the white Amazon with rapid pace
 Pursues her course, still foremost in the race;
 Till, bold ambition kindling in her eyes,
 On the last line she wins th' imperial prize.
 With joy the Monarch clasps her in his arms,
 Admires her valour much, but more her charms.
 The diadem, his former consort's pride,
 He orders forth, and crowns the beauteous bride.
 No blush she feigns, no amorous delay,
 But to the King's pavilion wings her way,
 " And keeps with joy her coronation day."

} Wide

Tertia quam dextro ducebat semita cornu,
 Exultatque, agitatque animo connubia regis:
 Nam comites spe sublapsa cessere volentes.
 Illa volat coeptis immanibus; addidit alas
 Gloria præpetibus plantis, & plurima merces:
 Nulla obstat mora: nec facinus prohibere tyranno
 Cura nigro est; novaque ipse etiam connubia tentat,
 Et vacuis thalamis alias inducere nuptas.
 Ergo iter alternæ accelerant; famulamque sinistram
 Quarto limite agit, saltu sed tardior uno,
 Parrhasius juvenis: jamque imperterrita virgo
 Candida, facta potens voti, penetraverat omnes

Sedes,

Wide o'er the chequer'd field *te deums* ring,
 And the white legions *Hymeneals* sing.
 Loud peals of joy dejected *Hermes* hears ;
 Grief heaves in sighs, and anger streams in tears.
 For him what now remains? in black despair
 He beats his breast, and rends his scatter'd hair ;
 Sees the black virgin, whom a crown inspires,
 Within one move of all her bright desires ;
 There sees her halt ; there sees, ah ! luckless maid !
 The prize in view, nor dares that prize invade.
 Lo ! on the farthest limit of the land,
 A warlike elephant hath fix'd his stand ;
 O'er all the line his glaring eye-ball throws,
 And threatens hideous ruin on the foes.

From the white camp, meanwhile, in martial pride,
 To battle issues forth the scepter'd bride.

Rage

Sedes, atque alacris metâ confederat altâ.
 Tum rector jubet afferri scellamque, tiaramque,
 Extinctæ ornatus, necnon fulgentia sceptrâ,
 Dignaturque toro meritam, optatisque hymenæis.
 Gaudet cana cohors, insultatque eminus atræ.
 Haud lacrymas cohibet Maia fatus, æthera voce
 Incessens, pictosque à pectore rupit amictus.
 Nigranti famulæ tantùm gradus unus ad ipsam
 Restabat metam ah ! miseræ ; sed limite recto
 Turritus fera fata elephas impunè minatur
 Insurgens, si supremam contingere sedem
 Audeat, & toto castra obsidet ultima tractu,
 Et pavidam observans extremis sedibus arcet.

Interea

Rage and despair, and death attend her train,
 And the pale fates stand trembling on the plain;
 Proud of her charms, and the imperial crown,
 She breathes revenge, and mows the battle down.
 Earth groans, Olympus shakes; a purple flood
 Imbrues the field; Bellona stalks in blood.
 The Moors behold her terrible from far,
 As on she drives, the thunderbolt of war!
 Apall'd, they wish for the earth's gaping womb,
 To sink at once in the deep cavern'd gloom.
 Now wild with fear, to the King's tent they fly,
 There to obtain relief, or there to die.

As in the meadows, when the lowing brood
 To pasture stray, and crop the verdant food,
 If chance a wolf, with rage and hunger keen,
 Who all night long had roam'd the Sylvan scene,
 Soon

Interea nova regali dignata virago,
 Connubio exultans, toto dat funera campo.
 Illam tollit honos novus, & fortuna tumentem;
 Fulminis in morem ruit, atque nigrantia sævit
 Castra, per, & sedes, ac sidera territæ armis.
 Horrescunt faciem invisam nigra agmina crudæ
 Virginis, atque imæ exoptant telluris hiatus.
 Diffugiunt trepidi vasto irrupente fragore
 Hoste, metuque omnes acti glomerantur in unum,
 Aulæ in medio juxta latera ardua regis.
 Haud secus alta boves spar sæ per pascua quondam,

128 THE GAME OF CHESS.

Soon as the east glows with the blushing dawn,
 From his high hill comes thund'ring down the lawn;
 Cow'ring the heifers fly, a dastard train!
 To the strong bull that lords it o'er the plain;
 Him they surround; him with their horns assail,
 And hollow groans are heard along the vale.

Thro' the thick war the fierce virago flies,
 They yield, she follows; who resists her, dies.
 The wonders of her daring all behold,
 And now their King in closer ranks infold.
 In ev'ry sound the Amazon they hear;
 On ev'ry side her deathful blade they fear,
 Now flaming in the van, now hanging o'er the rear. }
 She rushes on, each avenue to bar,
 And to the King's pavilion drives the war.

There

Ut sensere lupum venientem, protinus omnes
 Conveniunt trepidæ, & fortem factò agmine taurum
 Ductorem armenti implorant, ipsique propinquant
 Certatim inter se trudentes cornua, rauco
 Murmure; mugitu longè nemora alta resulant.
 At regina furens trepidos toto agmine victrix
 Impingens in terga, ipsique ante omnia regi
 Fata parans, pugnas alta ad prætoria miscet:
 Nunc ruit huc, nunc huc; tunc & nisi læva fuisset
 Mens illi, poterat candentem invadere sedem
 Limite in obliquum quarto, & concludere fauces.
 Ultimus ille labor regi, gentique fuisset

(Nigranti,

There rushes on, where the fierce chiefs engage,
 And round the Monarch bids the battle rage;
 In fancy sees him bleed; but oh! vain boast!
 Tho' now defenceless lies the wish'd-for post;
 Tho' a white square a vacant space afford,
 A station to command the chequer'd board;
 Ne'er to her valour shall that conquest bow,
 Ne'er shall that match dash the heroine's brow.
 Ah! blind to fortune's fury in her eyes,
 She looks around, nor sees the radiant prize;
 Or one bold step had made the day her own,
 And the black tyrant tumble from his throne.

Afflicted Hermes sees impending fate,
 And his king falling with a falling state.
 Then thus, if yet he can prevent the stroke,
 In taunting accents thus his mind he spoke:
 "How long, Apollo, wilt thou stand at bay?
 "Why loiter thus? and why this dull delay?"

« Wake

Nigranti, & fatis Arcas lugeret iniquis:
 Nempe erat hinc Ieti facilis via in ilia regis;
 Nec poterat quisquam se tantæ opponere cladi.
 Sensit Atlantiades tacitus, dubioque tremebant
 Corda metu: accelerare hostem jubet improbus, ictum
 Ne videat, verbisque rapit per inania mentem,
 Castigatque moras: Adeon' juvat usque morari,
 Nec pudor est? quæ tanta animis ignavia? sic nos
 Increpitæ semper cunctantes impiger ipse?
 Scilicet expectas dum nox certamina tollat?

"Wake from your trance: your legions ling'ring stand;
 "Still must they wait their leader's trembling hand?
 "Or wilt thou pause, till yon' bright orb decline,
 "And to the shades of night the world resign?
 "Are these the arts, the maxims you pursue?
 "Why blame in others, what yourself will do?"
 Stung by the taunt, Apollo views with pain
 His lengthen'd cares, and all his toil in vain.
 Nor sees, while rising passions cloud his sight,
 Where honourable deeds his queen invite;
 Nor makes the post on the white square his own,
 Nor shakes the swarthy Tyrant on his throne;
 But sends, with meaner blood to glut his blade,
 A soldier down to night's eternal shade.

The field now open, and the passes freed,
 Hermes beholds the unavailing deed.
 Joy fills his soul; joy sparkles in his eyes,
 Exalts his voice, and rends with shouts the skies.

Then

His actus, peditem imprudens dum captat Apollo,
 Præterit fortunam: alacer vocem extulit astris
 Lætitiâ exiliens Cyllenius: inde periclo
 Regem ipsum eripiens, opponit Amazonis armis
 Haud invitum equitem, qui sævos arceat ictus.
 Tum secum meditans candenti letum elephantî,
 Qui meta arcebat famulam, ne regis iniret
 Concessos thalamos, curvato percussit arcu:
 Concidit, atque ictu tellurem belluâ vasto
 Pulsavit moriens; dum regi intentat Apollo
 Necquicquam

Then from the Queen enrag'd his King to shield,
 He bids a trooper tempt the lifted field.
 To shield his King the willing trooper stands
 "Proud to obey his leader's just commands."
 The leader meditates, now bolder grown,
 With a new bride to fill the vacant throne.
 Tow'rd the last line he darts an ardent eye,
 And dooms the low ring elephant to die.
 The time is apt; the fatal word he said;
 An archer draws his arrow to the head:
 With fatal aim the twanging bow he plies,
 And to its mark the impatient arrow flies.
 The monster's side pours forth a purple flood;
 He falls, he groans, he welters in his blood.

The road now level to ambition's aim,
 The sun-burnt maid pursues her path to fame.
 No danger threatens from opposing foes;
 No more Apollo can her flight oppose:

Eager

Nequicquam exitium: tum metam impunè ministra
 Nigra tenet, (nec Phœbus obest) jam regia conjux
 Jamque alacres paribus certamina viribus ambo
 Rursum ineunt, nuptasque ferunt in bella secundas.
 Tum, quanquam ambigux spes sint, incertaque belli
 Alea adhuc, tamen, ac si palmæ certus, & omne
 Discrimen positus sit supra, gaudia ficto
 Ore pueri Maix simulat, verbisque superbit

Eager she rushes to th' imperial scene ;
The willing Moors pay homage to their Queen.

Proud of their second loves, the Kings review
Their strength recruited, and the war renew
Still doubtful hangs the fortune of the day,
And equal valour turns th' alternate fray.
But Mercury, who could with thy address,
Feign what he felt not, what he felt suppress ;
With notes of triumph fills the ambient sky ;
Fear in his heart, and rapture in his eye ;
He seems with scorn the enemy to treat,
Boasting of conquest, dreading a defeat ;
And while (sly fraud !) their numbers he defies,
His confidence is terror in disguise.

Apollo brook'd not the insulting strain ;
“ Thy vaunts,” he said, “ are insolent and vain.”
“ Not yet has Victory her purple wing
“ Wav'd o'er thy banners ; unsubdued my King
“ Against thy swarthy prince still keeps the field,
“ And my brave hardy vet'rans scorn to yield.

“ For

*Improbus, insultans, (astûs genus !) & sua creber
Vocibus extollens, albæ premit arma cohortis.
Quem sic deprensa juvenis Latonius arte
Increpitat : Nondum extremam dubio ultima bello
Imposuit fortuna manum, & jam voce superbois.
Proinde mihi insulta & tumidis reple omnia verbis,
Certa tuum annuerit tibi cum victoria Martem.*

Sed

“ For thee, when fate has turn’d the doubtful scale,
 “ Then swell with triumph ; then let pride prevail :
 “ But now this stroke, to dash thy promis’d joys,
 “ This stroke, vain boaster ! this thy hope destroys.”

The frowny Queen obeys his stern command,
 The crimson sabre glitt’ring in her hand.
 Again both hosts in dreadful strife engage,
 And the war kindles with redoubled rage.
 One common hour, one great soul in all ;
 ’Tis fix’d to conquer, or in battle fall.
 The combat thickens ; helms and shields resound ;
 Swords flash ; shields glitter ; darts bestrew the
 ground ;

A melancholy scene of death around.
 For victory or ruin all prepare ;
 And sword to sword, and man to man they dare.
 Now these press forward, where the foe declines,
 And proudly hope to storm the hostile lines ;
 Now backward roll, as ebbs the tide of war,
 From their own camp the enemy to bar.

Their

Sed jam nulla mora est ; tua nunc, nunc irrita faxo
 Dicta manu. Hæc fatus, reginam hortatur in hostes.
 Continuo oxoritur magnum certamen, & ingens
 Hinc atque hinc rabies ; dum fixum vincere utriusque.
 Audentes in tela ruunt : stat multus ubique
 Terror, ubique pavor, mortisque simillima imago.
 Nituntur cuncti adversi, seseque viro vir

134 THE GAME OF CHESS.

Their panting breasts now fickle fortune plies,
And bids alternate passions fall and rise:
Now warm with hope, they bear the prize away:
Now desolate with fear, they lose the day,
And with quick change their throbbing bosoms play.

Obtulit: invigilant castris avertere pestem
Quisque suis, hostemque fugant, hostiliaque ipsi
Castra petunt, variantque vices, fortunaque ludis
Spe cupidos, & corda morae impatientia torquet.

THE
GAME OF CHESS.

CANTO V.

ARGUMENT of the Fifth Canto.

THE black Queen enters into the heat of the engagement. The white troops give way. Their Queen is busy in another part of the field: She forces her way to the royal tent, puts the sentinels to the sword, and gives check to the King. The black Queen comes to his relief: She throws herself between him and the enemy. Apollo is in the utmost distress. A black trooper has gained a post, from which he threatens the white King and Queen at once. In this situation of affairs Apollo is sorely grieved. Mercury exults. The white Queen falls. The King revenges her death. The black trooper is slain, Apollo sees impending ruin: his people are almost all cut off. Two foot-warriors and an archer are all that remain. Mercury musters the Moors. The black Queen meditates the destruction of the adverse King. She hews down all before her. The white archer and the two foldiers are put to the sword. The King now stands alone: he will not abdicate his crown. He flies and baffles the enemy. The black King pursues him. After passing through various defiles, the white King halts upon his first line. The black Queen takes post on the second line, and hems him in. The black King wishes to gain the honour of the day; but in vain; one square is always between him and his adversary. The black Queen gives the finishing stroke. The white King dies in the field of battle. Mercury exults and triumphs. Jupiter rewards him. Mercury instructs a Nymph in the game of Chess. He meets her on the banks of the river *Serio*. His amour is related. He gives the Nymph a Chess Board, as a token of his love. The Nymph teaches the Game to the people of Italy. The Poem concludes.

CANTO V.

FROM the Moor's Camp, meantime, in armour
bright

The fierce Virago animates the fight,
At glory's call she presses on with speed,
Where the war glows, and where the bravest bleed,
With the bold Amazon none dare engage,
Nor the white Queen attempts to check her rage.
Through paths far distant, the white Queen proceeds,
Prompt of design, and bold in gen'rous deeds.
Round the Moor's camp each avenue she tries,
In his pavilion where the Monarch lies.
The picket guard, the sentinels around
Fall by surprize, and bite the checquer'd ground.
Each post obtain'd, each fastness of the place,
Tow'rs her design she moves in silent pace,

There

FUNERA spargebat fuscæ regina cohortis
Per medias animosa acies: non æmula contra
Opposuit sese virgo, sed calle per hostes
Secretò interea regis tendebat ad alta
Limina: dein subito captis custodibus arcis
Irruit, atque aditus irrumpens obsidet aulam,

Intentatque

There hopes to triumph by resistless might,
And at one blow conclude the long ring fight.

This from afar beheld the sable Queen,
Her eye quick glancing o'er th' embattl'd scene.
She sees the plan by bold ambition form'd,
Her King besieg'd, and the entrenchment form'd;
With rage her bosom heaves, now sinks with grief;
What shall she do? where turn? how bring relief?
O'er vulgar lives she scorns her kind to wield,
And leaves unglean'd the harvest of the field.
Swift as the wind, she measures back the plain,
And darts and glitt'ring swords oppose in vain.
Between her king and the proud foe she stands,
And bravely there defies the hostile bands:
On her, on her their fury dares invoke,
And lays her bosom naked to the stroke.

This

Intentatque necem regi. Tum nigra virago,
Postquam altis vidit canam in penetrabilibus hostem,
Cæde madens strages citò linquit, & imperfecta
Funera, & acta pedem retro exanimata repressit;
Nec timuit mediam se certæ opponere morti,
Et patriæ, & trepido properans succurere regi.

Hic aliud majus Phœbo, graviusque dolendum
Objicitur: nam cornipedem Cyllenius atrum
Huc illuc agitans campo insultabat aperto.
Ardet equus, saltuque furit; nec desistit ausis,
Donec, reginæ pariter regique minatus,
Optatum tenuit sedem, exitioque futurus

Aut

This check'd Apollo's rage; nor this alone;
 Lo! other evils now invest his throne.
 For Mercury, who knew with prudent care,
 For each event his measures to prepare,
 Detach'd a trooper, with insulting pace,
 To range & large the parti-colour'd space.
 The gen'rous steed spurns, at each pause, the rein;
 His hoof, in fancy beats the absent plain;
 He champs, he foams, indignant of control,
 Devours the ground, and stretches to the goal.
 There the proud trooper feels his bosom glow,
 Fierce of design, and rising to the blow;
 The blow that fells a Monarch on the plain,
 Or sends his queen to Pluto's gloomy reign.

Scar'd at the fight, Apollo sees too late
 The dire dilemma that involves the state;
 The conqu'ring Moor elate with martial pride,
 And the white nation press'd on ev'ry side.

Grief

Aut huic, aut illi, nigrantibus obstitit armis.
 Ut vidit, tristi turbatus pectus Apollo
 Ingemuit; largusque genis non defuit humor.
 Et jam jam labi, atque retro sublapsa referri
 Spes omnis, fluxæ vires, averfa Deum mens.
 Arcas successu exultans, ac munere Divum
 Lætus, ovanisque, animum vocemque ad sidera tollit;
 Et tandem rediit vigor in præcordia victo.
 Protinus inclusam feriens sub tartara mittit

Reginam;

Grief swells his breast, and tears bedew his eye,
 Such tears as patriots shed, when nations die.
 His ruin'd cause the Gods averse forveiy,
 And fortune to the Moor transfers the day.
 Hermes exults; and now, with brandish'd blade,
 The white Queen's life a trooper dares invade.
 Ill fated princess! she resigns her breath
 In honour's cause, and seeks the shades of death;
 While, poor atonement for so great a prize,
 By the King's hand the sable trooper dies.

Nor yet Apollo quits the crimson field;
 He scorns to sue for mercy, or to yield.
 Where'er he views the wide extended plains,
 A poor epitome of war remains.
 Two soldiers only in the ranks appear,
 And one bold archer, still untaught to fear.

To

Reginam, & spoliis potitur non fegnis opimis:
 Tantùm olli bellator equus cadit, ilia fossus
 Ultoris ferro regis. Nondum tamen expes
 Phœbus abit, sed pugnat adhuc: atq; agminis albi
 Relliquiæ, pedites duo, & arcu insignis eburno,
 Martis amor juvenis, nequicquam bella laceffunt.
 Audentes facit amiffæ spes lapsa salutis,
 Succurruntque duci labenti in funera: sed non
 Talibus auxiliis, nec defensoribus istis
 Tempus eget: toto Maia satus æquore sævit.
 Instat vi multâ nigra virgo, septaque regis
 Circuit, excidium intentans, hac perfurit atque hac:
 Nec

To shield their King, undaunted they repair ;
 Their hope of safety fix'd in brave despair.
 Ah ! gallant warriors ! check your ardent course :
 Not your weak aid, nor such unequal force
 The time demands ; o'er all the checquer'd ground
 Lo ! Hermes storms, and calls his Moors around :
 The Moors obey, the Queen her aid combines,
 Braves ev'ry danger, and lays waste the lines.
 The King she seeks ; the King, where'er she flies,
 Burns in her fowl, and flashes from her eyes.
 Aloud she calls, "What ho ! young Monarch, ho !
 " 'Tis the black Amazon, thy mortal foe."
 Him low in dust her vengeance pants to lay,
 And where she rushes, ruin marks her way.
 She shakes her crimson steel : the shatter'd foes
 Her crimson steel no longer can oppose ;
 An undistinguish'd prey their lives they yield,
 Till man by man they perish on the field.

The

Nec requievit enim, donec certamine iniquo
 Reliquias gentis candentis, & ultima bello
 Auxilia absumpsit. Medio rex æquore inermis
 Constitit amissis sociis ; velut æthere in alto,
 Expulit ardentes flammæ ubi lutea bigis
 Luciferis, aurora, tuus pulcherrimus ignis.
 Luceat adhuc, Venus, & cælo mox ultimus exit.
 Nulla salus illi superat, spes nulla salutis ;
 Non tamen excedit victus, sed claudere sese
 Hostiles inter cuneos, impunè per enses.

Actus,

142 THE GAME OF CHESS.

The helpless King bemoans his slaughter'd host,
 And troops of friends he now no more must boast;
 He mourns a ruin'd, solitary reign,
 His guards, his people wett'ring on the plain.

As when the morn has chac'd the shades of night,
 And purpled o'er the East with orient light,
 The stars withdraw their ineffectual fires,
 And one by one the Heav'nly host retires;
 Thy orb, fair Venus, still emits a ray,
 A while to gleam alone, then fade away.

Deserted, helpless, thus the King remains,
 But still th' unconquerable mind retains;
 He scorns to abdicate, though numbers press,
 In ruin brave, majestic in distress.
 Exploring ev'ry path, he stands at bay,
 And thro' th' embattled phalanx wins his way,
 Secure of life, while none his passage meet,
 And the field opens still a safe retreat.

Till

Actus, avet, donec nusquam spatia ulla supersint
 Effugiis. Nam si nemo illi fata minetur,
 Nec superet sedes, quam impunè capeffere possit;
 Nil tantorum operum impensis foret omnibus actum;
 Sed labor effusus frustra, viresque fuissent;
 Nec titulos quisquam, aut victoris nomen haberet.
 Ergo per vacuas sedes, desertaque castra
 Nunc huc, rursus illuc, incertos implicat'orbes
 Diffugiens:

Till fate has stretch'd one monarch on the plain,
 Of all their toil the warriors boast in vain.
 For this the snowy King his flight renews;
 The sable Monarch, where he flies, pursues;
 And where the sable Monarch bends his course,
 The white King flies, and still eludes his force;
 Seizes each post, the vacant lines afford,
 Retreats, advances, flies, and skims along the board.
 But who from destiny can hope to fly?
 Th' inevitable hour of fate draws nigh:
 For now the limit of the checquer'd ground
 His steps have reach'd; his fortune's utmost bound!
 There as he moves, the sable Queen from far
 Darts o'er the plain, and rushes through the war:
 The captive Monarch eager to confine,
 She plants her standard on the second line.
 Her King exults, as with experienc'd eyes
 He views the field, and to the conquest flies;

Pursues

Diffugiens: niger insequitur rex æquore toto,
 Atque fugæ semper spatiumque abitumque relinquit.
 Post, ubi supremo tendentem limite gressum
 Vidit, reginam sedes servare secundas
 Jussit, ab angustiis ne se ille abducere possit
 Ordinibus; tantumque fugæ misero ultima restat
 Linea: tum sese contra niger æmulus infert
 Dux gentis propiore gradu; sedes tamen una
 Alterum ab alterius contactu summovet usque.
 Ut verò, contra exultantem victus, & expes

Pursues the foe, by love of glory led,
 And now he lays, or thinks he lays him dead.
 Vain the pursuit! where'er they tread the foe,
 One square still leaves a vacant space between.
 The fable Amazon beholds with pain
 The ling'ring labour of the long campaign.
 Forward she springs, and on the farthest land,
 With rage insatiate, takes her fatal stand.
 Unhappy Prince! which way the danger shun?
 Fate calls thee hence; thy race of glory's run!
 Thirsting for blood, the heroine gives the blow;
 Th' indignant Monarch seeks the shades below.
 On the bare earth his limbs extended lie;
 The Gods applaud, and rend with shouts the sky.

Hermes in triumph sees his labours o'er,
 And lo Pæan rings along the shore.
 Keen shafts of wit aim'd at Apollo fly,
 Who durst in arms the matchless chief defy.

The

Constatit invitus, fortunam nacta virago
 Extremam infiliit sedem, totoque minatur
 Limite: nec misero restat locus amplius usquam.
 Tandem illum surgens virgo crudelis in enem
 Immolat, & finem imposuit fors aspera pugnæ;

Victo Atlantiades exultat litore toto
 Improbus, & victo insultat, ridetque dolentem:

Quem

The matchless chief with pleasure Jove surveys,
 Approves his toil, and crowns his deeds with praise.
 Then gives the wand, the magic wand, whose aid
 Draws from the realms of night th' unbodied shade;
 Whose unrelenting pow'r to endless pain
 In Stygian lakes can send the guilty train;
 Can quench in slumber the unwilling fight,
 Or call the fleeting spirit back to light.
 Such was the gift to grace the victor's claim.
 The victor taught th' Italian swains the game:
 What the God taught, th' Italian swains obey,
 And their sons celebrate the mimic fray.

These sports, (if aught of truth old Bards relate)
 These festive sports to love first ow'd their date,
 For where thro' arching bow'rs the SERRIO glides,
 And with his silver stream the lawn divides,
 A train of Virgins haunt the flow'ry plain,
 Their feet responsive to the vocal strain.

With

Quem pater omnipotens ad se vocat, & dat habere
 Felicem virgam, qua puras evocet umbras
 Pallenti Styge, ut infectum scelus eluit ignis;
 Quaque Erebo damnet fontes, & carcere cæco;
 Detque adimatque oculis somnos; & funere in ipso
 Lumina lethæo claudat perfusa sopore.
 Mox verò gratum ludum mortalibus ipse
 Ostendit Deus, & morem certaminis hujus

VOL. VII.

L

Italice

With these a Nymph appear'd, surpassing fair;
 Of heav'nly feature, and majestic air.
 Her, as she rov'd where cooling banks invite,
 Hermes beheld, and kindled at the sight.
 Oft, when retiring from the noon-day beam,
 She sought the freshness of the limpid stream;
 He saw each charm in all its native grace,
 Charms that eclips'd the wonders of her face;
 Now saw that form on the green margin's side,
 With softer gleam now in the azure tide;
 And now, where, bending thro' the quiv'ring reeds,
 With snowy hand her silver swans she feeds.
 Her virgin-pride too soon the God disarms:
 She blush'd, and blushing gave him all her charms.
 Hermes, the yielding fair-one to requite,
 With fond remembrance of the dear delight,
 Bestow'd, still gazing on that heav'nly face,
 The checquer'd board, and party-colour'd race;
 Explain'd the laws by which the troops engage,
 And taught the Nymph the various war to wage.

The

Italiæ primùm docuit celebrare colonos.
 Namq; olim, ut perhibent, dilectam Scacchida, qua
 non
 Inter Seriadæ præstantior, altera Nymphas,
 Compressit ripâ errantem, & nil tale putantem,
 Dum pascit niveos herbosa ad flumina olores.
 Tum bicolorem illi buxum dedit, atque pudoris
 Amissi pretium, vario ordine picturatam
 Argentique auriq; gravem tabulam addidit, usumque
 Edocuit,

THE GAME OF CHESS. 147

The Nymph well pleas'd, and of the present vain,
Display'd love's trophy to her sister-train;
Taught them the art, the manners of the game,
And bade the mimic strife retain her name.

Her name the Nymphs record in ditties sweet,
And oft at eve the wond'rous tale repeat.
Oft have I heard them; in my vernal day
Oft has attention listen'd to the lay;
What time I first essay'd the sylvan strains,
And with the Muse walk'd o'er my native plains.

Edocuit, Nymphæque etiam nunc servat honorem,
Et nomen ludus, celebrat quem maxima Roma,
Extremæque hominum diversa ad littora gentes.
Omnia quæ puero quondam mihi ferre solebant
Seriades, patrii canerem dum ad flumina Serii.

P O E M A T A

TEMP LUM FAME;

POEMA ALEXANDRI POPE,

LATINE REDDITUM.

TEMPLUM FAMÆ.

LIBER PRIMUS.

TEMPUS erat cum blanda dies, pluvizæque
feraces

Irriguas revocant animas surgentibus herbis;
Cum jam vere novo lactentes germen honores
Elicit ad solem, Zephyrique tepentibus auris
Formæ in mille modos se dædala terra resolvit;
Tum, tenerè irrorans jucunda oblivia curis,
Obrepsit fomnus; fugiunt luctusque metusque,
Nec malefuada Venus vivo pertentat amore

Jam

IN that soft season, when descending show'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs,
When op'ning buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,
And love itself was banish'd from my breast,
(What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings)

A train

Jam resides sensus ; sed enim simul alma reluxit,
 Somnia grata ferens, Tithoni Roscida conjux,
 Morpheus, assumens variæ simulamina formæ,
 Occupat, et multâ fallens sub imagine rerum
 Sopitum lufit mentis dulciffimus error.

Scilicet evectus subito super astra videbar
 Sublimem in fedem, terras unde arduus omnes,
 Cunctaque spectabam, quidquid de vertice Olympi,
 Vastum emensus iter, clarâ sol lampade lustrat.
 Ætheris in medio, proprio libratus ab axe,
 Orbis erat ; varii hinc atque hinc capita ardua montes
 Attollunt ; raucis terram circumfonat undis
 Oceanus ; vada falfa fremunt ; deferta locorum
 In longum tendunt spatium ; fylva alta coruscis
 Frondibus horrefcit, captans et Carbasus Austros
 Radit iter liquidum vasti per Cærula Ponti.

Fervet

A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
 And, join'd, this intellectual scene compose.

I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies,
 The whole creation open to my eyes ;
 In air self-balanc'd hung the globe below,
 Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow ;
 Here naked rocks, and empty wastes were seen,
 There tow'ry cities, and the forests green ;
 Here sailing ships delight the wand'ring eyes,
 There trees and intermingled temples rise ;

Now

Fervet opus; furgunt urbes, et templa deorum
 Thure novo redolent plena, in cœlumque minantur.
 Sole sub ardenti varios nunc scena colores
 Induitur, tenues mox vanida fugit in auras.

Miranti, passimque oculos per cuncta ferenti,
 Attonitas ingens subito fragor impulit aures,
 Ceu distante polus tonitru cum parte cietur,
 Aut cum rauca sonans scopulis immurmurat unda.
 Continuo clarâ se objectat luce videndum
 Magnæ molis opus, vastum cui nubila culmen
 Turbida caligant circum, involvuntque tenebris.
 Nix concreta gelu, radiisque impervia solis,
 Fundamenta dabat monti, cui semita gressum
 Clementi faciliq; jugo præbebat in altum,
 Lubrica sed fallax subdit vestigia plantæ.
 Marmoris in speciem duratis frigore lymphis

Prodigiosa

Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
 The transient landscape now in clouds decays.

O'er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,
 Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
 Like broken thunders, that at distance roar,
 Or billows murm'ring on the hollow shore:
 Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
 Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds conceal'd;
 High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
 Steep its ascent, and slippery was the way;

The

Prodigiōsa filex stat ceu Marpeſſa cautes,
 Perſpicuo et ſolidum mentitur Corpore Saxum.
 Hinc atque hinc gelidi circum latera ardua montis
 Nomina gliſcenti in ſaxo deſcripta videres
 Magnanimūm heroum, in terris dum vita manebat,
 Eximiae peperere ſibi qui laudis honores,
 Et per vatis opus, et ſacræ dona camænæ
 Speravere diu manſuram in ſæcula famam.
 Heu! vatum promiſſa fides! poſt fortia facta,
 Nunc plorant meritis non reſpondere favorem,
 Et multos trepidavit edax abolere vetuſtas.
 Parte aliâ, aſpiceres ſubito ſplendore poetas
 Inſcriptos rupi; nec longum tempus, in auras
 Diſſugiant cuncti, et veſtigia nulla ſuperſunt.
 Vidi et cenſores, vatum qui rebus iniqui
 In cunctos gaudent crudeles fumere pænas.
 Illis ira modum ſupra eſt, et laudis avari.
 Admiranda ſuis concedere nomina cogunt;

Inque

The wond'rous rock like P'arian marble ſhone,
 And ſeem'd to diſtant ſight of ſolid ſtone.
 Inſcriptions here of various names I view'd,
 The greater part by hoſtile time ſubdued;
 Yet wide was ſpread their fame in ages paſt,
 And poets once had promis'd they ſhould laſt.
 Some freſh engrav'd, appear'd of wits renown'd:
 I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
 Critics I ſaw that other names deſace,
 And fix their own, with labour, in their place;

Their

Inque vicem illorum, celeri devota lituræ,
 Fama perijt mendax, atque illachrymabilis altâ
 Nocte jacet, Phœbo quondam dum digna locuti
 In lucem redeunt, recidivaque carmina monstrant.
 Nec tantum venti, tempestatelque sonoræ
 Circum saxa fremunt; interdum faucia sole
 Liquitur, inque putrem mitescit lubrica moles.
 Namque extrema fugit, pennâ metuente resolvi,
 Fama, incerta nimis, medio et tutissima semper;
 Nec magis invidiæ peritura sequacibus iris,
 Quam nimium effusæ fatali munere laudis.
 Pars tamen est, quam nulla unquam inclementia coeli,
 Nulla procella potest, nulli penetrare calores,
 Sed chrystalla velut, ferro quæ sculptor edaci
 Format, et arte jubet verborum fumere sensus,
 Cuncta tenax servat saxo commissa fideli.
 Namque hic cernere erat muros inscripta per omnes
 Nomina clara virum, primâ quæ ab origine mundi
 Obtinere

Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
 Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.
 Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
 But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun;
 For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
 Not more by envy, then excess of praise.
 Yet part no injuries of Heaven could feel,
 Like chrystal, faithful to the graving steel:
 The rock's high summit, in the temples shade,
 Nor heat could melt, nor beating storms invade.
 Their

Obtinuere locum, et feros visura nepotes
Immortali ævo summâ cum laude fruuntur.

Sic ubi Zembla jacet, liquidi miracula faxi,
Dædala quæ finxit vis frigoris, ardua surgunt,
Lugentesque super campos, et inertia regna
Perpetuo candore rigent : per nubila Phœbus
Cana gelu tenues, pallens, expertque caloris,
Obliquat radios ; neque sentit fulguris ictum
Sæva, jugis habitans, fervansque æterna rigorem
Indomitum deformis hyems ; ferus ingruit horror
Grandinis, et molem crescit super altera moles,
Altius insurgens, donec, ceu maximus Atlas
In cœlum erigitur rupes immensa pruinae,
Miraturque ævi glaciem et nascentia saxa,
Congeriem dum mille hyemes glomerantur in unam.
Impositum

Their names inscrib'd, unnumber'd ages past,
From time's first birth, with time itself shall last ;
These ever new, nor subject to decays,
Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days,

So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast ;
Pale suns unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on th' impassive ice the light'nings play :
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky.
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thousand years.

Impositum rupi, summoque in vestige stabat
 Sacrum, Fama, sibi, visu mirabile! Templum;
 Ædes vasta, ingens, in cœlum erecta, nec unquam
 Mortali fabricata manu: portenta laboris,
 Quæ præsens, vel lapsa retro quæ viderit ætas,
 • Egregium superabat opus; licet inclyta rerum
 Jactet Romæ sibi capitolii immobile saxum;
 Quamvis immensas miretur Græcia moles,
 Pensilibusque hortis Babylon consurgat ad astra.

Quæ se diversas ad cœli quatuor oras
 Expandit tellus, foribus domus alta superbis
 Quatuor ostentat portas: quæ bruma nivali
 Frigore constringit terram, mediufve rubente
 Feryet sole dies; qua lucis spargit eoo
 Primitias Aurora redux, vel pronus in undas
 Hesperias Titan fluctu se tingit iberò;
 Adverso totidem panduntur cardine valvæ.

Non

• On this foundation Fame's high Temple stands,
 Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
 Whate'er proud Rome, or artful Greece beheld,
 Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.

• Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face
 Of various structure, but of equal grace.
 Four brazen gates, on columns list'd high,
 Salute the diff'rent quarters of the sky.
 Here fabled chiefs in darker ages born,

Or

Non cunctis facies eadem, at par gratia formæ.
 Effigies variæ decorant longo ordine muros
 Magnanimùm heroùm, nati melioribus annis,
 Qui genus humanum varias coluere per artes ;
 Qui bello fulsere duces, et laudis amore
 Pro patria memere mori ; qui monstra per orbem
 Victrici demuere manu ; qui fœdera legum,
 Atque urbes posuere suis : de marmore ducti
 Arma viri rursùm tractant, et torva tuentur,
 In Saxo et rigidi meditantur jura SOLONIS.

Quà languente die sol vibrat mitior ignes,
 Janua vasta patet : molis capita alta columnæ
 Ingentes tollunt : variæ circumquæ supraquæ
 Postibus illudunt facies, spirantia signa !
 Atque homines ficto videas effulgere in auro.
 Theseus, hirsutâ vestitus pelle Leonis,
 Primus adest : clypeum furis et Gorgone saxum
Perseus

Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
 Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race,
 The walls in venerable order grace :
 Heroes in animated marble frown,
 And legislators seem to think in stone.

Westward a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,
 On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
 Crown'd with an architrave of antique mould,
 And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.

Perseus ostentat, donum fatale Minervæ.
 Atque hic Alcides, defessus membra labore,
 Asper, acerba tuens, clavæque innixus, et hortis
 Victor ab Hesperidum, vigili direpta draconi
 Poma manu gestat. Cytharâ Rhodopeius Orpheus
 Pulsat dulce melos; auritæ ad carmina quercus
 Sedibus exiliunt, sylvæque nemusque sequuntur,
 Atque ingens subito vatem super imminet umbra.
 Parte aliâ, Amphion blandâ testudine musam
 Suscitât; en mirum! Thebanæ conditur arcis
 Moles, magna, ingens; respondent flumina, valles,
 Et nemora, et montes; dulci clamore Cytheron
 Adsonat, et rupes, passimque sequacia saxa
 Agglomerant sese, et muros volvuntur in altos.
 Assurgunt variæ celsis compagibus arces;
 Inque arcus speciem, vasto curvamine, moles
 Stat complexa forum; trabibus, Pariisque columnis
 Innixæ surgunt ædes, et templa Deorum,
 Ceu subiti, quos terra parit tollitque vapores,
 Nubibus immiscent sese, & tenuantur ad astra.

Qua

In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld;
 And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield.
 There great Alcides, stooping with his toil,
 Rests on his club, and holds the Hesperian spoil.
 Here Orpheus sings; trees moving to the sound,
 Start from their roots, and form a shade around:
 Amphion there the loud creating lyre
 Strikes, and behold a sudden Thebes aspire!
 Citheron's echoes answer to his call,
 And half the mountain rolls into a wall.

Quâ montes primò gemmantes rora peragrans
 Irriguis redimita rosis Aurora nitescit,
 Vestibulum apparet pretioso insigne labore,
 Artificumque manu : vibrantes fulgura gemmæ
 Barbarico splendore micant, spatiumque per omne
 A priscis deducta viris longissima rerum
 Stat circum series, fulvoque ardescit in auro.
 Illic Assyriæ primus fundamina gentis
 Qui posuit, lateque plagas ditione tenebat,
 Ninus sceptrâ gerit. Persarum gloria, belli
 Fulmen agens, morumque viris legumque repertor,
 Cyrus adest. Et vos niveo velamine cincti,
 Thurea dona, Magi, fertis ; nec non Zoroaster
 Incedit, virgamque manu tenet, ipse piorum
 Lætus adesse choris ; populum telluris Eoæ
 Qui docuit solisque vias, lunæque meatus.
 Et vos, Chaldæi ritus et numina regni
 Qui colitis, veneranda cohors ! longo ordine adestis,
Erecto

There might you see the length'ning spires ascend,
 The domes swell up, the wid'ning arches bend,
 The growing tow'rs, like exhalations, rise,
 And the huge columns heave into the skies.

The eastern front was glorious to behold,
 With diamonds flaming, and barbaric gold.
 There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame ;
 And the great founder of the Persian name :
 There in long robes the royal Magi stand ;
 Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand.

The

Erecto in cœlum vultu, dum vestis ad imos
 In longum diffusa pedes, candore nivali,
 Per terram transitur, Læti focia agmina jungunt
 Brachmanni, quorum divino carmine Luna
 Languescit moriens, medioque sub ætheris axe.
 Sydera fixa manent, mirâ dulcedine cantus.
 Hi magicas norunt artes, stygiisque tenebris
 Pallentes revocant umbras, atque agmine facto
 Gramineis ineunt læti convivia mensis ;
 Utque epulis satiata fames, per amœna vireta
 Exultant; ducuntque choros, et carmina dicunt,
 Carmina quæ possunt, gemisique, et marmore et
 auro.

Auroræ gazas, Regum et superantia Luxum
 Extruere immensis penetralia longa columnis,
 Ante oculos varii ludunt ubi mille colores,
 Et simulacra modis circum volitantia nitris.
 Parte aliâ, solus, generoso pectore verum
 Secum agitat, longèque viros supereminet omnes,
 Confucius, cælo duxit qui γινώσκει τὰ πάντα.

Et

The sage Chaldæans, rob'd in white, appear'd,
 And Brachmans, deep in desert groves rever'd.
 These stopp'd the moon, and call'd the unbody'd
 shades

To midnight banquets in the glimmering glades ;
 Made visionary fabricks round them rise,
 And airy spectres skim before their eyes ;
 Of Talismans and Sigils know the power,
 And careful watch'd the planetary hour.

Et docuit gentes, lucis mellioris origo,
 Quam purè virtus pectus tranquille honestum.

Quà vero incendit radiis flagrantibus axem
 Orbe dies medio, muros et limina circum
 Fertilis a Nili ripis, & littore rubro,
 Apparent vates, redimiti tempora vittis,
 Ægypti qui sacra colunt, ritusque Canopi,
 Omnigenumque Deùm Monstra. Hi terræque
 marisque

Mensores, solisque vias, atque ætheris alti
 Describunt tractus, & quæ per inane verendo,
 Lege sub æternâ, volvuntur sydera lapsu,
 Ordine quæque suo; fastosque & tempora mundi
 Perpetuo ducunt per sæcula lapsa tenore,
 Dum cunctos numerant spatiis lunaribus annos.
 Atque hic ex bello reducem, post fulmina dextræ,
 Everfasque urbes infano Marte, Sesostrim
 Sublimi investum curru, spoliisque superbum
 Barbaricis vidi; parte ex utrâque, catenis

In

Superior and alone Confucius stood,
 Who taught that useful science to be good.

But on the south, a long majestic race
 Of Ægypt's priests the gilded niches grace;
 Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres,
 And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
 High on his car Sesostris struck my view,
 Whom scepter'd slaves in golden harness drew:

His

In seriem vincti, incedunt longo ordine reges,
Victorisque trahunt, vultu haud celante dolorem,
Temonem auratum, & gemmis stellantia lora.
Arduus interea stat cellâ sede tyrannus

- Mole gygantâ: necdum fera fulgura belli
- Decedunt oculis: vibrat de more sonantem
- Arcum læva manus; præfixâ cuspide dextra
- Intentat jaculum; vastosque amplexa lacertos
- Textilibus vestis squamis, auroque rigenti,
- Implicuitque artus, texitque immania membra.
- Hic inter varias imitantia marmora formas,
- Pyramides vasto surgunt ad sydera sumptu,
- Vestibulique oras animalia sculpta per omnes
- Naturam rerum monstrant, & clara reperta,
- Indiciis miris, & verba fugacia signant.

Ast ope Barbaricâ, terram quâ despicit Arctos,
Stat vastæ molis, magnoque operosa labore,
Porta ingens, nimumque suo sub pondere nutant
Ornamenta: illic ingenti mole Colossi

Stant

His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold:
His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
Between the statues obelisks were plac'd,
And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics grac'd.

- Of Gothic structure was the northern side,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride:
There huge Colosses rose, with trophies crown'd,
And Runic characters were grav'd around.

Stant horrore rudi, sacrataque vertice summo
 Arma ducum fulgent, & rapta ex hoste tropæa.
 Nec non per muros Runicis inscripta figuris
 Carmina cœlantur, Musæ licet antiquai.
 Atque hic Zamolxis sublimem ad sidera vultum
 Tollit, et obtutu meditatur numen in uno.
 Nec procul inde Odin, lassos cui spiritus artus
 Fugerat, exanimum linquens in morte propinquâ:
 Iam vires rediére, simul color ora notare
 Incipit; ille canit subito ut super astra furorè
 Tranarit nubes, superasque evaserit arces
 Ad Divûm alloquium, & sancti commercia cœli.
 De ferro solidæ, tinctæque cruore, columnæ
 Attollunt capita alta: tenent de marmore culmen,
 Qui Scythiæ populos duxère in bella furentes,
 Terribiles visu formæ! Martemque repositunt.
 Nec non hic Druidæ; nec non, pia carmina, Bardi,
 Qui quondam cecinère, locum stationibus aptis
 Ornant, heu! tristes tandem, nec ut ante canoros
 Fundunt ore modos: passis incompta capillis
 Musa fileat, dulcique jacent sine pectine chordæ.
 Nec procul hinc juvenes, vatum qui numine pleni
Per

There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes;
 And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
 There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,
 The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood,
 Druids and bards, (their once loud harps unstrung)
 And youths that died, to be by poets sung.
These,

Per medias rupèr/aciès, per tela, per ignes,
 Ferro auſi tentare vias, & Marte perempti,
 Prælia liquêrunt ſacris dicenda camœnis.
 Limina mille alii circumſtant agmine denſo
 Antiqui Heroes, dubio quos lumine veſtit
 Fabula, jamq̃ue fidem fictis dat longa vetuſtas.
 Sole ſub adverſo murorum lubrica moles,
 Æmula cryſtalli, vario ſplendore coruſcat;
 Hincq̃ue repercuſſi radii dant lumina rebus
 Mille coloratis, & nunc majora videri
 Cuncta patent, & nunc, varias indura figuras,
 Multiplicant ſefe, & clarâ omnia luce nitêſcunt.
 Haud aliter cum Fama volat, res mille vagantur,
 Permutantq̃ue vices, & primo murmure parvæ
 Paulatim aſſurgunt, menſuraque creſcit in horas.

Theſe, and a thouſand more of doubtful fame,
 To whom old fables gave a laſting name,
 In ranks adorn'd the Temple's outward face;
 The wall in luſtre and effect like glaſs,
 Which o'er each object caſting various dyes,
 Enlarges ſome, and others multiplies:
 Nor void of emblem was the myſtic wall,
 For thus romantic fame increaſes all.

TEMPLUM FAME.

LIBER SECUNDUS.

TEMPLUM FAME.

LIBER SECUNDUS.

IAMQUE exaudiri subito fragor, omnia motu
Visa quati, templumque tremit, biforesque
recluse

Apparent valvæ; penetralia longa patefcunt,
Et convexa domus vasto curvamine pendent.
Tecta auro laqueata nitent, et mœnia circum
Mæandro viridi flectit se plurima laurus,
In summoque sedet rostro Jovis ales adunco.
Berilli paries puro splendore renidet,
Lucidiorque vitro: veluti fulgentibus aptum
Syderibus cœlum, summi fastigia Templi

Scin-

THE Temple shakes; the founding gates unfold;
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold,
Rais'd on a thousand pillars, wreath'd around
With laurel foliage, and with eagles crown'd.
Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,
The fringes gold, and gold the capitals.

Scintillant geminis, radiisque micantibus ardent,
 Ex alto dum pendentes longo ordine lychni
 Accendunt facros æterni luminis ignes.

Porticibus mediis, templique in limine primo,
 Adstant, historicis ævi monumenta prioris
 Qui servant chartis : cunctis circumdata palla,
 Quæ candore nives anteiret. Nec procul inde
 Temporis apparet vivo de marmore forma,
 Sed non more fugam meditantis præpete pennâ :
 Vincitæ humeris hærent alæ, manibusque bipennis
 Nunc inversa manet, veteres oblita ruinas.

Intus amor patriæ, laudumve arrecta Cupido
 Quos olim immisit mille in discrimina Martis,
 Magnanimi heroes : cinctum florente coronâ
 Hic juvenem vidi, sibi non superabilis hostis,
 Præter atrocem animum, qui mundi cuncta subegit :
 Perfarum

As Heav'n with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
 And ever-living lamps depend in rows.

Full in the passage of each various gate
 The sage Historians in white garments wait :
 Grav'd o'er the seats the form of Time was found,
 His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.

Within stood heroes, who thro' loud alarms
 In bloody fields pursu'd renown in arms.

High

Perfarum sceptrum, et regale insigne, tiara,
 Sub pedibus hæsperta jacent, et cornua fronti
 Addit ovans mentita Jovem, immortalis haberi
 Dum cupit, et nutu jam jam tremefecit Olympum.

Hic belli et pacis medius, geminisque Minervæ
 Muneribus felix, fortunâ semper in omni

Temporibus dubiis major, majorque secundis,
 Divus adest Cæsar, terrarum victor et iræ;
 Et quamquam in patrûm, et populi, legumque ruinâ,
 Grata viri virtus superest, et crimine in ipso
 Vix damnatus adhuc, fruitur popularibus auris.

Ast inter bello claros loca prima tenebant,
 Non sibi, sed mundo geniti, pro legibus, atque
 Pro dulci in ferrum qui libertate ruebant,
 Ausi omnes medius sese objectare periclis.

Stant

High on a throne, with trophies charg'd, I view'd
 The youth that all things but himself subdu'd:
 His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,
 And his horn'd head belied the Lybian God.

There Cæsar, grac'd with both Minervas, shone,
 Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own;
 Unmov'd, superior still in ev'ry state,
 And scarce detested in his country's fate.

But chief were those who not for empire fought,
 But with their toils their people's safety bought:

High

Stant circum illustres, magnâ comitante catervâ,
 Heroes, mediisque in millibus Epaminondas
 Os sacrum ostendit. Fraternali morte crucentum
 Timoleon vibrat gladium, patriæque receptas
 Gratatur leges, et libera jura senatus.
 Hic quoque, qui tumidas Pœnorum contudit iras,
 Una salus patriæ, Mavortis, Scipio, fulmen,
 Romulidumque decus, lætis seu curribus urbem
 Intrat ovans, Tyrioque fedet spectabilis ostro,
 Seu civis posito privatus pondere rerum
 Virtutis nunc quærit iter, moresque togati.

Addit se socium, famâ super Æthera notus,
 Aurelius, mentis sancto jus fasque recessu
 Qui coluit, rerumque tulit moderator habenas,
 Ipse sui iudex, patriæque hominumque voluptas.

Proxima deinde tenent meritæ præconia Famæ
 Insignes pietate viri, fata aspera sæclis
 Qui fubière suis, cruciatus, vulnera et enses,

Imme-

High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood ;
 Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood ;
 Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state,
 Great in his triumphs, in retirement great ;
 And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind,
 With boundless pow'r unbounded virtue join'd ;
 His own strict judge, and patron of mankind. }
 Much

Immeritamque necesse, quamquam ambitione re-
motâ,

Sancta, filens, veneranda cohors virtutis, in umbrâ
Condebant sine labe dies, ad culmina rerum
Haud sibi gaudentes aditum fecisse ruinâ.

Occupat hos inter primos pietatis honores
Grâvus homo, vitæ gentis præcepta beatæ
Qui docuit, tandemque, Anyti damnatus iniquo
Judicio, exhaustis contemptâ morte cicutam.

Hic et Aristides, rigidi servator honesti,
Inter Cecropidas quo non fuit æquior alter,
Justitiæ prior, populo vesana jubente,
Si non fatalem signasset nomine concham.

His se jungit Agis, Spartam qui legibus, atque
Moribus ornavit, sanctum per sæcula nomen.
Nec non hic Phocion, patriæ quem tempore iniquo
Arripuit

Much-suff'ring heroes next their honours claim,
Those of less noisy, and less guilty fame,
Fair virtue's silent train: supreme of these
Here ever shone the godlike Socrates:
He, whom ungrateful Athens could expel,
At all times just but when he sign'd the shell.

• Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
With Agis, not the last of Spartan names:
Unconquer'd Cato shews the wound he tore,
And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.

But

Arripuit populi rabies, multosque priorum
 Addidit hunc tumulis crudeli funere civem.
 Et tu, magne Cato, gladium, tu nocile vulnus
 Ostendis, duro admittens fera gaudia vultu;
 Dum tibi fides adest Brutus, te fixus in unum,
 Te solum aspiciens, genii haud jam territus umbrâ.

Ast intus, vasti medio sub pondere templi,
 Sex magnâ ante alias confurgunt mole columnæ,
 Atque deæ sacros adytus munimine vasto
 Circumstant, penitusque altâ dominantur in arce.
 Hæc inter decora alta domûs, sublimis Homerus
 Summa tenet, folioque sedens adamante perenni
 Effulget, sacrâ redimitus tempora lauro.
 Salve, magne parens vatum, divine poeta!
 Pieridumque decus! de mento candida pendet
 Barba viri, et quamquam clauduntur lumina nocte,
 Clara dies animi supereff, viridisque senectus.
 Apparent acies Trojæ sub mœnibus altis,

Magna-

But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
 Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire;
 Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,
 Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
 High on the first the mighty Homer shone;
 Eternal adamant compos'd his throne.
 Father of verse! in holy fillets drest,
 His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast,
 Tho' blind, a boldness in his looks appears;
 In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.

The

Magnanimique duces, tibi fulmina belli.
 Hic niveam, Cytherea, manum tibi vulnerat ense
 Tydides: Illic prostrato victor ab hoste,
 Exuviis bellator ovans redit Hector Achilles,
 Atque idem raptatur equis ter Pergama circum.
 Ardet opus, magnosque duces, velut æmula vita,
 Vivida vis agitat; spirant, vivuntque, moventque,
 Abstititque oculis divini flamma furoris.
 Namque opus egregio faber optimus omne calore
 Excuderat, celerique manu feliciter audax
 Hinc atque hinc sprevit generosa incuria culpam.

Haud procul hinc solido ex auro constructa columna
 Vasta, ingens surgit, summoque in culmine sedes.
 Artificis pretium manus addidit, atque per omnem
 Coelata apparent bella, horrida bella, columnam.

Est

The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen :
 Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen ;
 Here Hector, glorious from Patroclus' fall,
 Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.
 Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire ;
 Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire.
 A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,
 And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect.

A golden column next in rank appear'd,
 On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd ;
 Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
 With patient touches of unwearied art.

Est labor in cunctis, atque omnia iura decori.
 Hic folium infedit, Latæ sceproque potitur
 Virgilius! verecunda viri quæ temperat ora
 Majestas! quantumque oculis est numen in ipsis!
 Ut sibi diffusus magnum veneratur Homerum,
 Luminibus tacitis, pendetque canentis ab ore!
 Arma repercusso vibrant radiantia Phæbo
 Bellantes acies: instructo Marte videres
 Ausoniam excitam, atque undantem sanguine Tibrim,
 Et Turnum exanimum, tamen ipsâ in mortè ferocem.
 Hic regina pyram super altam accensa furore,
 Infelix Dido, pectus percussa decorum
 Ense cadit, miseramque juvat sic ire sub umbras.
 Nec procul inde auro flammam imitante videres
 Ardentem Trojam; volvunt incendia lucem,
 Et stragem ostendunt miseris; per tela, per ignes
 Quærit iter, sanctâ Æneas pietate parentem
 Grandævum attollens humeris; et culmine summo,

Quæ

The Mantuan there in sober triumph fate,
 Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate;
 On Homer still he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
 Great without pride, in modest majesty.
 In living sculpture on the sides were spread,
 The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead;
 Eliza stretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre;
 Æneas bending with his aged fire:

Troy

Quæ vincant monimenta æris, verba ipsa poetæ,
ARMA VIRUMQUE inent, ceteris inscripta figuris.

Quatuor claso blandè ut tentone jugales
Sublimem rapiunt currum super æthera cygni,
Expansisque alis in longam colla canora
Dant spatium! nimbique simul, simul astra recedunt.
Atque ipse interea, attoniti novus hospes Olympi,
Pindarus, accipiens flammato pectore numen,
Lora tenet, zephyrique domos et nubila tranat,
Arduus ad solem; rabido jamque infonat ore,
Jamque manu per fila lyræ volat huc, volat illuc,
Explorans numeros, et totâ fulminat arte,
Nil mortale sonans, musas et fuscitat omnes.
Urbibus Argolicis, campisque excita juvenus,
Neptuni ante oculos, magnique ante ora Tonantis,
Cursibus, et crudo decernit præmia cæstu.
In medio ad metam properantes axe citato

Cernuntur

Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
ARMS AND THE MAN in golden cyphers shone.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,
With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight.
Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring god.
Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
The figur'd games of Greece the column grace;
Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.

Cernuntur currus, juvenesque in verbera proni
 Speque metuque urgent, simili dum laudis amore
 De saxo exiliens sonipes quat æquora sursum.
 Parte aliâ, pugiles, contento poplite, pugnam
 Intentant, vitantque ictus, feruntque vicissim;
 Mens viget artificis partes diffusâ per omnes;
 Nulla mora in parvis, nulla usquam frigida cura;
 Et variæ species, rerum sed discolor ordo.

Detinet hic doctas numerosus Horatius aures,
 Ausoniâ dum culta lyrâ nova carmina pangens,
 Pindaricum levioire melos nunc pectine pulsat,
 Alcæique graves nunc temperat arte canoenas,
 Æoliæ admiscens numerosque modosque puellæ.
 Divinum hic vatem, columenque perennius ære,
 Stant circum variæ sculptoris mollius arte
 Spirantes formæ: risus, blandique lepores,
 Alma Venus, Venerisque puer cum lampade fervens;
 Gratia

The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
 The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone;
 The champions in distorted postures threat;
 And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre
 To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire;
 Pleas'd with Alcæus manly rage, t' infuse
 The softer spirit of the Sapphic muse.
 The polish'd pillar diff'rent sculptures grace;
 A work outlasting monumental brass.

Gratia cum nymphis, acutæcula nectare tincta;
 Et tu, Bacche pater, redimitaque pocula fertis.
 Interea tremulis volitant super æra pennis,
 Quæ quondam infantis ludo somnoque soluti
 Fronde novâ texere caput, piâ turba palumbes.
 Parte aliâ, infesto percurrens lumine mirabos,
 Ardescit radiis divini Cæsaris astrum,
 Dum sacrum ascendens-clivum, et post terga subactas
 Marte trahens gentes, Augustus limina Jani
 Claudis ovans, pronique solo sua sceptrâ repositant
 Barbarici reges, ad fas et jura redacti,
 Miranturque novos animos, manfuetaque corda.

Cernitur hæc veni et naturæ splendidus auctor,
 Magnus Aristoteles: capiti circumdata mitra,
 Intertexta auri clavo subæmine, monstrat
 Per duodena poli quæ Sol redit aureus astra;
 Perque latus, circumque humeros animalia reptant.
 Atque ipse, ex adytis, ceu jam responsa daturus,

Plurima

Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
 The Julian star, and great Augustus here.
 The doves, that round the infant poet spread
 Myrtles and bays, hang hov'ring o'er his head.

* Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
 Sate fix'd in thought the mighty Stagyrite:
 His sacred head, a radiant Zodiac crown'd,
 And various animals his sides furround;

Plurima secum agitans, fons hæretur in alto,
 Vultu, quo penetrat leges et fœdera mundi,
 Rimaturque oculis arcana latentia rerum.

Nec minor apparet facundi Tullius oris,
 Eloquii immortalæ decus, lux altera Romæ.
 En vulgi rabida ora silent, fellamque curulem
 Consulis eximii decorant fulgentia rostra,
 Romanumque forum. Magna et præclara minantis
 Colligit una manus tunicam, multoque decore
 Altera porrigitur, dare pondus idonea dictis.
 Ac Romæ interea genius, sub numine cujus
 Imperii robur viguit, dum fata sinebant,
 Desuper impendens, circum pia tempora lætus
 Implicat ob cives servatos dona coronæ,
 Et patriæ patrem agnoscit, totumque pererrat
 Captus amore virum, atque obtutu fixus inhæret.

Amph

His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
 Superior worlds, and look all nature through.

With equal rays immortal Tully shone,
 The Roman rostra deck'd the consul's throne:
 Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand
 In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
 Behind, Rome's genius waits with civic crowns,
 And the great father of his country owns.

These massy columns in a circle rise,
 O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies:

Scarc

Amphitheatrali in formâ spatia ampla columnæ
 Ingentis circi claudunt: domus alta superbo
 Vertice fixa nitet: summum spectare cacumen
 Haud oculi possunt, tantum se tollit ad auras
 Æthereas moles, abeuntque in nubila turres,
 Perque domum totam, vasti per moenia templi
 Absistunt gemmis flammæ; longo ordine muros
 Illustrant teretes radij viridante smaragdi,
 Mignæ et croceum jactant electra nitorem.
 Sub pedibus nitet omne soluta; flagrantior igne
 Sedes celsa Deæ; curvataque culmina lucis
 Mille trahunt radios, ceu cum Thaumantias Iris
 Obruta stat Phœbo, variisque coloribus ardet.
 At primo aspectu magni Diva ipsa theatri

Vix

Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
 So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height
 Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
 With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great:
 The vivid em'ralds there revive the eye;
 The flaming rubies shew their sanguine dye;
 Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
 And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.
 With various colour'd light the pavement shone,
 And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne:
 The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
 And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
 When on the Goddess first I cast my sight,
 Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height;

But

Vix moduli bipedalis erat; sed crescere forma,
 Augeri subito vultus, majorque videri.
 Attollique caput, donec fastigia summa
 Mole gyganteâ attingat; tum recta movent,
 Liminaque, Templumque Deæ, totumque videres
 Surgere opus, vastas ascendere ad astra columnas,
 Atque novos aperiri aditus, longosque recessus.
 Talis Divæ habitus, qualem cecinere poetæ:
 Aptantur pedibus pennæ, et, quæis navigat auras,
 Sunt humeris alæ; vigiles per membra ministrant
 Mille oculi, totidemque, avidæ volitantia captant
 Verba aures; linguæ totidem dant ora loquelas.
 At circa solium dulces fidæque ministræ,
 Pierides Musæ, natæ Jovis, atria cantu
 Assiduo resonant, Farnam fixisque tumentur
 Luminibus, fumuntque novas in carmina vires.

Nam,

But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd,
 'Till to the roof her tow'ring front she rais'd.
 With her, the Temple ev'ry moment grew,
 And ampler vista's open'd to my view.
 Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
 The arches widen, and long isles extend.
 Such was her form, as antient bards have told;
 Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold.
 A thousand busy tongues the Goddess bears,
 And thousand open eyes, and thousand list'ning ears:
 Beneath in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine
 (Her virgin hand-maids) still attend the shrine:
 With

TEMPLUM FAMÆ. 185

Nam, Dea, tu vatula æmen, tu pectora anhela
Laudis amore trahis, per te, Dea, tempore in omni
Exoritur quicquid magnum, vel amabile quicquid;
Per te æterna manet divini gloria verfus.

With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd they sing;
For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string;
With Time's first birth, began the heav'nly lays,
And last, eternal, thro' the length of days.

TEMP LUM F A M Æ;

LIBER TERTIUS.

TEMPLUM FAMÆ.

LIBERTERTIUS.

DUM spectant oculi cuncta hæc miracula
rerum,

Attonitusque nimis tantis fulgoribus hæret,
Ære cavo increpitans subito clangore per auras
Buccina dat late signum, quo protenus omnes
Intremuere adyti; tremisq; alto a culmine Templum,
Excitæque ruunt diversi a partibus orbis,
Adulæ in medio gentes; coalescit in unum
Diffociata locis, ingens, confusaque turba,
Quam varios induta habitus, tam dissona linguis.
Non æstate novâ per amænos floribus agros

Sic

AROUND these wonders as I cast a look,
The trumpet sounded, and the Temple shook;
And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
From diff'rent quarters fill the crowded hall.
Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard;
In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd;
Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
Their flow'ry toil, and sip the fragrant dew,

When

Sic glomerantur apes, spolia exuviasque roborum
 Cum rapiunt, finguntque favos et rosida mella;
 Vel cum linquentes patriam croceolique penates
 Educunt turmas, et rupto foedere regni
 Emigrant; sedesque alias, nova mœnia quaerens
 Obscurat cœlum fugitiva colonia pennis:
 Fit murmur, tractimque sonant stridoribus agri.

Quis populos numerare queat, qui limen inundant,
 Suppliciterque manus tendunt? stant agminè denso
 Imbelles, validique, inopes, auroque potiti,
 Indociles, et quos æquat sapientia cœlo,
 Et pueri, et longo gaudens sermone senectus.
 Nam neque laudis amor generoso in pectore tantum
 Accendit flammam; ad summos grassatur honores
 Fraude malâ vitium, et forinam mentitur honesti.

Jam

When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
 O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly;
 Or settling, seize the sweets that blossoms yield,
 And a low murmur runs along the field.

Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
 And all degrees before the Goddess bend;
 The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,
 And boasting youth, and narrative old age.
 Their pleas were diff'rent, their requests the same:
 For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
 Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours crown'd
 Unlike successes equal merits found.

Thu

Jam Dea per varias dispensans munera gentes,
 Exquirique, auditque viros, et facta recenset.
 Hic damnatus abit, meritam capit ille coronam.
 At non æquali virtus examine semper
 Libratur; fallax interdum gratia vincit,
 Famaque mendaci multos extollit honore.
 Haud aliter, cum cæca foror, Fortuna, gubernat,
 Nunc pretium sceleris crucem dat, nunc diadema
 Imponit, celerique rotat mortalia casu.

Imprimis adsunt, quorum pia pectora Phæbus
 Castalis roravit aquis, atque ignea virtus
 Parnassi super alta, poli super ardua vexit.
 Incipiunt, dulcique Deam sic ore precantur,
 En vatam pia Turba! tuo sit numine, Diva,
 Fas posse hominum generi, variasque per artes
 Delectare animos liceat. Labor omnibus hic est,
 Huc spectant curæ, veroque impendimus annos.
 At meritis quis dignus honos? Hoc degener ævo
 Quis solvit grates? Ah! quis nunc talia curat?

Tu,

Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
 And undiscerning scatters crowns and chains.

First at the shrine the learned world appear,
 And to the Goddess thus prefer their pray'r:
 Long have we sought t'instruct and please mankind,
 With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind;

But

Tu, Dea, tu nobis spes unica, sola voluptas,
 Lenimenque mali: da non indebita curis
 Præmia, quando equidem in terris nihil amplius
 usquam est,
 Quod sperare datur: sanctæ da munera fatæ.

Audivit regina loci, Musisque vocatis,
 Ite, ait, egregias animas, quas publica cura
 Exercet, tantosque jubet tolerare labores,
 Carminibus celebrate Deæ; nunc pectinis arte,
 Nunc opus est vestrâ; litui, simul atque tubarum,
 Immortale melos famam diffundat iq omnes
 Terrarum cœlique plagas. Mandata capessunt
 Pierides, sonitumque extremis partibus orbis
 Sentit uterque polus; gentes quocumque sub axe
 Exultant, plausumque ferunt ad sydera venti.
 At non, ceu tonitru, numerorum exordia totis
 Viribus erumpunt: primo modulamina motu

Leniter

But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
 We here appeal to thy superior throne:
 On wit and learning the just prize bestow,
 For fame is all we must expect below.

The Goddess heard, and bid the Muses raise
 The golden trumpet of eternal praise.
 From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
 That fills the circuit of the world around;
 Nor all at once, as thunder breaks the clouds:
 The notes at first were rather sweet than loud.

Leniter aspirant, cœlo mox vecta sereno
 Incipiunt agitata tumescere, donec ad auras
 Grandiæ & miscens cuncta tumultu
 It choræ gaudens concentibus æther
 Balsama, in terras imbre rosarum
 Depluit, & dulces passim diffundit odores,
 Quales non Arabum zephyri prædantur in hortis,
 Aut ubi thuris opes redolet Panchaia tellus.

Jam Divæ cinxere thronum virtutis alumni,
 Acclinesque solo, demisso talia vultu
 Subjiciunt: " Quoniam meritis jam nullus in orbe
 " Tutus ab insidiis locus, hostilemque furorem
 " Invidiæ, dum vita manet, fata aspera cogunt
 " Insignes perferre viros, te supplicè voce,
 " Te, Dea, te miseri oramus, res aspice nostras,
 " Et pretium meritis (nihil ultra poscimus) æquum
 " Annue,

By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise,
 Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
 At ev'ry breath were balmy odours shed,
 Which still grew sweeter, as they wider spread:
 Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
 Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next these, the good and just, an awful train,
 Thus on their knees address the sacred fane:
 Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
 And the best men are treated like the worst,

“ Annue, Diva potens; virtutibus eripe nubem,
 “ Et profit nobis, profit non esse nocentes.”
 Tum “ Dea, vultis,” ait, “ justos pietatis honores?
 “ Immo ultra placitum laudabo: Fama perennis
 “ Nunc dabitur, supraque modum. Nunc carmina
 “ nervis
 “ Jungite, Pierides; totoque enuntiet orbi
 “ Nomina clara virum sublimi buccina cantu,
 “ Æternamque ferat super aurea sydera famam.”

Atque his dimissis, non inferiora fecuti
 Successere viri, placido queis vita tenore
 Effluxit, sine labe, carens popularibus auris,
 Pulchrum omnes meruere decus; tamen acta furore
 Invidia infelix, tempus jam nata nocendi,
 Successusque hominum metuens, exarsit in iras,
 Exurgitque tubam attollens, atque ære recurvo
 Tartareum emittit sonitum, quo sedibus imis

Intremuit

Do thou, just Goddess, call our merits forth,
 And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth.
 Not with bare justice shall your acts be crown'd
 (Said Fame) but high above desert renown'd:
 Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
 And the loud clarion labour in your praise.

This band dismiss'd, behold another crowd
 Prefer'd the same request, and lowly bow'd;
 The constant tenor of whose well-spent days
 No less deserv'd a just return of praise.

B

Intremuit convulsâ domus, ceu fulmine nubes
 Cum disrupta tonat : gentes fragor horridus omnes
 Impulit, atque imis terræ ingemuere cavernis.
 Murmuratum passim cunctis vibrantur in aure,
 Rumoresque volant, et falsa vocabula rerum
 Millia nascuntur, linguisque sub omnibus hærent.
 Nec tantum ferale sonans cava buccina bellum
 Virtuti indicit; scabrâ rubigine nigris
 Faucibus eructat nocturno horrore tenebras,
 Undantemque vomit flammato sulphure fumum.
 Afflatum horrescunt pallentia lumina cœli;
 Sylvarum perit omne decus; perit omnis amœni
 Ruris honos; tristes moriuntur graminis herbæ.

Jamque aderant, nova turba, duces in bella furentes,
 Quique dabant olim per gentes jura tyranni.

Tela

But strait the direful trump of Slander sounds;
 Thro' the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;
 Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
 The dire report thro' ev'ry region flies;
 In ev'ry ear incessant rumours rung,
 And gath'ring scandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
 From the black trumpets rusty concave broke
 Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke;
 The poison'ous vapour blots the purple skies,
 And withers all before it, as it flies.

A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
 And proud defiance in their looks they bore:

Tela manu vel sceptrâ gerunt, capitique coruscant
 Impositum diadema; oculos notat igne micantes
 Dira rubens furor, et famam sibi vindicat armis.
 "Magnanimi heroes" (dictis sic ora resolvunt)
 "Adsumus, experti vestro sub numine, Diva,
 "Rerum mille vices, et mille pericula Martis,
 "Fluctibus adversis et tempestatibus acti.
 "Nos tua progenies! pro te, Dea, tempore in omni
 "Et ferro et flammâ dedimus tot stragis acervos,
 "Diruimusque domos, et desolavimus urbès,
 "Per cædem, et matrum lachrymas, et sanguine
 campos
 "Undantes, rerum summa ad fastigia vecti.
 "A te principium; tu nobis fons et origo
 "Virtutis; quodcumque mali, quodcumque ruinae
 "Fecimus, omne tuum est. Fortes et fortia facta

"Fama

For thee (they cry'd) amidst alarms and strife,
 We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life;
 For thee, whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
 And swam to empire thro' the purple flood.
 Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own;
 What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.
 Ambitious fools! (the Queen replied and frown'd)
 Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd.
 There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
 Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown.
 A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my sight,
 And each majestic phantom sunk in night.

Then

"Pama tegit fulgore suo, sonituque tubarum
 "Obstrepat, et sceleri nomen prætexit honestum."
 Conticuere viri: vultu tum Diva minaci:
 "Usque adeone animos scelerata insania vexat?
 "Et fas atque nefas nullo discrimine veri
 "Miscere audetis? procul hinc, procul impia turba!
 "Intereant fortesque duces, et nomina vana,
 "Arma virum, statuaequæ, et rapta ex hoste tropæa,
 "Et quæcumque manent sævi monumenta laboris."
 Nulla mora est; densa circum ferrugine noctis
 Fundit se nubes; fugiunt, ceu fumus in auras,
 Magnanimi heroes, et longa oblivia ducunt.

Quis tamen ille procul paucis comitantibus ordo?
 Ut tardè incedunt! Velamen simplice cultu
 Membra tegit; verecunda viris quæ gratia in ore!
 "Diva potens" (sic incipiunt) "Dea læta ciere
 "Audentes in bella duces, quæ numine sancto,
 "Illecebrisque tuis mortalia pectora ducis,
 "Non nos laudis amor tua limina adire coëgit;
 "Non ea vis animo; nec quod bene fecimus ultro,
 "Mercedem petimus. Sylvas habitare remotas
 "Semper erat cordi, strepitumque et murmura vulgi
 "Fallere

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen,
 Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien,
 Great Idol of Mankind! We neither claim
 The praise of merit, nor aspire to Fame;
 But, safe in deserts from th' applause of men,
 Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.

- “ Fallere & effugere, & nomen subducere Famæ.
 “ Viximus ignoti; liceat sic ire sub umbras.
 “ Nil petit externi virtus, nihil indiga laudis,
 “ Munus at ipsa suum est. Tu, Diva, ignosce,
 “ precamur,
 “ Euge tuum nostros si nunquam repfit in actus;
 “ Virtutem (Dea parce piis) amplectimur unam”.

Adstupuit tantâ rerum novitate, virosque
 Admirata Dea est: “ Quis tandem mentibus, inquit,
 “ Quis novus hic ardor? quæve hæc fiducia vestri?
 “ En erit ut posthac nostrum contemnere numen
 “ Incipiant gentes, aras nec thure vaporent,
 “ Nec quisquam pia vota ferat? Nunc discite leges,
 “ Quæis se Fama tenet: Nullis impune licebit
 “ Esse bonis. Quodcumque aut rectum, vel quod
 “ honestum

“ Clam

'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight,
 Those acts of goodness, which themselves requite.
 O let us still the secret joy partake,
 To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's sake.

And live there men, who slight immortal Fame?
 Who then with incense shall adore our name?
 But mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
 To blaze those virtues, which the good would hide.
 Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath;
 These must not sleep in darkness and in death.

" Clam faciunt homines, proprio vestire colore
 " Muneris est nostri : sancta hæc & summa voluptas.
 " Quare agite, & tantis Phæbi chorus omnis alumnis
 " Assurgat : jam fila lyræ, jam tendite chordas
 " Castalides Musæ, totumque Heliconâ virentem
 " Pandite ; nulla piis obstet penuria laudum".
 Dixerat ; incipiunt Musæ : modulamina cantus
 Expatiata fluunt liquido super æthera lapsu,
 Subvecta & ventis nimbisque curulibus aures
 Mille modis mulcent varix discrimina vocis ;
 Et nunc alta sonant, dulci jugique tenore
 Nunc tenuata cadunt, summo dum vertice Olympi
 (Cœlicolæ aspiciunt, vultu quo cuncta serenant,
 Ambrosiæque omnes terrarum spiritus oras
 Permeat, & grato superis ascendit odore.

Jam nova progenies, animis elata juvenus :
 Illusæ cunctis auroque & murice vestes,
 Et capiti tremulæ pendent a vertice plumæ.

Elicunt

She said : in air the trembling music floats,
 And on the winds triumphant swell the notes ;
 So soft, tho' high, so loud, and yet so clear,
 Ev'n list'ning Angels lean'd from Heav'n to hear ;
 To farthest shores th' ambrosial spirit flies,
 Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Next these, a youthful train their brows exprest'd,
 With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dress'd.
 O 4 Hither,

Eliciunt tenero blandas ex ore loquelas.

- “ En juvenum formosa cohors! nos respice, Diva;
 “ Belli homines! quos sola exercet cura decoris.
 “ Sunt Cytharæ cordi; ad numeros effingere gressum,
 “ Et curare cutem, & structis dare jura capillis,
 “ Hæ nobis artes; juvat inter pocula læta
 “ Lascivire jocos; vel cum furibunda theatris
 “ Melpomene stringit ferrum, salibusve Thalia
 “ Exagitat mores, juvat, admirante coronâ,
 “ Ardentesque genas, nitidosque ostendere dentes.
 “ Cantamus vacui, nulloque cupidinis igne
 “ Pectora nostra calent; at fingere ludus amorem.
 “ Amplexus passa est nostros si Lesbia nulla,
 “ Quid tamen inde perit? Veneris non gaudia nobis
 “ Sunt tanti; absentes ridet sat dulce puellæ:
 “ Absentium alloquio fruimur, thalamisque videntur
 “ Esse simul nostris, & inanem amplectimur umbram.
 “ Inde triumphali decoramus tempora lauro;
 “ Implet fama domos, commentaque nostra vagantur,
 “ Magna

Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and see
 The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry;
 Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays,
 Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
 Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
 To pay due visits, and address the fair:
 In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
 But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry maid:
 Of unknown duchesses lewd tales we tell,
 Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.

The

" Magna tropæa fatis, si non incredulus artes
 " Fallaces populus naso suspendat adunco,
 " Et pro more crepat stolidæ convicia linguae.
 " Quo tu, Diva magis, famæ succurre labanti:
 " Reverâ amplexus, atque oscula dulcia nymphis
 " Dent alii; mendax nobis pars fama triumphî."
 Annuit, et veri subridens Diva colorem
 Adjecit fictis; tuba protenus ære canoro
 Pro factis infecta canit, perque oppida mille
 Matronæ pereant castæ, innuptæque puellæ,
 Et (modo sint pulchræ) nullis licet esse pudicis,
 Sed decus et famam virgo illibata resignat.

Jamque alii immeritis donari præsentia palmæ
 Mirantur, circaque thronum stant agmine denso,
 Et votis precibusque eadem sibi munera poscunt.
 Tum Dea, "cæcus," ait, "quis mentes impulit error?
 " Et vos laudis amor, vos gloria ducit hiantes?

" Vanum

The joy let others have, and we the name,
 And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame.

The Queen assents; the trumpet rends the skies,
 And at each blast a lady's honour dies.

Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers
 press'd

Around the shrine, and made the same request:

What you (she said) unlearn'd in arts to please,
 Slaves to yourselves, and ev'g fatigu'd with ease,

Who

“ Vanum a stirpe genus ! gratis et semper anhelans !

“ Quis anima est oneri ; quies tempus inutile
donum,

“ Et decor omnis abest, neque gratia contigit ulla.

“ Et quisquam nugas et inertis gaudia vitæ

“ Audebit tenero prætexere nomine amoris ?

“ Ite hinc turba levis ; posthac ludibria Musis

“ Nunc eritis cuncti, risusque et fabula vulgi.”

Nec mora ; concentu signum illæ tabile rauco

Cornua dira canunt ; clamor, confusaque verba

Misceri ; simul atque virum volitare per ora

Ambiguae voces, opprobria mille vagari.

It jocus, it livor mordax, it murmure parvo

Conjectura levis, mox totis viribus audax

Ad cœlum affurgit, populi clamore secundo,

Effuso passim resonant dum compita risu.

Postremi adveniunt, quos dira infania belli

Humanâ cum strage tulit ; qui civibus arma

Aufi

Who lose a length of undeserving days,
Would you usurp the lovers dear-bought praise ?
To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall,
The people's fable, and the scorn of all,
Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound ;
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round ;
Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And scornful hisses run thro' all the croud.

Last those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne ;

Or

Aufi inferre fuis, feclerumque furoribus acti
 Sub juga miferunt patriam; qui Marte nefando
 In reges iuftis moderantes legibus orbem
 Eduxêre aciem; queis non reverentia legum,
 Non pulchri, iuftive decor, pietasque, fidesque
 Deterre animum poterant feralibus aufis.
 Mens immota manet; fedet alto pectore crimen,
 Dum folium Divæ cingentes agmine vafto
 Ob fraudem æternæ fperant præconia famæ.
 Continuo horrendum ftridens cava buccina cantu
 Increpat, ore vomens flammâs et turbine nigro
 Undantem fumum: trepidant mortalia corda,
 Attonitæque timent funefta incendia gentes.

Or who their glory's dire foundation laid
 On fov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
 Calm thinking villains, whom no faith could fix;
 Of crooked counfels, and dark politics:
 Of thefe a gloomy tribe furround the throne,
 And beg to make th' immortal treafons known.
 The trumpet roars; long flaky flames expire,
 With farks, that feem'd to fet the world on fire.
 At the dead found pale mortals flood aghaft,
 And startled nature trembled with the blaft.

T. E M P L U M P A M Æ.

LIBER QUARTUS.

TEMPLUM FAMÆ.

LIBER QUARTUS.

ATQUE hic dum vasto miscentur cuncta
tumultu,

Ecce aliud, subitoque novum et mirabile monstrum,
Non sine mente deum: tenuis ceu fumus in auras
Et Divæ folium, et Templum, sanctique recessus
Diffugiunt. Feror inde alias delapsus in oras,
Atque iterum ante oculos sublimi vertice ad astra
Affurgit domus alta, ingens: fundamenta molis
An tellus sustentet iners, vel pondere nullo
Libratam attollat sedem circumfluvius aër,

Ut

THIS having heard and seen, some pow'r unknown
Strait chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from the
throne.

Before my view appear'd a structure fair,
Its site uncertain if in earth or air;

With

Ut superi voluere latet. Statione quietâ
 Haud unquam remanet, sed enim versatur in orbem
 Perpetuum, et rapido torquetur in æthere gyro.
 Tecta fremunt intus; stridentes murmure muri
 Assiduo resonant; nec tot æstate serenâ
 Luxuriant sylvæ foliis, aut littore curvo
 Tot spumante salo ad terram volvuntur arenæ,
 Quot sunt hic aditus, Templique in limine portæ.
 Nocte dieque fores ventos panduntur ad omnes.
 Ad cœlum ascendens propriâ vi tendit ut ignis,
 Et quæ pondus habent, gravitate feruntur ad imum;
 Oceani ut properant se flumina condere in undis;
 Ut stylus, a magnete novas vires animunq̃ue
 Qui tulit, ad septem excubias agit usque triones,
 Et trepidans inhiat glaciale semper in ursam;
 Haud aliter loca nota petens huc, quidquid in orbe
 Exoritur, seu lingua procax, tenuisque susurri,
Rumorum

With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round;
 With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound.
 Not less in number were the spacious doors,
 Than leaves on trees, or sand upon the shores;
 Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
 Pervious to winds, and open every way.
 As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
 As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
 As to the sea returning rivers roll,
 And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
 Hither as to their proper place arise
 All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
Or

Rumorum aut commenta, locum coguntur in
unum :

Huc omnes tendunt voces, sonus emicat omnis.
Nec mora, nec requies; æterna loquela, nec un-
quam

Atria longa silent; sunt muri et limina linguæ.

Sic cum forte lacus, viridanti margine cinctus,

Illimem ostendit nitido sub gurgite fundum;

Injectu lapidis tremuit si mobilis unda,

Ilicet apparet primo vibramine parvus

Circulus; inde novus sequitur, mox alter et alter,

Et magis atque magis crescunt ex orbibus orbés,

Donec, per viridem motu gliscente liquorem,

Amplior it vortex, et ripas lambit utrasque.

Haud aliter primo impulsu cum truditur aër,

Extemplo

Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear;

Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here.

As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes,

The sinking stone at first a circle makes;

The trembling surface, by the motion stir'd,

Spreads in a second circle, then a third;

Wide and more wide the floating rings advance,

Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance.

Thus ev'ry voice and sound, when first they break

On neighbouring air, a soft impression make;

Another ambient circle then they move;

That in its turn impels the next above;

Extemplo incipiunt varii procedere motus,
 Impelluntque novos, verbis dum fluctuat æther,
 Multiplicatque sonos, et voces vocibus instant.

Tota domus fremitu resonat, partesque per
 omnes

Crebrescit murmur; rumores mille vagantur;
 Jam bellum exoritur, pax rursus; Marte per-
 emptus

Ille jacet, vivitque iterum; nunc conjugo gaudet,
 Qui cælebs moritur: metuunt, cupiuntque do-
 lentque

Curarum expertes. Nummos qui servat in arcâ,
 Perdidit infelix totum: miracula rerum,
 Et mores hominum referunt, habitusque locorum,
 Qui nunquam solvère ratem. Nil tale merentes
 Dat pestis letho populos; his terra dehiscens

Motibus

Thro' undulating air the sounds are sent,
 And spread o'er all the fluid element.

There various news I heard of love and strife,
 Of peace, and war, health, sickness, death and life;
 Of loss, and gain, of famine, and of store,
 Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore;
 Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,
 Of fire, and plagues, and stars with blazing hair;
 Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,
 The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great,

Motibus insolitis tremuit, perque aëra longum
 Stella trahit fulcum; mutantés regna cometæ
 Tristé micant; trepidant régés, regumque mi-
 nistri,

Sejanusque novus ruit alto a culmine rerum.

Talia jactantur spatium portenta per omne,

Quodque est, aut non est, homines quodcumque
 loquuntur,

Hic repetunt muri, et cum veris falsa remissent.

Desuper, atque intra templum, circumque, su-
 praque,

Innumera apparent gentes: facto agmine turmas

Diducti evolvunt, varisque ambagibus errant;

Adventant, referuntque gradum, totumque tenebris

Mox reddunt numerum, spectacula vana timoris.

Vidi hic astrologos, miseris quæis pectora pulsans

Exanimat

Of old mismanagements, taxations new;
 All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,
 Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
 Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away;
 Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:
 Astrologers, that future fates foreshew,
 Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;

Exanimat terror, venturi conscius ævi.
 Nec non hic adfunt, semper quos ardua regni
 Exercent, rebusque novis, sine numine divûm,
 Impendunt curas; legum jurisque periti,
 Exiguo fas atque nefas qui limite cernunt;
 Atque sacerdotum collegia, pharmacopolæ;
 Et qui rumores intra sua mœnia natos
 In vulgus spargunt, vel quæ novus advena venit
 Cum pipere et prunis, avidi mendacia captant.
 Hic palam in triviis sese venientibus offert.
 Ast alii secreta petunt loca; scilicet illis
 Dulcis amor patriæ, et vasto sub pondere rerum
 Triste supercilium. Rumores murmure parvo
 Incipiunt, et mox vires, quocumque feruntur,
 Accumulant: vacuas vox nulla allabitur aures,
 Quin iterum repetita novas narrantis ab ore
 Ducat opes, majorque sonans, alimenta que rerum
Undique

And priests, and party-zealots, num'rous bands;
 With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands.
 Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,
 And wild impatience star'd in ev'ry face.
 The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
 Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told:
 And all, who told it, added something new,
 And all, who heard it, made enlargements too; }
 In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew. }

Undique mille trahens, populos, urbefque domofque
Territet, et paffim volet auxiliaribus alis.

Quà fol aſtra fugat, vel quà fe condit in umbras;
Unde venit Boreas, nimboſ ubi colligit Auſter,
Rumoreſ volitant, totuſque perhorruit orbis.

Ac veluti cum forte jacens ſcintilla recondit
Ædibus in magnis fatalia ſemina flammæ;
Si furtim adrepens mox arida pabula circum
Corripiat, totis graſſantur viribus igneſ
Per tabulata domûſ; ſævit Vulcania peſtiſ,
Præcipiteſque trahit turreſ et templa Deorum,
Et Phaetonteſ iterum micat ignibus æther.

Hic ſobolem generant mendacia cunçta ſovent-
que,

Atque hinc, cum vires teneraſ firmaverit ætaſ,
Expansiſque audent aliſ ſe credere cœlo,
Exoptant lucem, terraſque invifere gaudent,

Atque

Thus flying Eaſt, and Weſt, and North, and South,
News travell'd with increaſe from mouth to mouth,
So from a ſpark, that kindled firſt by chance,
With gath'ring force the quick'ng flameſ advance,
'Till to the cloudſ their curling headſ aſpire,
And tow'rs, and templeſ, ſink in floodſ of fire,

When thuſ ripe lieſ are to perfection ſprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,

Atque hominum cœtus; tanta est fiducia falsis.
 Sublimi in folio, medio sub fornice templi,
 Rumor adest, numerosque suos, totamque recenset
 Progeniem, assignans cunctis, simul inde volarint,
 Munus et officium, metasque et tempora vitæ.
 Hinc variæ volitant voces, quas vividus ardor
 Intus alit, validas præbens ab origine vires.
 Pars quærunt cœlo lucem, pereuntque repertâ.
 Longior est aliis ætas, sed robore primum.
 Incedunt dubio: mox totis viribus altas
 Invadunt urbes, et vastâ mole feruntur
 Et crescunt magis atque magis, pereuntque, ca-
 duntque,
 Ceu nunc vanescens cum Cynthia contrahit orbem,
 Cornua mox reparans recidivis ignibus ardet.
 Insonuere tubæ, et rapido per inane volatu
 Desuper incumbunt rumores agmine facto,
 Et falsis verisque implent terroribus urbes.
Vestibulum

Thro' thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
 And rush in millions on the world below,
 Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
 Their date determines, and prescribes their force.
 Some to remain, and some to perish soon,
 Or wane and wax alternate like the Moon.
 Around a thousand winged wonders fly,
 Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd thro'
 the sky.

Vestibulum ante ipsum, circumque foramina
mille,

Dum celerare fugam tentant, et lucis amore
Expandunt alas certatim, sæpe videres
Rumores falsos et verba tenacia veri.

Explorant aditus, fugiunt, redeuntque vicissim;
Nulla via est; fixis inter se amplexibus hærent,
Impediuntque fugam, donec jam fœdere pacem
Longam ineunt: exhinc fugiunt socialiter ambo,
Et quæcumque volat verum, contraria promens
It falsum, et gressus semper comitatur euntis.

Dum miror, passimque oculis dum singula lustro,
Tum mihi nescio quæ placido spectabilis ore,
Occurrit, prensæque manu, "Quis te quoque, dixit,
" Impulit

There at one passage oft you might survey
A ly and truth contending for the way;
And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
Which first should issue thro' the narrow vent:
At last agreed together, out they fly,
Inseparable now, the truth and ly;
The strict companions are for ever join'd,
And this, or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.

While thus I stood intent to see and hear,
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear;
What could thus high thy rash ambition raise;
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise?

“ Impulit huc ardor ? vel quæ tibi causa morandi ?

“ Et tibi laudis amor stimulos sub pectora versat ?

“ Te quoque Fama trahit, juvenemque his appulit
 oris ?”

Sic ait ; hæc refero : “ Succensum laudis amore,
“ Atque animo erectum non me venisse negabo.

“ Nam famam sequimur vatum chorus omnis, et idem

“ Est ardor cunctis, tenerisque insuevit ab annis.

“ Sed tamen Aonidum præcingere tempora lauro,

“ Quam paucis licitum ? Quam multi laude
 vigentes

“ Præmatura suæ viderunt funera Famae ?

“ Nempe quid hæc fama est ? Heu ! vitam vita
 secunda,

“ Post mortem incipiens, alieni spiritus oris,

“ Non audituro cinerum Præconia reddens.

“ Hoc est quod pallent ; hoc est incerta sequuti,

“ Quod vitam, quod opes, atque omnia tuta
 relinquunt,

“ Ut

'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,
For who so fond as youthful bards of Fame ?
But few alas ! the casual blessing boast,
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.

How vain that second life in others breath ?

Th' estate, which wits inherit after death !

Ease, health, and life for this they must resign,
(Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine !)

The

" Ah! mihi si mentem fubeat tam dira cupido;
 " Intereant versus; renuant in carmina vires
 " Pierides, Pater ipse chelyn nec tendat Apollo.
 " Desidiosus, iners, culpæ tamen inscius, ævum
 " Ah! potius ducam, rapiantque oblivia nomen.
 " Sit mihi verus honos; si non, procul omnis abesto."

Or if no basis bear my rising name,
 But the fall'n ruins of another's Fame,
 Then teach me, Heav'n! to scorn the guilty bays,
 Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise;
 Unblemish'd let me live; or die unknown;
 Oh! grant an honest Fame, or grant me none.

O D E.

O TER, O plusquam quater ille felix,
Urbium quisquis procul a tumultu
Degit, exercens sua rura, parvo
Sub lare dives.

Plena cui lactis faciles capellæ
Mœstra submitunt, Cererisque tellus
Fluctuat culmis, et inempta præbent
Vellera vestem.

Cui per æstatem sociare gaudent
Arbores umbram, nivibusque prata
Cum rigent canis, gelidæ repellunt
Frigora brumæ.

Insolens

POPE'S ODE ON SOLITUDE.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breath his native air

In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,

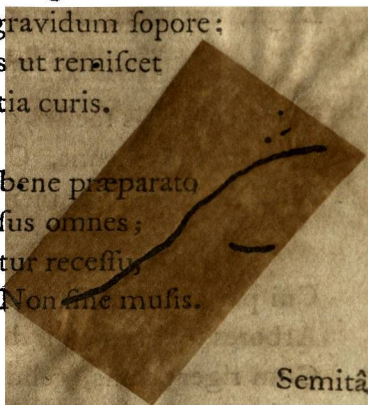
In winter fire.

Blest,

Infolens culpæ, vacuusque curis
 Respicit cursum properantis ævi;
 Fortis et sanam gerit usque sano
 Corpore mentem.

Cernit hunc Phœbus vigilem renascens,
 Cernit occumbens gravidum sopore;
 Cernit alternis catus ut remiscet
 Otia curis.

Pectore hic semper bene preparato
 Excipit casus animosus omnes;
 Mentis et sancto fruitur recessu,
 Non sine musis.



Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
 Together mix'd; sweet recreation;
 And innocence, which most does please,
 With meditation.

Thus

Semitâ in vitæ mihi sic latentis
Condere obtingat sine labe foles;
Sic mori detur, careatque sculpto

Marmore nomen.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

O D E.

O MUSCA folers, impigra, sedula,
Affueta raptò vivere, quo fames

Te cunque defert, huc vocata

Flecte fugam trepidante pennâ.

Conviva dulcis ! Nunc tibi, nunc mihi

Potare fas est ; proluè te mero,

Nunc solve curas, nunc fugacis

Te memorem decet esse vitæ.

Lapsu

BUSY, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I ;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Cou'dst thou sip, and sip it up.
Make the most of life you may ;
Life is short, and flies away.

. Both

Lapsu citato tempora defluunt
 Utrique nostrum : Te nimium brevis
 Heu ! cernit æstas, atque brumæ
 Frigus iners tibi claudit ævum.

Natura quid si sex decies mihi
 Revolvit annos ? res homini diu
 Ah ! nulla : sex deni peracti
 In nihilum tenuantur anni.

Both alike your days and mine
 Quickly hasten to decline :
 Thine's a summer, mine no more,
 Tho' repeated to threescore :
 Threescore summers when they're gone,
 Will appear at last but one.

E L E G I A

THOMÆ GRAY,

IN CARMEN LATINUM CONVERSA.

O D E.

IN CŒMETERIO RUSTICO SCRIPTA.

EHEU! fugaces præcipiti rotâ
Volvuntur horæ, profus et aureum
Vubar sub undis sol recondit,
Arva mihi tenebrisque cedens.

Opaca lentis jugera passibus
Armenta linquunt: faxa remugiunt
Sylvæque & amnes, atque fessis
Signat humum pedibus colonus.

Nuper

GRAY'S ELEGY.

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Q 2

Now

Nuper renidens mille coloribus

Jam scena transit : Triste silentium

Incumbit agris ; sola raucum

Musca ciens queribunda murmur

Obtundit aures ; vel per ovilia

Saudente somnos murmure perstrepat

Tinnitus æris, dum quiescunt

Graminis immemores capellæ.

Audin ? tenaces saxa hederæ tegunt

Quæ celsa turris, flebilis integrat

Bubo querelas, atque lunam

Torva tuens gemitu fatigat.

Nigris ut istic frondibus imminens

Contristat herbas ulmus ! ut ordine

Longo trementes cuncta taxi

Funereis tenebris obumbrant !

Congesta

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;
 Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The mopeing owl does to the Moon complain
 Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Congesta subter vimine textili
 Humus refurgit, ruris & accolæ,
 Cellis repositi quisque parvis,
 Perpetuo recubant sopore.

Non forte functos eliciet toro
 Aurora blandis vecta favoniis ;
 Nec jam ciebit, qui canoro
 Ore diem reducem salutat,

Cristatus ales : Cornua non, feris
 Audita, somnos excutient leves ;
 Arguta nec subter cacumen
 Stramineum volitans hirundo.

Haud rursus illis sub lare paupere
 Focus nitescet ; sedula non dapes
 Apponet Uxor, dum tenello
 Ore patrem, pia turba ! nati

Adeffe

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap ;
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
 The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
 The cocks shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

Adeffe clamant, & genua & manus
 Et colla densis nexibus æmuli
 Prenfant, inexpletumque parvis
 Oscula præripiunt labellis.

At quantus olim luce fruentibus
 Vigor juventæ ! per fegetes darent
 Seu falce stragem, five fulcum
 Vomer edax ageret per arva.

Quam corde læti ! feu Cereris boves
 Onusta donis plaustra reducerent,
 Nutans sub ictu five quercus
 Præcipitem traheret ruinam.

Ah !

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her ev'ning care ;
 No children run to lisp their fire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kifs to share.
 Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
 How jocund did they drive their team a-field !
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !
 Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
 'The short and simple annals of the poor.

The

Ah! ne potentum vana superbia
 Hæc pura vitæ munera pauperis
 Contemnat, aut parvo beatos
 Agricolas, humilesque fastos.

Quid longa profunt stemmata? quid Tagus
 Quod volvit aurum? Forma quid, aut ducum
 Virtus in armis? Marte claros
 Urna manet; cinis æquat omnes.

Si non sepulcro marmorea affidens
 Fletu decentes musa rigat genas!
 Tropæa si non vana ludunt,
 Signa novi peritura luctus!

Si non tumescunt organa næniis
 Templi superbis sub laquearibus,
 Nec longa mærentes amici
 Fana docent resonare cantu!

Heu

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike th' inevitable hour:
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
 Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where thro' the long drawn isle and fretted vault,
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Q4

Can

Heu vana rerum ! Phidiacâ manu
 Sit urna sculpta, aut marmore vivido
 Stet forma spirans ; rupta vitæ
 Stamina num reparant forores ?

Quid si sacerdos eloquio potens
 Ad astra vanis laudibus efferat
 Quondam superbos ? Fama manes
 Postuma num veniet sub imos ?

Forfan sub isto pulveris aggere
 Præclara torpent pectora, vel manus
 Languescit illic, per subactas
 Quæ poterat dare jura gentes.

Hoc forte vates sub tumulo latet,
 Sacrum canoris qui poterat melos
 Ciere chordis ; qui camœnas
 Pierio elicuisset antro.

Doctrina

Can storied urn, or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
 Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or flattery sooth the dull cold ear of death ?
 Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

But

Doctrina sed non sacra volumina
 Evolvit illis; res tenuis domi
 Tardavit omnes, nec refulsit
 Ingenii generosus ardor.

Sæpe inquieto sub maris æquore
 Ignota fulvis gemma micat vadis;
 Furtim & rubescens flos in agris.
 Dulcem animam zephyris remittit.

Quis scit sub isto an cespite dormiat
 Pagi tyrannos indocilis pati'
 (Agrestis Hamdenus? vel alter,
 Mæonidem superare cantu)

Miltonus

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unrol;
 Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.
 Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
 Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
 Some Village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood,

Some

Miltonus ardens ? nunc sine nomine,
 Mutusque ! forsan pectore fervido
 Cromvellus, expers sed cruoris
 Immeriti, scelerumque purus.

Heu fortem iniquam ! nam neque contigit
 Depræliantùm pectora civium
 Mulcère, pleno dum fenatu
 Confiliis moderantur orbem.

Infanientis non licuit truces
 Vultus tyranni temnerè ; non datum
 Per damna, per cædes mereri
 Perpetuæ monumenta laudis.

Quod si negatâ non potuit viâ
 Prodire virtus, nec potuit scelus ;
 Nec dira regnandi cupido
 Strage virum viduavit urbes.

Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.
 Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,
 Their lot forbid : nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;
 Forbad

His

His vita semper fallere nescia :
 In ore cunctis ingenuus pudor ;
 Nec vana mendaci superbos
 Musa dedit decorare versu.

Curis remotis, & procul urbium
 Vano tumultu, lene fluentibus
 Vixere fatis, & peregit
 Quisque dies tacitus sub umbrâ.

Nunc luce cassos terra tegit ; locum
 Atque ossa tristi carmine consecrat
 Sculptura simplex, & viator,
 Siste gradum pia Musa clamat.

Hic

Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.
 The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
 With incense kindled at the Muses flame.
 Far from the madding croud's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learnt to stray ;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.
 Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes, and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their

Hic fiste, clamat; nam lacrymam brevem
 Humana poscunt, sanctaque dogmata
 Illiteratis dant colonis
 Indomitæ meminisse mortis.

Quis namque prædam se dedit invidæ
 Oblivioni? Lucida quis poli
 Convexa linquens non retrorsum
 Vota, precès, gemitusque fudit?

Morte in propinquâ deficiens manus
 Prensat foventes; sæpe oculi diem
 Quærunt; amicos & reposcunt;
 Igne calent cineres eodem.

Et

Their name, their years spelt by th' unletter'd Muse
 The place of fame and elegy supply;
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.
 For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?
 On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries;
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For

Et te, sepulcra hæc qui lacrymis rigas,
 Qui nunc inani munere pauperum
 Spargis favillam, certa lethi
 Te quoque vis rapiet sub umbras,

Forſan colonus tum ſenio gravis
 Memorque noſtri "Vidimus" inquiet,
 " Ut ſol reluxit, montis herbas
 " Rore novo madidas prementem,

" Crebro ſub iſtâ vidimus ilice
 " Nunc membra ſtratum, nunc ad aquæ caput
 " Fixis oculis, dum per agros
 " Lympha fugit ſaliente rivo.

" Muſis

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
 Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred ſpirit ſhall enquire thy fate.
 Haply ſome hoary headed ſwain may ſay,
 " Oft have we ſeen him at the peep of dawn,
 " Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dews away,
 " To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.
 " There at the foot of yonder nodding beach,
 " That wreaths its old fantaſtick roots ſo high,
 " His liſtleſs length at noontide would he ſtretch,
 " And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

" Hard

" Musis amicus per nemorum avios
 " Tractus ruebat, composito tegens
 " Amara rifu, vel medullis
 " Vulnus alens, tacitumque amorem.

" At mane nuper montibus in suis
 " Ah! nullus errat: Lux redit altera;
 " Nullus recumbit, qua loquaces
 " Per falebras trahit amnis undas.

" Aurora furgit tertia, proh dolor!
 " Pullatus ordo flebilibus modis
 " It tristis, & portant amici
 " Enanimum juvenem feretro.

Adstant

" Hard by yon' wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 " Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
 " Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 " Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.
 " One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 " Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
 " Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
 " Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.
 " The next with dirges due in sad array,
 " Slow through the church-yard path we saw him
 borne,
 " Approach and read (for thou can'ft read) the lay,
 " Grav'd on the stone beneath yon' aged thorn.

THE

" Adstant sepulcro ; fletur, & aggere
 " Tectum reponunt : carmina rustico,
 " Quæ vepris horret, sculpta saxo
 " Perlege (namque potes) viator.

E P I T A P H I U M.

HIC jacet exiguo juvenis' sub pondere terræ,
 Quem non evexit Fama per ora virûm ;
 Qui non splendorem fulvo quæsit ab auro,
 Nec meruit populo prava jubente decus.
 Musa tamen placido nascentem lumine vidit,
 Perculit at cœco vulnere corda dolor.
 Quod potuit, dedit usque inopem miseratus ; habebat
 Nil præter lacrymas ; flumina larga dedit.
 Talibus

T H E E P I T A P H.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown ;
 Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large

Talibus & meritis cœli Pater annuit æquus,
 (Quod solum in votis) pignus amicitiae.
 Virtutes culpasque viri quid querimus ultra?
 In gremio maneant cuncta reposita Dei.
 Spemque metumque inter trepidat novus advena
 cœli;
 Dum Domini & Patris respicit ora sui.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
 Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:
 He gave to mis'ry all he had, a tear;
 He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.
 No further seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
 The bosom of his Father, and his God,

T H E

RIVAL SISTERS.

A

T R A G E D Y.

— Scelerate, revertere, Theseu;
Flecte ratem; numerum non habet illa suum.

R

OVID.

P R E F A C E.

THERE is, perhaps, nothing more uninteresting than the generality of those preliminary discourses, in which Authors too frequently lay out much of their time in talking of themselves and their works. The importance of a Man to himself is fully displayed, while the Reader yawns over the tedious page, or laughs at the rhetoric, that would fain persuade him that he ought to be pleased. The present Writer has been unwilling, upon almost all occasions, to conform to a practice which he saw attended with so little success: But the following Tragedy is sent into the world in a manner that may require some explanation. It has not gone through the fiery trial of the Theatre; nor is it recommended by the favourable decision of an Audience. The pomp of splendid scenery, and the illusions of the skilful performer, have not awakened the public attention:—The

Play ventures abroad, without having previously gained, by the advantages of representation, a character, which in the leisure of the closet is not always supported. But this circumstance, while it raises no expectation, may, on the other hand, excite a prejudice not easy to be surmounted. If it be of any value, why was it not produced in the usual form of a Public Exhibition? The reasons that influenced the Author, would lead to a long and frivolous detail. Whatever those reasons were, whether caprice, whim, or peevishness, or delicacy, they were of weight to determine his conduct. His work, however, does not go forth with accusations of any kind against the Proprietors of either Theatre: it makes no appeal from their judgment. The fact is, it never was in their hands, and where there was no refusal, there can be no room for complaint.

It need not be dissembled, that the Play was written with a view to the Stage. It was begun and finished in the Summer 1783, at a time when the Author was disabled, by a nervous disorder in his eyes, from pursuing a more important work, which has engaged several years of his life. It was painful to read, and he found amusement necessary. He walked in green fields, made verses, and threw them upon paper in characters almost illegible.

illegible. For a subject, he was not long at a loss. He remembered that Madame de Sévigné* mentions her having attended the representation of *ARIANE*, a Tragedy by the younger *Corneille*. The play, says that amiable Writer, though in its general style and conduct flat and insipid, was, notwithstanding, followed by all Paris, not for the sake of the poetry, but the *Actress*, *La Champmélé*, whom she calls the greatest prodigy the Stage ever beheld. The other characters were disgusting; but when the *Champmélé* entered the scene, a murmur of applause ran through the Theatre; every heart was interested, and every eye dissolved in tears.

When this country could, with pride, boast of an *Actress* equally followed, and perhaps with better reason, it occurred that a Tragedy, with the beauties of the original, but freed from its defects, might, at such a season, be acceptable to the Public. The defects, which drew down the judgment of so enlightened a Critic as Madame de Sévigné, are pointed out with minute exactness, by the judicious *Voltaire* †. From that pleasing Writer we learn, that the Tragedy in question still keeps its rank upon the Stage, whenever an *Actress* of emi-

* Vide her Letter 1st April, 1672.

† See his Edition of *Corneille's Works*.

nence wishes for an opportunity to display her talents in a principal character. The situation, he observes, is interesting and pathetic. "A princess, who has done every thing for her hero; who has delivered him from a cruel death, and sacrificed all considerations for his sake; who loves him generously; who thinks herself loved in return, and deserves to be so; who finds herself, at last, abandoned by the Man whom she adores, and betrayed by a Sister whom she also loved: A Woman thus situated, says *Voltaire*, forms the happiest subject that has come down to us from antiquity." Notwithstanding this general account, *Voltaire's* observations, which trace the Author scene by scene, shew that *Madame de Sévigné* was not mistaken in her judgment.

Shall the present Writer flatter himself that he has removed the vices of the first concoction, and substituted what is better in their room? He certainly has endeavoured to do it. For this purpose a New Fable was necessary. The progress of the business required to be conducted in a different manner, with more rapidity, and without those languid scenes which weaken the interest, and too often border upon the dialogue of Comedy. The characters were to be cast in a new mould, and instead

instead of definitions of the passions, their conflict, their vehemence, and their various transitions, were to be painted forth in higher colouring, than are to be found in the French composition. The Reader, therefore, is not to expect a mere translation. The Author does not scruple to say that he entered into a competition with the original; that he has aimed at a better Tragedy; and to use the words of a late elegant Writer, *he hopes he has shewn some invention, though he has built upon another man's ground.*

But here again the question recurs, if the new superstructure raised upon the old foundation has any merit, why not produce it with all the advantage of that celebrated Actress, who, it seems inspired the first design? The plain truth shall be the answer. When the piece was finished, the Author had his moments of self-approbation, and in his first ardour, hinted to a friend, that he intended to give it to the Stage. But self-approbation did not last long:—That glow of imagination, which (to speak the truth) is sometimes heated into a pleasing delirium with its own work, subsided by degrees, and doubt and diffidence succeeded. A Play, that might linger nine nights upon the

R 4

Stage.

Stage, was not the object of the Author's ambition: Whether he has been able to execute any thing better, he has not considered for a long time, nor has he now courage to determine. He has often said to himself in the words of TULLY, *Nil hic, nisi perfectum ingenio, Elaboratum Industriâ, afferri oportere*; and after adopting, in his own case, so rigid a rule, how shall he presume to say, that the production of a summer can boast either of genius, or the elaborate touches of industry?

In this irresolute state of mind, the Author's respect for the Public, who have done him, upon former occasions, very particular honour, increased his timidity: he was unwilling to appear a candidate for their favour, when he was not sure of adding to their pleasure. At present, being to give an Edition of such Pieces, as he has been able to produce, he could not think of keeping back the only dramatic work left upon his hands. He, therefore, sends it into the world an humble adventurer: with one of his predecessors, he says, "*Va mon Enfant; prens ta Fortune.*" The Play amused him while he was engaged in the writing of it, and should the candid Reader find an hour

of leisure not intirely thrown away in the perusal, the Author will not think his time altogether mil-employed. He now dismisses the Piece, if not with indifference, at least with resignation, content to leave the honours of the Theatre to Writers of more ambition than he possesses at present.

Non jam prima peto Menestheus, neque vincere certo:
Quamquam O! sed sperent, quibus hoc, Neptune, dedisti.

VIRG.

———Veianius armis
Herculis ad postem fixis, latet abditus agro,
Ne populum extremâ toties exoret arenâ.

HOR.

LINCOLN'S-INN,
March 4, 1786.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ. J

M E N.

PERIANDER, *King of Naxos.*
THESEUS,
PERITHOUS,
ARCHON, *an officer of Periander,*
ALETES, *Ambassador from Minos, King of
Crete.*

W O M E N.

ARIADNE,
PHÆDRA,
VIRGINS, *attending on Ariadne, &c.*

SCENE, *the Isle of Naxos.*

T H E
R I V A L S I S T E R S.
T R A G E D Y.

A C T the F I R S T.

SCENE, *a magnificent Apartment in PERIANDER'S
Palace.*

A violent storm of Thunder and Lightning.

PHÆDRA and ARCHON.

PHÆDRA.

AWAY! no more:—why thus pursue my steps?
Begone and leave me; leave me to my
woes.

ARCHON.

Yet, Phædra, be advis'd.

PHÆDRA.

Presume no further.

Advis'd by thee! no, let your pliant king,

Your king of Naxos, to thy treach'rous counsels

Resign

252 THE RIVAL SISTERS.

Resign himself, his people, and his laws,
 Thou hast undone us all; by thee we die;
 Yes, Ariadne, Phædra, Theseus, all,
 All die by thee!

ARCHON.

Princes, your fears are groundless.
 Your timorous fancy forms unjust suspicions.
 If you but knew me —

PHÆDRA.

O! too well I know thee.
 This very morn tis fix'd; yes, here your king
 Gives audience to th' Ambassador of Crete;
 Here in this palace; here, by your persuasion,
 He means to yield us to the rage of Minos,
 To my vindictive father's stern demand.
 Ere that I'll see your king; here wait his coming,
 And counteract thy base ungen'rous counsel.

ARCHON.

This storm of passion bears your reason down.
 Let prudence guide thee. In a night like this,
 Why quit your couch, and to the whirlwind's rage,
 The vullied light'ning, and the war of nature,
 Why wilt thou thus commit thy tender frame?

[Thunder and lightning.

Again that dreadful peal!—All-gracious pow'rs!
 What crime provokes your wrath? must this fair
 island,

That long hath flourish'd in th' Ægean deep,
 Must Naxos with her sons, a blameless race,

Burn

Burn to the centre, and the brawling waves
Close o'er the wreck for ever?

[*Another clap of thunder.*]

PHÆDRA.

Oh! that burst
Shoots horror to my soul.

ARCHON.

Thus through the night
Hath the wild uproar shook the groaning isle.
Fierce rain and liquid fire in mingled torrents
Came rushing o'er the land. The wrath of Heav'n
Rides in the tempest. Tow'rs and sacred domes
Fell in promiscuous ruin. Ships were dash'd
On pointed rocks, or swallow'd in the deep.
Destruction rages round: amidst the roar,
When all things else, when ev'n the fiercest natures
Shrink from the hideous ruin, you alone
Walk through the storm, with fierce, with hag-
gard mien,
A form that suits the dreadful wild commotion.

PHÆDRA.

Yes, with a heart, in which the storm that rages,
Surpasses all the horrors of the night.
Yes, here I come supreme in misery.
I only wake to cares unknown to him
Who treads secure the paths of humble life,
And thanks the Gods for his obscure retreat,
For the blest shade in which their bounty plac'd
him.

ARCHON.

'Twere best allay this tempest of the soul.

PHÆDRA.

PHÆDRA.

'Tis you have rais'd this tempest of the soul.
 You, Sir, are minister; you govern here,
 And bend at will an unsuspecting monarch,
 To thee he yields, his oracle of state;
 And when with wrongs you have oppress'd mankind,
 'Tis the king's pleasure; 'tis the royal will.

ARCHON.

Unjust, ungen'rous charge! have you forgot,
 When first your vessel reach'd the coast of Naxos?
 You sued for leave to land upon the isle:
 You and your sister Ariadne sent
 To pray for shelter here. Ere that we heard
 Theseus was with you; Theseus, whom the state
 Of Athens sent a sacrifice to Minos,
 A victim to absolve the annual tribute,
 Impos'd by conquest: Ariadne's love,
 Her generous efforts to redeem the hero,
 Ev'n then were known at Periander's court.
 The wond'rous story on the wings of Fame
 Had reach'd our Isle; she pity'd, and she lov'd him.

PHÆDRA.

She lov'd him!—Yes, she saw, and she ador'd.
 Gods! who could see the graces of his youth,
 His cause, his innocence, the hero's mien,
 Manly and firm, yet soften'd by distress,
 Gods! who could see him, and not gaze entranc'd
 In ecstasy and love?—What have I said?
 My warmth too far transports me—ah! beware!
 'Twas as you say; she pity'd, and she lov'd.

ARC

A TRAGEDY.

255

ARCHON.

She favour'd his escape : you fled together.
 To ev'ry neigh'ring isle you wing'd your flight.
 You visit'd each realm ; with pray'rs and tears
 Wearied each court. All fear'd your father's
 pow'r.

You came to Naxos ; Periander's will
 By public edict had forbid your landing.
 You anchor'd in the bay ; with olive branch
 Your orator came forth. Did not I then—

PHÆDRA.

You succour'd our distress : the tear of sympathy
 Stood in your eye ; and you may boast your merit.
 You play'd it well, Sir,

ARCHON.

This ambiguous strain
 But ill requites the offices of friendship.
 For you I watch'd the temper of the king,
 His ebbs and flows of passion : in apt season
 You landed here. Thrice hath the waning moon
 Conceal'd her light, and thrice renew'd her orb,
 While you, meantime, have liv'd protected here.
 Each hour has seen your sister Ariadne
 Rise in her charms, and now with boundless sway
 She reigns supreme in Periander's heart.

PHÆDRA.

True, we have found protection from your king.
 Three months have pass'd ; but in that time a
 statesman

May

256 THE RIVAL SISTERS.

May change his mind. New views of interest,
New plans of policy, fair seeming motives,
May give new principles.

ARCHON.

It is my first,
My best ambition to relieve the wretched.
You wrong me, princess; you had best retire.

PHÆDRA.

No; Periander first shall hear my suit
Here will I wait his coming; on the earth
Fall prostrate at his feet, implore his mercy,
Cling round his knees, and never loose my hold,
Till his heart melt, and save us from destruction.

Enter THESEUS.

THESEUS.

What plaintive sorrow thro' the lonely palace
Alarms my list'ning ear?

PHÆDRA.

That well-known voice
Dispels my fears. O! Theseus, how my heart
Bounds at thy lov'd approach! and yet this day
Decides your doom. Archon can tell you all.
This day resigns you to my father's pow'r.
Here Periander has resolv'd to answer
Th' ambassador of Crete.

THESEUS.

Controul thy fears.
Archon has serv'd me, and I thank him for it.

All will be well; the king protects us still.
 Archon, the storm that threaten'd hideous ruin
 At length subsides. The angry blast recalls
 Its train of horrors. Through the sev'ring clouds
 Faint gleams of day disclose the face of things.
 The raging deep, that rose in mountain billows,
 Sinks to repose: The winds, the waves are hush'd.
 From yon high tow'r, that overhangs the bay,
 I view'd the ocean round. No sail appears,
 No vessel cleaves the deep, save one escap'd
 From the wild uproar of the warring winds,
 That with it's shatter'd masts, and lab'ring oars,
 Stems the rough tide, and enters now the harbour.

PHÆDRA.

Another sail! and enters now the harbour!
 From whence? Who and what are they? From
 what coast?
 Alas, from Crete! 'tis Minos sends; my father's
 wrath
 Pursues us still; another embassy
 Comes to demand us all.

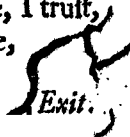
THESEUS.

Controul this wild alarm,
 And banish ev'ry fear.

ARCHON.

Perhaps some vessel
 Rich with the stores, which busy commerce sends
 From the adjacent isles, on Naxos' coast
 Now seeks a shelter from the roaring deep.

I'll to the harbour. Theseus, be it thine
 To pour o'er Phædra's woes the balm of comfort,
 And hush her cares to peace: From Crete, I trust,
 The messengers of woe no more will come,
 To urge their stern demand.



PHÆDRA, THESEUS.

PHÆDRA.

Go, traitor, go;
 Pernicious vile dissembler!

THESEUS.

Ah! forbear.

PHÆDRA.

He seems a friend, the surer to betray.
 Full well he knows that Ariadne's charms
 Have wak'd a flame in Periander's heart.
 To that alliance with a statesman's craft
 He stands a foe conceal'd: He dreads to see
 On Naxos' throne a queen from Minos sprung,
 And therefore plans our ruin.

THESEUS.

Yet thy fancy,
 Still arm'd against itself, turns pale and trembles
 At shadowy forms. Were thy suspicions just,
 Wherefore reveal them? Why unguard thyself,
 And lay each secret open to your foe?
 With him, whose rankling malice works unseen
 While smiles becalm his looks, 'twere best pretence



Not to perceive the lurking treachery.
 Reproof but goads him, and new whets his passions,
 Till what was policy becomes revenge.
 Detested villany can ne'er forgive.

PHÆDRA.

And must I fall in silence? must we perish,
 Abandon'd by ourselves, tame, willing victims,
 Nor let the murderer hear one dying groan?
 Must I behold him with his treach'rous arts,
 A lurking foe, nor pour my curses on him,
 But poorly crouch, and thank him for the blow?
 Oh! love like mine, the love which you inspir'd,
 That each day rises still to higher ardour;
 Think'st thou that love like mine will calmly see
 thee
 Giv'n up a victim to my father's rage?

THESEUS.

And think'st thou then that Archon is my foe?

PHÆDRA.

He is; I know him well; he means destruction.
 Th' ambaffador of Crete will soon have audience.
 Archon concerted all. Oh! if my care
 Could counteract his dark, his fell designs,
 Then were I blest'd indeed. When first you landed
 A helpless victim on the Cretan shore,
 Full well you know, soft pity touch'd my heart,
 And soon, that tender pity chang'd to love.
 I wish'd to save you: Ariadne's fortune
 Gave her the clue that led you thro' the maze.
 Her zeal out-ran my speed, but not my love.

And would my fate allow me now to save thee,
Then by that tie ('tis all my sister's claim)
I then should prove me worthy of thy love.

THESEUS.

Deem me not, gen'rous Phædra, deem me not
Form'd of such common clay, so dead to beauty,
As not to feel with transport at my heart
Thy pow'rful charms. To Ariadne
I owe my life. That boon demands respect,
Demands my gratitude. But love must spring
Spontaneous in the heart, its only source,
Unmix'd with other motives than it's own,
Unbrib'd, unbought, above all vulgar ties.

PHÆDRA.

And yet while ruin——

THESEUS.

Check this storm of passion,
Nor think, with abject fear that Periander
Will e'er resign us. Ariadne's charms
Have touch'd his heart. His words, his looks
proclaim it.
In the soft tumult all his soul is lost.
He dwells for ever on the lov'd idea,
And with her beauty means to grace his throne.

PHÆDRA.

Archon abhors the union: To prevent it,
His deep designs——

THESEUS.

THESEUS.

Hear what I shall disclose,
And treasure it in sacred silence seal'd.
Last night admitted to a private audience,
Wrapt in the friendly mantle of the dark——

Enter an OFFICER.

THESEUS.

What wouldst thou? speak thy purpose.

OFFICER.

At the harbour
That fronts the northern wave, a ship from Athens
This moment is arriv'd.

PHÆDRA.

Relief from Athens!

OFFICER.

Your presence there by all is loudly call'd for.

THESEUS.

Say to my friends, I will attend them straight.
[Exit Officer.]

PHÆDRA.

A ray of hope to gild the cloud of woe.

S 3

THESEUS.

THESEUS.

Now Phædra, mark me. . . Let thy fears subside.
 Last night when ev'ry care was lull'd to rest,
 No eye to trace my steps, no conscious ear
 To catch the sound, then Periander granted
 A private conference: I unbosom'd to him,
 In confidence, the secrets of my heart.
 To Ariadne I resign'd all claim;
 Renounc'd each tender passion. Periander
 No longer view'd me with a rival's eye.
 He promis'd his protection. Ariadne
 Has pow'rful charms, and the King bears a heart
 To beauty not impassive. Joy and rapture
 Spoke in his eye, and purpled o'er his face.
 With vanity she'll hear a Monarch's sighs,
 Proud of her sway. A diadem will quench
 Her former flame, with glitt'ring splendor tempt
 her,
 And make the infidelity her own.

PHÆDRA.

But if she hears a sister dares dispute
 A heart like thine——

THESEUS.

Trust to my prudent caution.
 That dang'rous secret I have skreen'd with care.
 Here it lies buried. Periander thinks
 A former flame, kindled long since in Greece,
 Preys on my heart with slow consuming fires.
 But hark;—beware;—this way some hasty step——

Enter

Enter ARCHON.

ARCHON.

The Greeks now issue on the shore. They bring
Tidings from Athens, and from every tongue
Your name resounds, and rings along the shore.

THESEUS.

Thy friendship knows no pause; each hour you
bring
New succour to the wretched. Princess, farewell.
Archon, I thank thee, and now seek my friends.

[Exit.

PHÆDRA, ARCHON.

Princess, if once again I may presume
To offer friendly counsel, from this place
'Twere best you now retire. Yon Eastern clouds
Blush with the orient day. My royal master,
Attentive ever to the cares of state,
Will soon be here.

PHÆDRA.

Let him first hear my pray'r;
Permit me here to see him. To the voice
Of misery his ear will not be clos'd.

*[A flourish of trumpets: the back scene
opens, and discovers a throne.*

Enter PERIANDER, and attendant Officers.

PHÆDRA.

Oh! Periander, 'midst the nations fam'd

For wisdom and for justice, let thy heart
Incline to mercy. Spare, oh! spare the wretched.

PERIANDER.

Rise, Princess, rise. That humble suppliant state
Suits not the dignity of Minos' daughter.
Whence this alarm, and why those gushing tears?

PHÆDRA.

We fled for refuge to you. Oh! protect,
Protect the innocent. You gave us shelter;
It was a godlike act; recall it not;
Yield us not victims to a father's wrath,
Nor by one barbarous action fully all
The glories of your reign. Save Ariadne,
Save Theseus too: our misery claims respect.

PERIANDER.

Save Ariadne? can that beauteous mourner
Suspect my promis'd faith? perhaps ev'n now,
Like some frail flow'r by beating rains oppress'd,
She pining droops, and sickens in despair:
Oh! quickly seek her: with the words of comfort
Heal all her woes; raise that afflicted fair,
And bid the graces of her matchless form
Flourish secure beneath my fostering smile.
When Ariadne sues, a monarch's heart
Yields to her tears with transport.

PHÆDRA.

Men will praise
The gen'rous deed: the gods will bless thee for it.

[Exit.

ARCHON,

ARCHON.

The Ambassador from Crete with Minos' orders
Attends your royal will.

PERIANDER.

He shall be heard.

[He ascends his Throne.]

Enter ALETES.

PERIANDER.

To Naxos' court, Aletes, you are welcome.
You come commission'd from the Cretan King:
Now speak your embassy.

ALETES.

In fairest terms
Of friendly greeting Minos, Sir, by me
Imparts his rightful claim. He knows the justice,
The moderation that directs your counsels:
He knows, though oft' in the embattled field
Your sword has reek'd with blood, your wisdom still
Respects the rights of kings; respects the laws,
That hold the nations in the bonds of peace.
To you, Sir, he appeals; he claims his daughters,
His rebel daughters, leagu'd against his crown:
He claims the victim from his vengeance rescued;
Rescued by fraud, by Ariadne's fraud;
And here at Naxos shelter'd from his justice.
A sov'reign and a parent claims his rights.
You will respect the father and the king,

PERIANDER.

PERIANDER.

Of Minos' virtues, his renown in arms,
 His plan of laws, that spread around the blessings
 Of sacred order, and of social life;
 Laws, which ev'n Kings obey, the world has heard
 With praise, with gratitude. All must revere
 The Legislator, and the friend of man.
 But in the sorrows that distract his house,
 Is it for me with rash mistaken zeal
 To interpose my care? is it for me
 To judge his daughters' conduct? What decree,
 What law of mine, what policy of Naxos
 Have they offended? All who roam the deep
 Find in my ports a safe, a sure retreat.
 Should I comply with your proud, bold request,
 The hardy genius of this sea-girt isle
 Will call it tyranny, and pow'r usurp'd.
 'Tis law, and not the sov'reign's will, that here
 Controuls, directs, and animates the state.

ALETES.

The law that favours wrongs, and shelters guilt,
 Subverts all order. Through her hundred cities
 All Crete will mourn your answer. With regret
 Minos will hear it. By pacific means
 He would prevail; by justice, not the sword.
 But, Sir, if justice, if a righteous cause
 At your tribunal lift their voice in vain,
 I see the gath'ring storm; I see the dangers
 That hover round your isle, and o'er the scene
 Humanity lets fall the natural tear.
 The sons of Crete, a brave, a gen'rous race,

Active and ardent in their monarch's cause
 Ready grasp the sword. I see the ocean
 White with unnumber'd sails; your coast, your
 harbours

Beleaguer'd close: I see the martial bands
 Planting their banners on the well-fought shore;
 Your hills, your plains glitt'ring with hostile arms,
 Your cities sack'd, your villages on fire,
 While from its source each river swollen with carnage
 Runs crimson to the main. I see the conqueror
 Urge to your capital with rapid march,
 And desolation cov'ring all the land.
 Still, Sir, you may prevent this waste of blood;
 Your timely wisdom——

PERIANDER.

The scope now appears
 Of your fair seeming message. And does Minos,
 Fam'd as he is in arms, say, does he hope
 With proud imperious sway to lord it o'er
 The princes of the world? And does he mean
 To write his laws in blood? And must the nations
 Crouch at his nod? Must I upon my throne
 Look pale and tremble, when your fancied Jove
 Grasps the uplifted thunder? Tell your king
 He knows my warlike name; knows we have met
 In fields of death, oppos'd in adverse ranks,
 Braving each other's lance; he knows the sinew,
 With which this arm can wield the deathful blade,
 Or send the missive javelin on the foe,
 Thirsting for blood.—Go, bear my answer back,
 And say besides, that Naxos boasts a race
 Rough as their clime, by liberty inspir'd,
 Of stubborn nerve, and unsubmitting spirit,

Who

Who laugh to scorn a foreign master's claim,
You've spoke your embassy, and have our answer.

ALETES.

Unwilling I bear hence th' ungrateful tidings.
[Exit.

PERIANDER, ARCHON.

PERIANDER.

To-morrow's sun shall see him spread his sails:
He must not linger here.

ARCHON.

Your pardon, Sir,
This answer may provoke the powers of Crete,
And war, inevitable war ensues.

PERIANDER.

Let the invader come : here we have war
To meet his bravest troops.

ARCHON.

But where the numbers
To man each port, and line the sea-beat shore?
Within the realm should the foe flush'd with conquest
Rear his proud banner ———

PERIANDER.

With auxiliar aid
Greece will espouse my cause. The fleets of Athens
Full

Full soon shall cover the Ægæan deep,
 And with confederated bands repel
 Tyrant's claim.

ARCHON.

Each state will urge its claim.
 Minos demands his daughter: Greece expects
 Her gallant warrior, and ev'n now asserts
 To crown his love, the princess as her own.
 Let Theseus spread his sails, and steer for Greece,
 With Ariadne, partner of his flight.
 You gain that gen'rous state: by ev'ry tie
 Of honour bound, Athens unsheaths her sword,
 And haughty Minos threatens here in vain.

PERIANDER.

Yield Ariadne! yield that matchless beauty,
 Where all the loves, where all the graces dwell!
 No, I will save her; will protect her here
 From rude, unhallow'd violence. Do thou
 Haste to the palace, where the princess dwells;
 Say to th' attendant train, ourself will come,
 To tell the counsels which my heart has form'd.

ARCHON.

Ay, there it lies, there lurks the secret wound.
 Love strikes the sweet infection to his soul.
 'Tis as I fear'd (*aside*)—Perhaps by mild re-
 monstrance
 We may gain time, and by the specious arts
 Of treaty and debate prevent the war.

PERIANDER.

PERIANDER.

You know my orders ; see them straight obeyed !
 [Exit Archon.

PERIANDER *alone.*

Yes, Ariadne, from the inclement frowns
 Of thy rude fortune, it is fix'd to shield thee,
 And soften all thy woes. Her father then,
 When with her milder ray returning reason
 Becalms his breast, shall thank the friend that held
 His rage suspended, and with joy shall hear
 That Ariadne reigns the queen of Naxos ;
 Here rules with gentle sway a willing people,
 And with her virtues dignifies my throne.

The End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT the SECOND.

Scene, a magnificent Apartment in a Palace.

Enter PERIANDER, with Attendants.

LET all with duty, with observance meet
 Wait on the princess : let the virgin train
 With songs of rapture, and melodious airs
 Try their best art ; wake all the magic pow'r
 Of harmony, to soothe that tender breast,
 And with soft numbers lull each sense of pain.
 I have beheld her, gaz'd on ev'ry charm,
 And Ariadne triumphs in my heart.

Enter ARCHON.

A messenger from Athens waits your pleasure.

PERIANDER.

From Athens say'st thou ?

ARCHON.

In the northern bay
 His ship is moor'd. Theseus attends the stranger,
 And both now crave an audience.

PERIANDER.

In apt time
 Their messenger arrives : when war impends,

Tidings

Tidings from Athens are right welcome to me :
They breathe new vigour. Let the Greek approach.

Enter THESEUS, and PERITHOUS.

THESEUS.

Forgive the transports of a heart that swells
Above all bounds, when I behold my friend,
My gallant, gen'rous friend, the brave Perithous !
It glads my soul, thus to present before you
A chief renown'd in arms, the best of men,
My other self, the partner of my toils,
And my best guide to glory.

PERIANDER,

To the virtues
Of the brave chief my ear is not a stranger.
You come from Athens ?

PERITHOUS.

Scarce two days have pass'd
Since thence I parted. Thro' the realms of Greece
Fame spread at large th' adventures of my friend,
With Ariadne's glory, and the deed,
The gen'rous deed that snatch'd him from destruction.
How she convey'd him to this happy shore,
How he has been receiv'd, and shelter'd here,
The men of Athens, sensibly alive
To each fine motive, each exalted purpose,
Have heard with gratitude. My feeble voice
Would but degrade the sentiments that burn
In ev'ry breast, with joy and rapture fir'd.
Warm with the best sensations of the heart,

They

They pour their thanks, the tribute of their praise.

PERIANDER.

That praise that's offer'd by the sons of Greece,
By that heroic, that enlighten'd race,
Is the best meed fair virtue can receive.

PERITHOUS.

That fair reward is yours: your worth demands it.
To my brave friend Athens next points her care.
What crime is his? Did he imbrue his hands
In young Androgeus' blood? Why should he fall
To expiate the death of Minos' son?
Against the innocent who makes reprisals,
And on the blameless head lets fall the sword,
Offers up victims to his fell revenge.
'Tis murder, and not justice.

PERIANDER.

Righteous heav'n
In th' hour of danger has watch'd o'er your friend,
And he has triumph'd o'er their barb'rous rites,
Their savage law, the stain of Minos' reign.

PERITHOUS.

Athens, exulting, pants for his return.
In crowds her eager citizens go forth,
And on the beach, and on the wave-worn cliff,
O'er all the main rowl their desiring eyes,
And ask of ev'ry ship that ploughs the deep,
News of their hero. A whole people's voice
Chose me their delegate, their faithful officer,

To seek my friend, and bear him hence with speed
Back to his native land.

PERIANDER.

The laws of Naxos
To all are equal. None are here constrain'd,
None forc'd by violence, or lawless pow'r,
To quit this safe, this hospitable shore.
Theseus will use the rights of free-born men.
'Tis his to give the answer.

THESEUS.

For this goodness
My heart o'erflows with more than words can speak.

PERITHOUS.

All Greece will thank you.—Ariadne too—

PERIANDER.

How? Ariadne say'ft thou?—

PERITHOUS.

With delight,
With admiration, with unbounded transport,
Athens has heard her generous exploits;
Has heard, when Theseus on the Cretan shore
Arriv'd to glut their vengeance, how the tear
Bedew'd her cheek. She pitied his misfortunes,
And whom she snatch'd from death, she means to
 blefs
With that rare beauty, and connubial love.

PERIANDER.

PERIANDER.

Ha! dost thou come to sink me to a slave?
 'Tis pride, 'tis arrogance makes this demand.
 Must I obey the proud, imperious mandate?
 Bear Ariadne with you!—By yon heav'n,
 No pow'r on earth shall force her from the isle.
 If thou presum'st again——

PERITHOUS.

I never have,
 I never can presume——

PERIANDER.

'Tis insolence!
 Is this the praise? Are these the thanks you bring?
 Urge that request no more.——

PERITHOUS.

If to my words
 You'll deign to lend a favourable ear——

PERIANDER.

Say on what law does Athens found a right
 To claim an alien princess?

PERITHOUS.

When her choice,
 Her gen'rous choice, the impulse of the heart
 Inclines her will, you will not fetter freedom?

PERIANDER.

Her father claims her: dost thou vainly hope,
 That

That Greece can filence his paternal rights?
Is that your errand? Who commission'd thee?
Is Theseus your adviser? and does he
Second this proud attempt?

THESEUS.

No, Theseus never
Will plan, or counsel what may stain your honour.

PERITHOÜS.

Nor will he e'er forget,—I know him well;
I know his gratitude, his gen'rous warmth,
His constancy and truth—He'll ne'er forget
His vows of faithful love. The debt he owes
To Ariadne never can be paid.

Athens approves their union: tuneful bards
Prepare the tribute of immortal verse,
And white-rob'd virgins ev'n now are ready,
Where e'er she treads, to scatter at her feet
The blooming spring, and at the sacred altar
To hymn the bridal song.

THESEUS.

Unthinking man!
This blind mistaken zeal will ruin all. (*aside.*)

PERIANDER.

No more; I'll hear no more; here break we off.
Proud Greek forbear, nor wound again my ear
With terms of vile disgrace. Another word
Of yielding Ariadne, and by Heav'n
The claims of Minos—His ambassador
Is here at hand; once more I'll give him audience.
And if again this outrage to my crown,—

If

If Theseus is found tampering in your plot, —
 If you (*to Theseus*) presume by subtlety and fraud
 To mock my hopes, and after last night's conference,
 Renounce your honour, my resentment rous'd
 May do a deed to overwhelm you all in ruin.

Then, let your friend, when next he dares approach
 us,

Learn to respect a monarch, who disdains
 A proud demand from the vain states of Greece.

[Exit.]

THESEUS, PERITHOUS.

PERITHOUS.

The states of Greece, proud monarch! be assur'd,
 Will vindicate their rights. Ha! — why that look
 Of wild dismay? that countenance of sorrow?
 Explain; what means my friend?

THESEUS.

Alas! you know not,
 You little know the horror and despair
 In which the hand of fate has plung'd my soul.

PERITHOUS.

And can despair oppress thee? can thy heart
 Know that pale inmate? By our dangers past,
 By all our wars, spite of this braggart king,
 The beautiful Ariadne shall be thine.

THESEUS.

No more; no more of that: — I cannot speak —

T 3

PERITHOUS.

PERITHOUS.

Those falt'ring accents, and those lab'ring sighs
Import some strange alarm.

THESEUS.

Oh! lead me hence,
To meet the fiercest monsters of the desert,
Rather than bear this conflict of the mind.

PERITHOUS.

Unfold this mystery :—Those downcast eyes—

THESEUS.

You have awaken'd Periander's fury.
Thy words have led me to a precipice,
And I stand trembling on the giddy brink.

PERITHOUS.

From thence I'll lead thee to the peaceful vale,
To life and happiness.—And can you thus,
When all your country's wishes bless your name,
When Athens to promote your happiness—

THESEUS.

They may mis-judge my happiness :—Alas!
I thank them : little do they know of Theseus.

PERITHOUS.

They know your virtues, your heroic ardour,
Your patriot toil in the great cause of Greece :
They know that honour in your breast has fix'd
His sacred shrine : They know the gen'rous flame
That

That love has wak'd in Ariadne's breast,
And how, in gratitude, the bright idea
Must fire a soul like thine.

THESEUS.

Too deep, too deep
Each accent pierces here. (*aside*)

PERITHOUS.

Those faithful arms
Shall soon receive her.

THESEUS.

You should not have claim'd her.

PERITHOUS.

Not claim that excellence! that rarest beauty—

THESEUS.

By that mistaken claim you've rais'd a storm
That soon may burst in ruin on my head.
You've fir'd to madness Periander's soul,
And wounded me, here, in the tend'rest nerve,
That twines about the heart. For Ariadne
Thy suit is vain, 'tis fruitless: urge no more.
Let me embark for Greece; gain my dismissal;
But for the princess, name her not: her liberty
The heart of Periander ne'er will grant:
No words, that art e'er form'd, will wring it from
him.

PERITHOUS.

Not grant her freedom! not release her hence!

T 4

Should

Should he refuse, all Greece will rise in arms :
 One common cause will form the gen'rous league,
 Soon Periander shall behold the ocean
 White with the foam of twenty-thousand ships ;
 The Grecian phalanx posted on his hills,
 And his defenceless island wrapt in flames.

THESEUS.

Let Greece forget me, nor in such a cause
 Unchain the fury of wide-wasting war,
 Oh ! not for me such slaughter.

PERITHOUS.

Think'st thou Greece
 Will see thee torn from Ariadne's arms ?
 From her, who sacrific'd her all for thee ?
 From her, whose courage has brav'd ev'ry danger ;
 Fled from her country, from her father's court,
 To save her hero's life ? From her, whose beauty
 Already is the praise of wond'ring Greece,
 Surpassing all that lavish fancy forms.
 I know the princess ; the revolving year
 Has not yet clos'd its round, since I beheld her
 The pride, the glory of the Cretan dames.
 That harmony of shape, that winning grace ;
 And when she moves, that dignity of mien !
 Those eyes, whose quick and inexpressive glance
 Brightens each feature, while it speaks the soul.

THESEUS.

Thou need'st not, oh ! my friend, thou need'st not
 point
 Her beauties to my heart.—Each charm is her's,
 Softness and dignity in union sweet,

And

And each exalted virtue. Nature form'd her
The hero's wonder, and the poet's theme.

PERITHOUS.

You shall not lose her, by yon Heav'n you shall
not.

I'll seek the king; apprise him of his danger;
Harmour my ship, remeasure back the deep,
And bring the fleets of Athens to his harbour.

THESEUS.

It must not be; no, Periander's soul
Is firm, heroic, unsoften'd by danger.
His sudden rage, his irritated pride
Will seal my doom; The deputies from Crete
Are here to claim their victim: Periander sees
Each charm, each grace of Ariadne's form,
And sends his rival hence to instant death.

PERITHOUS.

I can prevent him; can elude his malice.
This very night, when all is wrapt in darkness,
Embark with me. The partner of your heart
Shall be our lovely guest. I'll bear her hence
Far from the tyrant's power. I'll lead you both
To Athens' happy realm; the growing school
Of laurell'd science, and each lib'ral art,
Of laws, and polish'd life, where both may shine
The pride, the lustre of a wand'ring world,
Dear to each other, and to after-times
The pattern of all truth and faithful love.

THESEUS.

THESEUS.

Wretch that I am!—his ev'ry word presents
My inward self, the horrors of my guilt. (*aside.*)

PERITHOUS.

Theseus,—that alter'd look,—those sighs renew'd!
Some hoarded grief,—

THESEUS.

Enquire no more, but leave me.

PERITHOUS.

I cannot, will not leave thee: tell me all.
Some load of secret grief weighs on thy spirit.

THESEUS.

There let it lodge, there swell, and burst my heart.

PERITHOUS.

You terrify your friend: Why heaves that groan?
Why those round drops, just starting from thy eye,
Which manhood combating forbids to fall?

THESEUS.

I see my guilt.

PERITHOUS.

Your guilt?

THESEUS.

I feel it all.

PERITHOUS.

PERITHOUS.

If there is ought that labours in thy breast—

THESEUS.

Here, here it lies.

PERITHOUS.

To me unbosom all.

THESEUS.

Perithous, wouldst thou think it?—Oh! my friend,
I owe to Ariadne more,—alas! much more
Than a whole life of gratitude can pay.
And yet—

PERITHOUS.

Go on: unload thy inmost thoughts;
A friend may heal the wound.

THESEUS.

Oh! no; thou'lt scorn me,
Abjure, detest, abhor me.—Wilt thou pardon
The frailties of a heart, that drives me on,
Endears the crime, and yet upbraids me still?
In me thou see'st—who can controul his love?
In me thou see'st—

PERITHOUS.

Speak; what?

THESEUS.

A perjur'd villain!
The veriest traitor, that e'er yet deceiv'd

A kind,

A kind, a generous, a deluded maid,
 And for his life preserv'd, for boundless love,
 Can only answer with dissembling looks, &
 With counterfeited smiles, with fruitless thanks;
 While with resistless charms another beauty—

PERITHOUS.

Another!—gracious powers!

THESEUS.

She kindles all
 The passions of my soul; charms ev'ry sense,
 And Phædra reigns the sov'reign of my heart.

PERITHOUS.

Her sister Phædra!—and does she aspire
 To guilty joys? Does she admit your love?
 Does she too join you in the impious league?
 Will she thus wound a sister, and receive
 A traitor, a deserter to her arms?

THESEUS.

On me, on me let fall thy bitt'rest censure,
 But blame her not.

PERITHOUS.

Not blame her!—Who can hear
 A tale like this, and not condemn you both?
 Th' ungen'rous act will tarnish all your fame.

THESEUS.

Forbear, my friend; the god of love inspir'd—

PERITHOUS.

PERITHOUS.

Some fiend, a foe to ev'ry gen'rous instinct,
A foe to all that's fair, or great in man,
Infus'd the baleful poison through your soul.

THESEUS.

The guilt is mine : But spare, oh ! spare my Phædra,
A single glance from those love-beaming eyes
Inflames each thought, and hurries me to madness.
Mark ! *(soft musick is heard)* Ariadne comes !—
this way, my friend ;
Thou still canst serve me. With a lover's ardour
The king beholds her, and with earnest suit
He woos her to his throne. Let us retire ;
Thou still canst guide me through the maze of fate.
[*Exeunt.*]

The back SCENE opens, and soft Musick is heard.

Enter ARIADNE, with a train of Virgins.

First VIRGIN.

Now, Ariadne, now, my royal mistress,
Propitious fortune smiles, and from this day
The gods prepare a smiling train of years.

ARIADNE.

I thank you, Virgins ; this kind sympathy
Shews you have hearts that feel another's bliss.
Oh ! much I thank you, virgins ; yes this day

Dispels

Dispels the clouds, that hover'd o'er my head.
 Thou source of life, thou bright, thou radiant god,
 Who through creation pour'st thy flood of glory,
 All hail thy golden orb ! Thou com'st to quell
 The howling blast, to bid the tempest cease,
 And after all the horrors of the night,
 To cheer the face of nature !—Oh ! to me
 Thou com'st propitious, in thy bright career,
 Leading thy festive train. The circling hours
 That smile with happier omens, as they pass
 Shedding down blessings from their balmy wings,
 Prepare thy way rejoicing : with thee come
 Bright Hope, and rose-lip'd Health, and pure delight,
 And love and joy, the sunshine of the soul.

First VIRGIN.

Be all your hours like this : may nō misfortune
 O'ercloud the scene ; and may you ne'er have cause
 To dim the lustre of those eyes in tears.

ARIADNE.

No, from this day, from this auspicious day,
 Theseus is mine ; the godlike hero's mine,
 With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry laurel crown'd,
 The lover's softness, and the warrior's fire.
 A monarch now protects him ; he has pledg'd
 His royal word.—But wherefore carries Theseus
 Swift as some god, that mounts the viewless wind,
 And cleaves the liquid air, he should have flown
 To tell me all, to bless me with his presence,
 And bid the news more joyful touch my ear,
 Rais'd and endear'd by that enchanting tongue.
 Why does he loiter thus ?

First

First VIRGIN.

His friends from Greece
Perhaps detain him.

ARIADNE.

Oh! it must be so,
And without cause I chide his ling'ring stay.
A ship from Greece to claim us! mighty gods!
When your displeasure smote me, when your wrath,
Severely just, gave to my trembling lip
The cup of bitterness, to your high will
I bow'd in reverence down; I bore it all,
For Theseus' sake, I bore it all with patience;
And 'midst our sorrows, with a dawn of gladness
I sooth'd his wounded spirit; teach me now,
Oh! teach me how to bear this tide of joy,
Nor with excess of bounty try too much
A heart that melts, that languishes with love.

Enter PHÆDRA.

ARIADNE.

Oh! Phædra, why this long, unkind delay?
The gods restore my Theseus to my arms.

PHÆDRA.

If the protecting gods from Theseus' head
Ward off th' impending blow, none more than
Phædra
Will feel the gen'ral joy. But still my fears——

ARIADNE.

ARIADNE.

Suppress them all. Theseus has nought to fear.
 But where, where is he? whither has he wander'd?
 Say, tell me all, and speak to me of Theseus?
 In vain I ask it. Though his name delight
 My list'ning ear, yet you will never charm me
 With the lov'd praises of the godlike man,
 On Periander's name you often dwell,
 In strains, that in a heart not touch'd like mine,
 Might stir affection.—Not a word of Theseus.
 Why silent thus?—it is unkind reserve.
 Alas, my sister, thy unruffled temper
 Knows not the tender luxury of love,
 That joys to hear the object it adores
 Approv'd, admir'd of all: when ev'ry tongue
 Grows lavish in his praise, then, then, with ecstasy
 The heart runs over, and with pride we listen.

PHÆDRA.

I have been just to Theseus; never wrong'd him.
 His fame in arms has fill'd the nations round;
 And purple victory in fields of death
 For him has often turn'd the doubtful scale.

ARIADNE.

Unkind, ungen'rous praise! Has no one told you
 His brave exploits? the number of his battles?
 But who can count them? Fame exalts her trump,
 Delighted with his name to swell the note;
 And Victory exulting claps her wings,
 Still proud to follow, where he leads the way.

PHÆDRA.

PHÆDRA.

So fame reports.—With what unbounded rage
Her passions kindle.—She alarms my fears. (*aside.*)

ARIADNE.

(Why that averted look? Of late, my sister,
Of late I've mark'd thee with dejected mien,
Penive and sad.—If aught of discontent
Weighs on thy heart; disclose it all to me.
In ev'ry state of life, in all conditions,
With thee I have unloaded ev'ry secret,
Fled to your arms, and sigh'd forth all my care,

PHÆDRA.

Does Ariadne think my love abated?

ARIADNE.

No, Phædra, no; I harbour no mistrust.
I know thy virtues:—We grew up together,
Knit in the bands of love. No op'ning grace
That sparkled in thy eye, or dawn'd in mine,
Could prompt the little passions of our sex.
We heard each other's praise, and envy slept.
And sure had Theseus, though with boundless ardour
I now must love him, to distrust love him,
Yet if my Theseus had first fix'd on thee,
I could (I think I could) have seen you happy
In his loved arms, and here as he is
I had resign'd him to you.—Why that sigh,
Phædra?—why fall those tears?

PHÆDRA.

Forgive your sister,

If still the fears for thee—Her ev'ry look,
Each word she utters pierces to my heart. (*aside*)

ARIADNE.

Speak, tell me why is this? why thus alarm me?
I never had a thought conceal'd from thee.

Enter THESEUS, and PERITHOUS.

ARIADNE.

Oh! Theseus, in thy absence ev'ry moment
Was counted with a sigh. Support me, help me;
For I am faint with bliss.

THESEUS.

Revive, revive;
Recall thy fleeting strength. Your counsels, Phædra,
Will best assist her; your persuasive voice
Will charm her sense, and banish all her cares.

PHÆDRA.

At his lov'd sight, what new emotions rise! (*aside*.)

THESEUS.

My friend Perithous from the realms of Greece—

ARIADNE.

Perithous here! the messenger from Athens!
When last you sojourn'd at my father's court;
(The sun has circled since his annual round)
I well remember you admir'd of all.
Men heard and praised the wonder of your friend-
ship

For

For Theseus, then a stranger to these eyes,
 But since beheld, and ah! beheld to charm
 The heart of Ariadne!—you come now
 To succour our distress.

PERITHOUS.

In evil hour
 I sail'd from Greece. Would I had ne'er embark'd.

ARIADNE.

My heart dies in me.—Say what new event—
 Theseus explain, and tell me, tell me all.

THESEUS.

Oh! I was born to be th' unceasing curse
 Of Ariadne's life; still, still indebted,
 Unable to repay.

ARIADNE.

Thou generous man!
 To hear those sounds, and view thee thus before me,
 Oe'r pays me now for all my sufferings past.

Enter ARCHON.

ARCHON.

Theseus, on matters of some new concern,
 To me unknown, your presence is required.
 'Tis Periander's order,

THESEUS.

I obey.

U 2

ARIADNE.

ARIADNE.

What may this mean? yet, Theseus, ere you go—

THESEUS.

My friend will tell each circumstance; from him
You'll calmly hear it all. And may his voice,
Soft as the breeze that pants in eastern groves,
Approach your ear, and sooth your thoughts to
peace. *[Exit with Archon.]*

ARIADNE.

The gods will watch thy ways, and Periander
Has promis'd still to shield thy suffering virtue.

PHÆDRA.

I dread some mischief: Ariadne, here
Wait my return: I'll follow to the palace,
And bring the earliest tidings of his fate. *[Exit.]*

ARIADNE, PERITHOUS.

ARIADNE.

My heart is chill'd with fear. What dark event—
Can Periander—no; dishonour never
Will stain his name.—And yet that awful pause
Those looks with grief o'erwhelm'd!

PERITHOUS.

Yes, grief indeed
Sits heavy at my heart.—

ARIADNE.

ARIADNE.

Reveal the cause ;
Give me to know the worst. This dread suspense—

PERITHOUS.

Oh ! that in silence I could ever hide
From you, from all, and in oblivion bury
What here is lodg'd, and shakes my soul with horror !

ARIADNE.

With horror ! wherefore ? is not Theseus safe ?
Does not his country claim him ? Does not Greece
With open arms expect him ? Does not Athens
Send you with orders to demand us both ?

PERITHOUS.

From thence your dangers rise : the sons of Athens,
A quick, inconstant, fluctuating race—

ARIADNE.

Yet ever wise, heroic, gen'rous, brave,
All soul, all energy. Do they oppose
Our nuptial union ? Do they still maintain
Their old hostility ? Do they exclude
An alien princess from the throne of Athens ?
If such their will, take, take the sov'reign sway,
Th' imperial diadem, the pomp of state :
Let Theseus to his father's rights succeed,
And reign alone ; make me his wedded wife ;
'Tis all I ask ; the gods can grant no more.
Thrones, sceptres, grandeur ! love can scorn you
all.

U. 3

PERITHOUS.

PERITHOUS.

Unhappy Theseus! by disastrous fate
Doom'd to betray such excellence; to see
The fairest gift of Heav'n, and spurn it from him.

ARIADNE.

You answer not: speak and resolve my doubts.
Pity a heart, too tenderly alive,
And wild with fear, that throbs, that aches like
mine.

Thy pure, exalted mind will tow'r above
The arts of mean equivocating phrase.
You'll not deceive a fond, a faithful woman.

PERITHOUS.

None should deceive you; none. You will forgive
My hesitating fears. I would not wound
That tender frame with aught that may alarm you.
For thee my mind misgives: the fear that awes me
Pays homage to your virtue.

ARIADNE.

And does Greece
Reject the love I proffer?

PERITHOUS.

No, all Greece
Reveres your honour'd name: Th' Athenian state
By me demands your liberty. In terms
Of earnest import I have urg'd their claim;
But Periander,—to his ardent spirit

You

You are no stranger.—He no sooner heard
 The name of Ariadne, than with fiercest rage—
 Perhaps you know the cause—with high disdain
 He spurn'd at the demand. Some hidden motive—
 'Tis love perhaps—you will forgive my boldness—
 'Tis love, perhaps, that prompts the stern reply.
 Should I presume once more to urge the claim,
 Theseus that moment must embark for Crete.
 So says the king: he will not brook a rival.
 You'll see your lover torn by ruffians from you;
 You'll see the ship bound swiftly o'er the waves;
 In vain you'll shriek; in vain extend your arms,
 And call on Theseus lost!

ARIADNE.

That savage purpose
 The soul of Periander will disdain.

PERITHOUS.

What will not love persuade? love made you fly
 Your father's court; and love may teach a monarch
 To break all bonds, and tow'r above the laws.

ARIADNE.

If this be what alarms you.—

PERITHOUS.

Theseus' life
 Once more depends on thee.—

ARIADNE.

To save that life
 Is there an enterprize, a scene of danger,
 That Ariadne will not dare to meet?

U 4

PERITHOUS.

PERITHOUS.

Your wond'rous daring on the wings of fate
Has reach'd the nations round. But now,
One only way is left.

ARIADNE.

Direct me to it.

PERITHOUS.

To Periander lend a gracious ear.
For thee he fights; for thee his vows ascend.
His throne awaits thee; the imperial crown——

ARIADNE.

Sir, do you know me?

PERITHOUS.

Princess, here to reign
In this fair island——

ARIADNE.

Do you know the spirit
That rules this breast, and o'er informs my soul?

PERITHOUS.

Forgive the zeal that prompts me to this office.
The king intensely loves; and in a base,
Degen'rate world, from which all truth is fled,
He still may faithful prove to worth like thine.
Consult with Theseus: he can best advise you.

ARIADNE.

ARIADNE,

Consult with Theseus! ask his kind consent
 That I may prove a traitress to my vows!
 Sir, for this counsel, for this gen'rous care,
 Accept my thanks.—You are too much alarm'd.
 Resign my Theseus! Oh! the gods have form'd him
 With ev'ry virtue that adorn's the hero;
 With valour, to incite the soldiers' wonder;
 With ev'ry grace to charm the heart of woman.
 Oh! none will rival him. 'Twill be the pride
 Of Periander, 'tis his highest glory,
 That Theseus fled for shelter to his throne,
 And met protection here.

PERITHOUS.

I've been to blame.
 Perhaps I urge too far: Princess, farewell!
 May the benignant gods watch all your ways. [*Exit.*]

ARIADNE.

Your fears are vain; each gloomy cloud shall vanish,
 Or, ting'd with orient beams of smiling fortune,
 With added lustre gild our various day;
 While o'er our heads Hymen shall wave his torch,
 Sooth all our cares, and brighten ev'ry joy.

The End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT the THIRD.

ARIADNE, THESEUS,

ARIADNE.

OH! look not thus; those eyes that glare so pale,
Those sighs that heave, as they would burst your
heart,

Affright my soul, and kill me with despair.

Oh! banish all thy doubts, and let those eyes
Smile, as when first they beam'd their softness on me.

THESEUS.

Alas! I'm doom'd to mourn; my thread of life
Was steep'd in tears, and must for ever run
Black and discolour'd with the worst of woes.

ARIADNE.

Can thy great heart thus shrink, appall'd with fear?
Theseus, I never saw thee thus before.

THESEUS.

Our days of rapture and of promis'd joy
Far hence are fled.

ARIADNE.

No, on their rosy wings
The hours of joy and ever new delight
Come smiling on. Is this a time for fear,
When all is gay serenity around us,

And

And Fortune opens all her brightest scenes ?

THESEUS.

Too soon that scene, with low'ring clouds deform'd,
Will shew the sad reverse. You little know
How Periander with resistless fury
Breaks thro' all bounds. His passions scorn restraint,
And what he wills, his vehemence of soul
Pursues with fierce, with unremitting ardour.
To his wild fury all must yield obedience.

ARIADNE.

His reign has ever been both mild and just.
Fair virtue, like some god that rules the storm,
Still calms the warring elements within him;
And moderation with her golden curb
Guides all his actions.

THESEUS.

Yet there is an impulse,
Which with the whirlwind's unresisted rage,
Roots up each virtue, and lays waste the soul.
Love reigns a lawless tyrant in his heart.
For thee he fights; and sure that matchless beauty
May well inflame the passions of a prince,
Who with a diadem can deck thy brow.

ARIADNE.

Too well he knows the ties that bind us both.
Knows you're all truth, all constancy and love.
He knows the flame my virgin sighs have own'd;
Knows that for thee I left my native land,
Fled from my friends, and from my father's palace,
And

And gave up all for thee. And thinks
 His throne, his diadem, his purple po
 Have charms of pow'r to lure me from
 He knows his vows are lost in air: Th
 Is Ariadne's throne.

THESEUS.

His fiercest passions
 Break forth at once, like the deep cavern'd fire,
 All ties, all tender motives must give way.
 His resolution's fix'd. This very day,
 Unless for ever I renounce thy love,
 His jealous rage sends me hence bound in chains,
 To die a victim on the Cretan shore.

ARIADNE.

He will not dare it; no, so black an outrage
 His heart will ne'er conceive. Should he persist,
 Should malice goad him on, I too can fly
 This barb'rous shore; with unextinguish'd love
 Thro' ev'ry region, ev'ry clime attend thee;
 Follow your fortunes, if the fates ordain it,
 Ev'n to my father's court; there prostrate fall,
 And clasp his hand, and bathe it with my tears,
 Nor cease with vehemence of grief to melt him,
 Till he release thee to these circling arms,
 Approve my choice, and shew thee to the people,
 The adopted heir, the rising sun of Crete.

THESEUS.

By yielding me, his rival is destroy'd;
 And by that act his proud ambition hopes
 To sooth your father's irritated pride,
 And mould him to his wish.

ARIADNE

ARIADNE.

Can Periander

Harbour that black intent? and does he mean
To prove at first a villain and a murderer,
And then aspire to Ariadne's love?

No, Theseus, no! he will not stoop so vilely:
I've heard you oft commend him; oft my sister
Employs whole hours with rapture in his praise.
He is her constant theme. Her partial voice
Ev'n above thine exalts his fav'rite name.
She dwells on each particular; in peace
His milder virtues, his great fame in arms:
How, when he talks, fond admiration listens:
And each bright princess hears him, and adores.

THESEUS.

Not envy's self, how'er his pride inflam'd
May deal with me, can overshade his glory.
Renown in war is his; the softer virtues
Of mild humanity adorn his name.
The polish'd arts of peace, and ev'ry muse
Attune to finer sentiments his soul.
His throne is fix'd upon the firmest basis
Of wisdom, and of justice. There to shine
The partner of his heart, his soft associate
In that bright scene of glory, well may prompt
In ev'ry neighb'ring state the virgin's sigh,
And wake th' ambition of each monarch's daughter.

ARIADNE.

The strain, the rapture that to me in secret
My sister Phædra pours the live-long day,
Enamour'd of his name! Perchance you've heard
her,

And

And mark'd the heaving sigh; and
 That glow'd with conscious crimson
 Oh! if she cherishes the tender flame
 With maiden coyness veil'd, and
 Beauty like her's may fire a monarch
 And Periander, without shame or
 Without a crime, may woe her to his
 To see her happy, to behold my Phædra
 Crown'd with a monarch's and a people's love
 Would be the pride of Ariadne's

THESEUS.

Oh! it were misery, the worst of woes. (*aside.*)

ARIADNE.

Why do you start? why that averted look?
 If you approve their nuptials, freely tell me:
 With Periander I can plead her cause,
 Paint forth each charm of that accomplish'd mind;
 'Till the king glow with rapture at the sound.

THESEUS.

Oh! this would plunge me in the worst despair. (*aside.*)
 It must not be.—Has not Perithous told you—

ARIADNE.

Perithous is your friend.—Perhaps to draw
 The tie still closer, you would see him blest
 In Phædra's arms.—Tell me your inmost thoughts:
 If such your will, what will I not attempt
 To sooth to dear delight a mind like thine?
 Phædra will listen to me; mutual love
 Has so endear'd us, from our tend'rest years
 Has so encreas'd, and with our growth kept pace,
 That

That we have had one wish, one heart, one mind.
 My voice with Phædra will have all the pow'r
 Of soft persuasion: her exalted merit
 Will bless your friend and brighten all his days.

THESEUS.

Oh! the bare image fires my brain to madness;
 (aside.)
 Alas! this dream of happiness—

ARIADNE.

What means
 That sudden cloud? and why that lab'ring sigh?
 Oh! let my sister to Perithous' vows
 Yield her consent, and bless him with her beauty:
 Together we will seek the realms of Greece;
 There in sweet union see our growing loves
 Spring with new rapture, share each other's bliss,
 And by imparting multiply our joys.

Enter ARCHON.

ARCHON.

With thee, fair princess, Periander craves
 Another interview: He enters now
 The palace garden.

ARIADNE.

Does he there require
 My presence?

ARCHON.

Where you deign to give him audience,
 He will attend you.

3

THESEUS.

THESEUS.

It were best go forth.
His virtues claim respect; and oh! remember
My fate, my happiness on thee depend.

ARIADNE.

Trust Ariadne, trust your fate with me.

THESEUS, ARCHON.

ARCHON.

The Cretan princess with resistless passion
Inflames his fierce desires. My boding fears
Foresee some dire event.

THESEUS.

A glance from her
Will sooth his rage, and all may still be well.
When love resistless fires the noble mind,
Th' effects, though sudden, from that gen'rous
source,
Are oft excus'd; the errors of our nature,
The tender weakness of the human heart.

ARCHON.

Errors that influence the public weal,
His rank prohibits.—Let his vices be,
(If vices he must have) obscure and private,
Unfelt by men, leaving no trace behind.
It were unjust, that his unbounded fury
Should tear thee from the arms of her you love.

THESEUS.

But when a monarch—Ha! Perithous comes.

Enter PERITHOUS.

Enter PERITHOUS.

PERITHOUS.

Theseus, I fought thee.—Archon, does your king
Relent? or must confed'rate Greece send forth
Her fleets and armies to support her rights?

ARCHON.

The miseries of war my feeble voice
Shall labour to prevent. Theseus, farewell.
Archon is still your friend. With Ariadne,
Ere long, I trust, you may revisit Greece.

[*Exit.*

THESEUS, PERITHOUS.

THESEUS.

With her revisit Greece! Why all this zeal
For Ariadne? Who has tamper'd with him?
Why not convey her to her father's court?
Why not invite her to the throne of Naxos?
Why all this busy, this officious care
To torture me? to foil his sov'reign's love?
To send far hence the idol of his heart,
And blend her fate with mine?

PERITHOUS.

Her fate with thine
So close is blended, nothing can divide them.
Truth, honour, justice, gratitude combine
Each tender sentiment; they form a chain,
An adamantine chain, indissoluble, firm,
And strong as that which from the throne of Jove
Hangs

Hangs down to draw to harmony and justice
This universal frame.

THESEUS.

Is this my friend?

PERITHOUS.

Your friend, who scorns to flatter;
Who dares avow th' emotions of his heart.
Oh! Theseus, we have long together walk'd
The paths of virtue, upright, firm, and true;
And shall we now decline? and shall we
With fraud, with perfidy, with blackest perfidy,
For ever damn our names?

THESEUS.

This stern reproof
Is not the language the time now demands.
'Tis thine, my friend, to soften my distress;
To pour the balm of comfort o'er my sorrows,
And soothe the anguish of a wounded mind.
Oh! step between me and the keen reproaches
Of injur'd beauty; save me from myself;
From Ariadne save me.

PERITHOUS.

Is it thus,
Oh! rash deluded man! and is it thus
With high disdain you spurn that rarest beauty,
That fond, believing, unsuspecting fair?

THESEUS.

Have you not painted to her dazzled fancy
The splendor of a throne, that here awaits her?

PERITHOUS.

PERITHOUS.

So gen'rous, so unbounded is her love,
She seeks but thee, thee only. Pomp and splendor
Are toys that sink, and fade away before her.

THESEUS.

Then tell her all the truth: tell her at once,
Another flame is kindled in my heart,
And fate ordains she never can be mine.

PERITHOUS.

Will that become Perithous? that the task
Thy friendship would impose? Must I proclaim
To th' astonish'd world, my friend's dishonour?
Must I with cruelty, with felon purpose,
Approach that excellence, that beauteous form,
And for her gen'rous love, for all her virtue,
Fix in her tender breast the sharpest pang,
With which ingratitude can stab the heart?

THESEUS.

Why wilt thou goad me thus? 'tis cruelty;
'Tis malice in disguise.—Forbear, forbear;
Assist your friend in the soft cause of love,
Involuntary love, that hold's enslav'd
The fetter'd will.

PERITHOUS.

Involuntary love!
Beware, beware of the deceitful garb
That vice too oft assumes.—There's not a purpose
Prompting to evil deeds, that dares appear
In it's own native form. The first approach

With bland allurements, with insidious
 Wears the delusive semblance of fondness,
 The Siren spreads her charms, and lures
 Her thousand hues to deck the luring
 Opinion changes; 'tis no longer guile,
 'Tis amiable weakness, gen'rous friendship,
 Involuntary error. On we rush
 By fatal error led, and thus the language
 The sophistry of vice deludes us all.

THESEUS.

Perithous, 'tis in vain: in vain you
 By subtle maxims, and by pedant reas'ning
 To talk down love, and mould it to your will.
 It rages here like a close pent-up fire.
 And think'st thou tame advice can check its course,
 And soothe to rest the fever of the soul?

PERITHOUS.

And wilt thou thus, by one ungen'rous deed,
 Blast all your laurels, and give up at once
 To shame and infamy thy honour'd name?

THESEUS.

Wouldst thou destroy my peace of mind for ever?

PERITHOUS.

I would preserve it. Wouldst thou still enjoy
 Th' attesting suffrage of the conscious heart?
 The road is plain and level: live with honour—
 Be all your deeds, such as become a man.
 'Tis that alone can give th' unclouded spirit,
 The pure serenity of inward peace.
 All else is noisy fame; the giddy shout

Of

Of gazing multitudes, that soon expires,
 And leaves our laurels, and our martial glory
 To wither and decay. By after times
 The roar of fond applause no more is heard,
 The triumph ceases, and the hero then
 Fades to the eye: the faithless man remains.

THESEUS.

Was it for this you spread your sails from Greece?
 To aggragate my sorrows?—If a monarch
 Woos Ariadne to his throne and bed;
 If I resign her to imperial splendor,
 Where is my guilt? Why will she not accept
 The bright reward, that waits to crown her virtues?

PERITHOUS.

Because, like thee, she is not prone to change.

THESEUS.

Why, cruel, why thus pierce my very soul?

PERITHOUS.

Because, like thee, she knows not to betray.

THESEUS.

Disastrous fate. And wouldst thou have me fly
 From a Phædra's arms? By every solemn vow,
 By every sacred tie, by love itself,
 My heart is her's. She is my only source
 Of present bliss, my best, my only earnest
 Of future joy; the idol of my soul.
 Should I desert her, can invention find,
 'Midst all her stores, a tint of specious colouring
 To varnish the deceit?

X 3

PERITHOUS.

PERITHOUS.

It wants no varnish,
 No specious colouring. Plain honest truth
 Will justify the deed. With open firmness
 Go, talk with Phædra : tell her with confidence
 Conscience has shewn the horrors of your guilt.
 Tell her the vows, you breathed to Ariadne,
 Were heard above, recorded by the gods.
 Tell her, if still she spreads her fatal net,
 She takes a perjurd traitor to her arms,
 Practis'd in fraud, who may again deceive
 Tell her, with equal guilt, nor less abhor'd,
 She joins to rob a sister of her rights.
 Tell her that Greece——

THESEUS.

No more ; I'll hear no more.
 Assist my love ; 'tis there I ask your aid.
 Forget my fame ; it is not worth my care.

PERITHOUS.

Then, go, rush on, devoted to destruction,
 Let Hymen kindle his unhallow'd torch,
 Clasp'd in each others arms enjoy your guilt.
 Renounce all sacred honour ; add your name
 To the bright list of those illustrious wop'hies
 Who have seduc'd, by vile insidious arts,
 The fond affections of the gen'rous fair ;
 And in return for all her wond'rous goodness,
 Left the fair mourner to deplore her fate ;
 To pine in solitude, and die at length
 Of the slow pangs that rend the broken heart.

THESEUS

A TRAGEDY.



THESEUS.

Oh! fortune, fortune!—wherefore was I born
With a great heart, that loves, that honours virtue,
And yet thus fated to be passion's slave?

PERITHOUS.

'Tis but one effort, and you tow'r above
The little frailties that debase your nature.
That were true victory, worth all your conquests.
You triumph o'er yourself. And lo! behold
Th' occasion offers.—Ariadne comes!

THESEUS.

I must not see her now.

PERITHOUS.

By heav'n, you shall.

THESEUS.

Off, loose your hold. Confusion, shame, and horror,
Rage and despair, distract and rend my soul.
'Tis you have fix'd these scorpions in my breast.

PERITHOUS.

Aid yet—(*holding him.*)

THESEUS.

No more; let midnight darkness hide me
In some deep cave, where I may dwell with madness,
Far from the world, far from a friend like thee.

[*Exit.*]

PERITHOUS.

Misguided man ! my friendship still shall save him.

ARIADNE, PERITHOUS

ARIADNE.

Stay, Theseus, stay : does he avoid my presence ?
Why with that haste, that wild disorder'd

PERITHOUS.

'Tis now the moment of suspended fate :
The gods assembled hold th' uplifted balance,
And my friend's peace, all that is dear, or sacred,
His fame, and honour tremble in the scale.

ARIADNE.

The gods protect him still : you need not fear.
All danger flies before him.

PERITHOUS,

While the king
Detains him here, he knows to what excess
A monarch's love —

ARIADNE.

Does that alarm his fear ?
And does he therefore fly ?—Ungen'rous Theseus !
And is it thus you judge of Ariadne ?
And yet, Perithous, I will not upbraid him,
His tender sensibility of heart
Too quickly takes th' alarm : yet that alarm
Shews with what strong sollicitude he loves ;

My

My tears prevail, and he may fail for Greece.
 This very moment Periander granted —
 See, where he comes: he will confirm it all.

PERITHOUS.

It were not fit he should behold me here.
 When apt occasion serves, we'll meet again.
 A heart like yours, with every virtue fraught,
 Should be no more deceiv'd. I now withdraw.

[Exit.]

ARIADNE.

Go, tell my Theseus all his fears are vain.
 In love, as well as war, he still must triumph.

PERIANDER, ARIADNE.

PERIANDER.

If once again I trouble your retreat,
 Deem me not, princess, too importunate,
 Nor with indignant scorn reject a heart,
 That throbs in every vein for thee alone.

ARIADNE.

Scorn in your presence, Sir, no mind can feel.
 Far other sentiments your martial glory,
 And the mild feelings of your gen'rous nature,
 Excite in every breast. The crown you wear,
 From virtue's purest ray derives it's lustre.
 Your subjects own a father in their king.
 Beneath your sway the wretched ever find
 A sure retreat. At Periander's court
 All hearts rejoice: here mis'ry dries her tear.
 To me your kind humanity has giv'n

It's

It's best protection. For the gen'rous act
 My heart o'erflows: these tears attest my thanks,
 To you each day beholds me bow with praise,
 Respect, and gratitude.

PERIANDER.

And must respect,
 Fruitless respect, and distant cold regard,
 Be all my lot? Has heav'n no other bliss
 In store for me? unhappy royalty!
 Condemn'd to shine in solitary state,
 With no fond tenderness of mutual hope,
 To soothe the heart, and sweeten all its cares;
 Without the soft society of love.

ARIADNE.

For thee the gods reserve sublimer joys,
 The happiness supreme of serving millions.
 'Tis your's, in war to guard a people's rights;
 In peace, to spread one common bliss to all,
 And feel the raptures of that best ambition.
 Mankind demand you: glory is your call.

PERIANDER.

Ambition is the phrenzy of the soul;
 The fierce insatiate avarice of glory,
 That wades through blood, and marks it's way with
 ruin:
 And when it's toils are o'er, what then remains,
 But to look back through wide dispeopled realms,
 Where nature mourns o'er all the dreary waste,
 And hears the widows', and the orphans' shrieks,
 And sees each laurel wither at the groans,
 And the deep curses of a ruin'd people.

Vain

Vain efforts all ! vain the pursuit of glory,
 Unless bright beauty arm us for the field,
 Hail our return, enhance the victor's prize,
 And love reward what love itself inspir'd.

ARIADNE.

The vast renown, that spreads such lustre round you,
 Like the bright sun, that dims all meaner rays,
 And makes a desert in the blue expanse,
 Will never want uplifted wond'ring eyes
 To gaze upon it. From the neighb'ring states
 Some blooming virgin, some illustrious princess
 Will yield with rapture to a monarch's love,
 Proud of a throne, which virtue has adorn'd.

PERIANDER.

That pow'r is your's : one kind indulgent glance,
 One smile, the harbinger of soft consent,
 Has bliss in store beyond the reach of fortune,
 Beyond ambition's wish.

ARIADNE.

Your pardon, Sir.
 I must not hear you sigh, and sigh in vain.
 Look round your isle, where in it's fairest forms,
 In all it's winning graces, beauty decks
 Your splendid court. Amidst the radiant train,
 If none has touch'd your heart, may I presume—
 Perhaps you'll think mine a too partial voice—
 If none attract you, see where Phædra shines
 In every grace, in each attractive charm
 Of outward form, and dignity of mind.
 Her rare perfections, her unequal'd virtue,
 The mild affections of her gen'rous heart,

Her

Her friendship firm, in ev'ry instance tried,
 Transcend all praise. In her pure heart
 Love never kindled yet his secret fires
 Your voice may wake desires unfeign'd
 With pride she'll listen, and may crown
 With all th' endearments of a love
 And with her softer lustre grace your

PERIANDER.

Why, cruel, torture me with cold
 With thee to reign were Periander's glory

ARIADNE.

Oh! not for me that glory: well you know
 This heart already is another's right.

PERIANDER.

There lies the precipice on which you tread.
 By your own hand 'tis cover'd o'er with flowr's;
 Your fall will first discover it.

ARIADNE.

Those words
 Dark and mysterious——

PERIANDER.

It were not fit
 That fond credulity should lead you on
 In gay delusion, and in errors maze.
 The base deceiver——

ARIADNE.

Who?—what dost thou mean?

PERIANDER.

PERIANDER.

I mean to save you from his treach'rous arts ;
To place you on a throne, beyond his reach,
Where foul ingratitude will see her shafts
Pow'rl'ess at your feet.

ARIADNE.

Cold tremors shoot,—
I know not why,—through all my trembling frame—

PERIANDER.

Tender, sincere, and generous yourself,
You little know the arts of faithless man.

ARIADNE.

Explain ; unfold ; you freeze my soul with horror.

PERIANDER.

Beware of Theseus !

ARIADNE.

How ! of Theseus saidst thou ?

PERIANDER.

Were I this day to send him hence a victim,
(And you alone, your tears suspend my purpose)
'Twere vengeance due to perfidy like his.

ARIADNE.

The viper-tongue of slander wrongs him much,
Too well I know his worth : my heart's at peace.

PERIANDER.

PERIANDER.

With fond enchantment the gay
 Has lur'd you, on a calm unruffled sea,
 To trust a smiling sky, and flatt'ring air;
 Too soon you'll see that sky deform'd with rain,
 Too soon you'll wonder at the gath'ring clouds,
 And look aghast at the deep lurking ruin,
 Where all your hopes must perish.

ARIADNE.

Still each word
 Is wrapt in darkness: end this dread suspense,
 Or else my flutt'ring soul will soon forsake
 And leave me at your feet a breathless corse.

PERIANDER.

A former flame—restrain that wild surprize;
 Summon your strength:—I speak his very words:
 A former flame, kindled long since in Greece,
 Preys on his heart with slow consuming fires.

ARIADNE.

Does this become a monarch? Can your pride
 Thus lowly stoop, thus with a tale suborn'd
 To tempt the honour of this faithful breast?

PERIANDER.

By ev'ry pow'r that views the heart of man,
 And watches mortal thoughts, tis truth I utter.
 Last night admitted to a private audience,
 He own'd it all; renounc'd your love for ever;
 Gave up his fair pretensions.—Ariadne,

Your

Your colour changes, and the gushing tear
Starts from your trembling eye.—

ARIADNE.

The very thought—
Tough sure it cannot be,—the very thought
Strikes to my heart like the cold hand of death.

PERIANDER.

If still you doubt, go charge him with his guilt:
He will avow it all.

ARIADNE.

And if he does,
Oh! what a change in one disastrous day!

PERIANDER.

Your fate now calls for firm, decisive measures.
I will no longer urge th' ungrateful subject.
I leave you to collect your flutt'ring spirits.
I would not see your gen'rous heart deceiv'd:
His guilt should rouze your noblest indignation.
Now you may prove the greatness of your soul.

[Exit.

ARIADNE *alone.*

If this be so, if Theseus can be false,
Is there on earth a wretch so curs'd as I am!
A former flame—ha! think no more—that thought,
With ruin big, shoots horror to my brain.
A former flame still rages in his soul!
So said the king: Who is the fatal fair?
Where, in what region does she hide her charms?

Was

Was it for her I sav'd him from destruction?
 For her rebell'd against my father's
 To give to her all that my heart
 Can Theseus thus—no, yonder sun will
 Start from his orbit.—Yet, why should I
 Why all this day that stern, averted
 I'm torn, distracted, tortur'd with
 And where, oh! where to fix! I think
 All truth, all honour, tenderness and love
 And yet Perithous—it is all too plain;
 All things conspire; all things inform
 He will avow it!—Let me seek him
 Unload my breast, and charge him with
 With indignation harrow up his soul;
 Tell all I've heard, all that distracts
 Pour forth my rage, pour forth my fondness
 And perhaps prove him innocent at last.

The End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT the FOURTH.

ARIADNE.

WHERE, Ariadne, where are now the hours
 That wing'd with rapture chas'd each other's flight,
 In one gay round of joy? Where now the hopes,
 That promis'd years of unextinguish'd love?
 'Tis past; the dream is fled; the sun grows dim;
 Fair day-light turns to darkness; all within me
 Is desolation, horror, and despair.
 And are his vows, breath'd in the face of heav'n,
 Are all his oaths at once dispers'd in air?
 Those eyes, whose glance sent forth the melting soul,
 Were they too false? The tears, with which he oft
 Bedew'd his bosom, were they taught to feign?
 He shuns me still: where does he lurk conceal'd?
 In all our haunts, in each frequented grove,
 (Ah! groves too conscious of the traitor's vows!)
 In vain I've sought him. Does this hated rival,
 Has she seduc'd him to her am'rous parley?
 Gods! does she see him smile, and hear that voice?
 And does he sigh, and languish at her feet,
 Enamour'd gaze, and twine those arms around her?
 Hold, traitor, hold; the gods forbid your love;
 Those looks, those smiles are mine: deluded maid!
 Mine are those vows, that fond embrace is mine.
 Horror! distraction; still 'tis but surmise
 That with these shadowings makes me tremble thus.
 I still may wrong him:—Periander's fraud—

'Tis he abuses my too credulous ear.
 The tale may be suborn'd :—I'll not believe it.
 Lost Ariadne ! you believe too much.
 Where, where is Phædra ? her unwearied
 May still avert my ruin : she may find
 The barb'rous man, and melt his heart
 And yet she comes not : ha !—Pirithous
 He knows the worst : he can pronounce

PIRITHOUS, ARIADNE.

PIRITHOUS.

Forgive me, princess, with officious zeal
 If I once more intrude. The time no
 Admits of wav'ring, hesitating doubt.
 The king, enfetter'd in the chains of love,
 Rejects the claims of Greece. If hence you
 You must, with Theseus, steer your course for Crete.
 His resolution's fix'd

ARIADNE.

Does Theseus know
 Th' impending danger ? have you seen your friend ?

PIRITHOUS.

His great heart labours with a war of passions
 Too big for ut'rance. In the soldier's eye
 The silent tear stood trembling. Strong emotions
 Convuls'd his frame. He knows your ev'ry virtue,
 And rails in grief, in bitterness of soul,
 At his hard fate, and each malignant planet,
 That leave him empty praise, and fruitless thanks,
 The only sad return he now can make.

ARIADNE.

Thanks! unavailing thanks! you need not come
To add to misery this sharpest pang.

Love in this breast is not a vulgar flame,

The mere compliance of a will resign'd;

'Tis gen'rous ecstasy, 'tis boundless ardour.

A heart, that feels like mine, will not be paid

With cold acknowledgments, and fruitless thanks.

Mere gratitude is perfidy in love.

PIRITHOUS.

Your bright perfections were his fav'rite theme.

He sees your days, that shone serenely bright,

Discolour'd now with sorrows not your own.

He sees you following, with unwearied steps,

One on whom fortune has not yet exhausted

Her stores of malice: whom the gods abandon—

ARIADNE.

Whom justice, truth, and honour all abandon!

PIRITHOUS.

It grieves him, Ariadne, much it grieves him

To see thee overwhelmed with his misfortunes:

Condemn'd with him to drain the bitter cup

Of endless woe; and since propitious fortune

With better omens courts you here at Naxos,

'Tis now his wish, that you renounce for ever

A man accurst, sad outcast from his country,

The fatal cause of all your sorrows past.

ARIADNE.

The fatal cause of all my woes to come!

PIRITHOUS.

I do not mean to justify his guilt.
Might I advise you, you may still be happy.
A monarch lays his sceptre at your feet.
Your father Minos will approve your choice.
All Naxos will consent; a willing people
With fond acclaim will hail you as their queen.
And Theseus never can betray you more.

ARIADNE.

And dost thou think, say does the traitor thus
Thus to ensnare me with insidious counsels?
Last night admitted to a private audience,
To Periander he confess'd his guilt.
Another passion rages in his heart.
You know it all: unfold your lurking thoughts,
Reveal the truth; give me the tale of horror,
Own the black treason, and consummate all.

PIRITHOUS.

Would I could hide the failings of my friend. (*aside*)

ARIADNE.

Those broken accents but distract me more.
Let ruin come: I am prepar'd to meet it.
Oh! speak, pronounce my doom: in me you see
A wretched princess, a deluded maid,
Lost to her friends, her country, and her father.
In pity tell me all; with gen'rous frankness
Deal with the wretched: let me know the worst.

PIRITHOUS.

PIRITHOUS.

Far be deceit from me : of just resentment
I would light up the flame : my friend is plung'd,
Beyond all depth, in treachery and guilt.
Another love shoots poison to his soul.
At length he owns it. He avows his passion.

ARIADNE.

Avows his passion !

PIRITHOUS.

'Tis his fatal crime.

ARIADNE.

You hear it, gods ! I ask no patience of you ;
Lend me no fortitude, no strength to bear
This horrible deception.—If your justice
From your bright mansions views this scene of guilt,
Why sleeps the thunder ?—Send me instant madness,
To raze at once all traces from my brain,
All recollection of a world like this,
All busy memory of ungrateful man.

PIRITHOUS.

Affert yourself ; revenge your injur'd rights,
And tow'r above the false, the base deserter,
Who breaks all vows, and triumphs in his guilt.

ARIADNE.

Can fraud like this engender in the heart ?
It cannot be ; no, the earth does not groan
With such a monster ! you traduce him, Sir.

326 THE RIVAL SISTERS.

Who form'd the black design? Who forg'd the
tale?

'Tis Periander's art: 'twas he fuborn'

PIRITHOUS.

If you will hear me——

ARIADNE.

Trouble me no more:

Theseus shall hear how his friend blast

And comes from Athens, with his high

To tempt my faith, and work a woman's

PIRITHOUS *alone.*

Too gen'rous princefs! my heart inward bleeds
To see the cruel destiny that waits thee.

Ruin, inevitable ruin falls

On her, on Theseus, and his blasted fame.

And yet if Phædra—would some gracious pow'r

Inspire my voice, and give the énergy

To wake, to melt, to penetrate the heart——

What if I seek her?—ha!——

PHÆDRA, PIRITHOUS.

PHÆDRA.

Methought the found

Of Ariadne's voice——

PIRITHOUS.

'Tis as I wish'd:

Her timely préfence—(*aside.*)

PHÆDRA.

PHÆDRA.

Went my sister hence ?

PIRITHOUS.

Yes, hence she went, wild as the tempest's rage,
As if a conflagration of the soul
To madness fir'd her brain. But oh ! I fear,
She went to brood in secret o'er her wrongs ;
To think, and to be deeper plung'd in woe.

PHÆDRA.

You chill my heart with fear : you have not told her
For whom in secret Theseus breathes his vows ;
For whom he cherishes the hidden flame.

PIRITHOUS.

There wants but that, that circumstance of horror,
To desolate her soul with instant madness.

PHÆDRA.

Yet why still obstinate, why thus disdain
A monarch's vows ? a mind like hers, elate
With native dignity, and fierce with pride,
May view with scorn, the lover who betrays her,
And on th' imperial throne revenge her wrongs.

PIRITHOUS.

Revenge is the delight of vulgar souls,
Unfit to rule the breast of Ariadne.

PHÆDRA.

Your words, your looks alarm me : from your eye
Why shoots that fiery glance ? what must we do ?

Y 4

PIRITHOUS.

PIRITHOUS.

What must we do? the honest heart will tell thee,
 'Tis in your pow'r: renounce your guilt,
 Do justice to a sister; scorn by fraud,
 By treach'rous arts to undermine her peace,
 Restore the lover whom you ravish'd from
 A lover all her own, by ev'ry tie,
 By solemn vows her own, nor join in guile
 To wrest him from her, for the selfish prize
 The little triumph o'er a sister's charms.

PHÆDRA.

To Ariadne turn: give her your counsel,
 She still, if timely wise, may save herself,
 For joy and rapture: she may live and reign,
 If I lose Theseus, I can only die.

PIRITHOUS.

Better to die, than live in vile dishonour.
 You rush on sure destruction: Awful conscience,
 That sits in judgment in each human heart,
 And from that dread tribunal speaks within us:
 Conscience will tell you, you have broke all faith,
 Betray'd all confidence, destroy'd the bonds
 Of sacred friendship, and with shame and infamy
 Ruin'd a sister; who would die to serve you.

PHÆDRA.

Inhuman that thou art! why wound me thus
 With stern reproach? why arm against my peace,
 With scorpion whips, these furies of the foul?

PERITHOUS.

PIRITHOUS.

For this wilt thou invade a sister's rights?
 For this betray her? to endure for ever
 The self-accusing witness in the heart!
 Remorse will be your portion: shame and anguish
 Will haunt your nights, and render all your days
 Unblest and comfortless.

PHÆDRA.

It is too much,
 Too much to bear this agony of mind.

PIRITHOUS.

'Tis virtue speaks; it warns you: hear it's voice,
 And ere too deeply you are plung'd in guilt,
 Return with honour, and regain the shore.

PHÆDRA.

No more; it is too much: I cannot bear it.

PIRITHOUS.

Greece honours Ariadne: think when Theseus
 Returns with glory stain'd, with foul dishonour,
 Think of the black reverse. Will men receive
 With songs of triumph, and with shouts of joy,
 Him, and his fugitive?—I see you're mov'd:
 Those tears are symptoms of returning virtue.

PHÆDRA.

You've turn'd my eyes with horror on myself.
 Oh! thou hast conquer'd: Ariadne, take,
 Take back your lover; I resign him to you.

No,

No, Phædra will not live the slave of vice
 I will not bear this torture of the mind
 Goaded by guilt, pale, trembling as I stand

PIRITHOUS.

There spoke the gen'rous soul: to that I'll give
 May the gods give the energy of virtue!

PHÆDRA.

Go, say to Theseus, for his love I'll die
 Bid him renounce, forget me—Can he
 Bid him preserve his honour, and his life
 You need not counsel him—he will not
 A willing victim for a wretch like me.
 Yet, if his heart consents, let him forget
 His vows, his plighted faith; and as he once
 With unfelt ardour could delude my sister,
 Bid him once more dissemble, and betray.

PIRITHOUS.

Oh! blest event! all danger will retreat.
 I leave you now, while nature stirs within you,
 I leave you to th' emotions of your heart. [Exit.]

PHÆDRA *alone.*

Oh! what a depth of sorrow and remorse,
 Of shame and infamy have I escap'd!
 Just gods! to you I bend: your warning voice
 Has taught me to renounce all guilty joys,
 And dwell, fair virtue! dwell with peace and thee.

THESEUS,

A TRAGEDY. 331.

THESEUS, and PHÆDRA.

THESEUS.

Phædra, what mean those tears ? upon the wing
Of strong impatience I have sought your presence.
What new alarm——

PHÆDRA.

My soul is full of horror.
Renounce my love ; forget me ; think no more
Of rashly plighted vows.

THESEUS.

Renounce thee, Phædra ?

PHÆDRA.

Fly my disastrous love : disgrace and ruin
Are all the portion Phædra has to give.

THESEUS.

Is that my Phædra's voice ? Can she talk thus ?
The tyrant fair, who first inspir'd my heart
With love unfelt before ? I struggled long
To stifle in my breast the hidden flame ;
I fled your presence ; wheresoe'er I fled
Your image follow'd, and I still lov'd on.
In vain I struggled : your discerning eye
What could escape ? you fann'd the rising flame,
And soon my flutt'ring heart was wholly thine.

PHÆDRA.

Call not to memory the fond delight.
My guilt stands forth to view ; I own it all.

THESEUS.

THESEUS.

And were the graces of each winning first,
 Meant only to deceive me? Were those eyes
 Instructed how to roll the bidden glance,
 To fool me with a mockery of hope,
 Then spurn me from your arms a wretched man?

PHÆDRA.

I must not, will not hear; the gods forbid
 I see my sister pale, deform'd with murder;
 And hear the curses of mankind condemn'd
 Your friend has told me all.

THESEUS.

Perithous?

PHÆDRA.

He.

THESEUS.

Is he too join'd? is he too leagu'd against me?

PHÆDRA.

It was his friendship spoke.

THESEUS.

Then fend me hence
 A victim to appease your father's rage,
 To be a spectacle for public view,
 And meet at length an ignominious death.

PHÆDRA.

PHÆDRA.

Heart-breaking sounds! (*aside.*)

THESEUS.

Or if, ungen'rous fair,
 If you will have it so, command me hence
 Once more to sigh at Ariadne's feet,
 And to that beauty—Phædra have a care:
 That lovely form the wond'ring eyes of men
 Adore, and even envy must admire.
 Beauty like her's may twine about my heart,
 And gain, though much I've struggled to resist her,
 And gain at length my fond consent to wed her.

PHÆDRA.

Consent to wed her! death is in the thought!
 Perfidious traitor! practis'd in deceit!
 And can another, after all your oaths,
 Oh! light inconstant man! ah! can a rival
 Blot out all fond remembrance of your love,
 And twine her fatal charms about your heart?
 Consent to wed her! go,—abandon Phædra;
 Seek Ariadne; to her matchless beauty
 Breathe all your vows—those you can well dissemble;
 Go, melt in tears—those too you well can feign;
 Revel in joys your heart will never taste,
 And see me laid a victim at your feet?

THESEUS.

Refrain this frantic rage, does this become
 The tender moment, when the faithful Theseus
 With all a lover's ardour comes to greet thee?

PHÆDRA.

PHÆDRA.

The thought of losing thee turns wild my brain,
 Oh! love resumes his empire o'er my soul,
 And all inferior motives yield at once,
 These tears can witness——

THESEUS.

'Tis no time for tears.
 Go seek your sister: your soft pray'rs and tears
 May still prevail. If not, to-morrow's dawn
 Tell her, shall end her doubts: ere that I've pass'd
 Measures, that may make sure our mutual bliss,
 To Periander I must now repair.
 His messengers have sought me. Oh! remember
 My life, my hope of bliss, must spring from thee.

PHÆDRA *alone.*

And on his fate my happiness is grafted.
 Ha! Ariadne comes!—Oh! love, what virtues
 You forcè me to betray!—That haggard mien,
 Those looks proclaim the tumult of her soul.

ARIADNE, PHÆDRA.

ARIADNE.

In vain I struggle to deceive myself.
 I am betray'd, abandon'd, lost for ever.

[*not perceiving Phædra.*]

PHÆDRA.

How her fierce rage shoots lightning from her eyes.

(*aside.*)

ARIADNE.

ARIADNE.

Oh! while his accents charm'd my list'ning ear,
 While each fond look ensnar'd my captive heart,
 E'n then another lur'd the wand'rer from me;
 Another's beauty taught those eyes to languish;
 Another's beauty tun'd his voice to love.

PHÆDRA.

Appease her anger, gods, and grant her patience.
(aside.)

ARIADNE.

And must I live to see her haughty triumph?
 To bear her scorn? to bear th' insulting pity
 Of Cretan dames! all pleas'd with my undoing?
 To die at length in misery of heart,
 And leave to after-times a theme of woe,
 A tragic story for the bards of Greece?

PHÆDRA.

How my heart shrinks! I dread the interview.
(aside.)

ARIADNE.

Let lightning blast me first; let whirlwinds seize
 me,
 To atoms dash me on the craggy cliff,
 Or blow me hence upon the warring winds
 To climes unknown, beyond the verge of nature,
 To the remotest planet in the void;
 That never, never can approach this world;
 But rolling onward, farther, farther still

Hold's

Holds in the wilds of space it's fated round;
 Where I may rave; and to the list'ning waste
 Pour forth my sorrows; think till reason leaves me
 And tell to other stars, and other suns
 A tale to hold them in their course suspended,
 And turn them pale with horror at the sound.
 There let me dwell; grow savage with my wrongs,
 And never hear from this vile globe again.

PHÆDRA.

Yet be of comfort.

ARIADNE.

There's no comfort for me.
 Whence is that voice? Oh! Phædra, Oh! my sister,
 Assist me, help me; I am sick at heart.

PHÆDRA.

Recall your reason, summon all your strength,
 Nor thus afflict yourself.

ARIADNE.

Have I not cause?
 The barbarous man! he flies me; he abjures me;
 Breaks all the fervent vows, which each day's sun,
 Which ev'ry consc'ious planet of the night,
 Which ev'ry god bent down from heav'n to hear.

PHÆDRA.

And yet if calmly you will hear a sister

ARIADNE.

Could you suspect that perfidy like this
 Can lie close ambush'd in the heart of man?

PHÆDRA.

But still, if Theseus harass'd out with woes,
Pursued by fate, and bending to misfortune——

ARIADNE.

I gave up all for him.

PHÆDRA.

Were you but calm——

ARIADNE.

Can the wretch tortur'd on the rack be calm?
Ingratitude! thou source of evil deeds!
Foe to the world's repose! thou canst with fair,
With specious words, with treacherous disguise,
Deceive the friend, and thrive upon his smiles;
By servile arts enrich thee with his spoils,
Till pamper'd to the full, with favours bloated,
Thy hour is come to shew thy native hue,
And carry pain, and anguish to the breast,
That warm'd and cherish'd thee. Detested fiend!
By thee truth fades ev'n from the noblest mind;
Of fair, and good, and just no trace remains;
Honour expires, the generous purpose dies,
And ev'ry virtue withers in the soul.

PHÆDRA.

Yet be advis'd, and you may still be happy.
A youthful monarch woos you to his throne.
The gods have sent relief——

ARIADNE.

Oh ! Phædra, oh ! my sifter,
As yet a stranger to man's wily arts,
You keep the even tenour of your mind :
You know not what it is to love like me.

PHÆDRA.

Oh ! conscious, conscious guilt. (*aside.*)

ARIADNE.

I see you pity me.
It grieves me to afflict your tender nature.
In all his hours of tenderness and love,
Oh ! charming hours, that must return no more !
I never deem'd it was illusion all,
Never suspected a more happy rival,
Saw not her image lurking in his heart.
Tell me her name : Who is she ? Let me see
The fatal fair, that poisons all my joys.
Your own heart, Phædra, must condemn the deed.

PHÆDRA.

Her words too deeply pierce ; they rend my soul.
(*aside.*)

ARIADNE.

You can detect the traitress ; guide me to her.
If on this isle—ha !—why that sudden pause ?
That downcast eye ? why does your colour change ?
Oh ! now I see you know her : in your looks
I read it all.

PHÆDRA.

PHÆDRA.

Confusion, shame, distraction! (*aside.*)
If this wild fury, that deforms your reason—

ARIADNE.

Phædra, beware: if you deceive your sister,
If you conceal this rival, 'twere a deed
To shock all nature; to make heav'n and earth,
And men and gods abhor thee.

PHÆDRA.

Since unjustly
You thus suspect me—have I giv'n you cause?

ARIADNE.

Disclose it all, and league not with my foes.

PHÆDRA.

I see my fault: with too officious care
I came to heal your sorrows.—I forbear:
I've been to blame; but now, farewell, farewell.

ARIADNE.

Stay, Phædra, stay; you shall not leave me thus.
In all afflictions you are still my comfort.

PHÆDRA.

Then check this fury; it is phrenzy all.
Where is the pride becoming Minos' daughter?
Disdain the traitor; drive him from your thoughts.
Turn where the gods invite you: Periander
Wishes to lay his sceptre at your feet,

Your sway shall bless the land, and humbled
Theseus

Will be reduc'd to sue to you for mercy.
The pow'r will then be yours, the envied pow'r
Of Godlike clemency: 'twill then be yours
To shew thee worthy of imperial sway,
To shelter still the man you once could love;
Know him insensible to worth like thine,
To honour lost, and yet forgive him all.

ARIADNE.

Must I transfer th' affections of my soul,
To justify his perfidy? must I
Bargain away my heart, to save a traitor?
For the fair Greek to save him? Mighty gods!
He shall not wed her: give her to my rage.
I'll follow to the altar; there my vengeance—
How my heart shrinks—no, strike—my blood
recoils—

Affist me, Phædra, give the means of death.
She shall not live to revel in his arms.
Then Theseus shall behold her faded form,
And ev'ry drop the traitor then lets fall
Shall pay me for the tears, the galling tears,
His perfidy has cost me: then he'll know
The agony of soul, the mortal pang
When we are robb'd of all the heart avores.

PHÆDRA.

Ha! will you sister stain your hand with blood?

ARIADNE.

Then Theseus too—He clings about my heart;—
No, let him sail for Crete; my father's justice

Will

Will claim atonement for a daughter's wrongs,
 Doom him a sacrifice for broken vows,
 A dreadful warning to ungrateful man.

Enter PIRITHOUS.

PIRITHOUS.

Your woes encrease each hour. A guard ev'n now
 Leads Theseus forth, by Periander's order,
 To yonder tow'r, that overhangs the bay.
 From thence, ere morn, he must depart for Crete.

PHÆDRA.

Ah! there to perish—Ariadne, haste,
 Seek Periander, fly, prevent the stroke.

ARIADNE.

He can no more deceive me.

PHÆDRA.

Will you, then,
 Ah! will you, cruel, see him doom'd to die?
 I'll seek the king, and bathe his feet with tears,
 And rave, and shriek, till he release him to me.

[*Exit.*]

PIRITHOUS.

If he must fall, 'tis you have fix'd his doom.
 You still can save him. At one glance from you
 The king will feel his resolution melt.

ARIADNE.

I sav'd him once, and he requites me for it.

No more of tenderness. The gen'rous deed
But gives to fell ingratitude the pow'r
With scorpion stings to pierce you to the heart.

PIRITHOUS.

Yet, Ariadne, think——

ARIADNE.

No more, but leave me.

[Exit Pirithous.]

ARIADNE *alone.*

Yes, yet let the traitor die:—if he must die,
In some dark cave I can deplore his fate,
Hid from the world, forgetting all but him,
Till the kind hand of death shall lay me stretch'd,
In cold oblivion on the flinty ground,
Pale, wan, and senseless as the marble form
That lies in sorrow on some virgin's tomb.
He will not see my tears: the barb'rous man
Will be no more ungrateful.—Mighty gods!
I lov'd, I am betray'd, yet love him still.
Quick let me hence:—one gen'rous effort more
May still—fond wishes how you rush upon me!
Should he relent,—Oh! should returning love
Once more—vain hope! yet the delusion charms me:
One gen'rous effort more may make him mine.

The End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT the FIFTH.

SCENE, a wild Heath, with a Tower in View.

Enter ALETES, followed by an OFFICER.

ALETES.

JUSTICE prevails, and Theseus is my prisoner;
 Yon tow'r immures him close. Seek thou the
 harbour,
 Unmoor the ship; let all things be prepar'd
 To give the spreading canvass to the wind.
 The day declines, and the moon's silver beam
 Plays on the trembling wave. This night 'tis fix'd
 Theseus with me shall seek the Cretan shore.

[Exit Officer.]

Enter ARIADNE.

ARIADNE.

Where is your prisoner?

ALETES.

In yon tow'r secur'd.

ARIADNE.

Your policy has fail'd; release him straight:
 'Tis the king's order; you may read it, sir.

(gives him a paper.)

Z 4

ALETES.

ALETES.

Your interest has prevail'd, and I obey.

(goes into the tower.)

ARIADNE *alone.*

Ye fond ideas, ye fierce warring passions,
With what a mingled sway you drive me on!
Grief, rage, and indignation rise by turns;
But love flows in, and resolution dies.
Ha! see he comes—Oh! how this flutt'ring tumult,
With hopes and fears alternate, shakes my frame.

Enter THESEUS from the Tower.

ARIADNE *(viewing him as he advances.)*

Diffimulation fails him, and his looks
No longer hide the characters of guilt.

THESEUS.

How shall I pour my thanks? a thousand sentiments
All press at once, and yet deny me utterance.
Words are too poor: expression strives in vain.

ARIADNE.

You need no more dissemble. Perianth
Has heard the purpose of your soul. Last night,
When sleep seal'd ev'ry eye, in darkness wrapt,
Thro' secret ways, clandestine as your thoughts,
You stole into his presence; there disclos'd
Your hidden flame, your alienated heart.

(turns from him.)

THESEUS.

THESEUS.

Spare your reproaches, princess; Oh! forbear,
 Forbear in pity to afflict a mind
 Too deeply wounded! that feels all its errors,
 Feels all your virtues, and with keenest sense
 Aches at its own reflections.

ARIADNE.

Of the pardon
 Which Periander to my pray'rs has granted,
 You know not the extent. To-morrow's sun
 Shall light you to your nuptials; you may then
 Shew to the world this unapparent beauty,
 And give to her the vows that once were mine.

THESEUS.

Oh! Ariadne, spare this keen reproof.
 Could you but know the pangs that struggle here—

ARIADNE.

Theseus, you weep! you weep o'er my afflictions;
 You feel my wrongs, yet barb'rous ev'n in pity,
 You fix the shaft of anguish in my heart.

THESEUS.

On me, on me the weight of ruin falls;
 'Tis I am plung'd in woe; a man condemn'd,
 To wander o'er the world. Alas, 'tis fate,
 Fate drives me on. If you forget a wretch,
 The prey of grief, the sport of fortune's malice;
 And if a monarch, to reward your virtues,
 Prepares th' imperial wreath to deck your brow—

ARIADNE.

ARIADNE.

Is that the recompence I wish'd to gain?
 Too well you know this heart. Had Periander
 A wider empire than e'er monarch rul'd,
 And you were helples, destitute of fortune,
 I had been, heav'n can witness! happy with you.
 In loving you, I fought yourself alone.

THESEUS.

For all this waste of generous affection,
 Calamity is all that Theseus brings.

ARIADNE.

Come lead me hence to some far distant wild,
 Where human footstep never prints a trace;
 There blest'd with thee I could for ever dwell,
 Thron'd in thy heart, the mistress of thy love.

THESEUS.

Here happiness awaits you; here you're destin'd
 The mild vicegerent of the gods on earth.
 In that bright sphere while you serenely shine,
 The pattern of all virtue, temp'ring justice
 With mercy, and diffusing blessings round you,
 With tears of joy mankind will own your sway.

ARIADNE.

Thou vile ingrate!

THESEUS.

If you will deign to hear me:
 Though great my crimes——

ARIADNE.

ARIADNE.

Thou traitor!—was it thus
 You look'd and talk'd, when first I saw and lov'd?
 Your doom was fix'd; the officers of vengeance
 Remorseless led you forth; my trembling eye
 Pursued your steps; tears gush'd; I could not speak.
 I fled to your relief, and my undoing:
 Then ev'ry god was witness to your vows.
 The fond delusion charm'd me. I rebell'd
 Against my father; I betray'd his honour;
 And all for thee. I fled my native land.
 Nor winds, nor waves, nor exile could debar me.
 This the return!—have I deserv'd it of you?
 Tell me my crime; and, oh! if possible,
 Teach me to think 'tis justice that I suffer:
 For ev'n in ruin I would not abhor thee.

THESEUS.

You wrong me much: By yon bright stars I swear,
 I never meant by base ingratitude
 To fix affliction in that bosom-softness.
 Thy name, thy merit, and thy wond'rous goodness,
 While life informs this frame, shall ever live
 Esteem'd and honour'd, treasur'd in my heart.

ARIADNE.

Esteem'd and honour'd! 'twas your love you
 promis'd.
 A monarch, saidst thou, woos me to his arms!
 What truth, what fair return have I to give him?
 Give me, barbarian! give me back my heart,
 The heart you robb'd me off: Give back my vows,
 My artless vows, my pure unpledg'd affections,
 With

With equal warmth that I may meet his love ;
 And not like thee, with treach'rous bland allur-
 ments,
 Court his embrace, and charm him to betray.

THESEUS.

Then if you will, wreak your worst vengeance on me.
 Ascend the throne ; back to the Cretan shore
 Convey me hence to glut your father's rage :
 I there can die content. Or if your mercy,
 Permit me once again to visit Greece,
 Oft I shall hear of Ariadne's name ;
 Well pleas'd at distance, in the humble vale
 Of private life, or in the tented field,
 To view the radiant glory that surrounds you,
 And thank the gods for shedding blessings down
 On thee and all thy race.

ARIADNE.

Go, visit Greece ;
 Display to Athens all your brave exploits,
 Your battles won, the nations you have conquer'd.
 And let your banners, waving high in air,
 Hold forth the bright inscription to men's eyes,
 " Lo ! this is he, who triumph'd over a woman."
 My death will blazon forth the fame of him,
 Who freed the world from monsters of the desert,
 Who slew the Minotaur, but could not quell
 Ingratitude, that monster of the soul.

THESEUS.

You need not, Ariadne, oh ! you need not
 Thus tear me piece-meal. My distracted heart
 Feels in each nerve, and bleeds at ev'ry vein.

ARIADNE.

ARIADNE.

Unbidden tears, why will you fool me thus?
 These tears that fall, that thus gush out perforce,
 Are not the tears of supplicating love.
 They are the tears of burning indignation,
 Of shame, and rage, and pride, and conscious virtue;
 Virtue that feels, feels at the very heart
 Each stab inhuman treachery has giv'n,
 Yet fees that calm tranquillity in guilt.

Enter PHÆDRA.

PHÆDRA.

Once more restor'd to liberty, and life. [*to Theseus.*]

THESEUS.

Oh! death were happiness to what I feel.

ARIADNE.

See me no more; to-morrow spread your sails;
 Take in your train the partner of your heart.
 She shall not go; once more I'll see the king,
 And dare not on thy life convey her hence.

PHÆDRA.

What meddling fiend inflames you thus to madness?
 Hear, Ariadne, hear.

ARIADNE.

Go, sail for Athens, (*to Theseus.*)
 Alone, heart-broken, comfortless; like me
Plung'd

350 THE RIVAL SISTERS.

Plung'd in despair ; like me depriv'd of all
Your heart held dear.

PHÆDRA.

Let me appease your wrath.

ARIADNE.

I will descend to pray'rs and tears no more.
Farewell for ever ; oh ! ungrateful man ! [*Exit.*]

THESEUS, PHÆDRA.

THESEUS.

Distraction ! madness ! oh ! she has destroy'd
My peace of mind for ever.

PHÆDRA.

Thefeus, no ;
My lenient care shall mitigate your grief.

THESEUS.

For thee, my Phædra, I bear all for thee.
Since liberty is mine, let me employ it
To serve our mutual blifs. The time admits
No dull delay. This moment I must leave thee.

PHÆDRA.

Ah ! whither do you go ?

THESEUS.

Obferve me well.
That path, that winds along the barren heath,
Leads to the mountain's ridge : There down the steep
A soft

A soft declivity will guide your steps
To Neptune's temple, shelter'd in the grove.
There I expect you.

PHÆDRA.

Wherefore? what intent?
Unfold the dark design; my fears alarm me.

THESEUS.

No more; the sun descends, and sable night
Draws o'er the face of things her dusky veil.
With cautious step proceed; but ere you go,
Watch Ariadne: here beguile her stay.
If she pursues me, all is lost for ever.
Farewell, farewell, I trust my fate with thee. [*Exit.*]

PHÆDRA *alone.*

Oh! how my bosom pants with doubt and fear!
What may this mean? some dread event impends.
He will not, no, preserve him gracious pow'rs!
Let him not, prompted by despair, attempt
Beyond his strength, and rush on sure destruction.

ARIADNE, PHÆDRA.

ARIADNE.

Where, Phædra, whither is the traitor fled?

PHÆDRA.

Oh! you have been to blame: with haggard eyes
Upturn'd to heav'n, he paus'd, and heav'd a sigh,
As if his lab'ring heart would burst his frame,
And leave him here, a pale, a breathless corse.
At length with haste, with fury in his look,

But

But blessing still your name, he rush'd along,
And vanish'd from my sight.

ARIADNE.

The barb'rous man!
Did he deny his falsehood? Did one tear
Speak his compunction? Did he once relent?
In guilt obdurate! did you mark his mien,
The pride, the scorn that darted from his eye?

PHÆDRA.

What choice was left him, when with fierce disdain
You spurn'd him from you?

ARIADNE.

Therefore did he shun me?
Ungen'rous man! he saw I lov'd him most,
Then when enrag'd I pour'd my curses on him:
My heartstrings ev'n then were twin'd about him.
Once more I'll see him: should he sail for Athens,
'Tis fix'd to follow him. He will not then
Dare to avow a treachery like this.
His glory is at stake: with one accord
All hearts declare for me. The gods of Greece
For all my sorrows, all my sufferings past,
Wish to reward me in their hero's arm.

PHÆDRA.

And does Pirithous join you? does he mean
To waft you o'er the deep?

ARIADNE.

His ship already

From

From last night's storm refitted, courts the breeze,
And even now prepares to plough the deep.

PHÆDRA.

Theseus, the while, in pining discontent,
Forlorn and wretched on the blasted heath,
Sighs to the winds, and drinks his falling tears.

ARIADNE.

Oh! fly, pursue him, calm his troubled spirit.
Still, traitor as he is, he may relent.
For oh! too well I know his godlike nature;
Know the mild virtues, that adorn his mind,
And more than speak in each enchanting look.
Go, seek him Phædra: tell him all my woes,
And reconcile his heart to love and me.
But hark! some step this way——

PHÆDRA.

Pirithous comes!

ARIADNE.

Haste, fly, pursue him, find the barb'rous man.

PHÆDRA.

I leave you now.

ARIADNE.

Farewell.

PHÆDRA.

Where shall we meet?

ARIADNE.

In yonder palace.

PHÆDRA.

There you may expect me.

[Exit.]

ARIADNE.

Oh! grant her pow'r to touch, to melt his heart.

PIRITHOUS, ARIADNE.

PIRITHOUS.

I bring you tidings may revive your hopes.
Theseus may still be thine.

ARIADNE.

May still be mine?

PIRITHOUS.

Yes; Periander, should he still persist
To hold you here a captive, see his danger
Crete arms against him: Athens will claim you,
And let destruction loose. To cope with both,
Not ev'n the soul of Periander dares
He must release you: then you fall for Greece,
Theseus will there be yours: his solemn vows
And the vast debt of gratitude he owes,
Join'd by the public voice, will bind him to you.

ARIADNE.

But if constraint alone—Ah! can you think
That his relenting heart will feel remorse?

PIRITHOUS.

PIRITHOUS.

The indignation of mankind will warn him.
Returning virtue then——

ARIADNE.

If aught can waken
A spark of love in that obdurate breast ;
A look, a sigh impassion'd from the heart,
Will heal my sorrows, and with tears of joy
Make me forgive him all. I burn once more
To wander with him o'er the roaring deep.
And has the king consented?

PIRITHOUS

Ev'n now I left him
In close debate, and onward to this spot
Bending his eager step. With friendly counsels
Archon attends, and seconds all I wish.
Lo ! where he comes this way. Retire awhile :
Yon grove will give you shelter : there remain.
A single glance from those persuasive eyes
May once again inflame his fierce desires,
And reason then will plead your cause in vain.

ARIADNE.

May all your words sink melting to his soul. [*Exit.*]

PIRITHOUS.

Now, gods, assist me : if I now succeed,
My fears subside, and danger is no more.

A 2 2

PERIANDER,

PERIANDER, *and* PIRITHOUS.

PERIANDER.

Pirithous, hear : this hour ends all debate.
My resolution's fix'd: then urge no more
Your haughty claim: 'tis torture to my heart.

PIRITHOUS.

A heart like thine will generously love.
You will not force the princess to your arms,
Nor light with Hymen's torch the flames of war.

PERIANDER.

Ha! dost thou deem me of so fierce a spirit,
To tyrannize the fears of Ariadne?
No, her own lip, the musick of that voice,
To my delighted ear shall breathe the promise,
The soft avowal of her mutual flame.

PIRITHOUS.

She doats on Theseus: the wide world has heard
The story of her love. And can you hope
To turn awry the current of affection
From him, who first awak'd her young desires,
Still fans the flame, and lords it o'er her soul?

PERIANDER.

Let him depart: I have releas'd him to you.
Then Ariadne will resent her wrongs,
Incline her heart, and listen to my vows.
Bear your friend hence: my orders shall be issued.
For Ariadne trouble me no more. *[Exit.]*

PIRITHOUS,

PIRITHOUS, *alone.*

Proud monarch go! This night shall mar your hopes :

This very night, while sleep lulls all your guards,
She shall embark. When lawless pow'r prevails,
The noble end must justify the means.

ARIADNE, PIRITHOUS.

ARIADNE.

Thou gen'rous man! have you regain'd my freedom ?

PIRITHOUS.

This very night we quit the hated shore.
Enquire no more : you must embark with me.
For Theseus, he will gladly join our flight.

ARIADNE.

All things invite us : from the sky bursts forth
A stream of radiant e, and the level main
Presents a wide expanse of quiv'ring light.
Where is my sister ?

PIRITHOUS.

She must here remain.

ARIADNE.

No, it were perfidy, a breach of friendship.
She fled with me : our hearts were ever join'd
By the sweet ties of friendship and of love.

A 3

PIRITHOUS.

358. THE RIVAL SISTERS.

PIRITHOUS.

Here she must stay ; your happiness requires it.

ARIADNE.

What is her crime ? Ah ! why should we desert her ?

PIRITHOUS.

Seek not to know too much.

ARIADNE.

No, Phædra, no ;
I cannot leave thee here..

Enter ARCHON.

ARCHON.

This very moment
A foldier from the harbour brings this letter.
To you it is address'd. *(gives it to Pirithous.)*

PIRITHOUS.

And comes from Theseus.

ARIADNE.

From Theseus !—wherefore ?—whence ?—what new
event ?—

PIRITHOUS *reads.*

“ My heart's too full to vent itself in words.

“ I know my conduct will be blam'd by all.

“ I will not varnish it by vain excuse.

“ I seiz'd

“ I seiz’d your ship : we have already pass’d

“ The head-land of the harbour.

Oh ! this consummates all.

ARIADNE.

Why dost thou pause ?

Proceed ; go on ; let me be full of horror.

(taking the letter.)

She reads.

“ We have already pass’d

“ The head-land of the harbour : sunk in grief,

“ Distracted with her fears, in wild amaze,

“ Phædra has join’d my flight.—

Is Phædra with him ?

ARCHON.

They embark’d together.

ARIADNE *reads.*

“ To Ariadne

“ Be ev’ry duty paid, each tender care.

“ Assuage her sorrows ; Periander’s love

“ Will charm each sense, and teach her to forget ;

“ Perhaps in time, when ev’ry bliss attends her,

“ To pardon Phædra, and the wretched Theseus.”

Ah just and righteous— *(she falls on the ground.)*

PIRITHOUS.

Ah ! she faints ! she faints :

Bring instant help ; assist her, lend your aid.

(Enter attendant Virgins.)

Oh ! wretched princess ! would the gods allow you

A a 4

To

To breathe your last, and never wake again
 To this bad world, 'twere happiness indeed.
 She stirs, she moves; the blood returns again,
 But oh! to make her feel the weight of woe,
 And see the desolation that surrounds her.

ARIADNE.

Where have my senses wander'd? Why am I thus?
 Are you all fix'd, the statues of despair?
 Oh! I remember—Open earth, and hide me here,
 In your cold caves you never yet receiv'd
 A wretch betray'd, undone, and lost as I am,

PIRITHOUS.

Afflicted mourner, raise thee from the earth,
 Thy woes indeed are great.

ARIADNE.

Could you expect it? *(as she rises.)*
 Phædra has join'd his flight; she too betrays me.
 She was my other self; for ever dear;
 Dear as the drops that circled in my veins,
 But now, ah! now, to warm this heart no more,
 Perhaps ev'n now she gazes on his charms,
 Hangs on each accent, catches from those eyes
 The sweet enchantment; knows I shed these tears;
 Knows that I beat this breast, and rend this hair,
 And tell my sorrows to these craggy cliffs,
 And rave and shriek, in madness and despair.
 Haste, fly, pursue them, launch into the main,
 Arm all your ships, bring swords, bring liquid fire,
 Fly, overtake them, whelm them in the deep.

[Exit.

PIRITHOUS.

PIRITHOUS.

Attend her, virgins, with your tend'rest duty.

[*Exeunt attendants.*]

ARCHON.

If this be thy contrivance——

PIRITHOUS.

Charge me not

With a black deed that has undone my friend,

And to the latest time must brand his name.

I feel for him ; I feel for Ariadne.

She now demands our sympathy and care. [*Exeunt.*]

*The Back SCENE opens ; the Harbour and the Sea
in view.*

ARIADNE, *with attendants.*

ARIADNE.

Behold, look here! see where the vessel bounds.

Oh! horror, horror! how the rapid prow

Glides through the waves! will none pursue the
traitor?

First VIRGIN.

Alas, my royal mistress, 'tis in vain.

ARIADNE.

Turn, Theseus, turn; 'tis Ariadne calls.

Return barbarian! whither do you fly?

This way direct your course; stay, Phædra, stay.

See

See how they bound along the level main,
And cleave their way; and catch each gale that
blows.

Inhuman treachery! (*leans on her attendants.*)

First VIRGIN.

Her grief exhausts her strength, but food
Despair will rouse her with redoubled force.

ARIADNE.

Heart-piercing sight! and see the traitor still
Pursues his course. Yon glitt'ring host of stars
Lend all their rays; the elements combine!
Ye winds, ye waves, you too are leagu'd against me;
You join with guilt, accomplices in fraud!
All false as Theseus; all as Phædra false;
Officious all to end this wretch'd being.
Your victory will soon be gained: That pang,
Oh! this cold tremor—'tis the hand of death,
I hope it is; my grave is all I ask.

(*sits down on the point of a rock.*)

Enter PERIANDER, PIRITHOUS, ARCHON.

PERIANDER.

Oh! dire event!

PIRITHOUS.

See where the beauteous mourner
Grows to the rock, and thinks herself to stone.

PERIANDER.

PERIANDER.

Rise, princess, rise, and let us bear you hence
To your own palace, where the storm of grief
Will soon subside, and peace, and love, and joy
Revisit your sad heart. *(they lead her forward.)*

ARIADNE.

No, never, never;
My easy heart will be deceiv'd no more.

PERIANDER.

For thee love still has new delights in store,
Whole years of bliss.—

ARIADNE.

Why do you smile upon me?
I never serv'd you; never sav'd your life;
Made you no promise: why should you deceive me?

PERIANDER.

May sweet oblivion of her past afflictions
Steal gently o'er her soul. Restore her, heav'n!

ARIADNE.

Have you a sister? She will break your heart.

PERIANDER.

I come to calm your griefs, and crown your days
With love sincere, and everlasting truth.

ARIADNE.

ARIADNE.

All truth is fled ; long since she fled the earth,
 Tir'd of her pilgrimage. Why, holy pow'rs !
 Why leave poor mortals crawling here below,
 Where there's no confidence, no trust, no faith,
 All nature moves by your eternal law ;
 Truth is the law of man, and yet she's fled.
 I see her there, there near the throne of Jove
 Her garment white as her own candid mind,
 She looks with pity on this vale of error,
 And drops a tear : while falsehood in disguise,
 With specious seeming, walks her deadly round,
 And mask'd in friendship, where she smiles, destroys.

PERIANDER.

Let me conduct you : trust your friends.

ARIADNE.

You look
 As if I might believe you : so did Theseus.
 But where, where is he now?—“ To Ariadne
 “ Be ev'ry duty paid, each tender care !”
 Oh ! artful man !—Look there ! I see him still ;
 I see the ship ; it lessens to my view,
 It lessens still ! and now, just now it fades !
 It fades away, it melts into the clouds !
 Scarce, scarce perceiv'd ! tis gone, tis lost,
 For ever, ever lost ! is that the last,
 The last sad glimpse ? and must I linger here ?
 Die, Ariadne, die, and end your woes.

(stabs herself.)

PERIANDER.

PERIANDER.

Oh! fatal rashness! quick, bring ev'ry help.

PIRITHOUS.

Deep in her veins the poniard drinks her blood.

ARIADNE.

'Twas Theseus' gift: his best, his kindest present;
As such I sheath'd it in my very heart.

PERIANDER.

Her flutt'ring soul is on the wing to leave her.

ARIADNE.

Elysium is before me; let not Theseus
Pursue me thither; in those realms of bliss
Let my departed spirit know some rest.
Oh! let me feel ingratitude no more.
Keep Theseus here in this abode of guilt;
This world is his; let him remain with Phædra;
Let him be happy; no, the fates forbid it:
They will deceive each other.

PERIANDER.

Ah! that wound
Pours fast the stream of life.

ARIADNE.

ARIADNE.

It gives no pain.
 It is the stab fell perfidy has given,
 That rankles here. Oh! raise me, raise me up,
 No, let me see the light of heav'n no more
 Pirithous, you behold your friend's exploit!
 I thank you Periander; you have been
 Kind, good, and tender. May some worthier
 Adorn'd with all that virtue adds to beauty,
 Endear the joys of life.—Alas, I die.
 No mother here with pious hand to close
 My faded eyes; no father o'er my urn
 To drop a tear, and soothe my pensive shade.
 No; I deserve it; I betray'd them both.
 The barb'rous man!—He stabb'd me to the heart.
 And yet ev'n then I knew but half my wrongs.
 And you too Phædra! Oh! *(dies.)*

PERIANDER.

She's gone, and with her what a noble mind,
 What gen'rous virtues are there laid in ruin!

PIRITHOUS.*

Thou injur'd innocence! oppress'd with wrongs,
 And fore-beset, there rests her languish'd head.
 Oh! when the gods bestow on mortal man
 That bloom of beauty, those exalted charms,
 By virtue dignified, they give the best,
 The noblest gift their bounty has in store:

A gift to be esteem'd, ador'd by all ;
To be protected by the foldier's valour,
Not thus betray'd, abandon'd to despair,
And the keen pangs of ill requited love.

F I N I S.

** The Reader will perceive that the name of PIRITHOUS has been printed, through several pages, with an E in the first Syllable, PERITHOUS for PIRITHOUS. The mistake was not seen, till too late to rectify it. But where it is feared that Blemishes of more importance may be found, to apologize for a mere Error of the press will perhaps be deemed superfluous.*

P R O L O G U E,

Occasioned by the death of Mr. HENDERSON,

For Mrs. HENDERSON's Night,

At the Theatre Royal in Covent-Garden, on Saturday,
February 25, 1786.

Spoken by Mrs. SIDDONS.*

ERE fiction try this night her magick strain,
And blend mysteriously delight with pain ;
Ere yet she wake her train of hopes and fears
For Jaffier's wrongs, and Belvidera's tears ;
Will you permit a true, a recent grief
To vent it's charge, and seek that sad relief ?

How shall *we* feel the tale of feign'd distress,
While on the heart our own afflictions press ?
When our own friend, when *Henderson* expires,
And from the tomb one parting pang requires !

In yonder Abbey shall he rest his head,
And on this spot no virtuous drop be shed ?

* Mrs. Siddons, to do honour to the memory of her deceased friend, obtained the consent of the Managers of *Drury-Lane*, and performed the part of Belvidera. But that character requiring great exertion, and the Prologue being unusually long, several lines, here printed, were omitted on the above night.

You will indulge our grief:—Those crowded
rows

Shew you have hearts that feel domestic woes;
Hearts, that with gen'rous emulation burn
To raise the widow drooping o'er his urn;
And to his child, when reason's op'ning ray
Shall tell her, *whom* she lost, this truth convey
Her father's worth made each good man his
friend,

Honour'd through life, regretted in his end!
And for his relatives to help his store
An audience gave, when he could give no more.

Him we all mourn: his friends still heave the
sigh,

And still the tear stands trembling in the eye.
His was each mild, each amiable art,
The gentlest manners, and the feeling heart.
Fair simple truth, benevolence to all;
A gen'rous warmth, that glow'd at friendship's
call.

A judg'ment sure, while learning toil'd behind;
His mirth was wit; his humour, sense refin'd.
A soul above all guile, all meaner views;
The friend of science; friend of ev'ry muse!
Oft have I known him in my vernal year—
This no feign'd grief:—no artificial tear!

Oft

Oft in this breast he wak'd the muses flame,
 Fond to advise, and point my way to fame.
 Who most shall praise him, all are still at strife;
 Expiring virtue leaves a void in life.

A void our scene has felt:—with Shakespeare's
 page

Who now like him shall animate the stage?
 Hamlet, Macbeth, and Benedick, and Lear,
 Richard, and Woolsey, pleas'd each *learned ear*.
 If feigning well be our consummate art,
 How great *his* praise, who in Iago's part
 Could utter thoughts so foreign to his heart? }
 Falstaff, who shook this house with mirthful roar,
 Is now no counterfeit:—He'll rise no more!
 'Twas Henderfon's the drama to pervade,
 Each passion touch, and give each nicer shade.
 When o'er these boards the Roman Father pass'd—
 But I forbear—That effort was his last.—
 The muse there saw his zeal, though rack'd with
 pain,

While the slow fever ambush'd in each vein.
 She fought the bed, where pale and wan he lay,
 And vainly try'd to chase disease away;
 Watch'd ev'ry look, and number'd ev'ry sigh;
 And gently,—as he liv'd,—she saw him die.

Wild with her griefs, she join'd the mournful
 throng,

With fullen sound as the hearse mov'd along :

Through the dim vaulted isles she led the way ;

And gave to genius past his kindred clay ;

Heard the last requiem o'er his relicks cold,

And with her tears bedew'd the hallow'd mould.

In faithful verse, there near the lonely cell,

The fair recording epitaph may tell,

That he, who now lies mould'ring into dust,

Was good, was upright, generous, and just ;

By *talents* form'd, to grace the poet's lays ;

By *virtue* form'd, to dignify his days.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Extremum hunc, Arethusa, mihi concede laborem.

VIRG.

THE task of revising and correcting the several pieces, that compose these volumes, is now drawn to a conclusion. Amidst a variety of avocations, I have attended to this undertaking with all the care, that becomes the man, who offers his works to the public. But the closest diligence may be baffled: inaccuracies, it is to be feared, may still be found, not of the press only, but, what is worse, in the general style and composition. Pleasing as it is to find myself at the end of my labours, I am far from suffering my imagination to be deluded with ideas of fancied success. One point there is, upon which I can, with truth, receive the congratulations of my own heart: I look back through the whole of my work, and, from the *Gray's-Inn Journal*, and the Farce of *The Apprentice*, to the conclusion of the present volume, there is not, I believe, a single passage that can justly bring reproach upon the author. Even in the lightest and most sportful sallies of fancy, I persuade myself, that I need not blush for one indecent or immoral expression. For the wit, that offends against good manners, I have had no relish. I can, with pleasure, add, that my pen was never employed in

.

the

the base and malevolent office of detracting from the merit of contemporary writers. Should any one be inclined to except the pieces, which are placed at the head of this volume, I can with truth aver, that they were written with reluctance, and not without extreme provocation. Men, to whom I had given no kind of offence, declared open war against my person, my morals, and my talents, whatever they were. One of them, I think was a real genius. I wish, for his sake, as well as my own, that he had been more worthily employed. I mean the late CHARLES CHURCHILL. He wrote, as it should seem, with too much haste, and, I believe, at the instigation of others. In the circle of his connections there were certain spirits, who could not be content with the praises, which were liberally bestowed upon themselves, if others, at the same time, were not sacrificed at their shrine. He obliged them with a libel upon me. Attacked as I was, not to feel resentment, had been stupidity; and not to answer, downright cowardice. *Se ipsum deserere turpissimum est.* In the present moment, and so long after the dispute, I am far from feeling the smallest degree of pleasure in the revival of literary quarrels. I was even tempted to consign to oblivion such of my writings, as carry with them the marks of an

exalper-

exasperated mind; but when it is considered, that the invectives, which were repeatedly thrown out against me, are carefully collected in the volumes of their respective authors; it may be thought not improper, to let it be seen, how and with what kind of spirit, unprovoked, and, I may say, intemperate calumny was repelled. I did not, however, descend into the ARENA, with intent to continue there a GLADIATOR for public sport. I answered once for all, and never returned to the charge. I was willing to flatter myself, that what I said in my own vindication, was then a sufficient answer; and to the various paragraph writers, who have pointed their pens against me from that hour to this, I have now the satisfaction to think, that I need give no other reply. Defamation in the public prints has been, I believe, more frequently my lot, than that of any other living writer: but no man, I can venture to say, beheld the impotence of malice with so much unfeigned contempt. I was taught by CASIMIR, the elegant poet of Poland, that when you are unjustly attacked, there is a dignity in silence:

*Est et loquacis pulchra protervia
Vindicta risisse, et sereno
Magnanimum tacuisse vulu.*

I am now upon the point of bidding adieu to these volumes. The moment is not free from anxiety. Mr. *Pope*, I remember, tells us, that, in the office of collecting his pieces, he was altogether uncertain, whether he was building a monument, or burying the dead. If a genius of his class could entertain a serious doubt, what must be the agitations of a writer like myself? Be the event as it may, it is at least a consolation, that much of my time has passed in a manner not altogether unuseful. Some addition, I hope, has been made to the amusements of the public. For myself, to these studies I owe the most valuable pleasures of my life. In the midst of cares, and hurry, and vexation, they have ministered the best relief; they soothed adversity; when friends were false, they took the sting from ingratitude; they softened disappointment, and in the delightful regions of PARNASSUS gave a sure retreat from pain. If, therefore, I am NOW PERFORMING A FUNERAL SERVICE, I desire, in gratitude to the MUSES, that I may be permitted to write upon the tomb, "ET IN ARCA-
" DIA EGO."

ARTHUR MURPHY.

LINCOLN'S-INN,

20th May, 1786.



00043813

