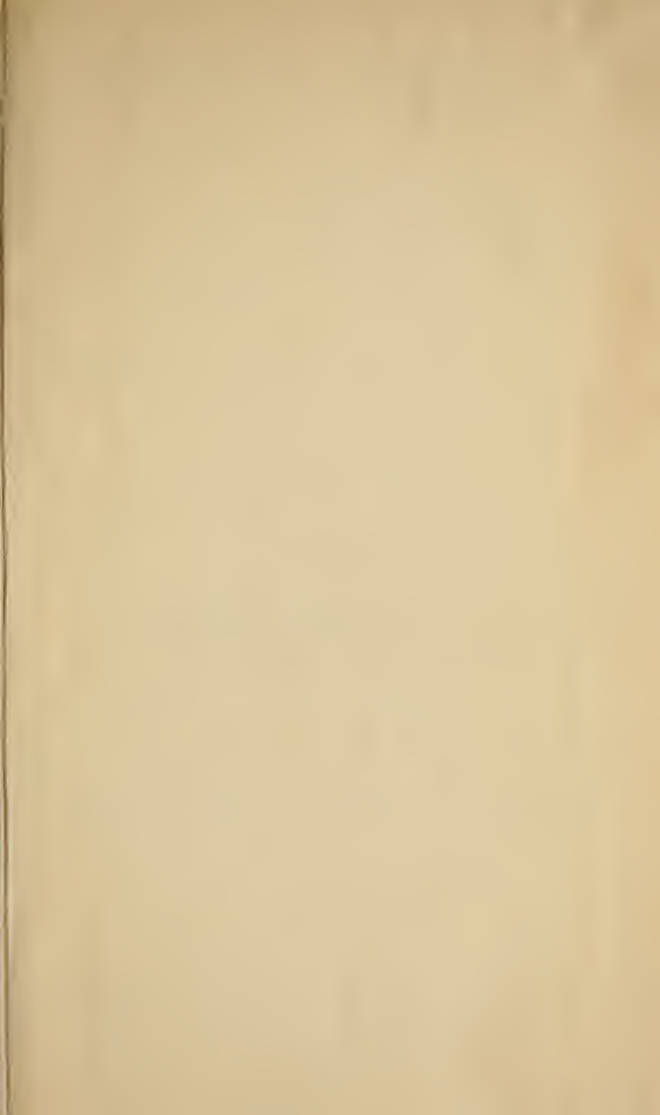
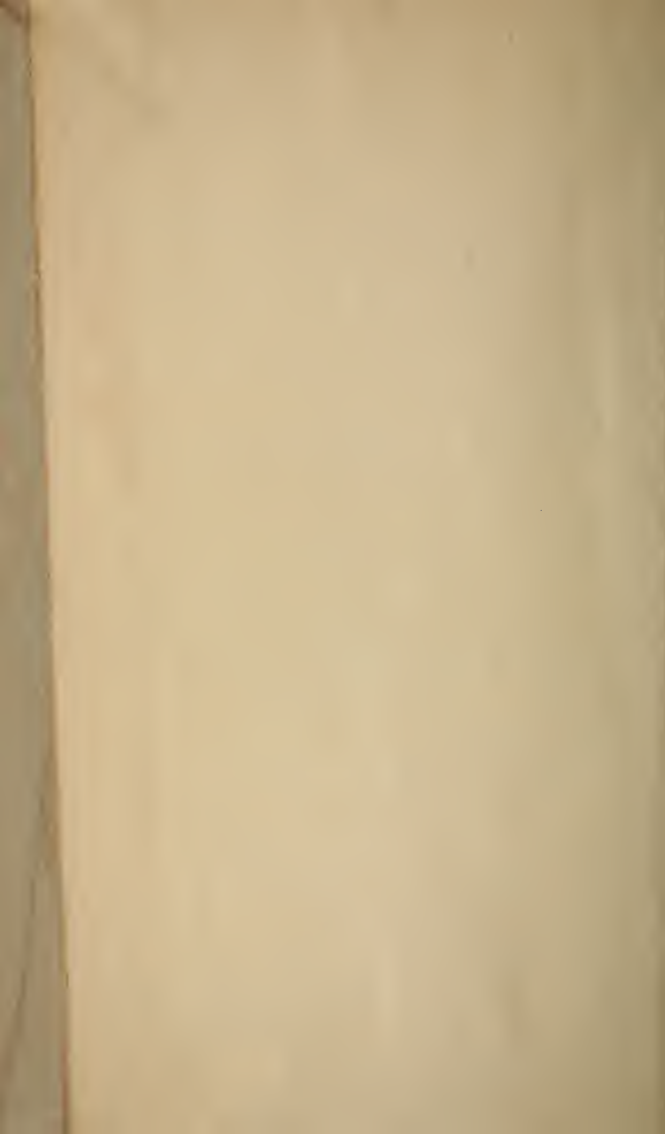


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Addisonian Miscellany.

BEING

A Selection of Valuable Pieces, from those justly

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Spectator, Tatler, and Guardian.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

THE LIFE OF

C

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq.

Designed for the School and the Library.

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1801.



THE

L I F E

OF

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq.



THE justly admired Addison, was born May 1st, 1672, at Milton in Wiltshire, England, where his father Dr. Lancelot Addison was rector. Addison is supposed by some writers, to have produced upwards of a fourth part of the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, besides several other works of merit.

He was appointed secretary to the regency on the death of queen Anne; being required to send notice to Hanover, of that circumstance, and that the throne was vacant. To do this would not have been difficult to any man but Addison, who was so distracted by a choice of expression, on this occasion, that the lords, who could not wait for the niceties of criticism, called Mr. Southwell, a clerk in the house, and ordered him to dispatch the message. Southwell readily told what was necessary, in the common stile of business, and boasted his having done what appeared too hard for Addison.

In 1716, he married the countess dowager of Warwick. He is said to have first become acquainted with this lady, when he was tutor to her son. It is reported, that his marriage did not add much to his

happiness ; the countess always remembered her rank, and treated the former tutor of her son with but little ceremony. It is well known, that Mr. Addison hath left behind him no inducement to ambitious matches.

He was made secretary of state, in 1717 ; but it is generally allowed that he was not well calculated for that station ; being no orator, he could not harangue in the house of commons in defence of the government. He soon relinquished this office, and obtained a pension of 1500l per annum.

Dr. Samuel Johnson's admirable delineation of the character of Addison, concludes thus, " He employed wit on the side of virtue and religion ; he not only made the proper use of wit himself, but taught it to others ; and from his time it has been generally subservient to the cause of reason and truth. He has dissipated the prejudices that had long connected gaiety with vice, and easiness of manners with laxity of principles. He has restored virtue to its dignity, and taught innocence not to be ashamed. This is an elevation of literary character, above all " Greek, above all Roman name." No greater felicity can genius attain than that of having purified intellectual pleasure, separated mirth from indecency, and wit from licentiousness ; of having taught a succession of writers to bring elegance and gaiety to the aid of goodness ; and if I may use expressions yet more awful, of having " turned many to righteousness."

" As a teacher of wisdom he may be confidently followed : his religion has nothing in it enthusiastic or superstitious ; he appears neither *weakly* credulous, nor *wantonly* sceptical ; his morality is neither dangerously lax, not impractically rigid."

Addison, has given abundant proof of his firm belief of *Christianity*, and his zeal against unbelievers, in his evidences of the Christian religion.

" Let it be supposed, says he, that a heathen philosopher, who flourished within sixty years of our Saviour's crucifixion, after having shewn that false miracles were generally wrought in obscurity, and before

few or no witnesses, treating on the miracles of Christ, should have thus expressed himself:”

“But the works of Christ were always *seen true*; they were seen by those who were healed, and those who were raised from the dead. Many of the persons who were thus healed and raised, were seen, not only at *the time* the miracles were wrought on them, but *many years* afterwards. They were seen while Christ was upon earth, and *after* his ascension; nay, *some* of them were *living in our days!*”

“I am confident you would regard such a testimony as highly favourable to Christianity. But this evidence, in fact, we have in behalf of our religion; for these were the words of *Quadratus*, an Athenian philosopher, who lived at the period above mentioned. But a convert, you say, to Christianity! Reflect a moment. Does not this *very circumstance* give efficacy to his attestation? Had he continued a Pagan philosopher, the world would have doubted the sincerity of his relation. But he had *so thoroughly* examined our Saviour’s history, and the excellence of the religion he taught; and was *so perfectly* convinced of the *truth* of *both*, that he became a profelyte to the Christian faith, and to it died a martyr*.”

Addison’s writings on religious subjects certainly discover a solid and pious frame of mind; and his general conduct through life gives us a convincing proof, that what he wrote were the genuine feelings of his heart. But his virtue shone out brightest at his death; for, after a long and manly, *but vain struggle* with his distempers, (the asthma and dropsy) he dismissed his physicians, and with them all hopes of life; but did not dismiss his concern for the living; having sent for the young Earl of Warwick who was nearly related to him; upon this nobleman’s arrival he was almost gone; young Warwick, thus addressed him: “Dear Sir, you sent for me; I believe, and hope, you have some commands; I shall hold them most dear.” May distant ages not only

* Evidences, p. 21.

hear, but feel the reply! Forcibly grasping the youth's hand, he softly said, "See in what peace a Christian can die." Shortly after he died, on the 19th of June 1719.*

This great character derived much comfort from his firm hope of another and better state.

The following were his sentiments on that head. "The prospect of a future state, says he, is the secret comfort and refreshment of my soul. It is that which makes nature look cheerful about me; it doubles all my pleasures, and supports me under all my afflictions. I can look at disappointments and misfortunes, pain, and sickness, death itself, with indifference, so long as I keep in view the pleasures of eternity, and the state of being in which there will be no fears nor apprehensions, pains nor sorrows."

"All sorts of men, says Addison, who have gone before us into an eternal state, have left this great observation behind them, that upon experience they have found, that, what vain thoughts soever men may, in the heat of their youth entertain of religion, they will, sooner or later, feel the testimony God hath given it in every man's breast; which will make them serious, either by the inexpressible fears, terrors, and agonies of a troubled mind; or the inconceivable comfort, and joy of a good conscience.

"It is to be observed, that Christianity not only profelyted men to the belief and outward profession of Christianity, but had a visible and moral effect upon their lives and conduct. Never was any other cause supported with such irresistible evidence. Wherever it came it was received by multitudes, at the expence of their property, characters and lives: many of these who had hitherto lived debauched, impious and idolatrous lives, became now sober, temperate, honest and religious. This was not indeed universally the case, because all were not sincere in their profession; but it was so, to an extent that no other religion could boast. Nay the Pagan religion general-

* See British Plutarch, &c.

ly made men morally worse, in proportion to the zeal with which they professed it.

The remaining effect of the Spirit's effusion was the constancy and readiness with which men suffered the loss of all things, and even martyrdom itself in its most terrible forms."

—"I cannot omit (says Mr. Addison*) that which appears to me a standing miracle in the three first centuries, I mean that amazing and supernatural courage or patience which was shewn by innumerable multitudes of martyrs in those slow and painful torments which were inflicted on them. I cannot conceive a man placed in the burning iron chair at Lyons, and the insults and mockeries of a crowded amphitheatre, and still keeping his seat: or stretched upon a grate of iron, over coals of fire, and breathing out his soul among the exquisite sufferings of such a tedious execution, rather than renounce his religion or blaspheme his Saviour. Such trials seem to me above the strength of human nature, and able to overbear duty, reason, faith, conviction, nay, and the most absolute certainty of a future state. Humanity, unbiassed in an extraordinary manner, must have shaken off the present pressure, and have delivered itself out of such dreadful distress by any means that could have been suggested to it. We can easily imagine that many persons in so good a cause might have laid down their lives at the gibbet, the stake, or the block: but to expire leisurely among the most exquisite tortures, when they might come out of them, even by a mental reservation, or an hypocrisy which was not without a possibility of being followed by repentance and forgiveness, has something in it so far beyond the force and natural strength of mortals, that one cannot but think there was some miraculous power to support the sufferer.

"It is certain that the deaths and sufferings of the primitive Christians had a great share in the conversion of those learned Pagans, who lived in the ages

* Evidences of the Christian Religion, Sect. vii.

of persecution, which with some intervals and abatements, lasted near 300 years after our Saviour. Justin Martyr, Tertullian, Lactantius, Arnobius, and others, tell us, that this first of all alarmed their curiosity, roused their attention and made them seriously inquisitive into the nature of that religion, which could endue the mind with so much strength, and overcome the fear of death, nay, raise an earnest desire of it, though it appeared in all its terrors. This they found had not been effected by all the doctrines of those philosophers, whom they had thoroughly studied, and who had been labouring at this great point. The sight of these dying and tormented martyrs engaged them to search into the history and doctrines of him for whom they suffered. The more they searched, the more they were convinced; till their conviction grew so strong, that they themselves embraced the same truths, and either actually laid down their lives, or were always in readiness to do it rather than depart from them."

THE

Addisonian Miscellany.

ABSENCE IN CONVERSATION.

MY friend *Will Honeycombe* is one of those sort of men who are often absent in conversation, and what the French call a *Rêveur* and a *Distract*. A little before our club-time last night, we were walking together in *Somerset Garden*, where *Will* had picked up a small pebble of so odd a make, that he said he would present it to a friend of his, an eminent *Virtuoso*. After we had walked some time, I made a full stop, with my face towards the west, which *Will* knowing to be my usual method of asking what's o'clock in an afternoon, immediately pulled out his watch, and told me we had seven minutes good. We took a turn or two more, when, to my great surprise, I saw him squirt away his watch a considerable way into the 'Thames,' and with great sedateness in his looks, put up the pebble, he had before found, in his fob. As I have naturally an aversion to much speaking, and do not love to be the messenger of ill news, especially when it comes too late to be useful, I left him to be convinced of his mistake in due time, and continued my walk, reflecting on these little absences and distractions in mankind.

Monſieur *Bruyere* has given us the character of an abſent man. *Menalcas* comes down in a morning, opens his door to go out, but ſhuts it again, becauſe he perceives he has his night-cap on; and examining himſelf farther, finds that he is but half ſhaved, that he has ſtuck his ſword on his right ſide, that his ſtockings are about his heels, and that his ſhirt is over his breeches. When he is dreſſed, he goes to court, comes into the drawing-room, and walking upright, under a branch of candleſticks, his wig is caught up by one of them, and hangs dangling in the air: all the courtiers fall a laughing; but *Menalcas* laughs louder than any of them, and looks about for the perſon that is the jeſt of the company. Coming down to the court-gate he finds a coach, which taking for his own, he whips into it; and the coachman drives off, not doubting but he carries his maſter. As ſoon as he ſtops, *Menalcas* throws himſelf out of the coach, croſſes the court aſcends the ſtair-caſe, and runs through all the chambers with the greateſt familiarity, reposes himſelf on a couch, and fancies himſelf at home. The maſter of the houſe at laſt comes in; *Menalcas* riſes to receive him, and deſires him to ſit down; he talks, muſes, and then talks again. The gentleman of the houſe is tired and amazed; *Menalcas* is no leſs ſo, but is every moment in hopes that his impertinent gueſt will at laſt end his tedious viſit. Night comes on, when *Menalcas* is hardly undeceived.

When he is playing at backgammon, he calls for a full glaſs of wine and water; 'tis his turn to throw; he has the box in one hand, and his glaſs in the other; and being extremely dry, and unwilling to loſe time, he ſwallows down both the dice, and at the ſame time throws his wine into the tables. He writes a letter, and flings the ſand into the ink-bottle; he writes a ſecond, and miſtakes the ſuperſcription: A nobleman receives one of them, and upon opening it, reads as follows: *I would have you, honeſt Jack, immediately upon the receipt of this, take in hay enough to ſerve me the Winter: His Farmer* receives the other, and is amazed to ſee in it, *My Lord, I received your Grace's com-*

mands, with an entire submission to———If he is at an entertainment, you may see the pieces of bread continually multiplying round his plate. 'Tis true, the rest of the company want it, as well as their knives and forks, which *Manalca*s does not let them keep long. Sometimes in a morning, he puts his whole family in a hurry, and at last goes out without being able to stay for his coach or dinner; and for that day you may see him in every part of the town, except the very place where he had appointed to be on a business of importance. You would often take him for every thing that he is not; for a fellow quite stupid, for he hears nothing; for a fool, for he talks to himself, and has a hundred grimaces and motions with his head, which are altogether involuntary; for a proud man, for he looks full upon you, and takes no notice of your saluting him. The truth of it is, his eyes are open but he makes no use of them, and neither sees you, nor any man, nor any thing else. He came once from his own house, and his own footmen undertook to rob him, and succeeded: They held a flambeau to his throat, and bid him deliver his purse; he did so, and coming home told his friends he had been robbed; they desire to know the particulars: *Ask my servants,* says *Manalca*s, *for they were with me.*

These blemishes proceed from a certain vivacity and fickleness in a man's temper, which, while it raises up infinite numbers of ideas in the mind, is continually pushing it on, without allowing it to rest on any particular image, and helps to keep up the reputation of that Latin Proverb which *Mr. Dryden* has translated in the following lines:

*Great wit to madness sure is near allied;
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.*

SPECTATOR, Vol. I. No. 77. X.

ABSENCE OF LOVERS.

Mr. Spectator,

THOUGH you have considered virtuous love in most of its distresses, I do not remember that you have given us any dissertation upon the absence of lovers, or laid down any method how they should support themselves under those long separations which they are forced sometimes to undergo. I am at present under this unhappy circumstance, having parted with the best of husbands, who is abroad in the service of his country, and may not possibly return for some years. His warm and generous affection while we were together, with the tenderness which he expressed to me at parting, makes his absence almost insupportable: I think of him every moment in the day, and meet him every night in my dreams. Every thing I see puts me in mind of him: I apply myself with more than ordinary diligence to the care of his family and his estate; but this, instead of relieving me, gives me but so many occasions of wishing for his return. I frequent the room where I used to converse with him, and not meeting him there, sit down in his chair, and fall a weeping. I love to read the books he delighted in, and to converse with the persons whom he esteemed. I visit his picture a hundred times a day, and place myself over-against it whole hours together. I pass a great part of my time in the walks where I used to lean upon his arm, and recollect in my mind the discourses which have passed there between us. I look over the several prospects and points of view which we used to survey together, fix my eyes upon the objects which he has made me take notice of, and call to mind a thousand agreeable remarks which he has made on those occasions: I write to him by every conveyance, and, contrary to other people, am always in good-humour when an eastwind blows, because it seldom fails of bringing me a letter from him. Let me intreat you, Sir, to give me your advice upon this occasion, and to let me know how I may relieve myself in this my widowhood.

I am yours, &c. ASTERIA.

Absence is what the poets call death in love, and has given occasion to abundance of beautiful complaints in those authors who have treated of this passion in verse : Ovid's Epistles are full of them ; Otway's *Monimia* talks very tenderly upon this subject :

*It was not kind
To leave me like a turtle here alone,
To droop and mourn the absence of my mate.
When thou art from me, every place is desert ;
And I, methinks, am savage and forlorn.
Thy presence only 'tis can make me blest'd,
Heal my unquiet mind, and tune my soul.*

The consolations of lovers on these occasions are very extraordinary ; besides those mentioned by *Astoria*, there are many other motives of comfort : I shall take notice of one which I have known two persons practise, who joined religion to that elegance of sentiment with which the passion of love generally inspires its votaries. This was, at the return of such an hour, to offer up a certain prayer for each other, which they had agreed upon before their parting. The husband, who makes a figure in the polite world, as well as in his own family, has often told me, that he could not have supported an absence of three years without this expedient.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 241. C.

ABSTINENCE.

THE preservation of health is temperance, which, has those particular advantages above all other means to attain it, that it may be practised by all ranks and conditions, at any season or in any place. It is a kind of regimen, into which every man may put himself without interruption to business, expence of money, or loss of time. If exercise throws off all the superfluities, temperance prevents them : If exercise clears the vessels, temperance neither sati-

ates nor overstrains them : If exercise raises proper ferments in the humours, and promotes the circulation of the blood, temperance gives nature her full play, and enables her to exert herself in all her force and vigour : If exercise dissipates a growing distemper, temperance starves it.

Nature delights in the most plain and simple diet : every animal but man keeps to one dish. Herbs are the food of this species, fish of that, and flesh of the third : Man falls upon every thing that comes in his way ; not the smallest fruit or excrescence of the earth, scarce a berry or a mushroom, can escape him. I would copy the following rules of a very eminent Physician : *Make your whole repast out of one dish ; if you indulge in a second, avoid drinking any thing strong till you have finished your meal : at the same time abstain from all sauces, at least such as are not the most plain and simple.* And in the article of drinking, observe Sir *William Temple's* method, *wiz. The first glass for myself, the second for my friend, the third for good-humour, and the fourth for mine enemies.*

It is observed by two or three ancient authors, that *Secrates*, notwithstanding he lived in *Athens* during the great Plague, which has made so much noise throughout all ages, has been celebrated at different times by such eminent hands, notwithstanding he lived in the time of this devouring pestilence, never caught the least infection ; which these writers unanimously ascribe to that uninterrupted temperance which he always observed.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 195.

X

ACCOUNTS.

WHEN a man happens to break in Holland, they say of him, that *he has not kept true accounts.* This phrase perhaps, among us, would appear a soft or humorous way of speaking ; but with that exact nation, it bears the highest reproach ; for a man to be mistaken in the calculation of his expence, in his ability to an-

swer future demands, or to be impertinently sanguine in putting his credit to too great adventure, are all instances of as much infamy, as with gayer nations to be failing in courage or common honesty

Numbers are so much the measure of every thing that is valuable, that it is not possible to demonstrate the success of any action, or the prudence of any undertaking without them. When a merchant receives his returns from abroad, he can tell to a shilling, by the help of numbers, the profit or loss of his adventure: he ought also to shew that he had reason to make it, either from his own experience or that of other people, or from a reasonable presumption that his returns will be sufficient to answer his expence and hazard; and this is never to be done without the skill of numbers. For instance, if he trades to Turkey, he ought beforehand to know the demand of our manufactures there, as well as of their silks in England, and the customary prices that are given for both in each country. He ought to have a clear knowledge of these matters beforehand, that he may presume upon sufficient returns to answer the charge of the cargo he had fitted out, the freight and assurance out and home, the customs to the King, and the interest of his own money; and besides all these expences, a reasonable profit to himself. Now where is the scandal of this skill? The merchant throws down no man's inclosures, and tramples upon no man's corn; he takes nothing from the industrious labourer, he pays the poor man for his work, he communicates his profit with mankind; by the preparation of his cargo, and the manufacture of his returns, he furnishes employment and subsistence to greater numbers than the richest nobleman; and even the nobleman is obliged to him for finding out foreign markets for the produce of his estate, and for making a great addition to his rents; and yet it is certain that none of all these things could be done by him without the exercise of his skill in numbers.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 174. T.

ACTIONS.

THOSE who have searched into human nature observe, that nothing more shews the nobleness of the soul, than that its felicity consists in action. Every man has such an active principle in him, that he will find out something to employ himself upon, in whatever state of life he is posted. I have heard of a gentleman who was under close confinement in the *Bastille* seven years; during which time he amused himself in scattering pins about his chamber, gathering them up again, and placing them in different figures in the arm of a great chair. He often told his friends afterwards, that unless he had found out this piece of exercise, he verily believed that he should have lost his senses.—SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 116. T.

We should cast all our actions under the division of such as are in themselves good, bad, or indifferent; and to direct them in such a manner, that every thing we do, may turn to account at that great day when every thing we have done will be set before us.

A good intention joined to a good action, gives it its proper force and efficacy; joined to an evil action, extenuates its malignity, and in some cases may take it wholly away; and joined to an indifferent action, turns it to a virtue, and makes it meritorious, as far as human actions can be so.

In the next place, to consider in the same manner the influence of an evil intention upon our actions. An evil intention perverts the best of actions, and makes them in reality what the fathers have termed the virtues of the heathen world, so many *shining sins*. It destroys the innocence of an indifferent action; and gives an evil action all possible blackness and horror; or, in the emphatical language of Holy Writ, makes *sin exceeding sinful*.

It is then of unspeakable advantage to possess our minds with an habitual good intention, and to aim all our thoughts, words, and actions at some laudable end, whether it be the glory of our Maker, the good of mankind, or the benefit of our own souls.

This is a sort of thrift or good husbandry in moral life, which does not throw away any single action, but makes every one go as far as it can; it multiplies the means of salvation, increases the number of our virtues, and diminishes that of our vices.

It is this excellent frame of mind, this holy officiousness, which is recommended to us by the Apostle in that uncommon precept, wherein he directs us to propose to ourselves the glory of our Creator in all our most indifferent actions, *whether we eat, or drink, or whatsoever we do.*

A person therefore who is possessed with such an habitual good intention, as that which I have been here speaking of, enters upon no single circumstance of life without considering it as well pleasing to the great Author of his Being, conformable to the dictates of reason, suitable to human nature in general, or to that particular station in which Providence has placed him. He lives in a perpetual sense of the divine presence, regards himself as acting in the whole course of his existence under the observation and inspection of that Being who is privy to all his motions and all his thoughts, who knows his *down-sitting and his uprising, who is about his path, and about his bed, and spieth out all his ways.* In a word, he remembereth that the eye of his Judge is always upon him; and in every action he reflects, that he is doing what is commanded or allowed by him who will hereafter reward or punish it: this was the character of those holy men of old, who in that beautiful phrase in scripture are said to have *walked with God.*

There is an excellent speech of *Socrates*: This great philosopher, on the day of his execution, a little before the draught of poison was brought to him, entertaining his friends with a discourse on the immortality of the soul, has these words:—*Whether or not God will approve of my actions, I know not; but this I am sure of, that I have at all times made it my endeavour to please him, and I have a good hope that this my endeavour will be accepted by him.* We find in these words of that great man, the habitual good intention which I would

here inculcate, and with which that divine philosopher always acted. I shall only add, that *Erasmus*, who was an unbigoted Roman-Catholic, was so much transported with this passage of *Socrates*, that he could scarce forbear looking upon him as a Saint, and desiring him to pray for him, or as that learned and ingenious writer has expressed himself in a much more lively manner : When I reflect on such a speech pronounced by such a person, I can hardly forbear crying out, *Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis* : O holy *Socrates*, pray for us.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 213. L.

ADVICE.

THERE is nothing which we receive with so much reluctance as advice. We look upon the man who gives it us, as offering an affront to our understanding, and treating us like children or idiots. There is nothing so difficult as the art of making advice agreeable : the pens of the ancients and moderns have been exercised upon this occasion. How many devices have been made use of to render this bitter potion palatable ! Some convey their instruction to us in the best chosen words, others in the most harmonious numbers ; some in points of wit, and others in short proverbs.

But among all the different ways of giving counsel, that which pleases the most universally, is *Fable* ; it excels all others, because it is the least shocking, and therefore the most delicate. This will appear, if we reflect, that upon the reading of a *Fable*, we are made to believe we advise ourselves : We peruse the author for the sake of the story, and consider the precepts rather as our own conclusions than his instructions. This is confirmed by the examples of the wise men of old, who chose to give counsel to their princes in this method ; an instance of which we have in a *Turkish Tale*, which informs us, that the Sultan

Mahamoud, by his perpetual wars abroad, and his tyranny at home, had filled his dominions with ruin and desolation, and half unpeopled the Persian Empire. The *Visier* to this great Sultan pretended to have learned of a certain *Dervise*, to understand the language of birds, so that there was not a bird that could open his mouth, but the *Visier* knew what it said. As he was one evening with the Emperor, in their return from hunting, they saw a couple of owls upon a tree that grew near an old wall out of a heap of rubbish. I would fain know, says the Sultan, what these two owls are saying to one another; listen to their discourse, and give me an account of it. The *Visier* approached the tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two owls. Upon his return to the Sultan—Sir, says he, I have heard part of their conversation, but dare not tell you what it is. The Sultan would not be satisfied with such an answer, but forced him to repeat, word, for word, every thing the owls had said. You must know then, said the *Visier*, that one of these owls has a Son, and the other a Daughter, between whom they are now upon a treaty of marriage. The father of the son said to the father of the daughter, in my hearing, brother I consent to this marriage, provided you will settle upon your daughter fifty ruined Villages for her portion. To which the father of the daughter replied, instead of fifty, I will give her five hundred, if you please. God grant a long life to Sultan *Mahamoud*; whilst he reigns over us, we shall never want ruined Villages.

The story says, the Sultan was so touched with the Fable, that he rebuilt the towns and villages which had been destroyed, and from that time forward consulted the good of his people.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VII. No. 512, O.

ADVERSITY.

PLATO expresses his abhorrence of some Fables of the Poets, which seem to reflect on the gods as the authors of Injustice ; and lays it down as a principle, that whatever is permitted to befall a just man, whether poverty, sickness or any of those things which seem to be evils, shall either in life or death conduce to his good. My reader will observe how agreeable this maxim is to what we find delivered by a greater authority. *Seneca* has written a discourse purposely on this subject, in which he takes pains, after the doctrine of the Stoicks, to shew that adversity is not in itself an Evil ; and mentions a noble saying of *Demetrius*, that nothing would be more unhappy than a man who had never known affliction : He compares Prosperity to the indulgence of a fond mother to a child, which often proves its ruin ; but the affection of the divine Being, to that of a wise father, who would have his sons exercised with hard labour, disappointment, and pain, that they may gather strength and improve their fortitude. On this occasion the Philosopher rises into that celebrated sentiment, that there is not on earth a spectacle more worthy the regard of a Creator intent on his works, than a brave man superior to his sufferings ; to which he adds, that it must be a pleasure to *Jupiter* himself, to look down from Heaven, and see *Cato* amid the ruins of his country preserving his integrity.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 237.

When the mind has been perplexed with anxious cares and passions, the best method of bringing it to its usual state of tranquility, is, as much as we possibly can, to turn our thoughts to the adversities of persons of higher consideration in virtue and merit than ourselves. By this means, all the little incidents of our own lives, if they are unfortunate, seem to be the effect of Justice upon our faults and indiscretions. When those whom we know to be excellent and de-

erving of a better fate, are wretched, we cannot but resign ourselves, when most of us know that we merit a much worse fate than that we are placed in. For such, and many other occasions, there is one admirable relation which one might recommend for certain periods of one's life, to touch, comfort, and improve the heart of man. *Tully* says somewhere, the pleasures of a husbandman are next to those of a philosopher. In like manner, one may say, the pleasures of humanity are next to those of devotion. In both these latter satisfactions, there is a certain humiliation which exalts the soul above its ordinary state; at the same time that it lessens the value of ourselves, it enlarges our estimation of others.

TATLER, Vol. IV. No. 233.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

For the Good of the Public.

WITHIN two doors of the Masquerade House lives an eminent *Italian* Chirurgeon, arrived from the Carnival of Venice, of great experience in private cures. Accommodations are provided, and persons admitted in their Masking habits.

He has cured since his coming hither, in less than a fortnight, four Scaramouches, a Mountebank Doctor, two *Turkish* Bassas, three Nuns, and a Morris-dancer.

Venienti occurrite Morbo.

N. B. Any person may agree by the great, and be kept in repair by the year. The Doctor draws teeth without pulling off your mask.

SPECTATOR, Vol. I. No. 22. T.

TO prevent all mistakes that may happen among gentlemen of the other end of the town, who come but once a week to St. James's Coffee-House, either

by miscalling the servants, or requiring such things of them as are not properly within their respective provinces, this is to give notice, that *Kidney*, keeper of the book-debts of the out-lying customers, and observer of those who go off without paying, having resigned that employment, is succeeded by *John Sowdon*; to whose place of enterer of messages, and first coffee-grinder, *William Bird* is promoted; and *Samuel Burdock* comes as shoe-cleaner in the room of the said *Bird*.

SPECTATOR, Vol. I. No. 24. R.

A Widow gentlewoman, well born both by father and mother's side, being the daughter of *Thomas Prater*, once an eminent Practitioner in the Law, and of *Letitia Tattle*, a family well known in all parts of this kingdom, having been reduced by misfortunes to wait on several great persons, and for some time to be teacher at a boarding-school of young ladies, giveth notice to the public, that she hath lately taken a house near *Bloomsbury-square*, commodiously situated next the *Fields*, in a good air, where she teaches all sorts of birds of the loquacious kinds, as parrots, starlings, magpies, and others, to imitate human voices in greater perfection than ever yet was practised. They are not only instructed to pronounce words distinctly, and in a proper tone and accent, but to speak the language with great purity and volubility of tongue; together with all the fashionable phrases and compliments now in use either at tea-tables or visiting-days. Those that have good voices, may be taught to sing the newest Opera airs, and, if required, to speak either Italian or French, paying something above the common rates: They whose friends are not able to pay the full prices, may be taken as half-boarders. She teaches such as are designed for the diversion of the public, and to act in enchanted woods on the theatres, by the great. As she has often observed with much concern how indecent an education is usually given

these innocent creatures, which, in some measure, is owing to their being placed in open rooms next the street, where, to the great offence of chaste and tender ears, they learn ribaldry, obscene songs, and immodest expressions, from passengers and idle people; as also to cry fish and card-matches, with other useless parts of learning, to birds who have rich friends; she has fitted up proper and neat apartments for them in the back part of her said house, where she suffers none to approach them but herself, and a servant maid, who is deaf and dumb, and whom she provided on purpose to prepare their food and cleanse their cages; having found, by long experience, how hard a thing it is for those to keep silence who have the use of speech, and the dangers her scholars are exposed to by the strong impressions that are made by harsh sounds and vulgar dialects. In short, if they are birds of any parts or capacity, she will undertake to render them so accomplished in the compass of a twelvemonth, that they shall be fit conversation for such ladies as love to choose their friends and companions out of this species.

SPECTATOR, Vol. I. No. 36. R.

A Young gentlewoman, about nineteen years of age (bred in the family of a person of quality lately deceased) who paints the finest *flask colour*, wants a place, and is to be heard of at the house of *Myneer grotesque*, a Dutch painter in *Barbican*.

N. B. She is also well skilled in the drapery part, and puts on hoods, and mixes ribbons so as to suit the colours of the face, with great art and success.

SPECTATOR, Vol. I. No. 41. R.

WHEREAS Mr. *Bickerstaff*, by a letter, has received information, that there are about the *Royal Exchange* a sort of people commonly known by the name of *Whettors*, who drink themselves into an intermediate state of being neither drunk nor sober, before the hours of exchange or business; and in that condition buy and sell stocks, discount notes, and do many other acts of well-disposed citizens: This is to give notice, that from this day forward, *no Whetter* shall be able to give or endorse any note, or execute any other point of commerce, after the third half pint before the hour of one; and whoever shall transact any matter or matters with a *Whetter* (not being himself of that order) shall be conducted to *Meorfields*, upon the first application of his next akin.

N. B. No Tavern near the Exchange shall deliver wine to such as drink at the bar standing, except the same shall be three parts of the best cyder; and the master of the house shall produce a certificate of the same from Mr. *Tintoret*, or some other credible wine painter.

WHEREAS the model of the intended *Bedlam* is now finished, and the edifice itself will be very suddenly begun, and it is desired that all such as have relations whom they would recommend to our care, would bring in their proofs with all speed; none to be admitted of course but lovers, who are put into an immediate *Regimen*. Young politicians are also received without fees or examination.

TATLER, Vol. III. No. 138.

THE Censor having observed, that there are fine wrought Ladies shoes and slippers put out to view at a great Shoemaker's shop towards St. James's, which

create irregular thoughts and desires in the youth of this town; the said shop-keeper is required to take in those eye-fores, or shew cause, the next court-day, why he continues to expose the same; and he is required to be prepared particularly to answer to the slippers with green lace and blue heels.

TATLER, Vol. III. No. 143.

WHEREAS the several church-wardens of most of the parishes within the bill of mortality have, in an earnest manner, applied themselves by way of petition, and have also made a presentment of the vain and loose deportment, during divine service, of persons of too great figure in all their said parishes for their reproof: and whereas it is therein set forth that by salutation given each other, hints shrugs, ogles, playing of fans, fooling with canes at their mouth, and other wanton gesticulations, their whole congregation appears rather a theatrical audience than a place of devotion: It is hereby ordered, that all canes, cravats, bosom laces, muffs, fans, snuff-boxes, and all other instruments made use of to give persons unbecoming airs, shall be immediately forfeited and sold; and of the sum arising from the sale thereof, a ninth part shall be paid to the poor, and the rest to the overseers.

TATLER, Vol. III. No. 166.

For the Benefit of my Female Readers.

THIS serves to inform them, that the gilt chariot, the diamond ring, the gold snuff-box, and brocade sword-knot, are no essential part of a fine gentleman; but may be used by him, provided he casts his eyes upon them but once a day.

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 34.

ADULTERERS.

ADULTERERS in the first ages of the church were excommunicated forever, and unqualified all their lives from bearing a part in Christian assemblies; notwithstanding they might seek it with tears, and all appearance of the most unfeigned repentance.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 579.

AFFECTATION.

ALate conversation which I fell into, gave me an opportunity of observing a great deal of beauty in a very handsome woman, and as much wit in an ingenious man, turned into deformity in the one and absurdity in the other, by the mere force of affectation. The fair one had something in her person, upon which her thoughts were fixed, that she attempted to shew to advantage in every look, word, and gesture. The gentleman was as diligent to do justice to his fine parts, as the lady to her beautiful form. You might see his imagination on the strength to find out something uncommon, and what they call bright, to entertain her, while she writhed herself into as many different postures to engage him. When she laughed, her lips were to sever at a greater distance than ordinary, to shew her teeth; her fan was to point at somewhat at a distance, that in the reach she may discover the roundness of her arm; then she is utterly mistaken in what she saw, falls back, smiles at her own folly, and is so wholly discomposed, that her tucker is to be adjusted, her bosom exposed, and the whole woman put into new airs and graces. While she was doing all this, the gallant had time to think of something very pleasant to say next to her, or make some unkind observation on some other lady, to feed her vanity. These unhappy effects of affectation naturally lead to that strange state of mind, which so

generally discolours the behaviour of most people we meet with.

But this apparent affectation, arising from ill-governed consciousness, is not so much to be wondered at in such loose and trivial minds as these; but when you see it in characters of worth and distinction, it is what you cannot but lament; it creeps into the heart of the wise man as well as that of the coxcomb. The best way to get clear of such a light fondness for applause, is to take all possible care to throw off the love of it upon occasions that are not in themselves laudable; of this nature are all graces in men's persons, dress and bodily deportment, which will be naturally winning and attractive, if we think not of them, but lose their force in proportion to our endeavour to make them such.

It is only from a thorough disregard to himself in such particulars, that a man can act with a laudable sufficiency; his heart is fixed upon one point in view, and he commits no errors, because he thinks nothing an error but what deviates from that intention.

The wild havock affectation makes in that part of the world which should be most polite, is visible: It pushes men not only into impertinences in conversation, but also in their premeditated speeches; at the bar it torments the bench, and often ascends the pulpit itself; and the declaimer is frequently so impertinently witty, speaks of the last day with so many quaint phrases, that there is no man who understands raillery, but must resolve to sin no more; nay, you may behold him sometimes in prayer, for a proper delivery of the great truths he has to utter, humble himself with so well-turned a phrase, and mention his own unworthiness in a way so very becoming, that the air of the pretty gentleman is preserved under the lowliness of the preacher. I shall end this with a short letter I wrote the other day to a very witty man, over-run with the fault I am speaking of.

Dear Sir,

I spent some time with you the other day, and must take the liberty of a friend to tell you of the unsufferable affectation you are guilty of in all you say and do. When I gave you a hint of it, you asked me whether a man is to be cold to what his friends think of him? No; but praise is not to be the entertainment of every moment: he that hopes for it must be able to suspend the possession of it, till proper periods of life, or death itself; if you should not rather be commended than be praise-worthy, condemn little merits, and allow no man to be so free with you as to praise you to your face. Your Vanity by this means will want its food. At the same time your passion for esteem will be more fully gratified, men will praise you in their actions; where you now receive one compliment, you will then receive twenty civilities; till then you will never have of either farther than,

Sir, your humble Servant.

SPECTATOR, Vol. I. No. 38. R.

The great misfortune of affectation is, that men not only lose a good quality, but also contract a bad one. They not only are unfit for what they were designed, but they assign themselves to what they are unfit for; and, instead of making a very good figure one way, make a very ridiculous one another. If *Semantke* would have been satisfied with her natural complexion, she might still have been celebrated by the name of the olive-beauty; but *Semantke* has taken up an affectation to white and red, and is now distinguished by the character of the lady that paints well. In a word, could the world be reformed to the famed dictate, *follow nature*, which the oracle of *Delphos* pronounced to *Cicero*, when he consulted what course of studies he should pursue, we should see almost every man as eminent in his proper sphere, as *Tully* was in his; and should in a very short time find impertinence and affectation banished

from among the women, and coxcombs and false characters from among the men. For my part I could never consider this preposterous repugnancy to nature any otherwise, than not only as the greatest folly, but also one of the most heinous crimes, since it is a direct opposition to the disposition of Providence, and (as *Tully* expresses it) like the sin of the giants, an actual rebellion against Heaven.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 404.

AFFECTIONS.

WHEN labour was pronounced to be the portion of men, that doom reached the affection of his mind as well as his person; the matter on which he was to feed, and all the animal and vegetable world about him. There is therefore an assiduous care and cultivation to be bestowed upon our passions and affections; for they are the excrescences of our souls, like our hair and beards, look horrid or becoming, as we cut or let them grow. This may be accounted for in the behaviour of *Duumvir*, the husband and keeper. Ten thousand follies had this unhappy man escaped, had he made a compact with himself to be upon his guard, and not permitted his vagrant eye to let in so many different inclinations upon him, as all his days he has been perplexed with; but indeed, at present, he has brought himself to be confined only to one prevailing mistress, between whom and his wife, *Duumvir* passes his hours in all the vicissitudes which attend passion and affection, without the intervention of reason,—*Laura* his wife and *Phyllis* his mistress, are all with whom he has had, for some months, the least amorous commerce. *Duumvir* has passed the noon of life, but cannot withdraw from those entertainments which are pardonable only before the stage of our being, and which after that season are rather punishments than satisfactions; for a palled appetite is humourous, and must be gratified with sauces rather than food. For which end *Duumvir* is provided with

a haughty, imperious, expensive, and fantastic mistress; to whom he retires from the conversation of an affable, humble, discreet and affectionate wife. *Laura* receives him, after absence, with an easy and unaffected complacency; but that he calls insipid; *Phillis* rates him for his absence, and bids him return from whence he came: this he calls spirit and fire. *Laura's* gentleness is thought mean, *Phellis's* insolence sprightly. Were you to see him at his own home, and his mistress's lodgings; to *Phillis* he appears an obsequious lover, to *Laura* an imperious master.

Nay, so unjust is the taste of *Duunvir*, that he owns *Laura* has no ill quality, but that she is his wife; *Phillis* no good one, but that she is his mistress; and he himself has often said, were he married to any one else, he would rather keep *Laura* than any woman living; yet allow at the same time, that *Phillis*, were she a woman of honour, would have been the most insipid animal breathing. In a word the affectionate part of his heart being corrupted, and his true taste that way wholly lost, he has contracted a prejudice to all the behaviour of *Laura*, and a general partiality in favour of *Phillis*. There is something too melancholy in this circumstance to be the subject of raillery.

TATLER, Vol. II. No. 54.

AFFLICTION.

TRUE affliction labours to be invisible; it is a stranger to ceremony, and bears in its own nature a dignity much above the little circumstances which are affected under the notion of decency.

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 95. L.

It would be endless to enumerate the fantastical afflictions that disturb mankind; but as a misery is not to be measured from the nature of an evil, but from the temper of the sufferer, I shall present my readers, who are unhappy either in reality or imagin-

ation, with an Allegory which *Homer* has suggested to me.

When *Jupiter* took into his hands the government of the world, the several parts of nature, with the presiding Deities, did homage to him; one presented him with a mountain of winds, another with a magazine of hail, and a third with a pile of thunderbolts. The stars offered up their influences, the ocean gave in his trident, the earth her fruits, and the sun his seasons. Among the several Deities who came to make their court on this occasion, the *Destinies* advanced with two great tuns carried before them, one of which they fixed on the right hand of *Jupiter*, as he sat upon his throne, and the other on his left; the first was filled with all the blessings, and the other with all the calamities of human life. *Jupiter*, in the beginning of his reign, finding the world much more innocent than it is in this iron age, poured very plentifully out of the tun that stood at his right hand; but, as mankind degenerated, and became unworthy of his blessings, he set abroad the other vessel, that filled the world with pain and poverty, battles and distempers, jealousy and falsehood, intoxicating pleasures and untimely deaths.

He was at length so very much incensed at the great depravations of human nature, and the repeated provocations which he received from all parts of the earth, that having resolved to destroy the whole species except *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha*, he commanded the *Destinies* to gather up the blessings which he had thrown away upon the sons of men, and lay them up until the world should be inhabited by a more virtuous and deserving race of mortals.

The three sisters immediately repaired to the earth, in search of the several blessings that had been scattered on it; but found the task which was enjoined them to be much more difficult than they imagined. The first places which they resorted to, as the most likely to succeed in, were cities, palaces, and courts; but instead of meeting with what they looked for here, they found nothing but envy, repining, and the like

bitter ingredients of the left-hand vessel : Whereas, to their great surprize, they discovered content, cheerfulness, health, innocence and other the most substantial blessings of life, in cottages, shades, and solitudes.

There was another circumstance no less unexpected than the former, and which gave them very great perplexity in the discharge of the trust which *Jupiter* had committed to them. They observed that several blessings had degenerated into calamities, and that several calamities had improved into blessings, according as they fell into the possession of wise and foolish men. They often found power with so much insolence and impatience cleaving to it, that it became a misfortune to the person on whom it was conferred : Youth had often distempers growing about it, worse than the infirmities of old age ; wealth was often united to such a sordid avarice, as made it the most uncomfortable and painful kind of poverty. On the contrary, they often found pain made glorious by fortitude, poverty lost in content, deformity beautified by virtue. In a word, the blessings were often like good fruits planted in a bad soil, that by degrees fall off from their natural relish, into tastes altogether insipid or unwholesome ; and the calamities, like harsh fruits, cultivated in a good soil, and enriched by proper grafts and inoculations, till they swell with generous and delightful juices.

There was still a third circumstance, which occasioned as great a surprize to the three sisters as either of the foregoing, when they discovered several calamities which had never been in either of the tuns that stood by the throne of *Jupiter*, and were nevertheless as great occasions of happiness or misery as any there. These were that spurious crop of blessings and calamities which were never sown by the hand of the Deity, but grew of themselves out of the fancies and dispositions of human creatures ; such are dress, titles, place, equipage, false shame, and groundless fear, with the like vain imaginations that shoot up in trifling, weak, and irresolute minds. The *Destinies*, finding them-

elves in so great a perplexity, concluded that it would be impossible for them to execute the commands that had been given them, according to their first intention; for which reason they agreed to throw all the blessings and calamities together into one large vessel, and in that manner offer them up at the feet of *Jupiter*. This was performed accordingly, the eldest sister presented herself before the vessel, and introduced it with an apology for what they had done.

O *Jupiter*, (*says she*) *we have gathered together all the good and evil, the comforts and distresses, of human life, which we thus present before thee in one promiscuous heap. We beseech thee, that thou thyself wilt sort them out for the future, as in thy wisdom thou shalt think fit; for we acknowledge that there is none besides thee that can judge what will occasion grief or joy in the heart of a human creature, and what will prove a blessing or a calamity to the person on whom it is bestowed.*

TATLER, Vol. III. No. 146.

AGE.

OF all the impertinent wishes which we hear expressed in conversation, there is not one more unworthy a gentleman, or a man of liberal education, than that of wishing one's self younger. It is a certain sign of a foolish or a dissolute mind, if we want our youth again only for the strength of bones and sinews which we once were masters of; it is as absurd in an old man to wish for the strength of a youth, as it would be in a young man to wish for the strength of a bull or a horse. These wishes are both equally out of nature, which should direct in all things that are not contradictory to justice, law, and reason.

Age in a virtuous person of either sex carries in it an authority, which makes it preferable to all the pleasures of youth; if to be saluted, attended, or consulted, with deference, are instances of pleasure, they are such as never fail a virtuous old age. In the enumeration of the imperfections and advan-

tages of the younger and later years of man, they are so near in their condition, that methinks it should be incredible we see so little commerce of kindness between them. If we consider youth and age with *Tully*, regarding the affinity to death, youth has many more chances to be nearer it than age; what youth can say more than an old man, 'He shall live till night?' youth catches distempers more easily, its sickness is more violent, and its recovery more doubtful. The youth, indeed, hopes for many more days; so cannot the old man. The youth's hopes are ill grounded; for what is more foolish than to place any confidence upon an uncertainty? But the old man has not room so much as for hope; he is still happier than the youth; he has already enjoyed what the other does but hope for: one wishes to live long, the other has lived long. But, alas, is there any thing in human life, the duration of which can be called long? There is nothing, which must end, to be valued for its continuance. If hours, days, months, and years, pass away, it is no matter what hour, what day, what month, or what year we die. The applause of a good actor is due to him at whatever scene of the play he makes his *exit*. It is thus in the life of a man of sense; a short life is sufficient to manifest himself a man of honour and virtue; when he ceases to be such he has lived too long; and, while he is such, it is of no consequence to him how long he shall be so, provided he is so to his life's end.

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 153. T.

AGREEABLE MAN.

THE desire of pleasing makes a man agreeable or unwelcome to those with whom he converses, according to the motive from which that inclination appears to flow. If your concern for pleasing others arises from innate benevolence; it never fails of success; if from a vanity to excel, its disappointment is no less certain. What we call an agreeable man, is he who

is endowed with the natural bent to do acceptable things, from the delight he takes in them merely as such; and the affectation of that character is what constitutes a fop. Under these leaders one may draw up all those who make any manner of figure, except in dumb show. A rational and select conversation is composed of persons who have the talent of pleasing with delicacy of sentiments, flowing from habitual chastity of thought. Now and then you meet with a man so exactly formed for pleasing, that will make him gain upon every body who hears or beholds him. This felicity is not the gift of nature only, but must be attended with happy circumstances, which add a dignity to the familiar behaviour which distinguishes him whom we call the agreeable man. It is from this that every body loves and esteems *Polycarpus*. He is in the vigour of his age, and the gaiety of his life; but has passed through very conspicuous scenes in it: Though no soldier, he has shared the danger, and acted with great gallantry and generosity, in a decisive day of battle. To have those qualities which only make other men conspicuous in the world, as it were supernumerary to him, is a circumstance which gives weight to his most indifferent actions; for as a known credit is ready cash to a trader, so is acknowledged merit immediate distinction, and serves in the place of equipage to a gentleman. This renders *Polycarpus* graceful in mirth, important in business and regarded with love in every ordinary occurrence.

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 280. T.

AGREEABLE IN COMPANY.

THE true art of being agreeable in company (but there can be no such thing as art in it) is to appear well pleased with those you are engaged with, and rather to seem well entertained, than to bring entertainment to others. A man thus disposed, is not indeed what we ordinarily call a good companion, but essentially is such, and in all parts of his conversation

has something friendly in his behaviour, which conciliates men's minds more than the highest sallies of wit or starts of humour can possibly do. The feebleness of age in a man of this turn, has something which should be treated with respect even in a man no otherwise venerable. The forwardness of youth, when it proceeds from alacrity, and not insolence, has also its allowances. The companion who is formed for such by nature, gives to every character in life its due regard, and is ready to account for their imperfections, and receive their accomplishments, as if they were his own. It must appear that you receive law from, and not give it to, your company, to make you agreeable.

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 326. T.

ALLEGORIES.

ALLEGORIES, when well chosen are like so many tracks of light in a discourse, that makes every thing about them seem clear and beautiful. A noble metaphor, when it is placed to advantage, casts a kind of glory round it, and darts a lustre through a whole sentence. These different kinds of allusion are but so many different manners of similitude; and that they may please the imagination, the likeness ought to be very exact, or very agreeable: as we love to see a picture where the resemblance is just, or the posture and air graceful: But we find eminent writers very faulty in this respect. Great scholars are apt to fetch comparisons and allusions from the science in which they are most conversant; so that a man may see the compass of their learning in a treatise on the most indifferent subject. I have read a discourse upon love, which none but a profound chimist could understand. On the contrary, your men of business usually have recourse to such instances, as are too mean and familiar; they are for drawing the reader into a game of chess or tennis, or for leading him from shop to shop in the cant of particular trades and employments. It

is certain there may be found an infinite variety of very agreeable allusions in both these kinds ; but, for the generality, the most entertaining ones lie in the works of nature, which are obvious to all capacities, and more delightful than what is to be found in arts and sciencies.

They set off all writings in general, and are the very life and highest perfection of poetry, where it shines in an eminent degree. It has preserved several poems, for many ages, that have nothing else to recommend them ; and where all the other beauties are present, the work appears dry and insipid if this single one be wanting. It has something in it like creation ; it bestows a kind of existence, and draws up to the reader's view several objects which are not to be found in being. It makes additions to nature, and gives a greater variety to God's works. In a word, it is able to beautify and adorn the most illustrious scenes in the universe, or to fill the mind with more glorious shows and apparitions than can be found in any part of it.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 421. O.

An allegory is like the health we get by hunting ; as we are engaged in an agreeable pursuit that draws us on with pleasure and makes us insensible of the fatigues that accompany it.

TATLER, Vol. III. No. 147.

As some of the finest compositions among the ancients are in allegory, I have endeavoured in several of my papers to revive that way of writing, and hope I have not been unsuccessful in it ; for I find there is always a great demand for those particular papers, and cannot but observe that several authors have endeavoured of late to excel in works of this nature. Among these I do not know any one who has succeeded better than a very ingenious gentleman, to whom I am indebted for the following piece.

How are we tortured with the absence of what we covet to possess, when it appears to be lost to us !

What excursions does the soul make in imagination after it ! And how does it turn into itself again more foolishly fond, and dejected at the disappointment ? Our grief, instead of having recourse to reason, which might restrain it, searches to find a further nourishment ; it calls upon memory to relate the several passages and circumstances of satisfaction which we formerly enjoyed ; the pleasures we purchased by those riches that are taken from us or the power and splendor of our departed honours ; or the voice, the words, the looks, the temper, and affections, of our friends that are deceased. It needs must happen from hence, that the passion should often swell to such a size as should burst the heart which contains it, if time did not make these circumstances less strong and lively ; so that reason should become a more equal match for the passions ; or if another desire, which becomes more present, did not overpower them with a livelier representation. These are thoughts which I had, when I fell into a kind of vision upon this subject, and may therefore stand for a proper introduction to a relation of it.

I found myself upon a naked shore, with company, whose afflicted countenances witnessed their conditions. Before us flowed a water, deep, silent, and called the river of *Tears*, which, issuing from two fountains on an upper ground, encompassed an island that lay before us. The boat which plied in it was old and shattered, having been sometimes overset by the impatience and haste of single passengers to arrive at the other side. This was immediately brought too by *Misfortune*, who steers it ; and we were all preparing to take our places, when there appeared a woman of a mild and composed behaviour, who began to deter us from it, by representing the danger that would attend our voyage. Hereupon some, who knew her for *Patience*, and some of those too who till then cried the loudest, were persuaded by her, and returned back. The rest of us went in, and she (whose good nature would not suffer her to forsake persons in trouble) desired leave to accompany us, that she might at least

administer some small comfort or advice while we failed. We were no sooner embarked, but the boat was pushed off, the sheet was spread, and, being filled with *sighs*, which were the winds of that country, we made a passage to the farther bank through several difficulties, of which most of us seemed utterly regardless.

When we landed, we perceived the island to be strangely overcast with fogs, which no brightness could pierce; so that a kind of gloomy horror sat always brooding over it. This had something in it very shocking to easy tempers; insomuch that some others, whom *Patience* had by this time gained over, left us here, and privily conveyed themselves round the verge of the island, to find a ford, by which she told them they might escape.

For my part, I still went along with those who were for piercing into the centre of the place; and, joining ourselves to others whom we found upon the same journey, we marched solemnly, as at a funeral, through bordering hedges of rosemary, and through a grove of yew-trees, which love to overshadow tombs, and flourish in church-yards. Here we heard on every side the wailings and complaints of the inhabitants, who had cast themselves disconsolately at the feet of trees; and, as we chanced to approach any of these, we might perceive them wringing their hands, beating their breasts, tearing their hair, or after some other manner visibly agitated with vexation. Our sorrows were heightened by the influence of what we saw and heard; and one of our number was wrought up to such a pitch of wildness, as to talk of hanging himself upon a bough which shot temptingly across the path we travelled in; but he was restrained from it by the kind endeavours of our above-mentioned companion.

We had now gotten into the most dusky, silent part of the island; and, by the redoubled sounds of sighs which made a doleful whistling in the branches, the thickness of the air which occasioned faintish respiration, and the violent throbbings of heart which

more and more affected us, we found that we approached the *grotto of Grief*. It was a wide, hollow, and melancholy cave, sunk deep into a dale, and watered by rivulets that had a colour between red and black. These crept slow and half congealed amongst its windings, and mixed their heavy murmurs with the echo of groans, that rolled through all their passages. In the most retired part sat the *doleful Being* herself; the path to her was strewed with goads, stings, and thorns; and her throne on which she sat was broken into a rock, with ragged pieces pointing upwards for her to lean upon. A heavy mist hung above her; her head oppressed with it, reclined upon her arm: Thus did she reign over her disconsolate subjects, full of herself to stupidity, in eternal peniveness, and the profoundest silence. On one side of her stood *Dejection*, just dropping into a swoon; and *Paleness*, waiting to a skeleton: On the other side were *Care*, inwardly tormented with imaginations; and *Anguish*, suffering outward troubles to suck the blood from her heart, in the shape of *vultures*. The whole vault had a genuine dismalness in it: which a few scattered lamps, whose bluish flames arose and sunk in their urns, discovered to our eyes with increase. Some of us fell down, overcome and spent with what they suffered in the way, and were given over to those tormentors that stood on either hand of the presence; others galled and mortified with pain, recovered the entrance where *Patience*, whom we had left behind, was still waiting to receive us.

With her (whose company was now become more grateful to us, by the want we had found of her) we wended round the grotto, and ascended at the back of it out of the mournful dale in whose bottom it lay. On this eminence we halted, by her advice, to pant for breath; and, lifting our eyes, which till then were fixed downwards, felt a sullen sort of satisfaction, in observing through the shades what numbers had entered the island. This satisfaction, which appears to have ill nature in it, was excusable, because it happened at a time when we were too much taken up

with our own concerns, to have respect to that of others ; and therefore we did not consider them as suffering, but ourselves as suffering in the most forlorn estate. It had also the ground-work of humanity and compassion in it, though the mind was then too dark and too deeply engaged to perceive it : But, as we proceeded onwards, it began to discover itself ; and, from observing that others were unhappy, we came to question one another when it was that we met, and what were the sad occasions that brought us together ? Then we heard our stories, we compared them, we mutually gave and received pity, and so by degrees became tolerable company.

A considerable part of the troublesome road was thus deceived : At length, the openings of the trees grew larger, the air seemed thinner, it lay with less oppression upon us, and we could now and then discern tracts in it of a lighter greyness, like the breakings of day, short in duration, much enlivening, and called in that country *gleams of amusement*. Within a short time these gleams began to appear more frequent, and then brighter, and of a longer continuance. The *sighs*, that hitherto filled the air with so much dolefulness, altered to the sound of common breezes, and in general the horrors of the island were abated.

When we had arrived at last, at the ford by which we were to pass out, we met with these fashionable mourners, who had been ferried over along with us, and who, being unwilling to go as far as we, had coasted by the shore to find the place where they waited our coming ; that, by shewing themselves to the world only at the time we did, they might seem also to have been among the troubles of the grotto. Here the waters that rolled on the other side so deep and silent, were much dried up ; and it was an easy matter for us to wade over.

The river being crossed, we were received upon the further bank by our friends and acquaintance, whom *Comfort* had brought out to congratulate our appearance in the world again. Some of these blamed us,

for staying so long away from them ; others advised us against all temptations of going back again ; every one was cautious not to renew our trouble, by asking any particulars of the journey, and all concluded, in a case of so much melancholy and affliction, we could not have made choice of a better companion than *Patience*. Here *Patience*, appearing serene at her praises, delivered us over to *Comfort*. *Comfort* smiled at his receiving the charge ; immediately the sky purpled on that side to which he turned, and double day at once broke in upon me.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VII. No. 501. O.

When *Hercules* was in that part of his youth, in which it was natural for him to consider what course of life he ought to pursue, he one day retired into a desert, where the silence and solitude of the place very much contributed to his meditations. As he was musing on his present condition, and very much perplexed in himself on the state of life he should choose, he saw two women of a larger stature than ordinary, approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble air, and graceful deportment : Her beauty was natural and easy, her person clean and unspotted, her eyes cast towards the ground with an agreeable reserve, her motion and behaviour full of modesty, and her raiment as white as snow. The other had a great deal of health and floridness in her countenance, which she had helped with an artificial white and red ; and endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mein, by a mixture of affectation in all her gestures. She had a wonderful confidence and assurance in her looks, and all the variety of colours in her dress that she thought were the most proper to shew her complexion to an advantage. She cast her eyes upon herself, then turned them on those that were present to see how they liked her, and often looked on the figure she made in her own shadow. Upon her nearer approach to *Hercules*, she stepped before the other lady (who came forward with a regular composed car-

riage) and, running up to him, accosted him after the following manner :

My dear *Hercules* (says she) I find you are very much divided in your own thoughts upon the way of life you ought to choose : Be my friend, and follow me ; I'll lead you into the possession of pleasure, and out of the reach of pain, and remove you from all the noise and disquietude of business. The affairs of war and peace shall have no power to disturb you ; your whole employment shall be to make your life easy, and to entertain every sense with its proper gratifications. Sumptuous tables, beds of roses, clouds of perfumes, concerts of music. Crowds of beauties, are all in readiness to receive you. Come along with me into this region of delights, this world of pleasure, and bid farewell for ever to care, to pain, to business.—

Hercules, hearing the lady talk after this manner, desired to know her name ; to which she answered, my friends, and those that are well acquainted with me, call me *Happiness* ; but my enemies, and those who would injure my reputation, call me *Pleasure*.

By this time the other lady was come up, who addressed herself to the young hero, in a very different manner.

Hercules (says she). I offer myself to you, because I know you are descended from the Gods, and give proofs of that descent by your love to virtue, and application to the studies proper for your age. This makes me hope you will gain both for yourself and me an immortal reputation. But, before I invite you into my society and friendship, I will be open and sincere with you, and must lay down this as an established truth : That there is nothing truly valuable which can be purchased without pains and labour. The Gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure. If you would gain the favour of the Deity, you must be at the pains of worshipping him ; if the friendship of good men, you must study to oblige them : If you would be honoured by your country, you must take care to serve it ; if you would be eminent in war

or peace, you must become master of all the qualifications that can make you so. These are the only terms and conditions upon which I can propose happiness. The Goddess of *Pleasure* here broke in upon her discourse: You see (says she) *Hercules*, by her own confession, the way to her pleasure is long and difficult; whereas that which I propose is short and easy. Alas! said the other lady, whose visage glowed with a passion made up of scorn and pity, what are the pleasures you propose? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are athirst, sleep before you are tired; to gratify appetites before they are raised, and raise such appetites as nature never planted. You never heard the most delicious music, which is the praise of one's self; nor saw the most beautiful object, which is the work of one's own hands: Your votaries pass away their youth in a dream of mistaken pleasures, while they are hoarding up anguish, torment, and remorse, for old age.

As for me, I am the friend of Gods and of good men, an agreeable companion to the artizan, and household guardian to the father of families; a patron and protector of servants, an associate in all true and generous friendships. The banquets of my votaries are never costly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink at them, who are not invited by hunger and thirst. Their slumbers are sound, and their wakings are cheerful: My young men have the pleasure of hearing themselves praised by those who are in years; and those in years, of being honoured by those who are young. In a word, my followers are favoured by the Gods, beloved by their acquaintance, esteemed by their country, and (after the close of their labours) honoured by posterity.

We know by the life of this memorable hero, that he gave up his heart to the Goddess of *Virtue*; and I believe every one who reads this, will do him the justice to approve his choice.

ALEXANDER.

IT is recorded of *Alexander* the Great, that in his *Indian* expedition he buried several suits of armour, which by his directions were made much too big for his soldiers, in order to give posterity an extraordinary idea of him, and make them believe that he commanded an army of Giants.

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 127. C.

There is still extant, an epistle of *Alexander* the Great to his tutor *Aristotle*, upon that philosopher's publishing some part of his writings, in which the prince complains of his having made known to all the world, those secrets in learning which he had before communicated to him in private lectures; concluding *that he had rather excel the rest of mankind in knowledge than in power.*

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 379.

The character of this prince indeed was, that he was unequal and given to intemperance; but in his sober moments, when he had the precepts of his great instructor warm in his imagination, he was a pattern of generous thoughts and dispositions, in opposition to the strongest desires, which are incident to a youth and conqueror.

TATLER, Vol. IV. No. 191.

A noble painter, who has the ambition to draw an history-piece, has desired me to give him a subject on which he may show the utmost force of his art and genius. For this purpose I have pitched upon that remarkable incident between *Alexander* and his physician. This prince, in the midst of his conquests in *Persia*, was seized with a violent fever; and, according to the account we have of his *vast* mind, his thoughts were more employed about his recovery, as it regarded the war, than as it concerned his own life. He professed a slow method was worse than death to

him, because it was what he more dreaded, an interruption to his glory ; he desired a dangerous, so it might be a speedy remedy. During this impatience of the king, it is well known that *Darius* had offered an immense sum to any one who should take away his life. But *Philippus*, the most esteemed and most knowing of his physicians, promised, that within three days time he would prepare a medicine for him, which should restore him more expeditiously than could be imagined. Immediately after this engagement, *Alexander* receives a letter from the most considerable of his captains, with intelligence that *Darius* had bribed *Philippus* to poison him. Every circumstance imaginable favoured this suspicion ; but this monarch, who did nothing but in an extraordinary manner, concealed the letter ; and while the medicine was preparing, spent all his thoughts upon his behaviour in this important incident. From this long soliloquy, he came to this resolution ; *Alexander must not lie here alive to be oppressed by his enemy : I will not believe my physician guilty : or I will rather perish by guilt, than my own diffidence.*

At the appointed hour *Philippus* enters with the potion. One cannot but form to one's self, on this occasion, the encounter of their eyes ; the resolution in those of the patient, and the benevolence in the countenance of the physician. The hero raised himself in his bed, and holding the letter in one hand, and the potion in the other, drank the medicine. It will exercise my friend's pencil and brain, to place this action in its proper beauty. A prince observing the features of a suspected traitor, after having drank the poison he offered him, is a circumstance so full of passion, that it will require the highest strength of his imagination to conceive it, much more to express it : But, as painting is eloquence and poetry in mechanism, I shall raise his ideas, by reading with him the finest draughts of the passions concerned in this circumstance, from the most excellent poets and orators. The confidence which *Alexander* assumes, from the air of *Philippus'* face, as he is reading his accusation, and

the generous disdain which is to rise in the features of a falsely accused man, are principally to be regarded. In this particular - he must heighten his thoughts by reflecting, that he is not drawing only an innocent man traduced, but a man zealously affected to his person and safety, full of resentment for being thought false. How shall we contrive to express the highest admiration mingled with disdain? How shall we, in strokes of a pencil, say, what *Philippus* did to his prince on this occasion? *Sir, my life never depended on yours, more than it does now: Without knowing the secret, I prepared the potion, which you have taken, as what concerned Philippus no less than Alexander; and there is nothing new in this adventure, but that it makes me still more admire the generosity and confidence of my master. Alexander took him by the hand, and said, Philippus, I am confident you had rather I had any other way to have manifested the faith I have in you, than in a case which so nearly concerns me: And, in gratitude, I now assure you, I am anxious for the effect of your medicine, more for your sake than for my own.*

TATLER, Vol. IV. No. 209.

ALLUSIONS.

B*Y allusions*, a truth in the understanding is, as it were, reflected by the imagination. We are able to see something like colour and shape in a notion, and to discover a scheme of thoughts traced out upon matter. And here the mind receives a great deal of satisfaction, and has two of its faculties gratified at the same time, while the fancy is busy in copying after the understanding, and transcribing ideas out of the intellectual world into the material.

The great art of a writer shows itself in the choice of pleasing allusions, which are generally to be taken from the *great or beautiful* works of art or nature: For though whatever is new or uncommon is apt to delight the imagination, the chief design of an allusion being to explain or illustrate the passages of an author,

it should be always borrowed from what is more known and common, than the passages which are to be explained.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 421.

ALCIBIADES.

ALICIBIADES was a man of great spirit, extremely addicted to pleasure, but at the same time very capable, and, upon occasion, very attentive to business. He was by nature endued with all the accomplishments she could bestow : He had beauty, wit, courage, and a great understanding ; but, in the first bloom of his life, was arrogantly affected with the advantages he had over others. That temper is pretty visible in an expression of his, when it was proposed to him to learn to play upon a musical instrument ; he answered, *It is not for me to give, but to receive delight.* However, the conversation of *Socrates* tempered a strong inclination to licentiousness, into reflections of philosophy ; and, if it had not the force to make a man of his genius and fortune wholly regular, it gave him some cool moments, and this following soliloquy is supposed by the learned to have been thrown together before some expected engagement, and seems to be very much the picture of the man.

“ I am now wholly alone ; my ears are not entertained with music, my eyes with beauty, nor any of my senses so forcibly affected, as to divert the course of my inward thoughts : Methinks there is something sacred in myself, now I am alone. What is this being of mine ? I came into it without my choice ; and yet *Socrates* says it is to be imputed to me. In this repose of my senses, wherein they communicate nothing strongly to myself, I taste methinks a being distinct from their operation. Why may not then my soul exist, when she has wholly gone out of these organs ? I can perceive my faculties grow stronger, the less I admit the pleasures of sense ; and the nearer I place

myself to a bare existence, the more worthy, the more noble, the more celestial does that existence appear to me. If my soul is weakened rather than improved by all that the body administers to her, she may reasonably be supposed to be designed for a mansion more suitable than this, wherein what delights her, diminishes her excellence, and that which affects her, adds to her perfection. 'There is an hereafter; and I will not fear to be immortal, for the sake of *Athena*.'

This Soliloquy is but the first dawnings of thought in the mind of a mere man given up to sensuality.

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 87.

AMBITION.

THE ambition of princes is many times as hurtful to themselves as to their people: This cannot be doubted of such as prove unfortunate in their wars, but is often too true of those who are celebrated for their successes. If a severe view were to be taken of their conduct, if the profit and loss by their wars could be justly balanced, it would be rarely found that the conquest is sufficient to repay the cost.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 200.

There are but few men who are not ambitious of distinguishing themselves in the nation or country where they live, and of growing considerable among those with whom they converse. There is a kind of grandeur and respect which the meanest and most insignificant part of mankind endeavour to procure in the little circle of their friends and acquaintance. The poorest mechanic, the man who lives upon common alms, gets him his set of admirers, and delights in that superiority which he enjoys over those who are in some respect beneath him. This ambition, which is natural to the soul of man, might, methinks, receive a very happy turn; and, if it were

rightly directed, contribute as much to a person's advantage, as it generally does to his uneasiness and disquiet.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 219.

If we look abroad upon the great multitude of mankind, and endeavour to trace out the principles of action in every individual, it will, I think, seem highly probable, that ambition runs through the whole species, and that every man, in proportion to the vigour of his complexion, is more or less actuated by it. It is indeed no uncommon thing to meet with men, who by the natural bent of their inclinations, and without the discipline of philosophy, aspire not to the heights of power and grandeur; who never set their hearts upon a numerous train of clients and dependencies, nor other gay appendages of greatness; who are contented with a competency, and will not molest their tranquility to gain an abundance: But it is not therefore to be concluded, that such a man is not ambitious: His desires may cut out another channel, and determine him to other pursuits; the motive may be, however, still the same; and in those cases, likewise, the man may be equally pushed on with the desire of distinction.

Though the pure consciousness of worthy actions, abstracted from the views of popular applause, be to a generous mind an ample reward, yet the desire of distinction was doubtless implanted in our natures as an additional incentive to exert ourselves in virtuous excellence.

This passion, like all others, is frequently perverted to evil and ignoble purposes; so that we may account for many of the excellencies and follies of life upon the same innate principles; to wit, the desire of being remarkable: For this, as it has been differently cultivated by education, study, and converse, will bring forth suitable effects, as it falls in with an ingenious companion, or a corrupt mind: It does also express itself in acts of magnanimity or selfish cunning, as it meets with a good or a weak understanding. As it

has been employed in embellishing the mind, or adorning the outside, it renders the man eminently praiseworthy or ridiculous. Ambition therefore is not to be confined only to one passion or pursuit; for as the same humours in constitutions otherwise different, affect the body after different manners, so the same aspiring principle within us sometimes breaks forth upon one object, sometimes upon another.

It cannot be doubted, but that there is as great a desire of glory in a ring of wrestlers or cudgel-players, as in any other more refined competition for superiority. No man, that could avoid it, would ever suffer his head to be broken, but out of a principle of honour.

This is the secret spring that pushes them forward; and the superiority which they gain above the undistinguished many, does more than repair those wounds they have received in the combat. 'Tis Mr. Waller's opinion, that *Julius Cæsar*, had he not been master of the *Roman Empire*, would in all probability have made an excellent wrestler.

*Great Julius on the mountains bred,
A flock perhaps, or herd had led;
He that the world subdued, had been
But the best wrestler on the green.*

That he subdued the world, was owing to the accidents of art and knowledge; had he not met with those advantages, the same sparks of emulation would have kindled within him, and prompted him to distinguish himself in some enterprize of a lower nature. Since therefore no man's lot is so unalterably fixed in this life, but that a thousand accidents may either forward or disappoint his advancement, it is, methinks, a pleasant and inoffensive speculation, to consider a great man as divested of all the adventitious circumstances of fortune, and to bring him down in one's imagination to that low station of life the nature of which bears some distant resemblance to that high one he is at present possessed of. Thus one may view him exercising, in miniature these talents of nature, which,

being drawn out by education to their full length, enable him for the discharge of some important employment. On the other hand, one may raise uneducated merit to such a pitch of greatness, as may seem equal to the possible extent of his improved capacity.

Thus nature furnishes a man with a general appetite for glory; education determines it to this or that particular object. The desire of distinction is not, I think, in any instance more observable than in the variety of outfides and new appearances which the modish part of the world are obliged to provide, in order to make themselves remarkable; for any thing glaring and particular, either in behaviour or apparel, is known to have this good effect, that it catches the eye, and will not suffer you to pass over the person so adorned, without due notice and observation. It has likewise, upon this account, been frequently resented as a very great slight, to leave any gentleman out of a lampoon or a satire, who has as much right to be there as his neighbour, because it supposes a person not eminent enough to be taken notice of. To this passionate fondness for distinction, are owing various frolicsome and irregular practices; as falling out into nocturnal exploits, breaking of windows, singing of catches, beating the watch, getting drunk twice a day, killing a great number of horses, with many other enterprizes of the like fiery nature; for certainly many a man is more rakish and extravagant than he would willingly be, were there not others to look on and give their approbation.

One very common, and at the same time the most absurd ambition that ever showed itself in human nature, is that which comes upon a man with experience and old age, the season when it might be expected he should be wisest, and therefore it cannot receive any of those lessening circumstances which do in some measure excuse the disorderly ferments of youthful blood: I mean the passion for getting money, exclusive of the character of the provident father, the affectionate husband, or the generous friend. It may be remarked, for the comfort of honest poverty, that this desire

reigns most in those who have but few good qualities to recommend them. This is a weed that will grow in a barren soil. Humanity, good nature, and the advantages of a liberal education, are incompatible with avarice. 'Tis strange to see how suddenly this abject passion kills all the noble sentiments and generous ambitions that adorn human nature; it renders the man who is over-run with it, a peevish and cruel master, a severe parent, an unfociable husband, a distant and mistrustful friend. But it is more to the present purpose, to consider it as an absurd passion of the heart, rather than as a vicious affection of the mind. As there are frequent instances to be met with of a proud humility, so this passion, contrary to all others, affects applause, by avoiding all show and appearance. For this reason it will not sometimes endure even the common decencies of apparel. *A covetous man will call himself poor, that you may sooth his vanity by contradicting him.* Love, and the desire of glory, as they are the most natural, so they are capable of being refined into the most delicate and rational passions. 'Tis true, the wise man who strikes out of the secret paths of a private life for honour and dignity, allured by the splendor of a court, and the unfelt weight of public employment, whether he succeeds in his attempts or not, usually comes near enough to this painted greatness to discern the daubing: He is then desirous of extricating himself out of the hurry of life, that he may pass away the remainder of his days in tranquility and retirement. It may be thought then but common prudence in a man not to change a better state for a worse, nor ever to quit that which he knows he shall take up again with pleasure: And yet if human life be not a little moved with the gentle gales of hopes and fears, there may be some danger of its stagnating in an unmanly indolence and security.

It is a known story of *Domitian*, that after he had possessed himself of the *Roman Empire*, his desires turned upon catching flies. Active and masculine spirits, in the vigour of youth, neither can nor ought to remain at rest: If they debar themselves from aiming at:

a noble object, their desires will move downwards, and they will feel themselves actuated by some low and abject passion. Thus if you cut off the top branches of a tree, and will not suffer it to grow higher, it will not therefore cease to grow, but will quickly shoot out at the bottom. The man indeed who goes into the world only with the narrow views of self-interest, who catches at the applause of an idle multitude, as he can find no solid contentment at the end of his journey, so he deserves to meet with disappointments in his way : But he who is actuated by a noble principle, whose mind is so far enlarged as to take in the prospect of his country's good, who is enamoured with that praise which is one of the fair attendants of virtue, and values not those acclamations which are not seconded by the impartial testimony of his own mind ; who repines not at the low station which Providence has at present allotted him, but yet would willingly advance himself by justifiable means to a more rising and advantageous ground ; such a man is warmed with a generous emulation : it is a virtuous movement in him to wish, and to endeavour, that his power of doing good may be equal to his will. The man who is fitted out by nature, and sent into the world with great abilities, is capable of doing great good or mischief in it. It ought therefore to be the care of education, to inuse into the untainted youth early notions of justice and honour, that so the possible advantages of good parts may not take a bad turn, nor be perverted to base and unworthy purposes. It is the business of religion and philosophy not so much to extinguish our passions, as to regulate and direct them to valuable, well chosen objects. When these have pointed out to us which course we may lawfully steer, it is no harm to set out all our sail : If the storms and tempests of adversity should rise upon us, and not suffer us to make the haven where we would be, it will however prove no small consolation to us in these circumstances, that we have neither mistaken our course, nor fallen into calamities of our own procuring.

Religion, therefore, were we to consider it no farther than as it interposes in the affairs of this life, is highly valuable and worthy of great veneration; as it settles the various pretensions, and otherwise interfering interests of mortal men, and thereby consults the harmony and order of the great community; as it gives a man room to play his part and exert his abilities: as it animates to actions truly laudable in themselves, in their effects beneficial to society; as it inspires rational ambition, correct love, and elegant desire.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 224.

Ambition raises a secret tumult in the soul; it inflames the mind, and puts it into a violent hurry of thought. It is still reaching after an empty imaginary good, that has not in it the power to abate or satisfy it. Most other things we long for can allay the cravings of their proper sense, and for a while set the appetite at rest: But fame is a good so wholly foreign to our nature, that we have no faculty in the soul adapted to it, nor any organ in the body to relish it; an object of desire placed out of the possibility of fruition.

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 256. C.

There is scarce a man living who is not actuated by ambition. When this principle meets with an honest mind and great abilities, it does infinite service to the world; on the contrary, when a man only thinks of distinguishing himself, without being thus qualified for it, he becomes a very pernicious or a very ridiculous creature.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 570.

AMITY. *between the two Sexes, dangerous.*

IT should, methinks, preserve modesty, and its interests in the world, that the transgression of it always creates offence; and the very purposes of wantonness.

are defeated by a carriage which has in it so much boldness, as to intimate that fear and reluctance are quite extinguished in an object which would be otherwise desirable. It was said of a wit in the last age,

Sidney has that prevailing, gentle art,
Which can with a resistless charm impart
The loosest wishes to the chafteft heart ;
Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire,
Between declining virtue and desire,
That the poor vanquish'd maid dissolves away
In dreams all night, in sighs and tears all day.

This prevailing, gentle art was made up of complaisance, courtship, and artful conformity to the modesty of a woman's manners. Rusticity, broad expression, and forward obtrusion offend those of education, and make the transgressors odious to all who have merit enough to attract regard. It is in this taste that the scenery is so beautifully ordered in the description which Anthony makes, in the dialogue between him and Dolabella, of Cleopatra in her barge.

Her gally down the silver Cidnos row'd,
The tackling silk, the streamers wav'd with gold :
The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple sails ;
Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were plac'd,
Where she, another sea-born Venus, lay ;
She lay, and lean'd her cheek upon her hand,
And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
As if secure of all beholders hearts,
Neglecting she could take them Boys, like Cupids,
Stood fanning with their pointing wings, the winds
That play'd about her face : but if she smil'd,
A-darting glory see.n'd to blaze abroad,
That men's desiring eyes were never weary'd ;
But hung upon the object. To soft flutes
The silver oars kept time : and while they play'd,
The bearing gave new pleasure to the sight,
And both to thought——

Here the imagination is warmed with all the objects presented, and yet there is nothing that is luscious, or what raises any idea more loose than that of a beauti-

ful woman fet off to advantage. The like, or a more delicate and careful spirit of modesty, appears in the following passage in one of Mr. *Philips's* pastorals.

*Breathe soft, ye winds ; ye waters, gently flow ;
Shield her, ye trees ; ye flow'rs, around her grow ;
Ye swains, I beg you, pass in silence by ;
My love in yonder vale asleep does lie.*

Desire is corrected when there is a tenderness or admiration expressed which partakes the passion : Licentious language has something brutal in it, which disgraces humanity, and leaves us in the condition of the savages in the field. But it may be asked, To what good use can tend a discourse of this kind at all ? It is to alarm chaste ears against such as have what is above called the prevailing, gentle art. Masters of that talent are capable of clothing their thoughts in so soft a dress, and something so distant from the secret purpose of their heart, that the imagination of the unguarded is touched with a fondness which grows too insensibly to be resisted. Much care and concern for the lady's welfare, to seem afraid lest she should be annoyed by the very air which surrounds her, and this uttered rather with kind looks, and expressed by an interjection, an Oh, or an Ah, at some little hazard in moving or making a step, than in any direct profession of love, are the methods of skilful admirers : They are honest arts when their purpose is such, but infamous when misapplied. It is certain that many a young woman in this town has had her heart irrecoverably won, by men who have not made one advance which ties their admirers, though the females languish with the utmost anxiety. I have often by way of admonition to my female readers, given them warning against agreeable company of the other sex, except they are well acquainted with their characters : Women may disguise it if they think fit ; and, the more to do it, they may be angry at me for saying it ; but I say it is natural to them that they have no manner of approbation of men without some degree of love. For this reason, he is dangerous to be entertained as a friend or visi-

tant, who is capable of gaining any eminent esteem or observation, though it be ever so remote, from pretensions as a lover. If a man's heart has not the abhorrence of any treacherous design, he may easily improve approbation into kindness, and kindness into passion. There possibly may be no manner of love between them in the eyes of all their acquaintance; no, it is all friendship; and yet they may be as fond as shepherd and shepherdess in a pastoral; but still the nymph and the swain may be to each other, no other, I warrant you, than *Pyrrhus* and *Orestes*.

*When Lucy decks with flowers her swelling breast,
And on her elbow leans, dissembling rest;
Unable to refrain my maddening mind,
Nor sleep nor pasture worth my care I find.*

*Once Delia slept, on easy moss reclin'd,
Her lovely limbs half bare, and rude the wind;
I smooth'd her coats, and stole a silent kiss;
Condemn me, shepherds, if I did amiss.*

Such good offices as these, and such friendly thoughts and concerns for one another, are what makes up the amity, as they call it, between man and woman.

It is the permission of such intercourse, that makes a young woman come to the arms of her husband, after the disappointment of four or five passions, which she has successively had for different men, before she is prudentially given to him, for whom she has neither love nor friendship. For what should a poor creature do that has lost all her friends? There's *Marinet* the agreeable, has, to my knowledge, had a friendship for Lord *Welford*, which had like to break her heart: Then she had so great a friendship for Colonel *Haray*, that she could not endure any woman else should do any thing but rail at him. Many and fatal have been disasters between friends who have fallen out; and these resentments are more keen than ever those of other men can possibly be: But in this it happens unfortunately, that as there ought to be nothing concealed from one friend to another, the friends

of different sexes very often find fatal effects from their unanimity.

For my part, who study to pass life in as much innocence and tranquility as I can, I shun the company of agreeable women as much as possible; and must confess that I have, though a tolerable good philosopher, but a low opinion of Platonic love; for which reason I thought it necessary to give my fair readers a caution against it, having, to my great concern, observed the waist of a Platonist lately swell to a roundness which is inconsistent with that philosophy.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 400. T.

ANACREON'S *Instruction to a Painter to paint his
Mistress.*

*BEST and happiest artizan,
Best of painters, if you can
With your many colour'd art
Paint the mistress of my heart;
Describe the charms you hear from me,
(Her charms you could not paint and see)
And make the absent nymph appear,
As if her lovely self was here.
First, draw her easy flowing hair
As soft and black as she is fair;
And if your art can rise so high,
Let breathing odours round her fly.
Beneath the shade of flowing jet,
The iv'ry forehead smoothly set;
With care the sable brows extend,
And in two arches nicely bend:
That the fair space which lies between
The meeting shade, may scarce be seen.
The eye must be uncommon fire;
Sparkle, languish, and desire;
The flames unseen must yet be felt,
Like Pallas kill, like Venus melt.
The rosy cheeks must seem to glow,
Amidst the white of new fall'n snow.
Let her lips persuasion wear,*

*In silence elegantly fair ;
 As if the blushing rivals strove,
 Breathing and inviting love :
 Below the chin be sure to deck
 With ev'ry grace her polish'd neck ;
 While all that's pretty, soft and sweet,
 In the swelling bosom meet :
 The rest in purple garments veil,
 Her body, not her shape, conceal ;
 Enough—the lovely work is done ;
 The breathing point will speak anon.*

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 168.

ANATOMY.

THOSE who were skilled in anatomy among the antients, concluded from the outward and inward make of a human body, that it was the work of a being transcendently wise and powerful. As the world grew more enlightened in this art, their discoveries gave them fresh opportunities of admiring the conduct of Providence in the formation of a human body. Galen was converted by his dissections, and could not but own a supreme being, upon a survey of this his handy work. There were indeed many parts, of which the old anatomists did not know the certain use ; but as they saw that most of those which they examined, were adapted with admirable art to their several functions, they did not question but those whose uses they could not determine, were contrived with the same wisdom for their respective ends and purposes. Since the circulation of the blood has been found out, and many other great discoveries have been made by our modern anatomists, we see new wonders in the human frame, and discern several important uses for those parts which the antients knew nothing of. In short, the body of man is such a subject, as stands the utmost test of examination. Though it appears formed with the nicest wisdom, upon the most superficial survey of it, it still mends upon the search, and pro-

duces our surprize and amazement in proportion as we pry into it. What I have here said of a human body, may be applied to the body of every animal, which has been the subject of anatomical observations.

The body of an animal is an object adequate to our senses ; it is a particular system of Providence that lies in a narrow compass : the eye is able to command it, and, by successive inquiries, can search into all its parts. Could the body of the whole earth, or indeed the whole universe, be thus submitted to the examination of our senses, were it not too big and disproportioned to our inquiries, too unwieldly for the management of the eye and hand, there is no question but it would appear to us as curious and well contrived a frame, as that of a human body. We should see the same concatenation and subserviency, the same beauty and harmony in all and every one of its parts, as we discover in the body of every single animal.

The more extended our reason is, and the more able to grapple with immense objects, the greater still are those discoveries which it makes of wisdom and providence in the works of the creation. A Sir *Isaac Newton*, who stands up as the miracle of the present age, can look through a whole planetary system ; consider it in its weight, number, and measure ; and draw from it as many demonstrations of infinite power and wisdom, as a more confined understanding is able to deduce from the system of a human body.

But to return to our speculations on anatomy, I shall here consider the fabric and texture of the bodies of animals in one particular view ; which, in my opinion, shows the hand of a thinking and all-wise Being, in their formation, with the evidence of a thousand demonstrations. I think we may lay this down as an incontestable principle, that chance never acts in a perpetual uniformity and consistence with itself. If one should always sling the same number with ten thousand dice, or see every throw just five times less, or five times more in number than the throw which immediately preceded it, who would not

imagine there was some invisible power which directed the cast? This is the proceedings which we find in the operations of nature: every kind of animal is diversified by different magnitudes, each of which gives rise to a different species. Let a man trace the dog or lion kind, and he will observe how many of the works of nature are published, if I may use the expression, in a variety of editions. If we look into the reptile world, or into those different kinds of animals that fill the element of water, we meet with the same repetitions among several species that differ very little from one another but in size and bulk. You find the same creature that is drawn at large, copied out in several proportions, and ending in miniature. It would be tedious to produce instances of this regular conduct of Providence, as it would be superfluous to those who are versed in the natural history of animals. The magnificent harmony is such, that we may observe innumerable *divisions* running upon the same *ground*. I might also extend this speculation to the dead parts of nature, in which we find matter disposed into many similar systems, as well in our survey of stars and planets, as of stones, vegetables, and other sublunary parts of the creation. In a word, providence has shown the richness of its goodness and wisdom, not only in the production of many original species, but in the multiplicity of descants which it has made on every original species in particular.

But to pursue this thought still farther: every living creature, considered in itself, has many very complicated parts, that are exact copies of some other parts which it possesses, and which are complicated in the same manner. One *eye* would have been sufficient for the subsistence and preservation of an animal; but in order to better his condition, we see another placed with a mathematical exactness in the same most advantageous situation, and in every particular of the same size and texture. Is it possible for chance to be thus delicate and uniform in her operations? Should a million of dice turn up twice together the same number, the wonder would be nothing, compar-

ed to this; but when we see this similitude and resemblance in the arm, the hand, the fingers; when we see one half of the body entirely correspond with the other in all those minute strokes, without which a man might have very well subsisted; nay, when we often see a single part repeated a hundred times in the same body, notwithstanding it consists of the most intricate weaving of numberless fibres, and these parts differing still in magnitude, as the convenience of their particular situation requires; sure a man must have a strange cast of understanding, who does not discover the finger of God in so wonderful a work. These duplicates in those parts of the body, without which a man might have very well subsisted, though not so well as with them, are a plain demonstration of an All-wise Contriver; as those more numerous copyings, which are found among the vessels of the same body, are evident demonstrations that they could not be the work of chance. This argument receives additional strength, if we apply it to every animal and insect within our knowledge, as well as to those numberless living creatures that are objects too minute for a human eye: and if we consider how the several species in this whole world of life resemble one another in very many particulars, so far as it is convenient for their respective states of existence; it is much more probable that an hundred millions of dice should be casually thrown a hundred millions of times in the same number, than that the body of any single animal should be produced by the fortuitous concurrence of matter. And that the like chance should arise in innumerable instances, requires a degree of credulity that is not under the direction of common sense. We may carry this consideration yet farther, if we reflect on the two sexes in every living species, with their resemblances to each other, and those particular distinctions that were necessary for keeping up this great world of life.

There are many more demonstrations of a supreme Being, and of his transcendent wisdom, power, and goodness, in the formation of the body of a living

creature, for which I refer my reader to other writings, particularly to the sixth book of the poem entitled *Creation*, where the anatomy of the human body is described with great perspicuity and elegance. I have been particular on the thought which runs through this speculation, because I have not seen it enlarged upon by others.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VII. No. 543. O.

ANCESTRY.

HORACE, *Juvenal*, *Boileau*, and indeed the greatest writers in almost every age, have exposed, with wit and good sense, the vanity of a man's valuing himself upon his ancestors, and endeavoured to show that true nobility consists in virtue, not in birth. With submission however to such very great authorities, I think they have pushed this matter a little too far. We ought, in gratitude, to honour the posterity of those who have raised either the interest or reputation of their country, and by whose labours we ourselves are more happy, wise, or virtuous, than we should have been without them. Besides, naturally speaking, a man bids fairer for greatness of soul, who is the descendant of worthy ancestors, and has good blood in his veins, than one who is come of ignoble and obscure parentage. For these reasons, I think a man of merit, who is derived from an illustrious line, is very justly to be regarded more than a man of equal merit who has no claim to hereditary honours: nay, I think those who are indifferent in themselves, and have nothing else to distinguish them but the virtues of their forefathers, are to be looked upon with a degree of veneration even upon that account, and to be more respected than the common run of men who are of low and vulgar extraction.

After having thus ascribed due honours to birth and parentage, I must however take notice of those who arrogate to themselves more honours than are due to them on this account. The first are such who

are not enough sensible that vice and ignorance taints the blood, and that an unworthy behaviour degrades and disennobles a man in the eye of the world, as much as birth and family aggrandize and exalt him.

The second are those who believe a *novus* man of an elevated merit, is not more to be honoured than an insignificant and worthless man, who is descended from a long line of patriots and heroes; or, in other words, behold with contempt a person who is such a man as the first founder of their family was, upon whose reputation they value themselves.

But I shall chiefly apply myself to those whose quality sits uppermost in all their discourses and behaviour. An empty man of a great family, is a creature that is scarce conversable. You read his ancestry in his smile, in his air, in his eye-brow. He has indeed nothing but his nobility to give employment to his thoughts. Rank and precedency are the important points which he is always discussing within himself. A gentleman of this turn began a speech in one of king *Charles's* parliaments: *Sir, I had the honour to be born at a time*—upon which a rough honest gentleman took him up short: *I would fain know what that gentleman means: Is there any one in this house who has not had the honour to be born as well as himself?* The good sense which reigns in our nation, has pretty well destroyed this starched behaviour among men who have seen the world, and know that every gentleman will be treated upon a footing of equality. But there are many who have had their education among women, dependants or flatterers, that lose all the respect which would otherwise be paid them, by being too assiduous in procuring it.

My lord *Froth* has been so educated in every punctilio, that he governs himself by a ceremonial in all the ordinary occurrences of life. He measures out his bow to the degree of the person he converses with. I have seen him in every inclination of the body, from the familiar nod, to the low stoop in the salutation. I remember five of us, who were acquainted with one another, met one morning at his lodgings, when a wag

of the company was saying, it would be worth while to observe how he would distinguish us at his first entrance. Accordingly, he no sooner came into the room, but casting his eye about, *My lord such-a-one*, says he, *your most humble servant*; *Sir Richard*, *your humble servant*; *your servant Mr. Ironside*, *Mr. Ducker*, *how do you do? hab!* *Frank*, *are you there?*

There is nothing more easy than to discover a man whose heart is full of his family. Weak minds that have imbibed a strong tincture of the nursery; younger brothers who have been brought up to nothing; superannuated retainers to a great house, have generally their thoughts taken up with little else.

I had some years ago an aunt of my own, by name, *Mrs. Martha Ironside*, who would never marry beneath herself, and was supposed to have died a maid in the eightieth year of her age. She was the chronicle of our family, and past away the greatest part of the last forty years of her life, in recounting the antiquity, marriages, exploits and alliances of the *Ironsides*. *Mrs. Martha* conversed generally with a knot of old virgins, who were likewise from good families, and had been very cruel all the beginning of the last century. They were every one of them as proud as *Lucifer*, but said their prayers twice a day, and in all other respects were the best women in the world. If they saw a fine petticoat at church, they immediately took to pieces the pedigree of her that wore it, and would lift up their eyes to Heaven at the confidence of the saucy minx, when they found she was a tradesman's daughter. It is impossible to describe the pious indignation that would arise in them at the sight of a man who lived plentifully on an estate of his own getting. They were transported with zeal beyond measure, if they heard of a young woman's matching herself into a great family upon account only of her beauty, her merit, or her money. In short, there was not a female within ten miles of them, that was in possession of a gold watch, a pearl necklace, or a piece of mecklin lace, but they examined her title to it. *My aunt Martha* used to chide me very frequent-

ly for not sufficiently valuing myself. She would not eat a bit all dinnertime, if at an invitation she found she had been seated below herself; and would frown upon me for an hour together, if she saw me give place to any one under a baronet. As I was once talking to her of a wealthy citizen whom she had refused in her youth, she declared to me with great warmth, that she preferred a man of quality in his shirt to the richest man upon the change in a coach and six. She pretended that our family was nearly related by the mother's side to half a dozen peers; but as none of them knew any thing of the matter, we always kept it a secret among ourselves. A little before her death, she was reciting to me the history of my forefathers: but dwelling a little longer than ordinary upon the actions of Sir *Gilbert Ironside*, who had a horse shot under him at *Edgehill* fight, I gave an unfortunate pish, and asked, *what is all this to me?* Upon which she retired to her closet and fell a scribbling for three hours together; in which time, as I afterwards found, she struck me out of her will, and left all she had to my sister *Margaret*, a wheedling baggage, that used to be asking about her great grandfather from morning to night. She now lies buried among the family of the *Ironsides*, with a stone over her, acquainting the reader, that she died at the age of eighty years, a spinster, and that she was descended of the ancient family of the *Ironsides*; after which follows the genealogy drawn up by her own hand.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 147.

ANCIENT WRITERS. X

THIS not only very common in the mouths of pedants, and perhaps in their hearts too, to declare, *that all that is good is borrowed from the ancients*; but is often urged by men of no great learning, for reasons very obvious. Now, nature being still the same, it is impossible for any modern writer to paint her otherwise than the ancients have done. If, for example,

I was to describe the General's horse at the battle of *Blenheim* as my fancy represented such a noble beast, and that description should resemble what *Virgil* hath drawn for the horse of his hero, it would be almost as ill-natured to urge that I had stolen my description from *Virgil*, as to reproach the duke of *Marlborough* for fighting like *Aeneas*. All that the most exquisite judgment can perform, is, out of that variety of circumstances wherein natural objects may be considered, to select the most beautiful; and to place images in such a view as will affect the fancy after the most delightful manner. But over and above a just painting of nature, a learned reader will find a new beauty, superadded in a happy imitation of some famous ancient, as it revives in his mind the pleasure he took in the first reading of such an author. Such copyings as these, give that kind of double delight which we perceive when we look upon the children of a beautiful couple; where the eye is not more charmed with the symmetry of the parts, than the mind by observing the resemblance transmitted from parents to their offspring, and the mingled features of the father and mother. The phrases in holy writ, and allusions to several passages in the inspired writings, (though not produced as proofs of doctrine) add majesty and authority to the noblest discourses of the pulpit: In like manner, an imitation of the air of *Homer* and *Virgil*, raises the dignity of modern poetry, and makes it appear stately and venerable.

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 12.

ANIMALS.

MY friend Sir *Roger* is very often merry with me upon my passing so much of my time among his poultry; he has caught me twice or thrice at a bird's nest, and several times sitting an hour or two together near a hen and chickens. He tells me he believes I am personally acquainted with every fowl about his house, calls such a particular cock my favourite, and fre-

quently complains that his ducks and geese have more of my company than himself.

I must confess I am infinitely delighted with those speculations of nature which are to be made in a country life : and as my reading has lain pretty much among books of natural history, I cannot forbear recollecting upon this occasion, the several remarks which I have met with in authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own observation ; the arguments for Providence drawn from the natural history of animals, being in my opinion demonstrative.

The make of every kind of animal, is different from that of every other kind ; and yet there is not the least turn in the muscles, or twist in the fibres of any one, which does not render them more proper for that particular animal's way of life, than any other cast or texture could have been.

The most violent appetites in all creatures are, lust and hunger ; the first is a perpetual call upon them to propagate their kind, the latter to preserve themselves.

It is astonishing to consider the different degrees of care that descend from the parent to the young, so far as is absolutely necessary for the leaving a posterity. Some creatures cast their eggs as chance directs them, and think of them no farther, as insects and several kinds of fish ; others, of a nicer frame, find out proper beds to deposit them in, and there leave them, as the serpent, the crocodile, and ostrich. Others hatch their eggs, and tend the birth till it is able to shift for itself.

What can we call the principle which directs every kind of bird to observe a particular plan in the structure of its nest, and directs all of the same species to work after the same model ? It cannot be *imitation* ; for though you hatch a crow under a hen, and never let it see any of the works of its own kind, the nest it makes shall be the same to the laying of a stick, with all other nests of the same species. It cannot be *reason* ; for were animals endued with it to as great a degree as man, their buildings would be as different as

ours, according to the different conveniences that they would propose to themselves.

Is it not remarkable, that the same temper of weather which raises this general warmth in animals, should cover the trees with leaves, and the fields with grass, for their security and concealment, and produce such infinite swarms of insects, for the sustenance of their respective broods?

Is it not wonderful that the love of the parent should be so violent while it lasts, and that it should last no longer than is necessary for the preservation of the young?

The violence of this natural love is exemplified by a very barbarous experiment, which I shall quote at length, as I find it in an excellent author; and hope my readers will pardon the mentioning such an instance of cruelty, because there is nothing can so effectually show the strength of that principle in animals of which I am now speaking. "A person who was well skilled in dissections, opened a bitch, and as she lay in the most exquisite tortures, offered her one of her young puppies which she immediately fell a licking; and for the time seemed insensible of her own pain. On the removal, she kept her eye fixed on it, and began a wailing sort of cry, which seemed rather to proceed from the loss of her young one, than from the sense of her own torments."

But notwithstanding this natural love in brutes is much more violent and intense than in rational creatures, Providence has taken care that it should be no longer troublesome to the parent, than it is useful to the young; for so soon as the wants of the latter cease, the mother withdraws her fondness, and leaves them to provide for themselves: and what is a very particular circumstance in this part of instinct, we find that the love of the parent may be lengthened out beyond its usual time, if the preservation of the species requires it; as we see in birds that drive away their young as soon as they are able to get their livelihood, but continue to feed them if they are tied to the nest, or confined within a cage, or by any other means

appear to be out of a condition of supplying their own necessities.

This natural love is not observed in animals to ascend from the young to the parent, which is not at all necessary for the continuance of the species: nor indeed in reasonable creatures does it rise in any proportion, as it spreads itself downwards; for in all family affection we find protection granted, and favours bestowed, are greater motives to love and tenderness than safety, benefits, or life received.

One would wonder to hear sceptical men disputing for the *reason* of animals, and telling us it is only our pride and prejudices that will not allow them the use of that faculty. *Reason* shows itself in all the occurrences of life; whereas the brute makes no discovery of such a talent, but in what immediately regards his own preservation, or the continuance of his species. Animals in their generation are wiser than the sons of men; but their wisdom is confined to a few particulars, and lies in a very narrow compass. Take a brute out of his instinct, and you find him wholly deprived of understanding. To use an instance that comes often under observation.

With what caution does the hen provide herself a nest in places unfrequented, and free from noise and disturbance! When she has laid her eggs in such a manner that she can cover them, what care does she take in turning them frequently, that all parts may partake of the vital warmth! When she leaves them to provide for her necessary sustenance, how punctually does she return before they have time to cool, and become incapable of producing an animal! In summer you see her giving herself greater freedoms, and quitting her care for above two hours together; but in winter, when the rigour of the season would chill the principles of life, and destroy the young one, she grows more assiduous in her attendance, and stays away but half the time. When the birth approaches, with how much nicety and attention does she help the chick to break its prison! Not to take notice of her covering it from the injuries of the weather, providing

it proper nourishment, and teaching it to help itself; nor to mention her forsaking the nest, if, after the usual time of reckoning, the young one does not make its appearance. A chymical operation could not be followed with greater art or diligence than is seen in the hatching of a chick, though there are many other birds which show an infinitely greater sagacity in all the fore-mentioned particulars.

But at the same time, the hen, that has all this seeming ingenuity, (which is indeed absolutely necessary for the propagation of the species) considered in other respects, is without the least glimmering of thought or common sense. She mistakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and sits upon it in the same manner: She is insensible of any increase or diminution in the number of those she lays: She does not distinguish between her own and those of another species; and when the birth appears of ever so different a bird, will cherish it for her own. In all these circumstances, which do not carry an immediate regard to the subsistence of herself or her species, she is a very idiot.

There is not, in my opinion, any thing more mysterious in nature than this instinct in animals, which thus rises above reason, and falls infinitely short of it. It cannot be accounted for by any properties in matter, and at the same time works after so odd a manner, that one cannot but think it the faculty of an intellectual Being. For my own part, I look upon it as upon the principle of gravitation in bodies, which is not to be explained by any known qualities inherent in the bodies themselves, nor from any laws of mechanism; but, according to the best notions of the greatest philosophers, is an immediate impression from the first Mover, and the the divine energy acting in the creatures.

AMUSEMENT OF LIFE.

WE all of us complain of the shortness of time, saith *Seneca*, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives, says he, are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as if there could be no end of them.

That noble philosopher has described our inconsistency with ourselves in this particular, by all those various turns of expression and thought which are peculiar to his writings. I often consider mankind as wholly inconsistent with itself, in a point that bears some affinity to the former: Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to beat age, then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire. Thus, though our whole life is allowed by every one to be short, the several divisions of it appear to be long and tedious. We are for lengthening our span in general, but would contract the parts of which it is composed. The usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the present moment and next quarter-day. The politician would be contented to lose three years in his life, could he place things in the posture which he fancies they will stand in after such a revolution of time. The lover would be glad to strike out of his existence all the moments that are to pass away before the happy meeting. Thus as fast as our time runs, we should be very glad, in most parts of our lives, that it ran much faster than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands; nay, we wish away whole years, and travel through time as through a country filled with many wild and empty wastes, which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at those several little settlements or imaginary points of rest which are dispersed up and down in it.

If we divide the life of most men into twenty parts, we shall find that at least nineteen of them are mere gaps and chasms, which are neither filled with pleasure or business. I do not however include in this calculation, the life of those men who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of those only who are not always engaged in scenes of action: And I hope I shall not do an unacceptable piece of service to those persons, if I point out to them certain methods for filling up their empty spaces of life. The methods I shall propose to them are as follow:

The first is the exercise of virtue, in the most general acceptation of the word. That particular scheme which comprehends the social virtues, may give employment to the most industrious temper, and find a man more business than the most active station of life. To advise the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceness of a party, of doing justice to the character of a deserving man, of softening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are all of them employments suited to a reasonable nature, and bring great satisfaction to the person who can busy himself in them with discretion.

There is another kind of virtue that may find employment for those retired hours in which we are altogether left to ourselves, and destitute of company and conversation; I mean that intercourse and communion which every reasonable creature ought to tain with the Supreme Being. The man who lives under an habitual sense of the divine presence, keeps up a perpetual cheerfulness of temper, and enjoys every moment the satisfaction of thinking himself in company with his dearest and his best of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him: It is impossible for him to be alone. His thoughts and passions are the most busied at such hours, when those of other men are the most unactive. He no sooner steps out of the

world-but his heart burns with devotion, swells with hope, and triumphs in the conscicufness of that Presence which every where furrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its sorrows, its apprehensions, to the great Supporter of its existence.

I have here only considered the necessity of a man's being virtuous, that he may have something to do; but if we consider farther that the exercise of virtue is not only an amusement for the time it lasts, but that its influence extends to those parts of our existence which lie beyond the grave, and that our whole eternity is to take its colour from those hours which we here employ in virtue or in vice, the argument redoubles upon us for putting in practice this method of passing away time.

When a man has but a little stock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good account, what shall we think of him, if he suffers nineteen parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his ruin or disadvantage? But because the mind cannot be always in its fervour, nor strained up to a pitch of virtue, it is necessary to find out proper employments for it in its relaxations.

The next method that I would propose to fill up our time, should be useful and innocent diversions. I must confess I think it is below reasonable creatures, to be altogether conversant in such diversions as are merely innocent, and have nothing else to recommend them, but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to say for itself, I shall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to see persons of the best sense passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made up of a few game phrases, and no other ideas but those of red or black spots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man of sense laugh to hear any one of this species complain that life is short?

The *stage* might be made a perpetual source of the most noble and useful entertainment, were it under proper regulations. But the mind never unbends it-

self so agreeably, as in the conversation of a well chosen friend. There is indeed no blessing of life that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, and animates virtue and good resolutions, soothes and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

Next to such an intimacy with a particular person, one would endeavour after a more general conversation with such as are able to entertain and improve those with whom they converse, which are qualifications which seldom go afunder.

There are many other useful amusements of life which one would endeavour to multiply, that one might on all occasions have recourse to something, rather than suffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any passion that chances to rise in it.

A man who has a taste for music, painting, or architecture, is like one who has another sense, when compared with such as have no relish for those arts. The florist, the planter, the husbandman, the gardener, when they are only as accomplishments to the man of fortune, are great reliefs to a country life, and many ways useful to those who are possessed of them.

But of all the diversions of life there is none so proper to fill up its empty spaces as the reading of useful and entertaining authors: but this I shall only mention, because it in some measure interferes with the third method, which I shall propose in another paper, for the employment of our dead, inactive hours, and which I shall mention in general to be the pursuit of knowledge.

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 93. L.

ANGER.

ANGER is so uneasy a guest in the heart, that he may be said to be born unhappy who is of a rough and

choleric disposition. The moralists have defined it to be, a *desire of revenge for some injury offered*. Men of hot and heady tempers, are eagerly desirous for vengeance, the very moment they apprehend themselves injured: whereas the cool and sedate watch proper opportunities to return grief for grief to their enemy. By this means it often happens that the choleric inflict disproportioned punishments, upon slight, and sometimes imaginary, offences: but the temperately revengeful have leisure to weigh the merits of the cause, and thereby either to smother their secret resentments, or to seek proper and adequate reparation for the damages they have sustained. Weak minds are apt to speak well of the man of fury, because, when the storm is over, he is full of sorrow and repentance: but the truth is, he is apt to commit such ravages during his madness, that when he comes to himself he becomes tame then, for the same reason that he ran wild before, *only to give himself ease*; and is a friend only to himself in both extremities. Men of this unhappy make, more frequently than any others, expect that their friends should bear with their infirmities: their friends should in return desire them to correct their infirmities. The common excuses, that they cannot help it, that it was soon over, that they harbour no malice in their hearts, are arguments for pardoning a bull or a mastiff, but shall never reconcile me to an intellectual savage. Why indeed should any one imagine, that persons independent upon him, should venture into his society, who hath not yet so far subdued his boiling blood, but that he is ready to do something the next minute which he can never repair, and hath nothing to plead in his own behalf, but that he is apt to do mischief as fast as he can? Such a man may be feared, he may be pitied, but can never be loved.

I would not here be understood, as if I meant to recommend slow and deliberate malice; I would only observe, that men of moderation are of a more amiable character than the rash and inconsiderate; but if they do not husband the talent that Heaven has be-

flowed on them, they are as much more odious than the choleric, as the devil is more horrible than a brute: It is hard to say which of the two, when injured, is more troublesome to himself, or hurtful to his enemy: the one is boisterous and gentle by fits, dividing his life between guilt and repentance, now all tempest, again all sunshine; the other has a smoother but more lasting anguish, lying under a perpetual gloom; the latter is a cowardly man, the former a generous beast. If he may be held unfortunate who cannot be sure but that he may do something the next minute which he shall lament during his life, what shall we think of him who hath a soul so infected, that he can never be happy till he hath made another miserable? What wars may we not imagine perpetually raging in his breast? What dark stratagems, unworthy designs, inhuman wishes, dreadful resolutions! A snake curled in many intricate mazes, ready to sting a traveller, and to hiss him in the pangs of death, is no unfit emblem of such an artful, unsearchable projector. Were I to choose an enemy, whether should I wish for one that would stab me immediately, or one that would give me an Italian poison, subtil and lingering, yet as certainly fatal as the stroke of a stiletto. Let the reader determine the doubt in his own mind.

There is yet a third sort of revenge, if it may be called a third, which is compounded of the other two; I mean the mistaken honour which hath too often a place in generous breasts. Men of good education, though naturally choleric, restrain their wrath so far as to seek convenient times for vengeance. The single combat seems so generous a way of ending controversies, that, till we have strict laws, the number of widows and orphans, and I wish I could not say of wretched spirits, will be increased. Of all the medals which have been struck in honour of a neighbouring monarch, there is not one which can give him so true a renown, as that upon the success of his edict for *abolishing the impious practice of duelling*.

What inclined me at present to write upon this

subject, was the sight of the following letters, which I can assure the reader, are genuine. They concern two noble names among us; but the crime of which the gentlemen were guilty, bears too prevalently the name of honour, to need an apology to their relations for reviving the mention of their duel. But the dignity of wrath, and the cool and deliberate preparation (by passing different climes, and waiting convenient seasons) for murdering each other, when we consider them as moved by a sense of honour, must raise in the reader as much compassion as horror.

A Monsieur, Monsieur Sackville.

“ I that am in France hear how much you attribute to yourself in this time, that I have given the world leave to ring your praises ***** If you call in memory, whereas I gave you my hand last, I told you I reserved the heart for a truer reconciliation. Now, be that noble gentleman my love once spoke you, and come and do him right that could recite the trials you owe your birth and country, were I not confident your honour gives you the same courage to do me right, that it did to do me wrong. Be master of your own weapons and time; the place wheresoever, I will wait on you. By doing this, you shall shorten revenge, and clear the idle opinion the world hath of both our worth.

EDWARD BRUCE.”

A Monsieur, Monsieur le Baron de Kinlofs.

“ As it shall be always far from me to seek a quarrel, so will I be always ready to meet with any that desire to make trial of my valour, by so fair a courtesie as you require. A witness whereof yourself shall be, who within a month shall receive a strict account of time, place, and weapon, where you shall find me ready disposed to give you honourable satisfaction by him that shall conduct you thither. In the mean time, be as secret of the appointment as it seems you are desirous of it.

“ EDWARD SACKVILLE.”

A Monsieur, Monsieur le Baron de Kinlofs.

“ I am ready at *Tergofo*, a town in *Zealand*, to give you that satisfaction your sword can render you, accompanied by a worthy gentleman for my second, in degree a knight : and for your coming, I will not limit you a peremptory day, but desire you to make a definite and speedy repair, for your own honour and fear of prevention ; until which time you shall find me there.

“ EDWARD SACKVILLE.

“ *Tergofo*, the 10th of Aug. 1613.”

A Monsieur, Monsieur Sackville.

“ I have received your letter by your man, and acknowledge you have dealt nobly with me ; and now I come with all possible haste to meet you.

EDWARD BRUCE.”

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 129.

*Oh ! fatal love of fame ! Oh glorious heat !
Only destructive to the brave and great.*

ADDISON'S CAMPAIGN.

The gallant behaviour of the combatants may serve to raise in our minds a yet higher detestation of that false honour which robs our country of men so fitted to support and adorn it.

*Sir Edward Sackville's Relation of the Fight between him
and the Lord Bruce.*

Worthy Sir,

AS I am not ignorant, so ought I to be sensible of the false aspersions some authorless tongues have laid upon me, in the report of the unfortunate passage which lately happened between the lord *Bruce* and myself, which as they are spread here, so I may just-

ly fear they reign also where you are. There are but two ways to resolve doubts of this nature; by oath, or by sword: The first is due to magistrates, communicable to his friends: the other to such as maliciously slander and impudently defend their assertion. Your love, not my merit, assures me, you hold me your friend, which esteem I am much desirous to retain. Do me therefore the right to understand the truth of that, and in my behalf inform others, who either are or may be infected with sinister rumours, much prejudicial to that fair opinion I desire to hold amongst all worthy persons: and on the faith of a gentleman, the relation I shall give is neither more nor less than the bare truth. The inclosed contains the first citation, sent me from *Paris* by a *S.otch* gentleman, who delivered it to me in *Derbyshire*, at my Father-in-law's house. After it follows my then answer, returned him by the same bearer. The next is my accomplishment of my first promise, being a particular assignation of place and weapon, which I sent by a servant of mine by post from *Rotterdam*, as soon as I landed there. The receipt of which, joined with an acknowledgement of my too fair carriage to the deceased lord is testified by the last, which periods the business, till we met at *Tergoso* in *Zealand*, it being the place allotted for rendezvous, where he, accompanied with one Mr. *Crawford*, an *English* gentleman for his second, a surgeon, and a man, arrived with all the speed he could: And there having rendered himself, I addressed my second, Sir *John Heidon*, to let him understand, that now all following should be done by consent, as concerning the terms whereon we should fight, as also the place. To our seconds, we gave power for their appointments, who agreed we should go to *Antwerp*, from thence to *Bergen-op-Zoom*, where, in the midway, but a village divides the *States* Territories from the *Archduke's*. And there was the destined stage, to the end, that having ended, he that could, might presently exempt himself from the justice of the country, by retiring into the dominion not offended. It was further concluded, that in case any should

fall or slip, that then the combat should cease; and he whose ill-fortune had so subjected him, was to acknowledge his life to have been in the other's hands: But in case one party's sword should break, because that could only chance by hazard, it was agreed that the other should take no advantage, but either then be made friends, or else upon even terms go to it again. Thus these conclusions being each of them related to his party, was by us both approved and assented to. Accordingly we embarked for *Antwerp*. And by reason my lord, as I conceive, because he could not handsomely, without danger of discovery, had not paired the sword I sent him to *Paris*; bringing one of the same length, but twice as broad, my second excepted against it, and advised me to match my own, and send him the choice, which I obeyed; it being, you know, the challenger's privilege to elect his weapon. At the delivery of the sword, which was performed by Sir *John Heidon*, it pleased the lord *Bruce* to choose my own; and then, past expectation, he told him, that he found himself so far behind-hand, as a little of my blood would not serve his turn, and therefore he was now resolved to have me alone, because he knew (for I will use his own words) *That so worthy a gentleman, and my friend, could not endure to stand by, and see him do that which he must, to satisfy himself and his honour.* Hereupon Sir *John Heidon* replied, that such intentions were bloody and butcherly, far unfitting so noble a personage, who should desire to bleed for reputation, not for life; withal adding, he thought himself injured, being come thus far, now to be prohibited from executing those honourable offices he came for. The lord, for answer, only reiterated his former resolution; whereupon Sir *John* leaving him the sword he had elected, delivered me the other, with his determinations: The which, not for matter but manner, so moved me, as though to my remembrance, I had not of a long while eaten more liberally than at dinner, and therefore unfit for such an action (seeing the surgeon hold a wound upon a full stomach much more dangerous than otherwise.) I requested my surgeon to

certify him, "I would presently decide the difference, and therefore he should presently meet me on horseback, only waited on by our surgeons, they being unarmed. Together we rode but one before the other, some twelve score about two *English* miles; and then, passion having so weak an enemy to assail, as my direction, easily became victor, and using his power, made me obedient to his commands. I being verily mad with anger, the lord *Bruce* should thirst after my life with a kind of assuredness, seeing I had come so far, and needlessly, to give him leave to regain his lost reputation, I bade him alight, which with all willingness he quickly granted; and there, in a meadow, ankle deep in water at the least, bidding farewell to our doublets, in our shirts began to charge each other; having afore commanded our surgeons to withdraw themselves a pretty distance from us, conjuring them besides, as they expected our favours or their own safeties, not to stir, but suffer us to execute our pleasures. We being full resolved (God forgive us) to dispatch each other by what means we could, I made a thrust at my enemy, but was short; and in drawing back my arm, I received a great wound thereon, which I interpreted as a reward for my short shooting; but in revenge I prest in to him, though I then missed him also, and then receiving a wound in my right pap, which passed level through my body, and almost to my back; and there we wrestled for the two greatest and dearest prizes we could ever expect trial for, honour and life. In which struggling, my hand, having but an ordinary glove upon it, lost one of her servants, though the meanest, which hung by a skin, and to fight yet remaineth as before; and I am put in hope one day to recover the use of it again. But at last, breathless, yet keeping our holds, there passed on both sides propositions of quitting each other's swords; but when amity was dead, confidence could not live, and who should quit first was the question; which on neither part, either would perform; and restraining again afresh with a kick and a wrench together, I freed my long captivated weapon, which incontinent-

ly levelling at his throat, being master still of his, I demanded if he would ask his life or yield his sword ; both which, though in that imminent danger, he bravely denied to do. Myself being wounded, and feeling the loss of blood, having three conduits running on me, began to make me faint ; and he courageously persisting not to accord to either of my propositions ; through remembrance of his former bloody desire, and feeling of my estate, I struck at his heart, but with his avoiding, missed my aim, yet passed through the body, and drawing out my sword, repast it again, through another place ; when he cried *Oh ! I am slain !* seconding his speech with all the force he had to cast me. But being too weak, after I had defended his assault, I easily became master of him, laying him upon his back ; when being upon him, I redemanded if he would request his life, but it seemed he prized it not at so dear a rate to be beholden for it ; bravely replying, he *scorned it* ; which answer of his was so noble and worthy, as I protest I could not find in my heart to offer him any more violence, only keeping him down, till at length his surgeon, afar off, cried out, *he would immediately die, if his wounds were not stopped.* Whereupon I asked him if he desired his surgeon should come, which he accepted of ; and so being drawn away, I never offered to take his sword, accounting it inhuman to rob a dead man, for so I held him to be. Thus this ended ! I retired to my surgeon, in whose arms, after I had remained a while for want of blood, I lost my sight, and withal, as I then thought, my life also. But strong water and his diligence quickly recovered me, when I escaped a great danger : For my lord's surgeon when nobody dreamt of it, came full at me with his lord's sword, and had not mine with my sword interposed himself, I had been slain by those base hands ; although my lord *Bruce*, weltering in his blood, and past all expectations of life, conformably to all his former carriage, which was undoubtedly noble, cried out, *Rascal ! hold thy hand.* So may I prosper as I have dealt sincerely with

you in this relation, which I pray you, with the inclosed letter, deliver to my lord chamberlain. And so,

Ec. your's, EDWARD SACKVILLE."

Louvain, 8th of Sept. 1613.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 133.

ANTIOCHUS.

ANTIOCHUS, a Prince of great hopes, fell passionately in love with the young Queen *Stratonice*, who was his mother-in-law, and who had borne a son to the old king *Seleucus*, his father. The Prince finding it impossible to extinguish his passion, fell sick, and refused all manner of nourishment, being determined to put an end to that life which was become insupportable.

Erasistratus, the physician, soon found that love was his distemper; and observing the alteration in his pulse and countenance, whenever *Stratonice* made him a visit, was soon satisfied that he was dying for his mother-in-law. Knowing the old King's tenderness for his son, when he one morning inquired of his health, he told him, that the Prince's distemper was love; but that it was incurable, because it was impossible for him to possess the person whom he loved. The King, surpris'd at this account, desired to know how his son's passion could be incurable; why, Sir, replied *Erasistratus*, because he is in love with the person I am married to.

The old King immediately conjured him by all his past favours, to save the life of his son and successor. Sir, said *Erasistratus*, would your majesty but fancy yourself in my place, you would see the unreasonableness of what you desire. Heaven is my witness, said *Seleucus*, I would resign even my *Stratonice* to save my *Antiochus*. At this the tears ran down his cheeks, which when the Physician saw, taking him by the hand, Sir, said he, if these are your real sentiments, the Prince's life is out of danger: It is *Stratonice* for whom he dies. *Seleucus* immediately gave orders for

solemnizing the marriage; and the young queen, to shew her obedience, very generously exchanged the father for the son.

TATLER, Vol. III. No. 183.

ANTS.

IN my last *Saturday's* paper, I supposed a mole hill inhabited by pismires or ants, to be a lively image of the earth peopled by human creatures. This supposition will not appear too forced or strained to those who are acquainted with the natural history of these little insects; in order to which I shall present my reader with the extract of a letter upon this curious subject, as it was published by the members of the *French* academy, and since translated into *English*. I must confess I was never better entertained than with this narrative, which is of undoubted credit and authority.

“In a room next to mine, which had been empty for a long time, there was upon a window a box full of earth, two feet deep, and fit to keep flowers in. That kind of *parterre* had been long uncultivated, and therefore it was covered with old plaister and a great deal of rubbish, that fell from the top of the house, and from the walls, which, together with the earth formerly imbibed with water, made a kind of dry and barren soil. That place lying to the *South*, and out of the reach of the wind and rain, besides the neighbourhood of a granary, was a most delightful spot of ground for ants; therefore they had made three nests there, without doubt for the same reason that men built cities in fruitful and convenient places, near springs and rivers.

Having a mind to cultivate some flowers, I took a view of that place, and removed a tulip out of the garden into that box: But casting my eyes upon the ants, continually taken up with a thousand cares, very inconsiderable with respect to us, but of the greatest importance for them, they appeared to me more

worthy of my curiosity than all the flowers in the world. I quickly removed the tulip, to be the admirer and restorer of that little commonwealth. This was the only thing they wanted; for their policy, and the order observed among them, are more perfect than those of the wisest republics; and therefore they have nothing to fear, unless a new legislator should attempt to change the form of their government.

I made it my business to procure them all sorts of conveniences; I took out of the box every thing that might be troublesome to them, and frequently visited my ants, and studied all their actions. Being used to go to bed very late, I went to see them work in a moon-shiny night; and I frequently got up in the night to take a view of their labours. I always found some going up and down, and very busy. One would think that they never sleep. Every body knows that ants come out of their holes in the day-time, and expose to the sun the corn which they keep under ground in the night. What surprised me at first was, my ants never brought out their corn but in the night, when the moon did shine, and kept it under ground in the day-time, which was contrary to what I had seen, and saw still practised by those insects in other places. I quickly found out the reason of it. There was a pigeon-house not far from thence; pigeons and birds would have eaten their corn, if they had brought it out in the day-time. It is highly probable they knew it, by experience; and I frequently found pigeons and birds in that place, when I went to it in a morning: I quickly delivered them from these robbers; I frightened the birds away with some pieces of paper tied to the end of a string over the window: As for the pigeons, I drove them away several times; and when they perceived that the place was more frequented than before, they never came to it again. What is most admirable, and what I could hardly believe, if I did not know it by experience, is, that those ants knew some days after, that they had nothing to fear, and began to lay out their corn in the sun. However, perceived they were not fully convinced of being out

of danger, for they durst not bring out their provisions all at once, but by degrees, first in a small quantity, and without any great order, that they might quickly carry them away in case of any misfortune, watching and looking every way : At last, being persuaded that they had nothing to fear, they brought out all their corn, almost every day, and in good order, and carried it in at night.

There is a straight hole in every ant's nest, about half an inch deep, and then it goes down sloping into a place where they have magazines, which I take to be a different place from that where they rest and eat ; for it is highly improbable that an ant, which is a very cleanly insect, and throws out of her nest all the small remains of the corn on which she feeds, as I have observed a thousand times, would fill up her magazine, and mix her corn with dirt and ordure.

The corn that is laid up by ants would shoot under ground, if those insects did not take care to prevent it. They bite off all the buds before they lay it up ; and therefore the corn which has lain in their nests, will produce nothing. Any one may easily make this experiment, and even plainly see there is no bud in their corn : But though the bud be bitten off, there remains another inconvenience ; that corn must needs swell and rot under ground, and therefore it could be of no use to the nourishment of ants. These insects prevent that inconvenience by their labour and industry, and contrive the matter so, that corn will keep as dry in their nests as in our granaries.

They gather many small particles of dry earth, which they bring every day out of their holes, and place them round to heat them in the sun : Every ant brings a small particle of that earth in her pincers, lays it by the hole, and then goes and fetches another : Thus, in less than a quarter of an hour, one may see a vast number of such small particles of dry earth, heaped up round the hole : They lay their corn under ground upon that earth, and cover it with the same. They perform this work almost every day, during the heat of the sun ; and though the sun went from the

window about three or four o'clock in the afternoon, they did not remove their corn and particles of earth, because the ground was very hot, till the heat was over.

If any one should think that those animals should use sand, or small particles of brick or stone, rather than to take so much pains about dry earth, I answer, that upon such an occasion, nothing can be more proper than earth heated in the sun. Corn does not keep upon sand; besides a grain of corn that is cut, being deprived of its bud, would be filled with small sandy particles that could not easily come out. To which I add, that sand consists of such small particles, that an ant could not take them up one after another; and therefore these insects are to be seldom found near rivers or in any very sandy ground.

As for the small particles of brick and stone, the least moistness would join them together, and turn them into a kind of mastic, which those insects could not divide: Those particles sticking together, could not come out of the ant's nest, and would spoil its symmetry.

When ants have brought out those particles of earth, they bring out their corn after the same manner, and place it round the earth: Thus one may see two heaps surrounding their hole, one of dry earth, and the other of corn; and then they fetch out the remainder of dry earth, on which, doubtless, their corn was laid up.

Those insects never go about this work but when the weather is clear, and the sun very hot. I observed, that those little animals having one day brought up their corn at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, removed it against their usual custom, before one in the afternoon: The sun being very hot, and the sky very clear, I could perceive no reason for it; but half an hour after, the sky began to overcast, and there fell a small rain, which the ants foresaw; whereas the *Milan* almanack had foretold there would be no rain that day.

I have said before, that those ants which I did so

particularly consider, fetched their corn out of a garret. I went very frequently into that garret: There was some old corn in it; and because every grain was not alike, I observed that they chose the best.

I know, by several experiments, that those little animals take great care to provide themselves with wheat when they can find it, and always pick out the best; but they can make shift without it. When they can get no wheat, they take rye, oats, millet, and even crumbs of bread, but seldom any barley, unless it be in a time of a great scarcity, and when nothing else can be had.

Being willing to be informed more particularly of their forecast and industry, I put a small heap of wheat in a corner of the room where they kept; and to prevent their fetching corn out of the garret, I shut up the window, and stopped all the holes. Though ants are very knowing, I do not take them to be conjurers, and therefore they could not guess that I had put some corn in that room. I perceived for several days, that they were much perplexed, and went a great way to fetch their provisions. I was not willing for some time to make them more easy, for I had a mind to know whether they would at last find out the treasure, and see it at a great distance, and whether smelling enabled them to know what is good for their nourishment. Thus they were some time in great trouble, and took a great deal of pains: They went up and down a great way, looking out for some grains of corn; they were sometimes disappointed, and sometimes they did not like their corn, after many long and painful excursions. What appeared to me wonderful was, that none of them came home without bringing something; one brought a grain of wheat, another of rye and oats, or a particle of dry earth, if she could get nothing else.

The window upon which these ants had made their settlement, looked into a garden, and was two stories high. Some went to the further end of the garden, others to the fifth story, in quest of some corn; it was a very hard journey for them, especially when they

came home loaded with a pretty large grain of corn, which needs must be a heavy burthen for an ant, and as much as she can bear. The bringing of that grain from the middle of the garden to the nest, took up four hours ; whereby one may judge of the strength and prodigious labour of those little animals. It appears from thence, that an ant works as hard as a man, who should carry a very heavy load upon his shoulders almost every day, for the space of four leagues. It is true, those insects do not take so much pains upon a flat ground ; but then how great is the hardship of a poor ant, when she carries a grain of corn to the second story, climbing up a wall with her head downwards ? None can have a true notion of it, unless they see those little animals at work in such a situation. The frequent stops they make in the most convenient places, are a plain indication of their weariness. Some of them were strangely perplexed, and could not get to their journey's end : In such a case, the strongest ants, or those that are not so weary, having carried their corn to their nests, came down again to help them. Some are so unfortunate as to fall down with their load, when they are almost come home : When this happens, they seldom lose their corn, but carry it up again.

I saw one of the smallest carrying a large grain of wheat with incredible pains : When she came to the box where the nest was, she made so much haste, that she fell down with her load, after a very laborious march : such an unlucky accident would have vexed a philosopher. I went down and found her with the same corn in her paws ; she was ready to climb up again. The same misfortune happened to her three times ; sometimes she fell in the middle of her way, and sometimes higher ; but she never let go her hold, and was not discouraged. At length her strength failed her, she stopt, and another ant helped her to carry her load, which was one of the largest and finest grains of wheat that an ant can carry. It happens sometimes, that a corn slips out of their paws when they are climbing up : They take hold of it again,

when they can find it ; otherwise they look for another, or take something else, being ashamed to return to their nest without bringing something : This I have experimented by taking away the grain which they looked for. All these experiments may easily be made by any one who has patience enough : They do not require so great patience as that of ants ; but few people are capable of it.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 156.

Go to the Ant, thou Sluggard ; consider her ways, and be wise.

It has been observed by writers of morality, that in order to quicken human industry, Providence has so contrived it, that our daily food is not to be procured without much pains and labour. The chase of birds and beasts, the several arts of fishing, with all the different kinds of agriculture, are necessary scenes of business, and give employment to the greatest part of mankind. If we look into the brute creation, we find all its individuals engaged in a painful and laborious way of life, to procure a necessary subsistence for themselves, or those that grow up under them : The preservation of their being is the whole business of it : An idle man is therefore a monster in the creation ; all nature is busy about him ; every animal he sees, reproaches him. Let such a man who lies as a burthen or dead weight on the species, and contributes nothing either to the riches of the commouwealth, or to the maintainance of himself and family, consider that instinct with which Providence has endowed the ant, and by which is exhibited an example of industry to rational creatures. This is set forth under many surprising instances in the paper of yesterday, and in the conclusion of that narrative, which is as follows :

“ Thus my ants were forced to make shift for a livelihood, when I had shut up the garret out of which they used to fetch their provisions. . . At last, being sensible that it would be a long time before they could discover the small heap of corn which I had laid up for them, I resolved to show it to them. . .

“ In order to know how far their industry could reach, I contrived an expedient, which had good success. The thing will appear incredible to those who never considered that all animals of the same kind, which form a society, are more knowing than others. I took one of the largest ants and threw her upon the small heap of wheat : She was so glad to find herself at liberty, that she ran away to her nest without carrying away a grain ; but she observed it : For in an hour after, all my ants had notice given them of such a provision, and I saw most of them very busy in carrying away the corn I had laid up in the room. I leave it to you to judge, whether it may not be said, that they have a particular way of communicating their knowledge to one another ; for otherwise, how could they know, one or two hours after, that there was corn in the place ?” It was quickly exhausted, and I put in more, but in a small quantity, to know the true extent of their appetite or prodigious avarice ; for I make no doubt but they lay up provisions against the winter : We read it in holy scripture ; a thousand experiments teach us the same ; and I do not believe that any experiment has been made that shows the contrary.

I have said before, that there were three ants nests in the box or *Parterre*, which formed, if I may say so, three different cities, governed by the same laws, and observing the same order, and the same customs. However, there was this difference, that the inhabitants of one of these holes seemed to be more knowing and industrious than their neighbours : The ants of that nest were disposed in better order ; their corn was finer ; they had a greater plenty of provisions ; their nest was furnished with more inhabitants, and they were bigger and stronger ; it was the principal and capital nest : Nay, I observed that those ants were distinguished from the rest, and had some preeminence over them.

Though the box full of earth where the ants had made their settlement, was generally free from rain, yet it rained sometimes upon it, when a certain wind blew. It was a great inconvenience for those insects :

Ants are afraid of water ; and when they go a great way in quest of provisions, and are surpris'd by the rain, they shelter themselves under some tile, or something else, and do not come out until the rain is over. The ants of the principal nest found out a wonderful expedient to keep out the rain : There was a small piece of flat slate, which they laid over the hole of their nest in the day time, when they foresaw it would rain, and almost every night. Above fifty of these little animals, especially of the strongest, surrounded that piece of slate, and drew it equally in wonderful order : They removed it in the morning ; and nothing could be more curious than to see those little animals about such a work. They had made the ground uneven about their nest, in so much that the slate did not lie flat upon it, but left a free passage underneath. The ants in the two other nests did not so well succeed in keeping out the rain : They laid over the hole several pieces of old and dry plaister, one upon the other ; but they were still troubled with the rain, and the next day they took a world of pains to repair the damage. Hence it is, that those little insects are so frequently to be found under tiles, where they settle themselves to avoid the rain. Their nests are at all times covered with those tiles, without any incumbrance ; and they lay out their corn and dry earth in the sun, about the tiles, as one may see every day. I took care to cover the two ants nests that were troubled with the rain ; as for the capital nest, there was no need of exercising my charity towards it.

M. *de la Loubere* says, in his relation of *Siam*, that in a certain part of that kingdom, which lies open to great inundations, all the ants make their settlements upon the trees ; no ants nests are to be seen any where else. I need not insert here what the author says about these insects ; you may see his relation.

Here follows a curious experiment which I made upon the same ground where I had three ants nests ; I undertook to make a fourth and went about it in the following manner : In a corner of a kind of terrace, at a considerable distance from the box, I found a hole

warming with ants, much larger than those I had already seen ; but they were not so well provided with corn, nor under so good a government. I made a hole in the box like that of an ant's nest, and laid, as it were the foundation of a new city : Afterwards I got as many ants as I could out of the nest in the terrace, and put them into a bottle, to give them a new habitation in my box ; and because I was afraid they would return to the terrace, I destroyed their old nest, pouring boiling water into the hole, to kill those ants that remained in it. In the next place, I filled the new hole with the ants that were in the bottle ; but none of them would stay in it : They went away in less than two hours ; which made me believe that it was impossible to make a fourth settlement in my box.

Two or three days after going accidentally over the terrace, I was very much surpris'd to see the ant's nest which I had destroyed, very artfully repaired. I resolv'd then to destroy it entirely, and to settle those ants in my box. To succeed in my design, I put some brimstone and gunpowder into their hole, and sprung a mine, whereby the whole nest was overthrown ; and then I carried as many ants as I could get, into the place which I design'd for them. It happened to be a very rainy day, and it rained all night, and therefore they remained in the new hole all that time. In the morning, when the rain was over, most of them went away to repair their old habitation ; but finding it impracticable, by reason of the smell of the brimstone and powder, which kills them, they came back again, and settled in the place I had appointed for them. They quickly grew acquainted with their neighbours, and received from them all manner of assistance out of their holes : As for the inside of their nest, none but themselves were concern'd in it, according to the inviolable laws established among those animals.

An ant never goes into any other nest but her own ; and if she should venture to do it, she would be turned out and severely punished. I have often taken an ant out of one nest, and put her into another ; but

she quickly came out, being warmly pursued by two or three other ants. I tried the same experiment several times with the same ant; but at last the other ants grew impatient, and tore her to pieces. I have often frightened some ants with my fingers, and pursued them as far as another hole, stopping all the passages to prevent their going to their own nest: It was very natural for them to fly into the next hole. Many a man would not be so cautious, and would throw himself out of the windows, or into a well, if he were pursued by assassins; but the ants I am speaking of, avoided going into any hole but their own, and rather tried all other ways of making their escape. They never fled into another nest but at the last extremity; and sometimes rather chose to be taken, as I have often experienced. It is therefore an inviolable custom among these insects, not to go into any other hole but their own. They do not exercise hospitality; but they are very ready to help one another out of their holes. They put down their loads at the entrance of a neighboring nest; and those that live in it carry them in. They keep up a sort of trade among themselves; and it is not true, that those insects are not for lending: I know the contrary; they lend their corn, they make exchanges, they are always ready to serve one another; and I can assure you, more time and patience would have enabled me to observe a thousand things more curious and wonderful than what I have mentioned. For instance, how they lend and recover their loans; whether it be in the same quantity, or with usury; whether they pay the strangers that work for them, &c. I do not think it impossible to examine all those things; and it would be a great curiosity to know by what maxims they govern themselves: Perhaps such a knowledge might be of some use to us.

They are never attacked by any enemies in ab ody, as it is reported of bees: Their only fear proceeds from birds, which sometimes eat their corn, when they lay it out in the sun; but they keep it under ground when they are afraid of thieves. It is said that some

birds eat them ; but I never saw any instance of it. They are also infested by small worms, but they turn them out and kill them. I observed that they punished those ants which probably had been wanting to their duty ; nay, sometimes they killed them, which they did in the following manner : Three or four ants fell upon one, and pulled her several ways, till she was torn to pieces. Generally speaking, they live very quietly ; from whence I infer they have a very severe discipline among them, to keep so good an order ; or that they are great lovers of peace, if they have no occasion for any discipline.

Was there ever a greater union in any commonwealth ? Every thing is common among them ; which is not to be seen any where else. Bees, of which we are told such wonderful things, have each of them a hole in their hives ; their honey is their own ; every bee minds her own concerns. The same may be said of all other animals. They frequently fight to deprive one another of their portion. It is not so with ants : They have nothing of their own : a grain of corn which an ant carries home, is deposited in a common stock ; it is not for her own use, but for the good of the whole community : There is no distinction between a private and a common interest ; an ant never works for herself, but for the society.

Whatever misfortune happens to them, their care and industry find out a remedy for it ; nothing discourages them. If you destroy their nests, they will be repaired in two days : Any body may see how difficult it is to drive them out of their habitations, without destroying the inhabitants ; for, as long as there are any left they will maintain their ground. I had almost forgot to tell you, Sir, that *Mercury* has hitherto proved mortal poison for them, and that it is the most effectual way of destroying these insects. I can do something for them in this case : Perhaps you may hear in a little time, that I have reconciled them to *Mercury*."

ANXIETIES.

IT must be owned that fear is a very powerful passion, since it is esteemed one of the greatest virtues to subdue it: It being implanted in us for our preservation, it is no wonder it sticks close to us as long as we have any thing we are willing to preserve; but as life and all its enjoyments would be scarce worth the keeping, if we were under a perpetual dread of losing them, it is the business of religion and philosophy to free us from all unnecessary anxieties, and direct our fear to its proper object.

If we consider the painfulness of this passion, and the violent effects it produces, we shall see how dangerous it is to give way to it upon slight occasions: Some have frightened themselves into madness; others have given up their lives to these apprehensions. The story of a man who grew grey in the space of one night's anxiety is very famous.

O nox ! quam longa es, quæ facis una senem ?

A tedious night indeed, that makes a young man old.

These apprehensions, if they proceed from a consciousness of guilt, are the sad warnings of reason, and may excite our pity, but admit of no remedy. When the hand of the Almighty is visibly lifted against the impious, the heart of mortal man cannot withstand him. We have this passion sublimely represented in the punishment of the *Egyptians*, tormented with the plague of darkness, in the *Apocryphal* book of *Wisdom*, ascribed to *Solomon*. "For when unrighteous men thought to oppress the holy nation; they being shut up in their houses, prisoners of darkness, and fettered with the bonds of a long night, lay there exiled from the eternal Providence. For while they supposed to lie hid in their secret sins, they were scattered under a dark veil of forgetfulness, being horribly astonished and troubled with strange apparitions—For

wickedness condemned by her own witness, is very timorous, and being oppressed with conscience, always forecasteth grievous things. For fear is nothing else but a betraying of the succours which reason offereth—For the whole world shined with clear light, and none were hindered in their labour. Over them only was spread a heavy light, an image of that darkness which should afterwards receive them; but yet were they unto themselves more grievous than the darknesses.”

To fear so justly grounded, no remedy can be proposed; but a man (who hath no great guilt hanging upon his mind, who walks in the plain path of justice and integrity, and yet either by natural complexion, or confirmed prejudices, or neglect of serious reflection, suffers himself to be moved by this abject and unmanly passion) would do well to consider, that there is nothing which deserves his fear, but that beneficent Being who is his Friend, his Protector, his Father. Were this one thought strongly fixed in the mind, what calamity would be dreadful? What load can infamy lay upon us, when we are sure of the approbation of him who will repay the disgrace of a moment with the glory of eternity? What sharpness is there in pain and diseases, when they only hasten us on to pleasures that will never fade? What sting is in death, when we are assured that it is only the beginning of life? A man who lives so as not to fear to die, is inconsistent with himself, if he delivers himself up to any incidental anxiety.

The intrepidity of a just and good man is so nobly set forth by *Horace*, that it cannot be too often repeated.

*The man resolv'd and steady to his trust,
 Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
 May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
 Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries;
 The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
 And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,
 And with superior greatness smiles.
 Not the rough whirlwind, that deforms*

*Adria's black gulph, and vexes it with storms,
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move ;
Not the red arm of angry Jove,
That flings the thunder from the sky,
And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.*

*Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
He unconcern'd would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amid the falling world.*

The vanity of fear may be yet farther illustrated, if we reflect,

First, What we fear may not come to pass. No human scheme can be so accurately projected, but some little circumstance intervening, may spoil it. He who directs the heart of man at his pleasure, and understands the thoughts long before, may, by ten thousand accidents, or an immediate change in the inclinations of men, disconcert the most subtle projects, and turn it to the benefit of his own servants.

In the next place we should consider, though the evil we imagine should come to pass, it may be much more supportable than it seem'd to be. As there is no prosperous state of life without its calamities, so there is no adversity without its benefits. Ask the great and powerful, if they do not feel the pangs of envy and ambition. Inquire of the poor and needy, if they have not tasted the sweets of quiet and contentment. Even under the pains of body, the infidelity of friends, or the misconstructions put upon our laudable actions, our minds (when for some time accustomed to these pressures) are sensible of secret flowings of comfort, the present reward of a pious resignation. The evils of this life appear like rocks and precipices, rugged and barren at a distance ; but at our nearer approach we find little fruitful spots and refreshing springs, mixed with the harshness and deformities of nature.

In the last place, we may comfort ourselves with this consideration, that, as the thing feared may not reach us, so we may not reach what we fear. Our

lives may not extend to that dreadful point which we have in view. He who knows all our failings, and will not suffer us to be tempted beyond our strength, is often pleased in his tender severity, to separate the soul from its body and miseries together.

If we look forward to him for help, we shall never be in danger of falling down these precipices, which our imagination is apt to create. Like those who walk upon a line, if we keep our eye fixed upon one point, we may step forward securely; whereas an imprudent or cowardly glance on either side will infallibly destroy us.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 615.

APPARITIONS.

AT a little distance from Sir Roger's house, among the ruins of an old Abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms, which are shot up so very high, that when one passes under them, the rooks and crows that rest upon the tops of them seem to be cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this sort of noise, which I consider as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who supplies the wants of his whole creation, and who, in the beautiful language of the *Psalms*, feedeth the young ravens that call upon him. I like this retirement the better, because of an ill report it lies under of being *haunted*; for which reason (as I have been told by the family) no living creature walks in it besides the chaplain. My good friend the butler desired me, with a grave face, not to venture myself in it after sun-set, for that one of the footmen had been almost frightened out of his wits by a spirit that appeared to him in the shape of a black horse without a head; to which he added, about a month ago, one of the maids coming home late that way with a pail of milk on her head, heard such a rustling among the bushes that she let it fall.

I was taking a walk in this place last night, between the hours of nine and ten, and could not but fancy it one of the most proper scenes in the world for a ghost to appear in. The ruins of the abbey are scattered up and down on every side, and half covered with ivy and elder bushes, the harbours of several solitary birds, which seldom make their appearance till the dusk of the evening. The place was formerly a church-yard, and has still several marks in it of graves and tomb-stones. There is such an echo among the old ruins and walks, that if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary, you hear the sound repeated. At the same time the walk of elms, with the croaking of the ravens, which from time to time are heard from the tops of them, look exceedingly solemn and venerable. These objects naturally raise seriousness and attention; and when night heightens the awfulness of the place, and pours out her supernumerary horrors upon every thing in it, I do not at all wonder that weak minds fill it with spectres and apparitions.

Mr. *Locke*, in his chapter of the association of *ideas*, has very curious remarks to shew how by the prejudice of education one idea often introduces into the mind a whole set that bear no resemblance to one another in the nature of things. Among several examples of this kind, he produces the following instance: *The ideas of goblins and sprites, have really no more to do with darkness than light: Yet let but a foolish maid inculcate these often on the mind of a child, and raise them there together, possibly he shall never be able to separate them again so long as he lives; but darkness shall ever afterwards bring with it those frightful ideas, and they shall be so joined, that he can no more hear the one than the other.* As I was walking in this solitude, where the dusk of the evening conspired with so many other occasions of terror, I observed a cow grazing not far from me, which an imagination that was apt to startle might easily have construed into a black horse without a head; and I dare say the poor footman lost his wits upon some such trivial occasion.

My friend Sir *Roger* has often told me, with a great deal of mirth, that at his first coming to his estate he found three parts of his house almost useless ; that the best room in it had the reputation of being haunted, and by that means was locked up ; that noises had been heard in his long gallery, so that he could not get a servant to enter into it after eight o'clock at night ; that the door of one of his chambers was nailed up, because there went a story in the family, that a Butler formerly had hanged himself in it, and that his mother, who lived to a great age, had shut up half the rooms in the house, in which either her husband, a son, or daughter, had died. The knight, seeing his habitation reduced to so small a compass, and himself in a manner shut out of his own house, upon the death of his mother ordered all the apartments to be flung open, and exercised by his chaplain, who lay in every room one after another, and by that means dissipated the fears which had so long reigned in the family.

I should not have been thus particular upon these ridiculous horrors, did I not find them so very much prevail in all parts of the country. At the same time, I think a person who is thus terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the reports of all historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless. Could not I give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relation of particular persons now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact. I might here add, that not only the historians, to whom we may join the poets, but likewise the philosophers of antiquity have favoured this opinion. *Lucretius* himself though by the course of his philosophy he was obliged to maintain that the soul did not exist separate from the body, makes no doubt of the reality of apparitions, and that men have often appeared after their death. This I think very remarkable ; he was so pressed with the matter of fact, which he could not

have the confidence to deny, that he was forced to account for it by one of the most absurd, unphilosophical notions that was ever started. He tells us, that the surfaces of all bodies are perpetually flying off from their respective bodies, one after another; and that those surfaces, or thin cases, that included each other whilst they were joined in the body, like the coats of an onion, are sometimes seen entire when they are separated from it; by which means we often behold the shapes and shadows of persons who are either dead or absent.

I shall dismiss this paper with a story out of *Josephus*, not so much for the sake of the story itself, as for the moral reflections with which the author concludes it, and which I shall here set down in his own words. *Glaphyra*, the daughter of king *Archelaus*, after the death of her two first husbands, (being married to a third, who was brother to her first husband, and so passionately in love with her that he turned off his former wife to make room for this marriage) had a very odd kind of dream. She fancied that she saw her first husband coming towards her, and that she embraced him with great tenderness; when, in the midst of the pleasure which she expressed at the sight of him, he reproached her after the following manner: *Glaphyra*, says he, thou hast made good the old saying, that women are not to be trusted. Was I not the husband of thy virginity? Have I not children by thee? How couldst thou forget our loves so far as to enter into a second marriage, and after that into a third; nay, to take for thy husband a man who has so shamefully crept into the bed of his brother? However, for the sake of our past loves, I shall free thee from thy present reproach, and make thee mine forever. *Glaphyra* told this dream to several women of her acquaintance, and died soon after. I thought this story might not be impertinent in this place, wherein I speak of those kings; besides that the example deserves to be taken notice of, as it contains a most certain proof of the immortality of the soul, and of Divine Providence. If any man thinks these facts incredible, let him enjoy

his own opinion himself, but let him not disturb the opinion of others, who by instances of this nature are excited to the study of virtue.

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 110. L.

APPEARANCES.

CHREMYLUS, who was an old and good man, and withall exceeding poor, being desirous to leave some riches to his son, consults the Oracle of *Apollo* upon the subject. The Oracle bids him follow the first man he should see upon his going out of the temple. The person he chanced to see, was, to appearance, an old sordid blind man; but upon his following him from place to place, he at last found by his own confession, that he was *Plutus*, the God of Riches, and that he was just come out of the house of a miser. *Plutus* farther told him, that when he was a boy he used to declare, that as soon as he came to age he would distribute wealth to none but virtuous and just men; upon which *Jupiter*, considering the pernicious consequences of such a resolution, took his sight away from him, and left him to stroll about in the world in the blind condition wherein *Chremylus* beheld him. With much ado *Chremylus* prevailed with him to go to his house, where he met an old woman in a tattered raiment, who had been his guest for many years, and whose name was *Poverty*. The old woman refusing to turn out so easily as he would have her, he threatened not only to banish her his own house, but out of all *Greece*, if she made any more words upon the matter. *Poverty*, on this occasion, pleads her own cause very notably, and represents to her old landlord, that, should she be driven out of the country, all their trades, arts and sciences would be driven out with her; and that if every one was rich, they would never be supplied with those pomps, ornaments, and conveniences of life which made riches desirable. She likewise represented to him the several advantages she bestowed upon her votaries in regard to their shape, their health,

and their activity, by preserving them from gouts, dropfies, unwieldiness, and intemperance. But, whatever she had to say for herself, she was at last forced to troop off.

Chremylus immediately considered how he might restore *Plutus* to his sight, and, in order to it, conveyed him to the temple of *Æsculapius*, who was famous for cures and miracles of this nature. By this means the deity recovered his eyes, and began to make a right use of them, by enriching every one that was distinguished by piety towards the gods, and justice towards men; and at the same time by taking away his gifts from the impious and undeserving. This produces several merry instances, till in the last act *Mercury* descends with great complaints from the gods, that since the good men were grown rich they had received no sacrifices; which is confirmed by a priest of *Jupiter*, who enters with a remonstrance, that since this late innovation he was reduced to a starving condition, and could not live upon his office. *Chremylus*, who in the beginning of the play was religious in his poverty, concludes it with a proposal which was relished by all the good men who were now grown rich as well as himself, that they should carry *Plutus* in a procession to the temple, and install him in the place of *Jupiter*.

This allegory instructed the *Athenians* in two points; first, as it vindicated the conduct of Providence in its ordinary distributions of wealth; and in the next place, as it showed the great tendency of riches to corrupt the morals of those who possessed them.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 464. C.

APPETITES.

I am now in the sixty-fifth year of my age, and having been the greater part of my days a man of pleasure, the decay of my faculties is a stagnation of my life. But how is it, Sir, that my appetites are increased upon me with the loss of power to gratify them? I write this, like a criminal, to warn people to enter up-

on what reformation they please to make in themselves in their youth, and not expect they shall be capable of it from a fond opinion some have, often in their mouths, that if we do not leave our desires they will leave us. It is far otherwise; I am now as vain in my dress, and as slipperant if I see a pretty woman, as when in my youth I stood upon a bench in the pit to survey the whole circle of beauties. The folly is so extravagant with me, and I went on with so little check of my desires or resignation of them, that I can assure you, I very often, merely to entertain my own thoughts, sit with my spectacles on, writing love letters to the beauties that have been long since in their graves. This is to warm my heart with the faint memory of delights which were once agreeable to me; but how much happier would my life have been now, if I could have looked back on any worthy action done for my country; if I had laid out that which I profused in luxury and wantonness, in acts of generosity and charity? I have lived a bachelor to this day; and instead of a numerous offspring, with which in the regular ways of life I might possibly have delighted myself, I have only to amuse myself with the repetition of old stories and intrigues, which no one will believe I ever was concerned in. I do not know whether you have ever treated of it or not; but you cannot fall on a better subject, than that of the art of growing old. In such a lecture you must propose, that no one set his heart upon what is transient; that beauty grows wrinkled while we are yet gazing at her. The witty man sinks into an humourist imperceptibly, for want of reflecting that all things around him are in a flux, and continually changing. Thus he is in the space of ten or fifteen years surrounded by a new set of people, whose manners are as natural to them as his delights, method of thinking and mode of living, were formerly to him and his friends: but the mischief is, he looks upon the same kind of errors which he himself was guilty of, with an eye of scorn, and with that sort of ill-will which men entertain against each other for different opinions. Thus a

crazy constitution, and an uneasy mind is fretted with vexatious passions, for young men's doing foolishly what it is folly to do at all. Dear Sir, this is my present state of mind; I hate those I should laugh at, and envy those I contemn. The time of youth and vigorous manhood, passed the way in which I have disposed of it, is attended with these consequences; but to those who live and pass away time as they ought, all parts of it are equally pleasant; only the memory of good and worthy actions, is a feast which must give a quicker relish to the soul than ever it could taste in the highest enjoyments or jollities of youth. As for me, if I sit down in my great chair, and begin to ponder, the vagaries of a child are not more ridiculous than the circumstances which are heaped up in my memory; fine gowns, country dances, ends of tunes, interrupted conversations, and midnight quarrels, are what must necessarily compose my soliloquy. I beg of you to print this, that some ladies of my acquaintance and my years, may be persuaded to wear warm night-caps this cold season; and that my old friend *Jack Laundry* may buy him a cane, and not creep with the air of strut. I must add to all this, that if it were not for one pleasure, which I thought a very mean one till of very late years, I should have no great satisfaction left; but if I live to the 10th of March, 1714, and all my securities are good, I shall be worth fifty thousand pounds.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

JACK AFTERDAY.

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 260. T.

Nature has implanted in us two very strong desires, hunger for the preservation of the individual, and lust for the support of the species: or, to speak more intelligibly, the former to continue our own persons, and the latter to introduce others into the world. According as men behave themselves with regard to these appetites, they are above or below the beasts of the field, which are incited by them without choice or reflection. But reasonable creatures cor-

correct these incentives, and improve them into elegant motives of friendship and society. It is chiefly from this homely foundation that we are under the necessity of seeking for the agreeable companion and the honourable mistress. By this cultivation of art and reason, our wants are made pleasures, and the gratification of our desires, under proper restrictions, a work no way below our noblest faculties. The wisest man may maintain his character, and yet consider in what manner he shall best entertain his friend, or divert his mistress: nay, it is so far from being a derogation to him, that he can in no other instance show so true a taste of his life or his fortune. What concerns one of the above-mentioned appetites, as it is elevated into love, I shall have abundant occasion to discourse of, before I have provided for the numberless crowd of damsels I have proposed to take care of. The subject of the present paper shall be that part of society which owes its beginning to the common necessity of hunger. When that is considered as the support of our being, we may take it under the same head, thirst also; otherwise, when we are pursuing the glutton, the drunkard may make his escape. The choice of our diet and our companions at it, seems to consist in that which contributes most to cheerfulness and refreshment; and these are best consulted by simplicity in the food, and sincerity in the company. By this rule are, in the first place, excluded from pretence to happiness, all meals of state and ceremony, which are performed in dumb show and greedy fulkiness. At the boards of the great, they say, you shall have a number attending with as good habits and countenances as the guests; which only circumstance must destroy the whole pleasure of the repast: For if such attendants are introduced for the dignity of their appearance, modest minds are shocked by considering them as spectators; or else look upon them as equals, for whose servitude they are in a kind of suffering. It may be here added, that the sumptuous side-board, to an ingenious eye has more the air of an altar than a table. The next absurd way of enjoying ourselves

at meals is, where the bottle is plied without being called for, where humour takes place of appetite, and the good company are too dull or too merry to know any enjoyment of their senses.

Though this part of time is absolutely necessary to sustain life, it must also be considered, that life itself is to the endless being of man but what a meal is to this life, not valuable for itself, but for the purpose of it. If there be any truth in this, the expence of many hours this way is somewhat unaccountable; and placing much thought either in too great sumptuousness and elegance in this matter, or wallowing in noise or riot at it, are both, though not equally, unaccountable. I have often considered these different people with very great attention, and always speak of them with the distinction of the Eaters and Swallowers. The Eaters sacrifice all their senses and understanding to this appetite: The Swallowers hurry themselves out of both, without pleasing this or any other appetite at all. The latter are improved brutes; the former degenerated men. I have sometimes thought it would not be improper to add to my dead and living men, persons in an intermediate state of humanity, under the appellation of dozers. The dozers are a sect, who, instead of keeping their appetites in subjection, live in subjection to them: nay, they are so truly slaves to them, that they keep at too great a distance ever to come into their presence. Within my own acquaintance, I know those that I dare say have forgot that they ever were hungry, and are no less strangers to thirst and weariness; who are beholden to saucers for their food, and to their food for their weariness.

I have often wondered, considering the excellent and choice spirits that we have among our divines, that they do not think of putting vicious habits into a more contemptible and unlovely figure than they do at present; so many men of wit and spirit, as there are in sacred orders, have it their power to make the fashion of their side. The leaders in human society are more effectually prevailed upon this way than can be easily imagined. I have more than one in my thoughts ca-

pable of doing this against all the opposition of the most witty as well as the most voluptuous. There may be possibly more acceptable subjects, but sure there are none more useful. It is visible, that though men's fortunes, circumstances, and pleasures, give them prepossessions too strong to regard any mention either of punishments or rewards, they will listen to what makes them inconsiderable or mean in the imagination of others, and by degrees in their own.

It is certain such topics are to be touched upon, in the light we mean, only by men of the most consummate prudence, as well as excellent wit: For these discourses are to be made (if made to run into example) before such as have their thoughts more intent upon the propriety than the reason of the discourse. What indeed leads me into this way of thinking is, that the last thing I read, was a sermon of the learned Dr. South, upon the *ways of pleasantness*. This admirable discourse was made at court, where the preacher was too wise a man not to believe, the greatest argument in that place, against the pleasures then in vogue, must be, that they lost greater pleasures by prosecuting the course they were in. The charming discourse has in it whatever wit or wisdom can put together. This gentleman has a talent of making all his faculties bear to the great end of his hallowed profession. Happy genius! He is the better man for being a wit. The best way to praise this author, is to quote him; and I think I may defy any man to say a greater thing of him or his ability, than that there are no paragraphs in the whole discourse I speak of, below these which follow.

After having recommended the satisfaction of the mind, and the pleasure of conscience, he proceeds:

An ennobling property of it is, that it is such a pleasure as never fatigates or wearies; for it properly affects the spirit, and a spirit feels no weariness, as being privileged from the causes of it. But can the Epicure say so of any of the pleasures that he so much dotes upon? Do they not expire while they satisfy, and, after a few minutes refreshment, determine in loathing and inquietness? How short is the interval be-

tween a pleasure and a burden ! How indiscernable the transition from one to the other ! Pleasure dwells no longer upon the appetite than the necessities of nature, which are quickly and easily provided for ; and then all that follows is a load and an oppression. Every morsel to a satisfied hunger, is only a new labour to a tired digestion ; every draught to him that has quenched his thirst, is but a further quenching of nature, and a provision for rheum and diseases ; a drowning of the quickness and activity of the spirits.

He that prolongs his meals, and sacrifices his time as well as his conveniences to his luxury, how quickly does he oust his pleasure ! And then, how is all the following time bestowed upon ceremony and surfeit ! Till at length, after a long fatigue of eating and drinking, and babbling, he concludes the great work of dining genteelly, and so makes a shift to rise from table, that he may lie down upon his bed ; whert, after he has slept himself into some use of himself, by much ado he stammers to his table again, and there acts over the same brutish scene. so that he passes his whole life in a dazed condition, between sleeping and waking, with a kind of drowsiness and confusion upon his senses, which, what pleasure it can be, is hard to conceive : all that is of it dwells upon the tip of his tongue, and within the compass of his palate. A worthy prize for a man to purchase with the loss of his time, his reason and himself !

TATLER, Vol. IV. No. 205.

APPLAUSE.

I have often wondered that the Jews should contrive such a worthless greatness for the deliverer whom they expected, as to dress him up in external pomp and pageantry, and represent him to their imagination as making havock of his creatures, and acting with the poor ambition of a *Cæsar* or an *Alexander*. How much more illustrious doth he appear in his real character, when considered as the author of universal benevolence among men, as refining our passions, exalting our nature, giving us vast ideas of immortality, and teaching us a contempt of that little showy grandeur wherein the Jews made the glory of the *Messiah* to consist.

Nothing (says *Longinus*) can be great, the contempt of which is great. The possession of wealth and riches cannot give a man a title to greatness, because it is looked upon as a greatness of mind to contemn these gifts of fortune, and to be above the desire of them. I have been therefore inclined to think, that there are greater men who lie concealed among the species, than those who come out and draw upon themselves the eye and admiration of mankind. *Virgil* would never have been heard of, had not his domestic misfortunes driven him out of his obscurity, and brought him to *Rome*.

If we suppose that there are spirits or angels who look into the ways of men, as it is highly probable there are, both from reason and revelation, how different are the notions which they entertain of us, from those which we are apt to form of one another! Were they to give us their catalogue of such worthies as are now living, how different would it be from that which any of our species would draw up!

We are dazzled with the splendour of titles, the ostentation of learning, the noise of victories. They, on the contrary, see the philosopher in the cottage, who possesses his soul in patience and thankfulness, under the pressures of what little minds call poverty and distress. They do not look for great men at the head of armies, or among the pomps of the court, but often find them out in shades and solitudes, in the private walks and by-paths of life. The evening's walk of a wise man is more illustrious in their sight, than the march of a General at the head of an hundred thousand men. A contemplation of God's works; a voluntary act of justice to our own detriment; a generous concern for the good of mankind; tears that are shed in silence for the misery of others; a private desire of resentment broken and subdued; in short, an unfeigned exercise of humility, or any other virtue; are such actions as are glorious in their sight, and denominate men great and reputable. The most famous among us are often looked upon with pity, with contempt, or with indignation; while those who

are most obscure among their own species, are regarded with love, with approbation and esteem.

The moral of the present application amounts to this, that we should not be led away by the censure and applause of men, but consider the figure that every person will make at that time when wisdom shall be justified of her children, and nothing pass for great or illustrious, which is not an ornament and perfection to human nature.

The story of *Gyges*, the rich *Lydian* monarch, is a memorable instance to our present purpose. The oracle being asked by *Gyges*, who was the happiest man: replied, *Aglaüs*. *Gyges*, who expected to have heard himself named upon this occasion, was much surprised, and very curious to know who this *Aglaüs* should be. After much inquiry, he was found to be an obscure countryman, who employed all his time in cultivating a garden, and a few acres of ground about his house.

Cowley's agreeable relation of this story, shall close this day's speculation.

*Thus Aglaüs, (a man unknown to men,
But the gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then.)
Thus lov'd obscurely, then without a name,
Aglaüs, now consign'd to eternal fame.
For Gyges, the rich king, wicked and great,
Presum'd at wise Apollo's Delphic seat,
Presum'd to ask, O thou, the whole world's eye,
See'st thou a man that happier is than I?
The god, who scorn'd to flatter man, reply'd,
Aglaüs happier is. But Gyges cry'd,
In rage, who can that Aglaüs be?
We've heard as yet of no such king as he.
And true it was through the whole earth around,
No king of such a name was to be found.
Is some old hero of that name alive,
Who his high race does from the gods derive?
Is it some mighty Gen'ral who has done
Wonders in fight, and god-like honours won?
Is it some man of endless wealth? said he:*

*None, none of these; who can this Aglaüs be?
 After long search, and vain inquiries past,
 In an obscure Arcadian vale at last,
 (Th' Arcadian life has always shady been)
 Near Sapho's town, (which he but once had seen)
 This Aglaüs, who Monarch's envy drew,
 Whose happiness the gods stood witness to,
 This mighty Aglaüs was lab'ring found,
 With his own hands, in his own little ground.
 So, Gracious God, (if it may lawful be,
 Among these foolish gods to mention thee)
 So let me act, on such a private stage,
 The last dull scenes of my declining age;
 After long toils and voyages in vain,
 This quiet port let my toils'd vessel gain;
 Of heav'nly rest this earnest to me lend,
 Let my life sleep, and learn to love her end.*

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 610.

ARCADIAN.

HAVING conveyed my reader into the fairy or pastoral land, and informed him what manner of life the inhabitants of that region lead, I shall in this day's paper give him some marks whereby he may discover whether he is imposed upon by those who pretend to be of that country; or, in other words, what are the characteristics of a true *Arcadian*.

From the foregoing account of the pastoral life, we may discover, that simplicity is necessary in the character of shepherds. Their minds must be supposed so rude and uncultivated, that nothing but what is plain and unaffected can come from them. Nevertheless we are not obliged to represent them dull and stupid, since fine spirits were undoubtedly in the world before arts were invented to polish and adorn them. We may therefore introduce them with good sense, and even with wit, provided their manner of thinking be not too gallant or refined: for all men, both the rude and polite, think and conceive things

the same way, (truth being eternally the same to all) though they express them very differently. For here lies the difference: men who by long study and experience have reduced their ideas to certain classes, and consider the general nature of things abstracted from particulars, express their thoughts after a more concise, lively, and surprising manner. Those who have little experience, or cannot abstract, deliver their sentiments in plain descriptions, by circumstances, and those observations which either strike upon the senses, or are the first motions of the mind; and though the former raises our admiration more, the latter gives more pleasure, and soothes us more naturally. Thus a courtly lover may say to his mistress,

*With thee for ever I in woods could rest,
Where never human foot the ground has prest :—
Thou' e'en from dungeons darkness can exclude,
And from a desert banish solitude.*

A shepherd will content himself to say the same thing more simply :

*Come, Rosalind, Oh! come, for without thee
What pleasure can the country have for me?*

Again, since shepherds are not allowed to make deep reflections, the address required is so to relate an action, that the circumstances put together shall cause the reader to reflect. Thus, by one delicate circumstance, *Corydon* tells *Alexis* that he is the finest songster of the country :

*Of seven smooth joints a mellow pipe I have,
Which with his dying breath *Damætas* gave ;
And said, this, *Corydon*, I leave to thee,
For only thou deserv'st it after me.*

As in another pastoral writer, after the same manner, a shepherd informs us how much his mistress likes him :

*As I to cool me bath'd one sultry day,
Fond *Lydia* lurking in the sedges lay ;*

*The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly,
Yet often stopp'd, and oft' en turn'd h. r. eye.*

If ever a reflection be pardonable in pastorals, it is when the thought is so obvious, that it comes easily to the mind; as in the following admirable improvement of *Virgil* and *Theocritus*:

*Fair is my flock, nor yet uncomely I,
If liquid fountains flatter not. And why
Should liquid fountains flatter us, yet show
The bordering flowers less beautiful than they grow?*

A second characteristic of a true shepherd, is simplicity of manners, or innocence. This is so obvious from what I have before advanced, that it would be but repetition to insist long upon it. I shall only remind the reader, that as the pastoral life is supposed to be where nature is not much depraved, sincerity and truth will generally run through it. Some slight transgressions for the sake of variety may be admitted, which in effect will only serve to set off the simplicity of it in general. I cannot better illustrate this rule, than by the following example of a swain who found his mistress asleep:

*Once Delia slept, on easy joys reclin'd;
Her lovely limbs half bare, and rude the wind,
I smooth'd her coats, and stole a silent kiss:
Condemn me shepherds, if I da' amiss.*

A third sign of a swain is, that something of religion, and even superstition, is part of his character. For we find that those who have lived easy lives in the country, and contemplate the works of nature, live in the greatest awe of their Author. Nor doth this humour prevail less now than of old; our peasants as sincerely believe the tales of goblins and fairies, as the Heathens those of fauns, nymphs, and satyrs. Hence we find the works of *Virgil* and *Theocritus* sprinkled with left-handed ravens, blasted oaks, witchcrafts, evil eyes, and the like. And I observe with great pleasure that our English author of the pastorals I

have quoted hath practised this secret with admirable judgment.

I shall yet add another mark, which may be observed very often in the above-named poets, which is agreeable to the character of shepherds, and allied nearly to superstition; I mean the use of proverbial sayings. I take the common similitudes in pastorals to be of the proverbial order, which are so frequent, that it is needless and would be tiresome to quote them. I shall only take notice upon this head, that it is a nice piece of art to raise a proverb above the vulgar stile, and still keep it easy and unaffected. Thus the old wish of *God rest his soul* is finely turned :

*Then gentle Sidney liv'd, the shepherd's friend ;
Eternal blessings on his shade attend.*

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 23.

ARCHITECTURE.

HAVING already shewn how the fancy is affected by the works of nature, and afterwards considered in general both the works of nature and of art, how they mutually assist and complete each other, in forming such scenes and prospects as are most apt to delight the mind of the beholder, I shall in this paper throw together some reflections on that particular art which has a more immediate tendency than any other to produce those primary pleasures of the imagination which have hitherto been the subject of this discourse. The art I mean, is that of architecture, which I shall consider only with regard to the light in which the foregoing speculations have placed it, without entering into those rules and maxims which the great masters of architecture have laid down and explained at large in numberless treatises upon that subject.

Greatness in the works of architecture may be considered as relating to the bulk and body of the structure, or to the manner in which it is built. As for the first, we find the ancients, especially among the

eastern nations of the world, infinitely superior to the moderns.

Not to mention the tower of Babel, of which an old author says, the foundations were to be seen in his time, which looked like a spacious mountain; what could be more noble than the walls of Babylon, its hanging gardens, and its temple of *Jupiter Belus*, that rose a mile high, by eight several stories, each story a furlong in height, and on the top of which was the Babylonian observatory? I might here likewise take notice of the huge rock that was cut into the figure of *Semiramis*, with the smaller rocks that lay by it in the shape of tributary kings; the prodigious basin or artificial lake, which took in the whole *Euphrates*, till such time as a new canal was formed for its reception, with the several trenches through which that river was conveyed. I know there are persons who look upon some of these wonders of art as fabulous; but I cannot find any ground for such a suspicion, unless it be that we have no such works among us at present. There were indeed many greater advantages for building in those times, and in that part of the world, than have been met with ever since. The earth was extremely fruitful: men lived generally on pasturage, which requires a much smaller number of hands than agriculture: there were few trades to employ the busy part of mankind, and fewer arts and sciences to give work to men of speculative tempers; and what is more than all the rest, the prince was absolute; so that when he went to war, he put himself at the head of a whole people; as we find *Semiramis* leading her three millions to the field, and yet overpowered by the number of her enemies. It is no wonder, therefore, when she was at peace, and turned her whole thoughts on building, that she could accomplish so great works with such a prodigious multitude of labourers; besides that in her climate there was small interruption of frosts and winters, which make the northern workmen lie half the year idle; I might mention too among the benefits of the climate, what historians say of the earth, that it sweated out a bitu-

men or natural kind of mortar, which is doubtless the same with that mentioned in holy writ, as contributing to the structure of *Babel*. *Slime they used instead of mortar.*

In Egypt we still see their pyramids, which answer to the descriptions that have been made of them; and I question not but a traveller might find out some remains of the labyrinth that covered a whole province, and had a hundred temples disposed among its several quarters and divisions.

The wall of *China* is one of these eastern pieces of magnificence, which makes a figure even in the map of the world, although an account of it would have been thought fabulous, were not the wall itself still extant.

We are obliged to devotion for the noblest buildings that have adorned the several countries of world. It is this that has set men to work on temples and public places of worship, not only that they might, by the magnificence of the building, invite the Deity to reside within it, but that such stupendous works might at the same time open the mind to vast conceptions, and fit it to converse with the Divinity of the place. For every thing that is majestic, imprints an awe and reverence on the mind of the beholder, and strikes it with the natural greatness of the soul.

In the second place, we are to consider *greatness of manner* in architecture, which has such force upon the imagination, that a small building, where it appears, shall give the mind nobler ideas than one of twenty times the bulk, where the manner is ordinary and little. Thus perhaps a man would have been more astonished with the majestic air that appeared in one of *Lysippus's* statues of *Alexander*, though no bigger than the life, than he might have been with mount *Atho*, had it been cut into the figure of the hero, according to the proposal of *Phidias*, with a river in one hand, and a city in the other.

Let any one reflect on the disposition of mind he finds in himself, at his first entrance into the *Pantheon* of *Rome*, and how the imagination is filled with some-

thing great and amazing ; and, at the same time, consider how little in proportion he is affected with the inside of a *Gothic* Cathedral, though it be five times larger than the other ; which can arise from nothing else but the greatness of the manner in one, and the meanness in the other.

I have seen an observation upon this subject in a *French* author, which very much pleased me ; it is *Monfieur Freat's* parallel of the ancient and modern architecture. I shall give it to the reader with the same terms of art he has made use of. "I am observing (says he) a thing, which in my opinion, is very curious, whence it proceeds, that in the same quantity of superficies, the one manner seems great and magnificent, and the other poor and trifling ; the reason is fine and uncommon. I say then, that to introduce into architecture this grandeur of manner, we ought so to proceed, that the division of the principal members of the order may consist of but few parts ; that they be all great, and of a bold and ample relievo and swelling ; and that the eye beholding nothing little or mean, the imagination may be more vigorously touched and affected with the work that stands before it. For example : In a cornice, if the gola or the cynatium of the corona, the coping, the modillions or dentilli, make a noble shew by their graceful projections, if we see none of that ordinary confusion which is the result of those little cavities, quarter rounds of the astragal, and I know not how many other intermingled particulars, which produce no effect in great and massy works, and which very unprofitably take up place to the prejudice of the principal member, it is most certain that this manner will appear solemn and great ; as on the contrary, that it will have but a poor and mean effect, where there is a redundancy of those smaller ornaments, which divide and scatter the angles of sight into such a multitude of rays, so pressed together, that the whole will appear but a confusion."

Among all the figures in architecture, there are none that have a greater air, ^{or} than the concave and the

convex ; and we find in all the antient and modern architecture, as well in the remote parts of *China*, as in countries nearer home, that round pillars and vaulted roofs make a great part of those buildings which are designed for pomp and magnificence. The reason I take to be, because in those figures we generally see more of the body than in those of other kinds. There are indeed figures of bodies, wherein the eye may take in two thirds of the surface ; but as in such bodies the sight must split upon several angles, it does not take in one uniform idea, but several ideas of the same kind. Look upon the outside of a dome, your eye half surrounds it ; look up into the inside, and at one glance you have all the prospect of it. The entire concavity falls into your eye at once, the sight being at the centre that collects and gathers into it the lines of the whole circumference. In a square pillar, the sight often takes in but a fourth part of the surface ; and in a square concave, must move up and down to the different sides, before it is master of all the inward surface. For this reason the fancy is infinitely more struck with the view of the open air, and skies, that passes through an arch, than what comes through a square or any other figure. The figure of a rainbow does not contribute less to its magnificence, than the colour to its beauty, as it is very poetically described by the son of *Sirach* : *Look upon the rainbow, and praise him that made it ; very beautiful it is in its brightness ; it encompasses the heavens with a glorious circle, and the hands of the Most High have bended it.*

Having thus spoken of that greatness which affects the mind in architecture, I might next shew the pleasure that rises in the imagination from what appears new and beautiful in this art ; but as every beholder has naturally a greater taste of these two perfections in every building which offers itself to view, than of that which I have hitherto considered, I shall not trouble my reader with any reflections upon it. It is sufficient for my present purpose, to observe that there is

nothing in this whole art which pleases the imagination, but as it is great, uncommon, or beautiful.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 415. O.

ARGUMENTS.

AVOID disputes as much as possible, in order to appear easy and well-bred in conversation. You may assure yourself it requires more wit, as well as more good humour, to improve rather than contradict the notions of another; but if you are at any time obliged to enter on an argument, give your reasons with the utmost coolness and modesty, two things which scarce ever fail of making an impression upon the hearers. Besides, if you are neither dogmatical, nor show either by your words or actions that you are full of yourself, all will more heartily rejoice at your victory; nay, should you be pinched in your argument, you may make your retreat with a very good grace: you were never positive, and are now glad to be better informed. This has made some approve of the Socratical way of reasoning, where, while you scarce affirm any thing, you can hardly be caught in an absurdity; and though possibly you are endeavouring to bring over another to your opinion, which is firmly fixed, you seem only to desire information from him.

In order to keep that temper which is so difficult, and yet so necessary to observe, you may please to consider, that nothing can be more unjust or ridiculous, than to be angry with another because he is not of your opinion. The interests, education, and means by which men attain their knowledge, are so very different, that it is impossible they should all think alike; and he has at least as much reason to be angry with you, as you with him. Sometimes, to keep yourself cool, it may be of service to ask yourself fairly, what might have been your opinion, had you all the biases of education or interest your adversary may possibly have? But if you contend for the honour of victory,

alone, you may lay down this as an infallible maxim, that you cannot make a more false step, or give your antagonists a greater advantage over you, than by falling into a passion.

When an argument is over, how many weighty reasons does a man recollect, which his heat and violence made him utterly forget !

It is yet more absurd to be angry with a man because he does not apprehend the force of your reasons, or gives weak ones of his own. If you argue for reputation, this makes your victory the easier ; he is certainly, in all respects, an object of your pity rather than anger ; and if he cannot comprehend what you do, you ought to thank nature for her favours, who has given you so much the clearer understanding.

You may please to add this consideration, that among your equals no one values your anger, which only preys upon its master ; and perhaps you may find it not very consistent either with prudence or your ease, to punish yourself whenever you meet with a fool or a knave.

Lastly, if you propose to yourself the true end of argument, which is information, it may be a reasonable check to your passion ; for if you search purely after truth, it will be almost indifferent to you where you find it. I cannot in this place omit an observation which I have often made, namely, that nothing procures a man more esteem and less envy from the whole company, than if he chooses the part of moderator, without engaging directly on either side in the dispute. This gives him the character of impartial, furnishes him with an opportunity of sifting things to the bottom, showing his judgment, and of sometimes making handsome compliments to each of the contending parties.

I shall close this subject with giving you one caution : when you have gained a victory, do not push it too far ; it is sufficient to let the company and your adversary see it is in your power, but that you are too generous to make use of it.

ASTRONOMY.

IN fair weather, when my heart is cheered, and I feel that exaltation of spirits which results from light and warmth, joined with a beautiful prospect of nature, I regard myself as one placed by the hand of God in the midst of an ample theatre, in which the sun, moon, and stars, the fruits also, and vegetables of the earth, perpetually changing their positions or their aspects, exhibit an elegant entertainment to the understanding as well as to the eye.

Thunder and lightning, rain and hail, the painted bow, and the glaring comets, are decorations of this mighty theatre: and the sable hemisphere studded with spangles, the blue vault at noon, the glorious gildings and rich colours in the horizon, I look on as so many successive scenes.

When I consider things in this light, methinks it is a sort of impiety to have no attention to the course of nature, and the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. To be regardless of those *phenomena* that are placed within our view, on purpose to entertain our faculties, and display the wisdom and power of their Creator, is an affront to Providence of the same kind, (I hope it is not impious to make such a simile) as it would be to a good poet, to fit out his play without minding the plot or beauties of it.

And yet how few are there who attend to the drama of nature, its artificial structure, and those admirable machines, whereby the passions of a philosopher are gratefully agitated, and his soul affected with the sweet emotions of joy and surprise!

How many fox-hunters and rural squires are to be found in Great Britain, who are ignorant that they have all this while lived in a planet; that the sun is several thousand times bigger than the earth; and that there are several other worlds within our view, greater and more glorious than our own! Ay, but says some illiterate fellow, I enjoy the world, and leave others to

contemplate it. Yes, you eat and drink, and run about ; that is, you enjoy it as a brute ; but to enjoy it as a rational being, is to know it, to be sensible of its greatness and beauty, to be delighted with its harmony, and by these reflections to obtain just sentiments of the Almighty Mind that framed it.

The man who, unembarrassed with vulgar cares, leisurely attends to the flux of things in heaven and on earth, and observes the laws by which they are governed, hath secured to himself an easy and convenient seat, where he beholds with pleasure all that passes on the stage of nature ; while those about him are, some fast asleep, and others struggling for the highest places, or turning their eyes from the entertainment prepared by Providence, to play at push-pin with one another.

Within this ample circumference of the world, the glorious lights that are hung on high, the meteors in the middle region, the various livery of the earth, and the profusion of good things that distinguish the seasons, yield a prospect which annihilates all human grandeur.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 169.

ATHEISM.

ATHEISM, by which I mean a disbelief of a Supreme Being, and consequently of a future state, under whatsoever titles it shelters itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a man of his cheerfulness of temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human nature in the prospect of non-existence, that I cannot but wonder with many excellent writers, how it is possible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my part I think the being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only truth we are sure of, and such a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence and every thought. If we look into the characters of this tribe

of infidels, we generally find they are made up of pride, spleen, and cavil. It is indeed no wonder, that men who are uneasy to themselves, should be so to the rest of the world ; and how is it possible for a man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself, who is in danger every moment of losing his entire existence, and dropping into nothing ?

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 381. I.

There are two considerations which have been often urged against Atheists, and which they never yet could get over. The first is, that the greatest and most eminent persons of all ages have been against them, and always complied with the public forms of worship established in their particular countries, when there was nothing in them either derogatory to the honour of the Supreme Being, or prejudicial to the good of mankind.

The *Platos* and *Ciceros* among the ancients, the *Bacons*, the *Boyles*, and the *Lockes* among our countrymen, are all instances of what I have been saying ; not to mention any of the Divines, however celebrated, since our adversaries challenge all those, as men who have too much interest in this case to be impartial evidences.

But what has been offered as a consideration of much more weight, is, not only the opinion of the better sort, but the general consent of mankind to this great truth ; which I think could not possibly have come to pass, but from one of the three following reasons ; either that the idea of a God is innate and co-existent with the mind itself ; or that this truth is so very obvious, that it is discovered by the first exertion of reason in persons of the most ordinary capacities ; or lastly, that it has been delivered down to us through all ages by a tradition from the first man.

The Atheists are equally confounded, to which ever of these three causes we assign it ; they have been so pressed by this last argument from the general consent of mankind, that after great search and pain they

pretend to have found out a Nation of Atheists; I mean that polite people the *Hottentots*.

I dare not shock my readers with a description of the customs and manners of these barbarians, who are in every respect scarce one degree above brutes, having no language among them but a confused *gabble*, which is neither well understood by themselves or others.

It is not however to be imagined how much the Atheists have gloried in these their good Friends and Allies.

If we boast of a *Socrates* or a *Seneca*, they may now confront them with these great Philosophers the *Hottentots*.

Though even this point has, not without reason, been several times controverted, I see no manner of harm it could do religion, if we should entirely give them up this elegant part of mankind.

Methinks nothing more shows the weakness of their cause, than that no division of their fellow-creatures joins with them, but those among whom they themselves own reason is almost defaced, and who have little else but their shape, which can entitle them to any place in the species.

Besides these poor creatures there have now and then been instances of a few crazed people in several nations, who have denied the existence of a Deity.

The catalogue of these is however very short: Even *Vanini*, the most celebrated champion for the cause, professed before his judges, that he believed the existence of a God; and taking a straw, which lay before him on the ground, assured them that alone was sufficient to convince him of it; alledging several arguments to prove that it was impossible nature alone could create any thing.

I was the other day reading an account of *Casimir Liszynski*, a gentleman of *Poland*, who was convicted and executed for this crime. The manner of his punishment was very particular: As soon as his body was burnt, his ashes were put into a cannon, and shot into the air towards *Tartary*.

I am apt to believe, that if something like this method of punishment should prevail in *England*, such is the natural good sense of the *British* nation, that whether we rammed an atheist whole into a great gun, or pulverised our infidels, as they do in *Poland*, we should not have many charges.

I should however propose, while our ammunition lasted, that instead of *Tartary*, we should always keep two or three cannons ready pointed towards the Cape of *Good-Hope*, in order to shoot our unbelievers into the country of the *Hottentots*.

In my opinion, a solemn judicial death is too great an honour for an atheist; though I must allow, the method of exploding him, as it is practiced in this ludicrous kind of martyrdom, has something in it proper enough to the nature of his offence.

There is indeed a great objection against this manner of treating them. Zeal for religion is of so active a nature, that it seldom knows where to rest; for which reason I am afraid, after having discharged our atheists, we might possibly think of shooting off our sectaries; and as one does not foresee the vicissitudes of human affairs, it might one time or other come to a man's own turn to fly out of the mouth of a Demiculverin.

If any of my readers imagine that I have treated these gentlemen in too ludicrous a manner, I must confess for my own part, I think reasoning against such unbelievers upon a point that shocks the common sense of mankind, is doing them too great an honour, giving them a figure in the eye of the world, and making people fancy that they have more in them than they really have.

As for those persons who have any scheme of religious worship, I am for treating such with the utmost tenderness, and should endeavour to show them their error with the greatest temper and humanity; but as these miscreants are for throwing down religion in general, for stripping mankind of what themselves own is of excellent use in all great societies, without once offering to establish any thing in the room of it,

I think the best way of dealing with them, is to retort their own weapons upon them, which are those of scorn and mockery.

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 389. X.

After having treated of these false zealots in religion, I cannot forbear mentioning a monstrous species of men, who one would not think had any existence in nature, were they not to be met with in ordinary conversation; I mean the zealots in atheism. One would fancy that these men, though they fall short in every other respect of those who make a profession of religion, would at least outshine them in this particular, and be exempt from that single fault which seems to grow out of the imprudent fervors of religion. But so it is, that infidelity is propagated with as much fierceness and contention, wrath and indignation, as if the safety of mankind depended upon it. There is something so ridiculous and perverse in this kind of zealots, that one does not know how to set them out in their proper colours. They are a sort of gamesters who are eternally upon the fret, though they play for nothing, they are perpetually teasing their friends to come over to them, though at the same time they allow that neither of them shall get any thing by the bargain. In short, the zeal of spreading atheism is, if possible, more absurd than atheism itself.

Since I have mentioned this unaccountable zeal which appears in atheists and infidels, I must farther observe, that they are likewise in a most particular manner possessed with the spirit of bigotry. They are wedded to opinions full of contradiction and impossibility, and at the same time look upon the smallest difficulty in an article of faith as a sufficient reason for rejecting it. Notions that fall in with the common reason of mankind, that are conformable to the sense of all ages and nations, not to mention their tendency for promoting the happiness of societies or of particular persons are exploded as errors and prejudices; and schemes erected in their stead, that are al-

together monstrous and irrational, and require the most extravagant credulity to embrace them. I would fain ask one of those bigoted infidels, supposing all the great points of atheism, as the casual or eternal formation of the world, the materiality of a thinking substance, the mortality of the soul, the fortuitous organization of the body, the motion and gravity of matter, with the like particulars, were laid together, and formed a kind of creed, according to the opinions of the most celebrated atheists; I say, suppose such a creed was formed and imposed upon any one people in the world, whether it would not require an infinitely greater measure of faith than any set of articles which they so violently oppose? Let me therefore advise this generation of wranglers, for their own, and for the public good, to act at least so consistently with themselves, as not to burn with zeal for religion, and with bigotry for nonsense.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 185. C.

AUTHORS.

UPON the hearing of several late disputes concerning rank and precedence, I could not forbear amusing myself with some observations which I have made upon the learned world, as to this great particular. By the learned world, I here mean, at large all those who are any way concerned in works of literature, whether in the writing, printing, or the repeating part. To begin with the writers, I have observed that the author of a *Folio*, in all companies and conversations, sets himself above a *Quarto*; the author of a *Quarto* above the author of an *Octavo*, and so on, by a gradual descent and subordination, to an author in *Twenty-fours*. This distinction is so well observed, that in an assembly of the learned, I have seen a *Folio* writer place himself in an elbow-chair, when the author of a *Duodecimo* has, out of a just deference to his superior quality, seated himself upon a squab. In a

word, authors are usually ranged in company after the same manner as their works are upon a shelf.

The most minute pocket-author, has beneath him the writers of all pamphlets, or works that are only stitched. As for the Pamphleteer, he takes place of none but of the authors of single sheets, and of that fraternity who publish their labours on certain days, or on every day of the week. I do not find that the precedency among the individuals in this latter class of writers is yet settled.

For my own part, I have had so strict a regard to the ceremonial which prevails in the learned world, that I never presumed to take place of a Pamphleteer, till my daily papers were gathered into those two first volumes which have already appeared; after which, I naturally jumped over the heads, not only of all Pamphleteers, but of every *Octavo* writer in *Great-Britain* that had written but one book. I am also informed by my bookseller, that six *Octavos* have been always looked upon as an equivalent to a *Folio*, which I take notice of the rather, because I would not have the learned world surpris'd, if after the publication of half a dozen volumes I take my place accordingly. When my scattered forces are thus rallied, and reduced into regular bodies, I flatter myself that I shall make no despicable figure at the head of them.

Whether these rules, which have been received time out of mind in the commonwealth of letters, were not originally established with an eye to our paper manufacture, I shall leave it to the discussion of others, and shall only remark farther in this place, that all printers and booksellers take the wall of one another, according to the above-mentioned merits of the authors to whom they respectively belong.

I come now to that point of precedency which is settled among the three learned professions, by the wisdom of our laws. I need not here take notice of the rank which is allotted to every Doctor in each of these professions, who are all of them, though not so high as Knights, yet a degree above 'Squires; this

last order of men being the illiterate body of the nation, are consequently thrown together in a class below the three learned professions. I mention this for the sake of several rural 'Squires, whose reading does not rise so high as to *the present state of England*, and who are often apt to usurp that precedency which by the laws of the country is not due to them. Their want of learning which has planted them in this situation, may in some measure extenuate their misdemeanor; and our professors ought to pardon them when they offend in this particular, considering that they are in a state of ignorance, or, as we usually say, do not know their right hand from their left.

There is another tribe of persons, who are retainers to the learned world, and who regulate themselves on all occasions by several laws peculiar to their body; I mean the actors or players of both sexes: Among these it is a standing and uncontroverted principle, that a tragedian always takes place of a comedian; and it is very well known, the merry drolls who make us laugh, are always placed at the lower end of the table, and in every entertainment give way to the dignity of the buskin. It is a stage maxim, *Once a King and always a King*. For this reason, it would be thought very absurd in Mr. *Bullock*, notwithstanding the height and gracefulness of his person, to sit at the right hand of an hero, though he were but five feet high. The same distinction is observed among the ladies of the theatre: Queens and Heroines preserve their rank in private conversation; while those who are waiting women and maids of honour upon the stage, keep their distance also behind the scenes.

I shall only add, that by a parity of reason, all writers of tragedy look upon it to be their due to be seated or saluted before comic writers. Those who deal in tragi-comedy, usually take their seats between the authors of either side. There has been a long dispute for precedency between the tragic and heroic poets. *Aristotle* would have the latter yield the *Pas* to the for-

mer ; but Mr. *Dryden* and many others would never submit to this decision. Burlesque writers pay the same deference to the heroic, as comic-writers do to their serious brothers in the drama.

By this short table of laws, order is kept up, and distinction preserved in the whole republic of letters.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VII. No. 529. O.

SIR,

OF all the precautions with which you have instructed the world, I like that best which is upon *natural* and *fantastical* pleasure, because it falls in very much with my own way of thinking. As you receive real delight from what creates only imaginary satisfaction in others, so do I raise to myself all the conveniences of life, by amusing the fancy of the world. I am, in a word, a member of that numerous tribe who write for their daily bread. I flourish in a dearth of foreign news ; and though I do not pretend to the spleen, I am never so well as in the time of a westerly wind. When it blows from that auspicious point, I raise to myself contributions from the *British Isle*, by affrighting my superstitious countrymen with printed accounts of murders, spirits, prodigies, or monsters, according as my necessities suggest to me : I hereby provide for my being. The last summer I paid a large debt for brandy and tobacco, by a wonderful description of a fiery dragon, and lived ten days together upon a whale and a mermaid. When winter comes on, I generally pluck up my spirits, and have my apparitions ready against long dark evenings. From *November* last till *January*, I lived entirely upon murders, and have since that time had a comfortable subsistence from a plague and a famine. I made the Pope pay for my beef and mutton last *lent*, out of pure spite to the *Romish* religion ; and at present my good friend the king of *Sweden* finds me in clean linen, and the *Musti* gets me credit at the tavern.

The astonishing accounts that I record, I usually enliven with wooden cuts and the like paltry embellishments. They administer to the curiosity of my fellow-subjects, and not only advance religion and virtue, but take restless spirits off from meddling with the public affairs. I therefore cannot think myself an useless burden upon earth; and that I may still do more in my generation, I shall give the world in a short time an history of my life, studies, maxims, and achievements, provided my bookseller advances a round sum for my copy.

I am, &c.

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 58.

AVARICE.

MOST of the trades, professions, and ways of living among mankind, take their origin either from the love of pleasure or the fear of want. The former, when it becomes too violent, degenerates into *Luxury*, and the latter into *Avarice*. As these two principles of action draw different ways, *Perfius* has given us a very humorous account of a young fellow who was roused out of his bed, in order to be sent upon a long voyage, by *Avarice*, and afterwards over-persuaded and kept at home by *Luxury*. I shall sit down at length the pleadings of these two imaginary persons, as they are in Mr. *Dryden's* translation.

*Whether alone, or in the harlot's lap,
When thou would'st take a lazy morning nap,
Up, up, says AVARICE: thou snor'st again,
Stretchest thy limbs, and yawn'st, but all in vain,
The rugged Tyrant no denial takes;
At his command the unwilling sluggard wakes.
What must I do? He cries. What? Says his lord;
Why rise, make ready, and go straight aboard;
With fish, from Euxine seas, thy vessel freight;
Flax, castor, Coan wines, the precious weight*

*Of pepper, and Sabean incense, take,
 With thy own hands, from the tir'd camel's back,
 And with post-haste thy running markets make.* }
*Be sure to turn the penny ; lie and swear,
 'Tis wholesome sin : But Jove, thou say'st, will hear,
 Swear, fool, or flaze ; for the dilemma's even.
 A tradesman thou, and hope to go to Heaven !
 Resolv'd for sea, the slaves thy baggage pack,
 Each saddled with his burden on his back,
 Nothing retards thy voyage now, but He,
 That soft voluptuous Prince call'd LUXURY.
 And he may ask this civil question : Friend,
 What dost thou make a ship-board ? To what end ?
 Art thou of Bethlem's noble College free,
 Stark staring mad, that thou would'st tempt the sea ?
 Cubb'd in a cabin, on a mattrafs laid ;
 On a brown George, with lousy swabber's, fed ;
 Dead wine, that stinks of the Borachio, sup
 From a foul jack, or greasy maple cup :
 Say, would'st thou bear all this, to raise thy store
 From six i' th' hundred to six hundred more ?
 Indulge, and to thy genius freely give ;
 For, not to live at ease, is not to live,
 Death stalks behind thee, and each flying hour
 Does some loose remnant of thy life devour.
 Live, whilst thou liv'st ; for death will make us all
 A name, a nothing, but an old wife's tale.
 Speak ; wilt thou Avarice or Pleasure choose
 To be thy Lord ? Take one, and one refuse.*

When a government flourishes in conquests, and is secure from foreign attacks, it naturally falls into all the pleasures of luxury ; and as those pleasures are very expensive, they put those who are addicted to them upon raising fresh supplies of money, by all the methods of rapaciousness and corruption ; so that avarice and luxury often become one complicated principle of action, in those whose hearts are wholly set upon ease, magnificence, and pleasure. The most elegant and correct of all the *Latin* historians, observes, that in his time, when the most formidable States in the world were subdued by the *Romans*, the Republic

funk into those two vices of a quite different nature, *Luxury* and *Avarice*; and accordingly describes *Catiline* as one who coveted the wealth of other men, at the same time that he squandered away his own. This observation on the Commonwealth, when it was in the height of power and riches, holds good in all governments that are settled in a state of ease and prosperity. At such times men naturally endeavour to outshine one another in pomp and splendour; and having no fears to alarm them from abroad, indulge themselves in the enjoyment of all they can get in their possession; which naturally produces avarice, and an immoderate pursuit after wealth and riches.

As I was humouring myself in the speculation of these two great principles of action, I could not forbear throwing my thoughts into a little kind of allegory or fable, with which I shall here present my reader.

There were two very powerful tyrants engaged in a perpetual war against each other: the name of the first was *Luxury*, and of the second *Avarice*. The aim of each of them was no less than universal monarchy over the hearts of mankind. *Luxury* had many Generals under him, who did him great service, as *Pleasure*, *Mirth*, *Pomp*, and *Fashion*. *Avarice* was likewise very strong in his officers, being faithfully served by *Hunger*, *Industry*, *Care*, and *Watchfulness*. He had likewise a privy counsellor, who was always at his elbow, and whispering something or other in his ear: The name of this privy counsellor was *Poverty*. As *Avarice* conducted himself by the counsels of *Poverty*, his antagonist was entirely guided by the dictates and advice of *Plenty*, who was his first counsellor and minister of state, that concerted all his measures with him, and never departed out of his sight. While those two great rivals were thus contending for empire, their conquests were various: *Luxury* got possession of one heart, and *Avarice* of another. The father of a family would often range himself under the banners of *Avarice*, and the son under those of *Luxury*. The wife and husband would often declare themselves of the two different parties; Nay, the same person would very

often side with one in his youth, and revolt to the other in his old age. Indeed the wise men of the world stood *neuter*; but alas! their numbers were inconsiderable. At length, when these two potentates had wearied themselves of waging war upon one another, they agreed upon an interview, at which neither of their counsellors were to be present. It is said that *Luxury* began the parley, and after having represented the state of war in which they were engaged, told his enemy with a frankness of heart which is natural to him, that he believed they should be very good friends, were it not for the instigation of *Poverty*, that pernicious counsellor, who made an ill use of his ear, and filled him with groundless apprehensions and jealousies. To this, *Avarice* replied, that he looked upon *Plenty* the first minister of his antagonist, to be a much more destructive counsellor than *Poverty*; for that he was perpetually suggesting pleasure, banishing all the necessary cautions against want, and consequently undermining those principles on which the government of *Avarice* was founded. At last in order to an accommodation they agreed upon this preliminary: That each of them should immediately dismiss his privy counsellor. When things were thus far adjusted towards a peace, all other differences were soon accommodated, inasmuch that for the future they resolved to live as good friends and confederates, and to share between them whatever conquests were made on either side. For this reason, we now find *Luxury* and *Avarice* taking possession of the same heart, and dividing the same person between them. To which I shall only add, that since discarding the counsellors above mentioned, *Avarice* supplies *Luxury* in the room of *Plenty*, as *Luxury* prompts *Avarice* in the place of *Poverty*.

SPECTATOR, Vol. I. No. 55. C.

BACON (Sir Francis.)

ONE of the most extensive and improved geniuses we have had any instance of in our own nation, or in

any other, was that of Sir *Francis Bacon* Lord *Verulam*. This great man by an extraordinary force of nature, compass of thought, and indefatigable study, amassed to himself such stores of knowledge, as we cannot look upon without amazement. His capacity seemed to have grasped all that was revealed in books before his time; and not satisfied with that, he began to strike out new tracts of science, too many to be travelled over by one man in the compass of the longest life. These, therefore, he would only mark down, like imperfect coastings in maps, or supposed points of land, to be farther discovered and ascertained by the industry of after ages, who should proceed upon his notices or conjectures.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VII. No. 554.

Sir *Francis Bacon* was a man who, for greatness of genius and compass of knowledge, did honour to his age and country; I could almost say, to human nature itself. He possessed at once all those extraordinary talents which were divided among the greatest authors of antiquity. He had the sound, distinct, comprehensive knowledge of *Aristotle*, with all the beautiful lights, graces and embellishments of *Tully*. One does not know which to admire most in his writings, the strength of reason, force of style, or the brightness of imagination.

This author has remarked, in several parts of his works that a thorough insight into philosophy makes a good believer, and that a smattering in it naturally produces such a race of despicable infidels as the little profligate writers of the present age, whom (I must confess) I have always accused to myself, not so much for their want of faith, as their want of learning.

I was infinitely pleased to find among the works of this extraordinary man, a prayer of his own composing, which, for the elevation of thought and greatness of expression, seems rather the devotion of an angel than of a man. His principal fault seems to have been the excess of that virtue which covers a multitude of faults. This betrayed him to so great an in-

dulgence towards his servants, who made a corrupt use of it, that it stripped him of all those riches and honours which a long series of merits had heaped upon him. But in this prayer, at the same time that we find him prostrating himself before the great mercy-seat, and humbled under afflictions, which at that time lay heavy upon him, we see him supported by the sense of his integrity, his zeal, his devotion, and his love to mankind, which give him a much greater figure in the minds of thinking men, than that greatness had done from which he was fallen. I shall beg leave to write down the prayer itself, with the title to it, as it was found among his lordship's papers, written in his own hand; not being able to furnish my readers with an entertainment more suitable to this solemn time.

A Prayer, or Psalm, made by my Lord BACON, Chancellor of England.

“Most gracious Lord God, my merciful Father from my youth up, my Creator, my Redeemer, my Comforter. Thou, O Lord, foundest and searchest the depths and secrets of all hearts; thou acknowledgest the upright of heart; thou judgest the hypocrite, thou ponderest man's doings as in a balance; thou measurest their intentions as with a line; vanity and crooked ways cannot be hid from thee.

Remember, O Lord, how thy servant hast walked before thee; remember what I have first sought, and what hath been principal in my intentions. I have loved thy assemblies; I have mourned for the divisions of thy Church; I have delighted in the brightness of thy sanctuary. The vine which thy right hand hath planted in this nation, I have ever prayed unto thee that it might have the first and the latter rain, and that it might stretch its branches to the seas, and to the floods. The state and bread of the poor and oppressed have been precious in my eyes; I have hated all cruelty and hardness of heart; I have, though in a despised weed, procured the good of all men. If

any have been my enemies, I thought not of them, neither hath the sun almost set upon my displeasure ; but I have been, as a dove, free from superfluity of maliciousness. Thy creatures have been my books, but thy scriptures much more : I have sought thee in the courts, fields, and gardens ; but I have found thee in thy Temple.

Thousands have been my sins, and ten thousands my transgressions ; but thy sanctifications have remained with me, and my heart, through thy grace, hath been unquenched fire upon thine altar.

O Lord, my strength ; I have, since my youth, met with thee in all my ways, by thy fatherly compassions, by thy comfortable chastisements, and by thy most visible Providence. As thy favours have increased upon me, so have thy corrections ; so as thou hast been always near me, O Lord : And ever, as my worldly blessings were exalted, so secret darts from thee have pierced me ; and when I have ascended before men, I have descended in humiliation before thee. And now, when I thought most of peace and honour, thy hand is heavy upon me, and hath humbled me, according to thy former loving kindness, keeping me still in thy fatherly school, not as a bastard, but as a child. Just are thy judgments upon me for my sins, which are more in number than the sands of the sea, but have no proportion to thy mercies ; for what are the sands of the sea ? Earth, Heavens, and all these, are nothing to thy mercies. Besides my innumerable sins, I confess before thee, that I am debtor to thee for the gracious talent of thy gifts and graces, which I have neither put into a napkin, nor put it (as I ought) to exchangers, where it might have made best profit, but mispent it in things for which I am least fit : So may I truly say, my soul hath been a stranger in the course of my pilgrimage. Be merciful unto me, O Lord, for my Saviour's sake, and receive me unto thy bosom, or guide me in thy ways.

TATLER, Vol. IV. No. 267.

BANKRUPTCY.

OTWAY, in his Tragedy of *Venice Preserved*, has described the misery of a man whose effects are in the hands of the law, with great spirit. The bitterness of being the scorn and laughter of base minds, the anguish of being insulted by men hardened beyond the sense of shame and pity, and the injury of a man's fortune being wasted under pretence of justice, are excellently aggravated in the following speech of *Pierre* to *Jaffier*:

*I pass'd this very moment by thy doors,
 And found them guarded by a troop of villains :
 The sons of public rapine were destroying.
 They told me, by the sentence of the law,
 They had commission to seize all thy fortune :
 Nay, more, Priuli's cruel hand had sign'd it.
 Here stood a ruffian with a horrid face,
 Lording it o'er a pile of massy plate,
 Tumbled into a heap for public sale.
 There was another making villanous jests
 At thy undoing : He had ta'en possession
 Of all thy antient most domestic ornaments,
 Rich hangings intermix'd and wrought with gold.
 The very led, which on thy wedding-night
 Receiv'd thee to the arms of Belvidera,
 The scene of all thy joys, were violated
 By the coarse hands of filthy dungeon villains,
 And thrown amongst the common lumber.*

Nothing indeed can be more unhappy than the condition of bankruptcy. The calamity which happens to us by ill fortune, or by the injury of others, has in it some consolation ; but what arises from our own misbehaviour or error, is the state of the most exquisite sorrow. When a man considers not only an ample fortune, but even the very necessaries of life, his pretence to food itself, at the mercy of his creditors, he cannot but look upon himself in the state of the dead, with his case thus much worse, that the last office is per-

formed by his adversaries instead of his friends. From his hour the cruel world does not only take possession of his whole fortune, but even of every thing else, which had no relation to it. All his indifferent actions have new interpretations put upon them; and those whom he has favoured in his former life, discharged themselves of their obligation to him, by joining in the reproaches of his enemies. It is almost incredible that it should be so, but it is too often seen that there is a pride mixed with the impatience of the creditor; and there are those who would rather recover their own by the downfall of a prosperous man, than be discharged, to the common satisfaction of themselves and their creditors. The wretched man, who was lately master of abundance, is now under the direction of others; and the wisdom, œconomy, good sense and skill in human life before, by reason of his present misfortune, are of no use to him in the disposition of any thing. The incapacity of an infant or a lunatic is designed for his provision and accommodation; but that of a bankrupt, without any mitigation in respect of the accidents by which it arrived, is calculated for his utter ruin, except there be a remainder ample enough, after the discharge of his creditors, to bear also the expence of rewarding those by whose means the effect of all his labour was transferred from him. The man is to look on and see others give directions upon what terms and conditions his goods are to be purchased; and all this done, not with an air of trustees to dispose of his effects, but destroyers to divide and tear them to pieces.

There is something sacred in misery to great and good minds; for this reason all wise lawgivers have been extremely tender how they let loose even the man who has right on his side, to act with any mixture of resentment against the defendant. Virtuous and modest men, though they be used with some artifice, and have it in their power to avenge themselves, are slow in the application of their power, and are ever constrained to go into righteous measures; they are careful to demonstrate themselves not only injured,

but also that to bear it longer would be a means to make the offender injure others, before they proceed.—Such men clap their hands upon their hearts, and consider what it is to have at their mercy the life of a citizen. Such would have it to say to their own souls, if possible, that they were merciful, when they could have destroyed, rather than, when it was in their power to have spared a man, they destroyed.—This is due to the common calamity of human life—due in some measure to our very enemies. They who scruple doing the least injury, are cautious of exacting the utmost justice. Let any one who is conversant in the variety of human life reflect upon it, and he will find the man who wants mercy, has a taste of no enjoyment of any kind: There is a natural disrelish of every thing which is good in his very nature, and he is born an enemy to the world. He is ever extremely partial to himself in all his actions, and has no sense of iniquity but from the punishment which shall attend it. The law of the land is his gospel, and all his cases of conscience are determined by an attorney. Such men know not what it is to gladden the heart of a miserable fellow man; that riches are the instruments of serving the purposes of heaven or hell, according to the disposition of the possessor. The wealthy can torment or gratify all whom they have in their power, and choose to do one or other as they are affected with love or hatred to mankind. As for such who are insensible of the concerns of others, but merely as they affect themselves, those men are to be valued only for their mortality, and as we hope better things from their heirs. I could not but read with great delight a letter from an eminent citizen who has failed, to one who was intimate with him in his better fortune, and able by his countenance to retrieve his lost condition.

SIR,

IT is in vain to multiply words and make apologies for what is never to be defended by the best advocate

in the world, the guilt of being unfortunate. All that a man in my condition can do or say, will be received with prejudice by the generality of mankind, but, I hope, not with you. You have been a great instrument in helping me to get what I have lost, and I know (for that reason, as well as kindness for me) you cannot but be in pain to see me undone. To shew you I am not a man incapable of bearing calamity, I will, though a poor man, lay aside the distinction between us, and talk with the frankness we did when we were nearer to an equality. As all I do will be received with prejudice, all you do will be looked upon with partiality. What I desire of you is, that you who are courted by all, would smile upon me, who am shunned by all. Let that grace and favour which your fortune throws upon you, be turned to make up the coldness and indifference that is used towards me. All good and generous men will have an eye of kindness for me for my own sake, and the rest of the world will regard me for yours. There is a happy contagion in riches, as well as a destructive one in poverty: the rich can make rich, without parting with any of their store; and the conversation of the poor makes men poor, though they borrow nothing of them. How this is to be accounted for, I know not; but men's estimation follows us according to the company we keep. If you are what you were to me, you can go a great way towards my recovery; if you are not, my good fortune, if ever it returns, will return by slower approaches.

I am, Sir, &c.

This was answered with a condescension that did not, by long impertinent professions of kindness, insult his distress, but was as follows:

Dear Tom,

I am very glad to hear that you have heart enough to begin the world a second time. I assure you, I do not think your numerous family at all dimin-

ished (in the gifts of nature, for which I have ever so much admired them) by what has lately happened to you. I shall not only countenance your affairs with my appearance for you, but shall accommodate you with a considerable sum, at common interest, for three years. You know I could make more of it; but I have so great a love for you, that I can wave opportunities of gain to help you; for I do not care whether they say of me after I am dead, that I had an hundred, or fifty thousand pounds more than I wanted when I was living.

Your obliged, &c.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 456. T.

BATH.

IN public assemblies there are generally some envious splenetic people, who having no merit to procure respect, are ever finding fault with those who distinguish themselves. This happens more frequently at those places where the season of the year calls persons of both sexes together for the sake of their health. I have had reams of letters from *Bath*, *Epsom*, *Tunbridge*, and *St. Winifrea's Well*, wherein I could observe, that a concern for honour and virtue proceeded from the want of health, beauty, &c. or fine petticoats. A lady who subscribes herself *Eudofia*, writes a bitter invective against *Chloe*, the celebrated dancer; but I have learned, that she herself is lame of the rheumatism. Another, who hath been a prude ever since she had the small pox, is very bitter against the coquettes, and their indecent airs; and a sharp wit hath sent me a keen epigram against the gamesters; but I took notice that it was not written upon gilt paper.

Having had several strange pieces of intelligence from the Bath; as, that more constitutions were weakened there than repaired; that the physicians were not more busy in destroying old bodies, than the

young fellows in producing new ones; with several other common place strokes of raillery; I resolved to look upon the company there, as I returned lately out of the country. It was a great jest to see such a grave ancient person as I am, in an embroidered cap, and brocade night-gown; but, besides the necessity of complying with the custom, by these means I passed undiscovered, and had a pleasure I much covet, of being alone in a crowd. It was no little satisfaction to me, to view the mixed mass of all ages and dignities upon a level, partaking of the same benefits of nature and mingling in the same diversions. I sometimes entertained myself by observing what a large quantity of ground was hid under spreading petticoats, and what little patches of earth were covered by creatures with wigs and hats, in comparison with those spaces that were distinguished by flounces, fringes, and furbulows. From the earth my fancy was directed to the water, where the distinction of sex and condition are concealed, and where the mixture of men and women hath given occasion to some persons of light imagination to compare the *Bath* to the fountain of *Salmacis*, which had the virtue of joining the two sexes in one person; or to the stream wherein *Diana* washed herself, when she bestowed horns on *Aëon*. But by one of a serious turn, those springs may rather be likened to the *Stygian* waters, which made the body invulnerable; or to the river of *Lethe*, one draught of which washed away all pain and anguish in a moment.

As I have taken upon me a name which ought to abound in humanity, I shall make it my business in this paper to cool and assuage those malignant humours of scandal which run throughout the body of men and women there assembled; and after the manner of those famous waters, I will endeavour to wipe away all foul aspersions, to restore bloom and vigour to decayed reputations, and set injured characters upon their legs again. I shall here regulate myself by the example of that good man who used to talk with charity of the greatest villains; nor was he ever heard

to speak with rigour of any one, till he affirmed with severity that Nero was a wag.

Having thus prepared thee, gentle reader, I shall not scruple to entertain thee with a panegyric upon the gamesters. I have indeed spoken incautiously heretofore of that class of men; but I should forfeit all titles to modesty, should I any longer oppose the common sense of the nobility and gentry of the Kingdom. Were we to treat all those with contempt who are the favourites of blind chance, few levees would be crowded. It is not the height of sphere in which a man moves, but the manner in which he acts, that makes him truly valuable. When therefore I see a gentleman lose his money with serenity, I recognize in him all the great qualities of a philosopher. If he storms and invokes the gods, I lament—that he is not placed at the head of a regiment. The great gravity of the countenances round *Harrison's* stable, puts me in mind of a council-board; and the indefatigable application of the several combatants, furnishes me with an unanswerable reply to those gloomy mortals who censure this as an idle life. In short, I cannot see any reason why gentlemen should be hindered from raising a fortune by those means which at the same time enlarge their minds: nor shall I speak dishonourably of some little artifices and finesse used upon these occasions, since the world is so just to any man who is become a possessor of wealth, as not to respect him the less for the methods he took to come by it.

Upon considerations like these, the ladies share in these diversions. I must own, that I receive great pleasure in seeing my pretty country-women engaged in an amusement which puts them upon producing so many virtues. Hereby they acquire such a boldness as raises them nearer that lordly creature, Man. Here they are taught such contempt of wealth, as may dilate their minds, and prevent many curtain lectures. Their natural tenderness is a weakness here easily unlearned; and I find my soul exalted, when I see a lady sacrifice the fortune of her children with as little concern as a *Spartan* or *Roman* dame. In such a place as

the *Bath*, I might urge, that the casting of a die is indeed the properest exercise for a fair creature to assist the waters; not to mention the opportunity it gives to display the well-turned arm, and to scatter to advantage the rays of the diamond. But I am satisfied that the gamester-ladies have surmounted the little vanities of shewing their beauty, which they so far neglect as to throw their features into violent distortions, and wear away their lillies and roses in tedious watching and restless lucubrations. I should rather observe, that their chief passion is an emulation of manhood; which I am the more inclined to believe, because, in spite of all slanders, their confidence in their virtue keeps them up all night with the most dangerous creatures of our sex. It is to me an undoubted argument of their ease of conscience, that they go directly from church to the gaming-table, and so highly reverence play, as to make it a great part of their exercise on Sundays.

The *Water Poets* are an innocent tribe, and deserve all the encouragement I can give them. It would be barbarous to treat those authors with bitterness, who never write out of *season*, and whose works are useful with the waters. I made it my care therefore to sweeten some four critics who were sharp upon a few sonnets, which, to speak in the language of the *Bath*, were mere *Alkalies*. I took particular notice of a *lenitive electuary*, which was wrapt up in some of these gentle compositions; and am persuaded that the pretty one who took it, was as much relieved by the cover as the medicine. There are an hundred general topics put into metre every year, *viz.* *The lover is inflamed in the water; or, he finds his death where he sought his cure; or, the nymph feels her own pain, without regarding her lover's torment.* These, being forever repeated, have at present a very good effect; and a physician assures me, that *laudanum* is almost out of doors at the *Bath*.

The physicians here are very numerous, but very good natured. To these charitable gentlemen I owe that I was cured, in a weak's time, of more distem-

pers than I ever had in my life. They had almost killed me with their humanity. A learned fellow-lodger prescribed me a *little something*, at my first coming, to keep up my spirits; and the next morning I was so enlivened by another, as to have an order to bleed for my fever. I was proffered a cure for the scurvy by a third, and had a receipt for the dropsy *gratis* before night. In vain did I modestly decline these favours; for I was awakened early in the morning by the apothecary, who brought me a dose from one of my well-wishers. I payed him, but withal told him severely, that I never took physic. My landlord hereupon took me for an Italian merchant, that suspected poison; but the apothecary, with more sagacity, guessed that I was certainly a physician myself.

The oppression of civilities which I underwent from the sage gentlemen of the faculty, frightened me from making such inquiries into the nature of those springs, as would have furnished out a nobler entertainment upon the *Bath*, than the loose hints I have now thrown together. Every man who hath received any benefit there, ought, in proportion to his abilities, to improve, adorn, or recommend it: a prince should found hospitals; and the noble and rich may diffuse their ample charities. Mr. *Tompion* gave a clock to the *Bath*; and I, *Nester Ironside*, have dedicated a *Guardian*.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 174.

BEARDS.

WHEN I was last with my friend Sir *Roger*, in *Westminster-Abbey*, I observed that he stood longer than ordinary before the bust of a venerable old man. I was at a loss to guess the reason of it, when after some time he pointed at the figure, and asked me if I did not think that our forefathers looked much wiser in their beards than we do without them: for my part, says he, when I am walking in my gallery in the country, and see my ancestors, who many of them died

before they were of my age, I cannot forbear regarding them as so many old patriarchs, and at the same time looking upon myself as an idle smockfaced young fellow. I love to see your *Abrahams*, your *Isaacs*, and your *Jacobs*, as we have them in old pieces of tapestry, with beards below their girdles, that cover half the hangings. The knight added, if I would recommend beards in one of my papers, and endeavour to restore human faces to their ancient dignity, that upon a month's warning he would undertake to lead up the fashion himself in a pair of whiskers.

I smiled at my friend's fancy; but after we parted, could not forbear reflecting on the metamorphoses our faces have undergone in this particular.

The beard, conformable to the notion of my friend Sir *Roger*, was for many ages looked upon as the type of wisdom. *Lucian* more than once rallies the philosophers of his time, who endeavoured to rival one another with beards; and represents a learned man who stood for a professorship in philosophy, as unqualified for it by the shortness of his beard.

Ælian, in his account of *Zoilus* the pretended critic, who wrote against *Homer* and *Plato*, and thought himself wiser than all who had gone before him, tells us that this *Zoilus* had a very long beard that hung down upon his breast, but no hair upon his head, which he always kept close shaved, regarding, it seems, the hairs of his head as so many suckers, which, if they had been suffered to grow, might have drawn away the nourishment from his chin, and by that means have starved his beard.

I have read somewhere, that one of the popes refused to accept an edition of a saint's works which were presented to him, because the saint, in his effigies before the book, was drawn without a beard.

We see, by these instances, what homage the world formerly paid to beards; and that a barber was not then allowed to make those depredations on the faces of the learned, which have been permitted of later years.

Accordingly, several wise nations have been so ex-

tremely jealous of the least ruffle offered to their beards, that they seemed to have fixed the point of honour principally in that part. The Spaniards were wonderfully tender in this particular. *Don Queredo*, in his third vision on the last judgment, has carried the humour very far, when he tells us that one of his vain-glorious countrymen, after having received sentence, was taken into custody by a couple of evil spirits; but that his guides happening to disorder his mustachoes, they were forced to recompose them with a pair of curling-irons, before they could get him to file off.

If we look into the history of our own nation, we shall find that the beard flourished in the *Saxon* Heph-tarchy, but was very much discouraged by the *Norman* line. It shot out, however, from time to time, in several reigns, under different shapes. The last effort it made seems to have been in *Queen Mary's* days, as the curious reader may find, if he pleases to peruse the figures of cardinal *Poole* and bishop *Gardiner*; though at the same time I think it may be questioned, if zeal against popery has not induced our protestant painters to extend the beards of those two persecutors beyond their natural dimensions, in order to make them appear the more terrible.

I find but few beards worth taking notice of in the long reign of king *James the first*.

During the civil wars, there appeared one which makes too great a figure in story to be passed over in silence; I mean that of the redoubted *Hudibras*, an account of which *Butler* has transmitted to posterity in the following lines:

*His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face;
In cut and dye so like a tyle,
A sudden view it would beguile:
The upper part thereof was whey,
The nether, orange mixt with grey.*

The whisker continued for some time among us after the expiration of beards; but this is a subject

which I shall not here enter upon, having discussed it at large in a distinct treatise, which I kept by me in manuscript, upon the *mustacho*.

If my friend Sir *Roger's* project of introducing beards should take effect, I fear the luxury of the present age would make it a very expensive fashion. There is no question but the beaux would soon provide themselves with false ones of the lightest colours and the most immoderate lengths. A fair beard, of the tapestry size Sir *Roger* seems to approve, could not come under twenty guineas. The famous golden beard of *Æsculapius* would hardly be more valuable than one made in the extravagance of the fashion.

Besides, we are not certain that the ladies would not come into the mode, when they take the air on horseback. They already appear in hats and feathers, coats and perriwigs; and I see no reason why we may not suppose, that they would have their *riding beard's* on the same occasion.

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 331. X.

BEAUTY.

A friend of mine has two daughters, whom I will call *Lætitia* and *Daphne*. The former is one of the greatest beauties of the age in which she lives, the latter no way remarkable for any charms in her person. Upon this one circumstance of their outward form, the good and ill of their life seems to turn. *Lætitia* from her childhood, heard nothing else but commendations of her fortune and complexion; by which means she is no other than nature has made her, a very beautiful outside. The consciousness of her charms has rendered her insupportably vain and insolent towards all that have to do with her. *Daphne*, who was almost twenty before one civil thing had been said to her, found herself obliged to acquire some accomplishments to make up for the want of those attractions which she saw in her sister. Poor *Daphne* was seldom submitted to in a debate wherein

she was concerned ; her discourse had nothing to recommend it but the good sense of it ; and she was always under a necessity to have very well considered what she was going to say before she uttered it ; while *Lætitia* was listened to with partiality, and approbation sat in the countenances of those she conversed with, before she communicated what she had to say. These causes have produced suitable effects ; and *Lætitia* is as insipid a companion, as *Daphne* is an agreeable one. *Lætitia*, confident of favour, has studied no arts to please ; *Daphne*, despairing of any inclination towards her person, has depended only on her merit. *Lætitia* has always something in her air that is sullen, grave, and disconsolate ; *Daphne* has a countenance that appears cheerful, open, and unconcerned. A young gentleman this winter saw *Lætitia* at a play, and became her captive. His fortune was such, that he wanted very little introduction to speak his sentiments to her father. The lover was admitted into the family, where a concerned behaviour, severe looks, and distant civilities, were the highest favours he could obtain from *Lætitia* ; while *Daphne* used him with the good-humour, familiarity, and innocence of a sister : Inasmuch that he would often say to her, *Dear Daphne, avert thou but as bountiful as Lætitia.*—She received this language with that ingenuous and pleasing mirth, which is natural to a woman without design. He still sighed in vain for *Lætitia*, but found certain relief in the agreeable conversation of *Daphne*. At length, heartily tired with the haughty impertinence of *Lætitia*, and charmed with the repeated instances of good-humour, which he observed in *Daphne*, he one day told the latter, that he had something to say to her he hoped she would be pleased with—*Faith, Daphne, (continued he,) I am in love with thee, and desire thy sister sincerely.* The manner of his declaring himself gave his mistress occasion for a very hearty laughter—*noy, says he, I know you would laugh at me, but I'll ask your father.* He did so ; the father received his intelligence with no less joy than surprize, and was very glad he had now no care left but for his Beauty, which he thought

he could carry to market at his leisure. I do not know any thing that has pleased me so much, a great while, as this conquest of my friend *Daphne's*. All her acquaintance congratulate her upon her chance-medley, and laugh at that premeditating murderer her sister. As it is an argument of a light mind, to think the worse of ourselves for the imperfections of our persons, it is equally below us to value ourselves upon the advantages of them. The female world seem to be almost incorrigibly gone astray in this particular; for which reason I shall recommend the following extract of a friend's letter to the professed Beauties, who are a people almost as insufferable as the professed wits.

“*Monsieur de St. Evremont* has concluded one of his essays with affirming, that the last sighs of an handsome woman are not so much for the loss of her life as of her beauty. Perhaps this raillery is pursued too far; yet it is turned upon a very obvious remark, that woman's strongest passion is for her own beauty, and that she values it as her favourite distinction. From hence it is that all arts which pretend to improve or preserve it, meet with so general a reception among the sex. To say nothing of many false helps and contraband wares of beauty, which are daily vended in this great mart, there is not a maiden gentlewoman of a good family in any county of South Britain, who has not heard of the virtues of *May dew*, or is furnished with some receipt or other in favour of her complexion: and I have known a physician of learning and sense, after eight years study in the university, and a course of travels into most countries in Europe, owe the first raising of his fortune to a cosmetic wash.

This has given me occasion to consider how so universal a disposition in womankind, which springs from a laudable motive, the desire of pleasing, and proceeds upon an opinion not altogether groundless, that nature may be helped by art, may be turned to their advantage. And, methinks, it would be an acceptable service to take them out of the hands of quacks and pretenders, and to prevent their imposing upon them-

selves, by discovering to them the true secret and art of improving beauty.

In order to this, before I touch upon it directly, it will be necessary to lay down a few preliminary maxims, viz.

That no woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of speech.

That pride destroys all symmetry and grace, and affectation is a more terrible enemy to fine faces than the small-pox.

That no woman is capable of being beautiful, who is not incapable of being false.

And, that what would be odious in a friend, is deformity in a mistress.

From these few principles, thus laid down, it will be easy to prove, that the true art of assisting beauty, consists in embellishing the whole person by the proper ornaments of virtuous and commendable qualities. By this help alone it is, that those who are the favourite work of nature, or, as Mr. *Dryden* expresses it, the porcelain clay of human kind, become animated, and are in a capacity of exerting their charms; and those who seem to be neglected by her, like models wrought in haste, are capable in a great measure of finishing what she has left imperfect.

It is, methinks, a low and degrading idea of that sex, which was created to refine the joys and soften the cares of humanity by the most agreeable participation, to consider them merely as objects of sight. This is abridging them of their natural extent of power, to put them upon a level with their pictures at *Kneller's*. How much nobler is the contemplation of beauty heightened by virtue, and commanding our esteem and love, while it draws our observation! How faint and spiritless are the charms of a coquette, when compared with the real loveliness of *Sophonias*'s innocence, piety, good-humour and truth; virtues which add a new softness to her sex, and even beautify her beauty! That agreeableness which must otherwise have appeared no longer in the modest vir-

gin, is now preserved in the tender mother, the prudent friend, and the faithful wife. Colours artfully spread upon canvas may entertain the eye, but not affect the heart; and she who takes no care to add to the natural graces of her person any excelling qualities, may be allowed still to amuse, as a picture, but not to triumph as a beauty.

When *Adam* was introduced by *Milton*, describing *Eve* in *Paradise*, and relating to the angel the impression he felt upon seeing her at her first creation, he does not represent her like a *Grecian Venus*, by her shape or features, but by the lustre of her mind which shone in them, and gave them their power of charming.

*Graceful in all her steps, Heav'n in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love!*

Without this eradiating power, the proudest fair-one ought to know, (whatever her glass may tell her to the contrary) that her most perfect features are uniformed and dead.

I cannot better close this moral, than by a short epitaph written by *Ben Johnson*, with a spirit which nothing could inspire but such an object as I have been describing:

*Underneath this stone doth lie
As much virtue as could die;
Which, when alive, did vigour give
To as much beauty as could live.*

SPECTATOR, Vol. I. No. 33. R.

There is nothing which gives one so pleasing a prospect of human nature, as the contemplation of wisdom and beauty. The latter is the peculiar portion of that sex which is therefore called fair; but the happy concurrence of both these excellencies in the same person, is a character too celestial to be frequently met with. Beauty is an over-weaning, self-sufficient thing, careless of providing itself any more substantial ornaments; nay, so little does it consult its own interests, that it too often defeats itself, by be-

traying that innocence which renders it lovely and desirable. As therefore virtue makes a beautiful woman appear more beautiful, so beauty makes a virtuous woman really more virtuous.

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 302. T.

BEINGS.

THOUGH there is a great deal of pleasure in contemplating the material world, by which I mean that system of bodies into which nature has so curiously wrought the mass of dead matter, with the several relations which those bodies bear to one another; there is still, methinks, something more wonderful and surprising in contemplations on the world of life, by which I mean all those animals with which every part of the universe is furnished. The material world is only the shell of the universe: the world of life are its inhabitants.

If we consider those parts of the material world which lie the nearest to us, and are therefore subject to our observations and inquiries, it is amazing to consider the infinity of animals with which it is stocked. Every part of matter is peopled: every green leaf swarms with inhabitants: there is scarce a single humour in the body of man, or of any other animal, in which our glasses do not discover myriads of living creatures. The surface of animals is likewise covered with other animals, which are in the same manner the basis of other animals that live upon it. Nay, we find in the most solid bodies, as in marble itself, innumerable cells and cavities, that are crowded with such imperceptible inhabitants, as are too little for the naked eye to discover. On the other hand if we look into the more bulky parts of nature, we see the seas, lakes, and rivers, teeming with numberless kinds of living creatures; we find every mountain and marsh, wilderness and wood, plentifully stocked with birds and beasts; and every part of matter affording proper

necessaries and conveniences for the livelihood of multitudes which inhabit it.

The author of the *Plurality of Worlds* draws a very good argument from this consideration, for the *peopling* of every planet; as indeed it seems very probable, from the analogy of reason, that if no part of matter, which we are acquainted with, lies waste and useless, those great bodies which are at such a distance from us, should not be desert and unpeopled, but rather they should be furnished with beings adapted to their respective situations.

Existence is only a blessing to those beings which are endowed with perception, and is in a manner thrown away upon dead matter, any farther than as it is subservient to beings which are conscious of their existence. Accordingly we find, from the bodies which lie under our observation, that matter is made only as the basis and support of animals; and that there is no more of one, than what is necessary for the existence of the other.

Infinite goodness is of so communicative a nature, that it seems to delight in the conferring of existence upon every degree of perceptive being. As this is a speculation which I have often pursued with great pleasure to myself, I shall enlarge farther upon it, by considering that part of the scale of beings which comes within our knowledge.

There are some living creatures which are raised but just above dead matter. To mention only that species of shell-fish, which are formed in the fashion of a cone, that grow to the surface of several rocks, and immediately die upon being severed from the place where they grow. There are many other creatures but one remove from these, which have no other sense besides that of feeling and taste; others have still an additional one of hearing, others of smell, and others of sight. It is wonderful to observe, by what a gradual progress the world of life advances through a prodigious variety of species, before a creature is formed that is complete in all its senses; and even among these there is such a different degree of per-

fection in the sense which one animal enjoys beyond what appears in another, that though the sense in different animals be distinguished by the same common denomination, it seems almost of a different nature. If after this we look into the several inward perfections of cunning and sagacity, or what we generally call instinct, we find them rising after the same manner imperceptibly one above another, and receiving additional improvements, according to the species in which they are implanted. This progress in nature is so very gradual, that the most perfect of an inferior species comes very near to the most imperfect of that which is immediately above it.

The exuberant and overflowing goodness of the Supreme Being, whose mercy extends to all his works, is plainly seen, as I have before hinted, from his having made so very little matter, at least what falls within our knowledge, that does not swarm with life; nor is his goodness less seen in the diversity than in the multitude of living creatures. Had he only made one species of animals, none of the rest would have enjoyed the happiness of existence. He has therefore specified in his creation every degree of life, every capacity of being. The whole chasm of nature, from a plant to a man, is filled up with divers kinds of creatures rising one over another, by such a gentle and easy ascent, that the little transitions and deviations from one species to another are almost insensible. This intermediate space is so well husbanded and managed, that there is scarce a degree of perception which does not appear in some one part of the world of life. Is the goodness or wisdom of the Divine Being more manifested in this his proceeding?

There is a consequence besides those I have already mentioned, which seems very naturally deducible from the foregoing considerations. If the scale of being rises, by such a regular progress, so high as man, we may by a parity of reason suppose that it still proceeds gradually through those beings which are of a superior nature to him; since there is an in-

initely greater space and room for different degrees of perfection between the Supreme Being and Man, than between man and the most despicable insect. The consequence of so great a variety of beings, which are superior to us, from that variety which is inferior to us, is made by Mr. *Locke*, in a passage which I shall here set down, after having premised that, notwithstanding there is such infinite room between Man and his Maker for the creative power to exert itself in, it is impossible that it should ever be filled up, since there will be still an infinite gap or distance between the highest created being and the power which produced him.

That there should be more *species* of intelligent creatures above us, than there are of sensible or material below us, is probable to me from hence; that in all the corporeal world we see no chasms, or no gaps. All quite down from us the descent is by easy steps, and a continued series of things that in each remove differ very little one from the other. There are fishes that have wings, and are not strangers to the airy region; and there are some birds, that are inhabitants of the water, whose blood is as cold as fishes, and their flesh so like in taste, that the scrupulous are allowed them on fish days. There are animals so near akin both to birds and beasts, that they are in the middle between both. Amphibious animals link the terrestrial and aquatic together; seals live at land and at sea, and porpoises have the warm blood and entrails of a hog; not to mention what is confidently reported of mermaids or sea-men. There are some brutes that seem to have as much knowledge and reason as some that are called men; and the animal and vegetable kingdoms are so nearly joined, that if you will take the lowest of one, and the highest of the other, there will scarce be perceived any great difference between them and so on, till we come to the very lowest and the most inorganical parts of matter, we shall find every where that the several species are linked together, and differ but in almost insensible degrees. And when we consider the infinite power and wisdom of the Maker,

we have reason to think, that it is suitable to the magnificent harmony of the universe, and the great design and infinite goodness of the Architect, that the *species* of creatures should also, by gentle degrees, ascend upward from us toward his infinite perfection, as we see they gradually descend from us downwards: which if it be probable, we have reason then to be persuaded, that there are far more *species* of creatures above us, than there are beneath; we being in degrees of perfection much more remote from the infinite being of God, than we are from the lowest state of being, and that which approaches nearest to nothing. And yet of all those distinct *species* we have no clear distinct *ideas*."

In this system of being, there is no creature so wonderful in its nature, and which so much deserves our particular attention, as Man, who fills up the middle space between the animal and intellectual nature, the visible and invisible world; and is that link in the chain of beings which has been often termed the *nexus utriusque mundi*. So that he who in one respect is associated with angels and arch-angels, may look upon a Being of infinite perfection as his father, and the highest order of spirits as his brethren, may in another respect say to corruption, *thou art my father*; and to the worm, *thou art my mother and my sister*.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VII. No. 519. O.

BILLS OF MORTALITY.

UPON taking my seat in a coffee-house, I often draw the eyes of the whole room upon me when in the hottest seasons of news, and at a time perhaps that the Dutch mail is just come in, they hear me ask the coffee-man for his last week's bill of mortality. I find I have been taken sometimes on this occasion for a parish *Sexton*, sometimes for an *Undertaker*, and sometimes for a *Doctor* of physic. In this however I am guided by the spirit of a philosopher, as I take occasion from hence to reflect upon the regular increase

and diminution of mankind, and consider the several various ways through which we pass from life to immortality. I am very well pleased with these weekly admonitions that bring into my mind such thoughts as ought to be the daily entertainment of every reasonable creature, and consider with pleasure to myself, by which of those deliverances, or as we commonly call them, distempers, I may possibly make my escape out of this world of sorrows into that condition of existence wherein I hope to be happier than it is possible for me at present to conceive.

But this is not all the use I make of the above-mentioned weekly paper. A bill of mortality is, in my opinion, an unanswerable argument for a Providence. How can we, without supposing ourselves under the constant care of a Supreme Being, give any possible account for that nice proportion which we find in every great city between the deaths and births of its inhabitants, and between the number of males and that of females who are brought into the world? What else could adjust in so exact a manner the recruits of every nation to its losses, and divide these new supplies of people into such equal bodies of both sexes? Chance could never hold the balance with so steady a hand. Were we not counted out by an intelligent Supervisor, we should sometimes be overcharged with multitudes, and at others waste away into a desert: we should be sometimes a *Populus Vicorum*, as *Florus* elegantly expresses it, a *generation of males*; and at others, a species of women. We may extend this consideration to every species of living creatures, and consider the whole animal world as an huge army made up of innumerable *corps*, if I may use that term, whose quotas have been kept entire near five thousand years, in so wonderful a manner, that there is not probably a single species lost during this long tract of time. Could we have general bills of mortality of every kind of animals, or particular ones of every species in each continent and island, I could almost say in every wood, marsh, or mountain, what

astounding instances would they be of that Providence which watches over all its works !

I have heard of a great man in the *Romish Church*, who, upon reading those words in the 5th Chapter of *Genesis*--*And all the days that Adam lived, were nine hundred and thirty years, and he died; and all the days of Seth were nine hundred twelve years, and he died; and all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred and sixty-nine years, and he died*; immediately shut himself up in a Convent, and retired from the world, as not thinking any thing in this life worth pursuing, which had no regard to another.

The truth of it is, there is nothing in history which is so improving to the reader as those accounts which we meet with of the deaths of eminent persons, and of their behaviour in that dreadful season. I may also add, that there are no parts in history which affect and please the reader in so sensible a manner. The reason I take to be this, because there is no other single circumstance in the story of any person, which can possibly be the case of every one who reads it. A battle or a triumph are conjectures in which not one in a million is likely to be engaged; but when we see a person at the point of death, we cannot forbear being attentive to every thing he says or does, because we are sure that some time or other we shall ourselves be in the same melancholy circumstances. The General, the Statesman, or the Philosopher, are perhaps characters which we may never act in; but the dying man is one whom sooner or later we shall certainly resemble.

It is perhaps for the same kind of reason that few books written in English have been so much perused as Dr. *Sherlock's* discourse upon death; though at the same time I must own, that he who has not perused this excellent piece, has not perhaps read one of the strongest persuasives, to a religious life that ever was written in any language.

The consideration with which I shall close this essay upon death, is one of the most ancient and most beaten morals that have been recommended to man--

kind : But its being so very common, and so universally received, though it takes away from it the grace of novelty, adds very much to the weight of it, as it shews that it falls in with the general sense of mankind. In short, I would have every one consider, that he is in this life nothing more than a passenger, and that he is not to set up his rest here, but to keep an attentive eye upon that state of being to which he approaches every moment, and which will be forever fixed and permanent. This single consideration would be sufficient to extinguish the bitterness of hatred, the thirst of avarice, and the cruelty of ambition.

I am very much pleased with the passage of *Antiphanes*, a very ancient poet, who lived near an hundred years before *Soerates*, which represents the life of man under this view, as I have here translated it, word for word. "Be not grieved, (says he) above measure for thy deceased friends ; they are not dead, but have only finished that journey which it is necessary for every one of us to take. We ourselves must go to that great place of reception, in which they are all of them assembled, and in this general rendezvous of mankind, live together in another stage of being."

I think I have in a former paper taken notice of those beautiful metaphors in scripture, where life is termed a pilgrimage, and those who pass through it are called strangers and sojourners upon earth. I shall conclude this with a story which I have somewhere read in the travels of Sir *John Chardin*. That gentleman after having told us that the Inns which receive the Caravans in *Persia*, and the eastern countries, are called by the name of *Caravansaries*, gives us a relation to the following purpose :

A *Dervise*, travelling through *Tartary*, being arrived at the town of *Balk*, went into the king's palace by mistake, as thinking it to be a public inn or caravanfary. Having looked about him for some time, he entered into a long gallery, where he laid down his wallet and spread his carpet, in order to repose himself upon it, after the manner of the eastern nations. He

had not been long in this posture before he was discovered by some of the guards, who asked him what was his business in that place : The *Dervise* told him he intended to take up his nights lodging in that caravanfary. The guards let him know in a very angry manner, that the house he was in was not a caravanfary, but the king's palace. It happened that the king himself passed through the gallery during this debate, and smiling at the mistake of the *Dervise*, asked him how he could possibly be so dull as not to distinguish a palace from a caravanfary : Sir, says the *Dervise*, give me leave to ask your Majesty a question or two : Who were the persons who lodged in this house when it was first built ? The king replied, *his Ancestors*. And who says the *Dervise*, was the last person that lodged here ? The king replied, *his Father*. And who is, says the *Dervise*, the person that lodges here at present ? The king told him, *it was he himself*. And who, says he, will be here after you ? The king answered, *the young Prince his Son*. Ah, Sir, says the *Dervise*, a house that changes its inhabitants so often, and receives such a perpetual succession of guests, is not a palace, but a *caravanfary*.

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 289. L.

BLOCKHEADS.

WHEN I came to the Coffee-House this evening, the man of the house delivered me a book very finely bound. When I received it, I overheard one of the boys whisper another, and say, it was a fine thing to be a great scholar ! What a pretty book that is ! It has indeed a very gay outside, and is dedicated to me by a very ingenious gentleman, who does not put his name to it. The title of it, for the work is in *Latin*, is, *Epistolarum Obscurorum Virorum, ad Dom. M. Ortuinum Gratium, Volumnia II. &c.*—"The epistles of the obscure writers to *Ortuinus*," &c. The purpose of the work is signified in the dedication, in very elegant language and fine raillery. It seems this is a collec-

tion of letters, which some profound blockheads who lived before our times, have written in honour of each other's absurdities. They are mostly of the *German* nations, whence from time to time an inundation of writers have flowed, more pernicious to the learned world, than the swarms of *Goths* and *Vandals* to the politic. It is, methinks, wonderful, that fellows should be awake and utter such incoherent conceptions, and converse with great gravity like learned men, without the least taste of knowledge or good sense. It would have been an endless labour to have taken any other method of exposing such impertinences, than by an edition of their own works, where you see their follies, according to the ambition of such virtuosi, in a more correct edition.

Looking over these accomplished labours, I could not but reflect upon the immense load of writings which the commonality of scholars have pushed into the world, and the absurdity of parents, who educate crowds to spend their time in pursuit of such cold and sprightless endeavours to appear in public. It seems therefore a fruitless labour, to attempt the correction of the taste of our cotemporaries, except it was in our power to burn all the senseless labours of our ancestors. There is a secret propensity in nature, from generation to generation, in the blockheads of one age, to admire those of another; and men of the same imperfections are as great admirers of each other, as those of the same abilities.

This great mischief of voluminous follies, proceeds from a misfortune which happens in all ages, that men of barren geniuses, but fertile imaginations, are bred scholars. This may at first appear a paradox; but when we consider the talking creatures we meet in public places, it will no longer be such. *Ralph Shallow* is a young fellow that has not by nature any the least propensity to strike into what has not been observed and said, every day of his life, by others: But with that inability of speaking any thing that is uncommon, he has a great readiness at what he can speak of, and his imagination runs into all the different views of

the subject he treats of in a moment. If *Ralph* had learning added to the common chit-chat of the town, he would have been a disputant upon all topics that ever were considered by men of his own genius. As for my part, I never am teased by any empty town-fellow, but I bless my stars that he was not bred a scholar. This addition we must consider, would have made him capable of maintaining his follies; his being in the wrong would have been protected by suitable arguments; and when he was hedged in by logical terms and false appearances, you must have owned yourself convinced before you could then have got rid of him, and the shame of his triumph had been added to the pain of his impertinence.

There is a sort of littleness in the minds of men of wrong sense, which makes them much more insufferable than mere fools, and has the farther inconvenience of being attended by an endless loquacity; for which reason it would be a very proper work if some well-wisher to human society would consider the terms upon which people meet in public places, in order to prevent the unseasonable declamations which we meet with there. I remember in my youth it was an humour at the university, when a fellow pretended to be more eloquent than ordinary, and had formed to himself a plot to gain all our admiration, or triumph over us with an argument, to either of which he had no manner of call; I say, in either of these cases, it was the humour to shut one eye. This whimsical way of taking notice to him of his absurdity, has prevented many a man from being a coxcomb. If amongst us, on such an occasion, each man offered a voluntary rhetorician some snuff, it would probably produce the same effect. As the matter now stands, whether a man will or not, he is obliged to be informed in whatever another pleases to entertain him with, though the preceptor makes these advances out of vanity, and not to instruct, but insult him.

There is no man will allow him who wants courage, to be called a good soldier; but men who want good sense are very frequently not only allowed to be

scholars but esteemed for being such. At the same time it must be granted that as courage is the natural parts of a soldier, so is a good understanding of a scholar. Such little minds as these, whose productions are collected in a volume to which I have the honour to be patron, are the instruments for artful men to work with, and become popular with the unthinking part of mankind. In courts, they make transparent flatterers; in camps, ostentatious bullies; in colleges unintelligible padants; and their faculties are used accordingly by those who lead them.

When a man who wants judgment is admitted into the conversation of reasonable men, he shall remember such improper circumstances, and draw such groundless conclusions from their discourse, and that with such colour of sense, as would divide the best set of company that could be got together. It is just thus with a fool who has a familiarity with books: He shall quote and recite one author against another, in such a manner as shall puzzle the best understanding to refute him; though the most ordinary capacity may observe, that it is only ignorance that makes the intricacy. All the true use of what we call learning is to enoble and improve our natural faculties, and not to disguise our imperfections. It is therefore in vain for folly to attempt to conceal itself by the refuge of learned language. Literature does but make a man more eminently the thing which nature made him; and *Polyglottes*, had he studied less than he has, and writ only in his mother tongue, had been known only in *Great Britain* for a pedant.

TATLER, Vol. IV. No. 197.

BLINDNESS.

WHILE others are busied in relations which concern the interests of princes, the peace of nations, and the revolutions of empires, I think (though these are very great subjects) my theme of discourse is sometimes to be of matters of a much higher consideration.

The slow steps of Providence and Nature, and strange events which are brought about in an instant, are what, as they come within our view and observation, shall be given to the public. Such things are not accompanied with show and noise, and therefore seldom draw the eyes of the inattentive part of mankind, but are very proper at once to exercise our humanity, please our imaginations, and improve our judgments. It may not be therefore unuseful to relate many circumstances which were observable upon a late cure done upon a young gentleman who was born blind, and on the 29th of June last received his sight, at the age of twenty years, by the operation of an oculist. This happened no farther off than *Newington*; and the work was prepared for in the following manner:

The operator, Mr. *Grant*, having observed the eyes of his patient, and convinced his friends and relations, among others the Reverend Mr. *Caswell*, minister of the place, that it was highly probable he could remove the obstacle which prevented the use of his sight. All his acquaintance who had any regard for the young man or curiosity to be present when one of full age and understanding received a new sense, assembled themselves on this occasion. Mr. *Caswell* being a gentleman particularly curious, desired the whole company in case the blindness should be cured, to keep secret, and let the patient make his own observations, without the direction of any thing he had received by his other senses, or the advantage of discovering his friends by their voices. Among several others, the mother, brethren, sisters, and a young gentlewoman for whom he had a passion, were present. The work was performed with great skill and dexterity. When the patient first received the dawn of light, there appeared such an extacy in his action, that he seemed ready to swoon away in surprize of joy and wonder. The surgeon stood before him with his instruments in his hands. The young man observed him from head to foot; after which he surveyed himself as carefully, and seemed to compare him to himself; and observing

both their hands, seemed to think they were exactly alike, except the instruments which he took for parts of his hands. When he had continued in this amazement for some time, his mother could not longer bear the agitations of so many passions as thronged upon her; but fell upon his neck, crying out, My Son, my Son! The youth knew her voice, and could speak no more than, O me! are you my mother? and fainted. The whole room you will easily conceive, were very affectionately employed in recovering him; but above all, the young gentlewoman who loved him, and whom he loved, shrieked in the loudest manner. That voice seemed to have a sudden effect upon him as he recovered, and he shewed a double curiosity in observing her as she spoke, and called to him; till at last he broke out, What has been done to me? Whither am I carried? Is all this about me the thing I have so often heard of? Is this the light? Is this seeing? Were you always thus happy, when you said you were always glad to see each other? Where is *Tom* who used to lead me? But I could now, methinks go any where without him. He offered to move, but seemed afraid of every thing around him. When they saw his difficulty, they told him, till he became better acquainted with his new being, he must let the servant still lead him. The boy was called for and presented to him. Mr. *Caswell* asked him what sort of being he took *Tom* to be before he had seen him. He answered, he believed there was not so much of him as of himself; but he fancied him the same sort of creature. The noise of this sudden change made all the neighbourhood throng to the place where he was. As he saw the crowd thickening, he desired Mr. *Caswell* to tell him how many there were in all to be seen. The gentleman smiling, answered him, that it would be very proper for him to return to his late condition, and suffer his eyes to be covered till they had received strength; for he might remember well enough, that by degrees he had from little and little come to the strength he had at present, in his ability of walking and moving; and that it was the same thing with his eyes,

which he said would lose the power of continuing to him that wonderful transport he was now in, except he would be contented to lay aside the use of them till they were strong enough to bear the light without so much feeling as he knew he underwent at present. With much reluctance he was prevailed upon to have his eyes bound, in which condition they kept him in a dark room, till it was proper to let the organ receive its objects without further precaution. During the time of this darkness he bewailed himself in the most distressed manner, and accused all his friends, complaining that some incantation had been wrought upon him, and some strange magic used to deceive him into an opinion that he had enjoyed what they call sight. He added, that the impressions then let in upon his soul would certainly distract him, if he were not so at present. At another time he would strive to name the persons he had seen among the crowd after he was couched, and would pretend to speak, in perplexed terms of his own making, of what he in that short time observed. But on the 6th instant it was thought proper to unbind his head; and the young woman whom he loved was instructed to open his eyes accordingly, as well to endear herself to him by such a circumstance as to moderate his extacies by the persuasion of a voice which had so much power over him as hers ever had. When this beloved young woman began to take off the binding off his eyes, she talked to him as follows:

“Mr. *William*, I am now taking the binding off; though when I consider what I am doing, I tremble with the apprehension, that (though I have from my very childhood loved you, dark as you were, and though you had conceived so strong a love for me, yet) you will find that there is such a thing as Beauty, which may ensnare you into a thousand passions, of which you are now innocent, and take you from me forever. But before I put myself to that hazard, tell me in what manner that love you always professed to me, ever entered into your heart; for its usual admission is at the eyes.”

The young man answered, "Dear *Lydia*, if I am to lose my sight, the soft pantings which I have always felt when I heard your voice; if I am no more to distinguish the step of her I love when she approaches me, but to change that sweet and frequent pleasure for such an amazement as I knew the little time I lately saw; or, If I am to have any thing besides which may take from me the sense I have of what appeared most pleasing to me at that time (which apparition it seems was you) pull out these eyes before they lead me to be ungrateful to you or unto myself. I wish for them but to see you; pull them out, if they are to make me forget you."

Lydia was extremely satisfied with these assurances, and pleased herself with playing with his perplexities. In all his talk to her, he shewed but very faint ideas of any thing which had not been received at the ears, and closed his protestations to her by saying, that if he were to see *Valentia* and *Barcelona* whom he supposed the most esteemed of all women, by the quarrel there was about them, he would never like any other but *Lydia*.

TATLER, Vol. II. No. 55.

BOOKS.

ARISTOTLE tells us, that the world is a copy or transcript of those ideas which are in the mind of the first being; and that those ideas which are in the mind of man, are a transcript of the world. To this we may add, that words are the transcript of those ideas which are in the mind of man, and that writing or printing are the transcript of words.

As the Supreme Being has expressed, and as it were printed his ideas in the creation, men express their ideas in books, which by the great invention of these latter ages may last as long as the sun and moon, and perish only in the wreck of nature. Thus *Cowley*, in his poem on the resurrection, mentioning the destruction of the universe, has those admirable lines;

Now all the wide extended sky,
 And all the harmonious worlds on high,
 And Virgil's sacred works, shall die. }

There is no other method of fixing those thoughts which arise and disappear in the mind of man, and transmitting them to the last period of time; no other method of giving permanency to our ideas, and preserving the knowledge of any particular person, when his body is mixed with the common mass of matter, and his soul retired into the world of spirits. Books are the legacies that a great genius leaves to mankind, which are delivered down from generation to generation, as presents to the posterity of those who are yet unborn.

All other arts of perpetuating our ideas continue but a short time. Statues can last but a few thousand of years, edifices fewer, and colours still fewer than edifices. *Michael Angelo, Fontana, and Raphael*, will hereafter be what *Phidias, Vitruvius, and Appelles*, are at present; the names of great statuaries, architects, and painters, whose works are lost. The several arts are expressed in mouldering materials: Nature sinks under them, and is not able to support the ideas which are impressed upon it.

The circumstance which gives authors an advantage above all those great masters, is this; that they can multiply their originals, or rather can make copies of their works, to what number they please, which shall be as valuable as the originals themselves. This gives a great author something like a prospect of eternity, but at the same time deprives him of those other advantages which artists meet with. The artist finds greater returns in profit, as the author in fame. What an inestimable price would a *Virgil*, or a *Homer*, a *Cicero*, or an *Aristotle* bear, were their works, like a statue, a building, or a picture, to be confined only in one place, and made the property of a single person!

If writings are thus durable, and may pass from age to age throughout the whole course of time, how careful should an author be of committing any thing

to print that may corrupt posterity, and poison the minds of men with vice and error! Writers of great talents, who employ their parts in propagating immorality and seasoning vicious sentiments with wit and humour, are to be looked upon as the pests of society, and the enemies of mankind. They leave books behind them (as it is said of those who die in distempers which breed an ill-will towards their own species) to scatter infection, and destroy their posterity. They act the counterparts of a *Confucius* or a *Socrates*, and seem to have been sent into the world to deprave human nature, and sink it into the condition of brutality.

I have seen some Roman Catholic authors who tell us that vicious writers continue in purgatory, so long as the influence of their writings continues upon posterity. For purgatory, say they, is nothing else but a cleansing us of our sins, which cannot be said to be done away so long as they continue to operate and corrupt mankind. The vicious author, say they, sins after death; and so long as he continues to sin, so long must he expect to be punished. Though the Roman Catholic notion of purgatory be indeed very ridiculous, one cannot but think that if the soul, after death, has any knowledge of what passes in this world, that of an immoral writer would receive much more regret from the sense of corrupting, than satisfaction from the thought of pleasing his surviving admirers.

To take off from the severity of this speculation, I shall conclude this paper with the story of an atheistical author, who at a time when he lay dangerously sick, and had desired the assistance of a neighbouring Curate, confessed to him with great contrition, that nothing sat more heavy at his heart, than the sense of his having seduced the age by his writings, and that their evil influence was likely to continue after death. The Curate, upon farther examination, finding the penitent in the utmost agonies of despair, and being himself a man of learning, told him that he hoped his case was not so desperate as he apprehended, since he

found that he was so very sensible of his fault, and so sincerely repented of it. The penitent still urged the evil tendency of his book to subvert all religion, and the little ground of hope there could be for one whose writings would continue to do mischief when his body was laid in ashes. The Curate, finding no other way to comfort him, told him that he did well in being afflicted for the evil design with which he published his book, but that he ought to be very thankful that there was no danger of its doing any harm; that his cause was so very bad, and his arguments so weak, that he did not apprehend any ill effects from it; in short that he might rest satisfied his book could do no more mischief after his death, than it had done whilst he was living. To which he added, for his farther satisfaction, that he did not believe any besides his particular friends and acquaintance had ever been at the pains of reading it, or that any body after his death would ever inquire after it. The dying man had still so much the frailty of an author in him, as to be cut to the heart with these consolations; and without answering the good man, asked his friends about him (with a peevishness that is natural to a sick person) where they had picked up such a blockhead; and whether they thought him a proper person to attend one in his condition: The Curate finding that the author did not expect to be dealt with as a real and sincere penitent, but as a penitent of importance, after a short admonition withdrew, not questioning but he should be again sent for, if the sickness grew desperate. The author however recovered, and has since written two or three other tracts with the same spirit, and, very luckily for his poor soul, with the same success.

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 166. C-

BUSY PART *of the World.*

MANKIND is divided into two parts, the Busy and the Idle. The Busy world may be divided into the virtuous and the vicious; the vicious again into

the covetous, the ambitious, and the sensual. The idle part of mankind are in a state inferior to any of these. All the other are engaged in the pursuit of happiness, though often misplaced, and are therefore more likely to be attentive to such means as shall be proposed to them for that end. The idle, who are neither wise for this world nor the next, are emphatically called by Dr. *Tillotson*, fools at large; they propose to themselves no end, but run adrift with every wind. Advice would therefore be only thrown away upon them, since they would scarce take the pains to read it. I shall not fatigue any of this worthless tribe with a large harrangue, but will leave them with this short saying of *Plato*; that *labour is preferable to idleness, as brightness to rust*.

The pursuits of the active part of mankind are either in the paths of religion and virtue; or, on the other hand, in the roads to wealth, honour, or pleasure. I shall therefore compare the pursuits of Avarice, Ambition, and sensual Delight, with their opposite virtues; and shall consider which of these principles engages men in a course of the greatest labour, suffering, and assiduity. Most men in their cool reasoning, are willing to allow that a course of virtue will in the end be rewarded the most amply, but represent the way to it as rugged and narrow. If therefore it can be made to appear, that men struggle through as many troubles to be miserable as they do to be happy, my readers may perhaps be persuaded to be good when they find they shall lose nothing by it.

First, for *Avarice*. The Miser is more industrious than the Saint; the pains of getting, the fears of losing, and the inability of enjoyed his wealth, have been the mark of satire in all ages. Were his repentance upon his neglect of a good bargain, his sorrow for being over-reached, his hope of improving a sum, and his fear of falling into want, directed to their proper objects, they would make so many different *Christian* graces and virtues. He may apply to himself a great part of *St. Paul's* catalogue of sufferings; *in journeying often; in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils among*

false breikren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often.—At how much less expence might he lay up to himself treasures in Heaven! or, if I may in this place be allowed to add the saying of a great philosopher, he may provide such possessions as fear neither arms nor men, nor Jove himself.

In the second place, if we look upon the toils of Ambition in the same light as we have considered those of Avarice, we shall readily own that far less trouble is requisite to gain lasting glory, than the power and reputation of a few years; or in other words, we may with more ease deserve honour than obtain it. The ambitious man should remember Cardinal *Wolsey's* complaint; "Had I served God with the same application wherewith I served my King, he would not have forsaken me in my old age." The Cardinal here softens his Ambition by the specious pretence of *serviug his King*: whereas his words, in the proper construction, imply, that if, instead of being acted by Ambition, he had been acted by Religion, he should have now found the comforts of it, when the whole world turned its back upon him.

Thirdly. Let us compare the pains of the sensual with those of the virtuous, and see which are heavier in the balance. It may seem strange at the first view, that the men of pleasure should be advised to change their course, because they lead a painful life. Yet when we see them so active and vigilant in quest of delight, under so many disquiets, and the sport of such various passions, let them answer, as they can, if the pains they undergo do not overweigh their enjoyments. The infidelities on the one part between the two sexes, and the caprices on the other, the debasement of reason, the pangs of expectation, the disappointments in possessions, the stings of remorse, the vanities and vexations attending even the most refined delights that make up this business of life, render it so silly and uncomfortable, that no man is thought wise till he has got over it, or happy, but in proportion as he has cleared himself from it.

The sum of all is this.—Man is made an active

Being : Whether he walks in the paths of virtue or vice, he is sure to meet with many difficulties, to prove his patience, and excite his industry. The same, if not greater labour, is required in the service of vice and folly, as of virtue and wisdom. And he has this easy choice left him, whether with the strength he is master of, he will purchase happiness or repentance.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 624.

CALAMITIES.

IT is a very melancholy reflection, that men are usually so weak, that it is absolutely necessary for them to know sorrow and pain, to be in their right senses. Prosperous people (for happy there are none) are hurried away with a fond sense of their present condition, and thoughtless of the mutability of fortune. Fortune is a term which we must use in such discourses as these for what is wrought by the unseen hand of the Disposer of all things. But methinks the disposition of a mind which is truly great, is that which makes misfortunes and sorrows little when they befall ourselves, great and lamentable when they befall other men.

The most unpardonable malefactor in the world, going to his death, and bearing it with composure, would win the pity of those who should behold him ; and this not because his calamity is deplorable, but because he seems himself not to deplore it. We suffer for him who is less sensible of his own misery, and are inclined to despise him who sinks under the weight of his distresses. On the other hand, without any touch of envy, a temperate and well-governed mind looks down on such as are exalted with success, with a certain shame for the imbecility of human nature, that can so far forget how liable it is to calamity, as to grow giddy with only the suspension of sorrow, which is the portion of all men. He therefore who turns his face from the unhappy man, who will not look again when his eye is cast upon modest sorrow, who shuns affliction like contagion, does but pamper himself up for a

sacrifice, and contract in himself a greater aptitude to misery, by attempting to escape it. A gentleman, where I happened to be last night, fell into a discourse which I thought showed a good discerning in him: He took notice, that whenever men have looked into their hearts for the idea of true excellency in human nature, they have found it consist in suffering after a right manner, and with a good grace. Heroes are always drawn bearing sorrows, struggling with adversities, undergoing all kinds of hardships, and having in the service of mankind a kind of appetite to difficulties and dangers. The gentleman went on to observe, that it is from this secret sense of the high merit which there is in patience under calamities, that the writers of romances, when they attempt to furnish out characters of the highest excellence, ransack nature for things terrible; they raise a new creation of monsters, dragons, and giants; where the danger ends, the hero ceases; when he has won an empire, or gained his mistress, the rest of his story is not worth relating. My friend carried his discourse so far as to say, that it was for higher beings than men to join happiness and greatness in the same idea; but that in our condition we have no conception of superlative excellence or heroism, but as it is surrounded with a shade of distress.

It is certainly the proper education we should give ourselves, to be prepared for the ill events and accidents we are to meet with in a life sentenced to be a scene of sorrow: But instead of this expectation, we soften ourselves with prospects of constant delight, and destroy in our minds the seeds of fortitude and virtue, which should support us in hours of anguish. The constant pursuit of pleasure has in it something insolent and improper for our being. There is a pretty sober liveliness in the Ode of *Horace* to *Delius*, where he tells him loud mirth or immoderate sorrow, inequality of behaviour either in prosperity or adversity, are alike ungraceful in man who is born to die.

Moderation in both circumstances is peculiar to generous minds. Men of that sort ever taste the gratifications of health, and all other advantages of life, as if

they were liable to part with them ; and when bereft of them, resign them with a greatness of mind which shows they know their value and duration. The contempt of pleasure is a certain preparatory for the contempt of pain : Without this the mind is, as it were, taken suddenly by an unforeseen event ; but he who has always, during health and prosperity, been abstinent in his satisfactions, enjoys, in the worst of difficulties, the reflection, that his anguish is not aggravated with the comparison of past pleasures which upbraid his present condition.

Tully tells us a story of *Pompey*, which gives us a good taste of the pleasant manner the men of wit and philosophy had in old times of alleviating the distresses of life, by the force of reason and philosophy. *Pompey* when he came to *Rhodes*, had a curiosity to visit the famous philosopher *Possidonius* ; but finding him in his sick bed, he bewailed the misfortune that he should not hear a discourse from him. But you may, answered *Possidonius*, and immediately entered into the point of *Stoical* philosophy, which says, pain is not an evil. During the discourse, upon every puncture he felt from his distemper, he smiled and cried out, Pain, pain, be as impertinent and troublesome as you please, I never shall own thou art an evil.

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 312. T.

CÆLIA—*Her History.*

IT is not necessary to look back into the first years of this young lady, whose story is of consequence, only as her life has lately met with passages very uncommon. She is now in the twentieth year of her age, and owes a strict but cheerful education to the care of an aunt, to whom she was recommended by her dying father, whose decease was hastened by an inconso-
 lable affliction for the loss of her mother. As *Cælia* is the offspring of the most generous passion that has been known in our age, she is adorned with as much beauty and grace as the most celebrated of her sex pos-

self; but her domestic life, moderate fortune, and religious education, gave her but little opportunity, and less inclination, to be admired in public assemblies. Her abode has been for some years at a convenient distance from the Cathedral of *St. Paul's*, where her aunt and she chose to reside, for the advantage of that rapturous way of devotion which gives extacy to the pleasures of innocence, and in some measure is the immediate possession of those heavenly enjoyments for which they are addressed.

As you may trace the usual thoughts of men in their countenances, there appeared in the face of *Cælia* a cheerfulness, the constant companion of unaffected virtue, and a gladness which is as inseparable from true piety. Her every look and motion spoke the peaceful, mild, resigning, humble inhabitant that animated her beautiful body. Her air discovered her body a mere machine of her mind, and not that her thoughts were employed in studying graces and attractions for her person. Such was *Cælia* when she was first seen by *Palamede*, at her usual place of worship. *Palamede* is a young man of twenty-two, well-fashioned, learned, genteel, and discreet; the son and heir of a gentleman of a very great estate, and himself possessed of a plentiful one by the gift of an uncle. He became enamoured with *Cælia*; and after having learned her habitation, had address enough to communicate his passion and circumstances with such an air of good sense and integrity, as soon obtained permission to visit and profess his inclinations towards her. *Palamede's* present fortune and future expectations were no way prejudicial to his addresses; but after the lovers had passed sometime in the agreeable entertainment of a successful courtship, *Cælia* one day took occasion to interrupt *Palamede* in the midst of a very pleasing discourse of the happiness he promised himself in so accomplished a companion, and assuming a serious air, told him, there was another heart to be won before he gained hers, which was that of his father. *Palamede* seemed much disturbed at the overture, and lamented to her, that his father was one of those too provident

parents who only place their thoughts upon bringing riches into their families by marriages, and are wholly insensible of all other considerations. But the strictness of *Cælia's* rules of life made her insist upon this demand : and the son, at a proper hour, communicated to his father the circumstances of his love, and the merit of the object. The next day the father made her a visit. The beauty of her person, the fame of her virtue, and a certain irresistible charm in her whole behaviour on so tender and delicate an occasion, wrought so much upon him, in spite of all prepossessions, that he hastened the marriage with an impatience equal to that of his son. Their nuptials were celebrated with a privacy suitable to the character and modesty of *Cælia* ; and from that day, until a fatal one last week, they lived together with all the joy and happiness which attended minds entirely united.

It should have been intimated, that *Palamede* is a student of the *Temple*, and usually retired thither early in the morning, *Cælia* still sleeping.

It happened a few days since, that she followed him thither to communicate to him something she had omitted in her redundant fondness to speak of the evening before. When she came to his apartment, the servant there told her, she was coming with a letter to her. While *Cælia*, in an inner room, was reading an apology from her husband, that he had been suddenly taken by some of his acquaintance to dine at *Brentford*, but that he should return in the evening, a country girl, decently clad, asked if these were not the chambers of Mr. *Palamede* : She was answered, they were, but that he was not in town. The stranger asked when he was expected home : The servant replied, she would go in and ask his wife. The young woman repeated the word wife, and fainted. This accident raised no less curiosity than amazement in *Cælia*, who caused her to be removed into the inner room. Upon proper applications to revive her, the unhappy young creature returned to herself, and said to *Cælia*, with an earnest and beseeching tone, are you really Mr. *Palamede's* wife ? *Cælia* replies, " I hope I do not look as if I

were any other, in the condition you see me." The stranger answered, "No, madam, he is my husband:" At the same instant she threw a bundle of letters into *Cælia's* lap, which confirmed the truth of what she asserted. Their mutual innocence and sorrow made them look at each other as partners in distress, rather than rivals in love. The superiority of *Cælia's* understanding and genius, gave her an authority to examine into this adventure, as if she had been offended, and the other the delinquent. The stranger spoke in the following manner :

"Madam, if it shall please you, Mr. *Palamede* having an uncle of a good estate near *Winchester*, was bred up at the school there, to gain the more of his good-will by being in his sight. His uncle died, and left him the estate, which my husband now has. When he was a mere youth, he set his affections on me ; but when he could not gain his ends, he married me ; making me and my mother, who is a farmer's widow, swear we would never tell it upon any account whatsoever, for that it would not look well for him to marry such an one as me ; besides that his father would cut him off of the estate. I was glad to have him in an honest way, and he now and then came and staid a night at our house. But very lately he came down to see us, with a fine young gentleman, his friend, who staid behind there with us, pretending to like the place for the summer ; but ever since master *Palamede* went, he has attempted to abuse me, and I ran hither to acquaint him with it, and avoid the wicked intentions of his false friend."

Cælia had no farther room for doubt, but left her rival in the same agonies she felt herself. *Palamede* returns in the evening, and finding his wife at his chambers, learned all that had passed, and hastened to *Cælia's* lodgings.

It is much easier to imagine than express the sentiments of either the criminal or the injured at this encounter. As soon as *Palamede* had found way for speech, he confessed his marriage, and his placing his companion on purpose to vitiate his wife, that he might

break through a marriage made in his nonage, and devote his riper and knowing years to *Cælia*. She made him no answer, but retired to her closet. He returned to the temple, where he soon after received from her the following letter :

SIR,

YOU, who this morning were the best, are now the worst of men who breathe the vital air. I am at once overwhelmed with love, hatred, rage, and disdain. Can infamy and innocence live together? I feel the weight of the one too strong for the comfort of the other. How bitter, Heaven, how bitter is my portion! How much have I to say! But the infant which I bear about me, stirs with my agitation. I am, *Palamede*, to live in shame, and this creature to be heir to it. Farewell for ever.

TATLER, Vol. IV. No. 198.

CATO—*Tragedy of.*

I have made it a rule to myself not to publish any thing on a *Saturday*, but what shall have some analogy to the duty of the day ensuing. It is an unspeakable pleasure to me, that I have lived to see the time when I can observe such a law to myself and yet turn my discourse upon what is done at the play-house. I am sure the reader knows I am going to mention the tragedy of *Cato*. The principal character is moved by no consideration, but respect to that sort of virtue, the sense of which is retained in our language under the words *public spirit*. All regards to what is domestic are wholly laid aside, and the hero is drawn as having by this motive subdued instinct itself, and taking comfort from the distresses of his family, which are brought upon them by their adherence to cause of truth and liberty. There is nothing uttered by *Cato*, but what is worthy of the best of men; and the sentiments which are given him, are not only the most warm for

the conduct of this life, but such as we may think need not be erased, but consist with the happiness of the human soul in the next. This illustrious character has its proper influence on all below it. The other virtuous personages are, in their degree, as worthy and as exemplary as the principal. The conduct of the lovers (who are more warm though more discreet than ever yet appeared upon the stage) has in it a constant sense of the great catastrophe which was expected from the approach of *Cæsar*. But to see the modesty of an heroine, whose country and family were at the same time in the most imminent danger, preserved, whilst she breaks out into the most fond and open expressions of her passion for her lover, is an instance of no common address. Again to observe the body of a gallant young man brought before us, who in the bloom of his youth, in the defence of all that is good and great, had received numberless wounds; I say, to observe that this dead youth is introduced only for the example of his virtue, and that his death is so circumstantiated that we are satisfied, for all his virtue, it was for the good of the world and his own family, that his warm temper was not to be put upon farther trial, but his task of life ended while it was yet virtuous, is an employment worthy the consideration of young Britons. We are obliged to authors that can do what they will with us, that they do not play our affections and passions against ourselves; but to make us so soon resigned to the death of *Marcus*, of whom we were so fond, is a power that would be unfortunately lodged in a man without the love of virtue.

Were it not that I speak on this occasion rather as a Guardian than a Critic, I could proceed to the examination of the justness of each character, and take notice that the *Namidian* is as well drawn as the *Roman*. There is not an idea in all the part of *Syphax*, which does not apparently arise from the habits which grow in the mind of an *African*; and the scene between *Juba* and his General, where they talk for and against a liberal education, is full of instruction. *Sy-*

pbax urges all that can be said against philosophy, as it is made subservient to ill ends by men who abuse their talents; and *Juba* sets the less excellencies of activity, labour, patience of hunger, and strength of body, which are the admired qualifications of a *Numidian*, in their proper subordination to the accomplishments of the mind.

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 33.

CELIBACY.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I, who now write to you, am a woman loaded with injuries; and the aggravation of my misfortune is, that they are such as are overlooked by the generality of mankind; and though the most afflicting imaginable, not regarded as such in the general sense of the world. I have hid my vexation from all mankind, but have now taken pen, ink, and paper, and am resolved to unbosom myself to you, and lay before you what grieves me and all the sex. You have very often mentioned particular hardships done to this or that lady; but methinks you have not in any one speculation directly pointed at the partial freedom men take, the unreasonable confinement women are obliged to, in the only circumstance in which we are necessarily to have a commerce with them, that of love. The case of celibacy is the great evil of our nation; and the indulgence of the vicious conduct of men in that state, with the ridicule to which women are exposed, though ever so virtuous, if long unmarried, is the root of the greatest irregularities of this nation. To show you, Sir, that though you have never given us the catalogue of a lady's library as you promised, we read good books of our own choosing, I shall insert on this occasion a paragraph or two out of *Echard's Roman History*. In the 44th page of the second volume, the author observes, that *Augustus*, upon his return to *Rome* at the end of a war, received complaints that too great a number of the young men of

quality remained unmarried. The Emperor there-upon assembled the whole *Equestrian* order, and having separated the married from the single, did particular honours to the former; but he told the latter, that is to say, Mr. *Spectator*, he told the bachelors, "that their lives and actions had been so peculiar, that he knew not by what name to call them; not by that of men, for they performed nothing that was manly; not by that of citizens, for the city might perish notwithstanding their care; not by that of Romans, for they designed to extirpate the Roman name." Then proceeding to show his tender care and hearty affection for his people, he farther told them, "that the course of life was of such pernicious consequence to the glory and grandeur of the Roman nation, that he could not choose but tell them, that all other crimes put together could not equalize theirs: for they were guilty of murder, in not suffering those to be born which should proceed from them; of impiety, in causing the names and honours of their ancestors to cease: and of sacrilege, in destroying their kind, which proceed from the immortal gods and human nature, the principal thing consecrated to them: therefore they dissolved the government in disobeying its laws; betrayed their country, by making it barren and waste; nay, and demolished their city, in depriving it of inhabitants. And he was sensible that all this proceeded not from any kind of virtue or abstinence, but from a looseness and wantonness, which ought never to be encouraged in any civil government." There are no particulars dwelt upon, that let us into the conduct of these young worthies whom this great emperor treated with so much justice and indignation. But any one who observes what passes in this town, may very well frame to himself a notion of their riots and debaucheries all night, and their apparent preparations for them all day. It is not to be doubted, but these Romans never passed any of their time innocently but when they were asleep, and never slept but when they were weary and heavy with excesses, and slept only to prepare themselves for the repetition

of them. If you did your duty as a *Spectator*, you would carefully examine into the number of births, marriages and burials; and when you had deducted out of your deaths all such as went out of the world without marrying, then cast up the number of both sexes born within such a term of years last past, you might from the single people departed make some useful inferences or guesses how many there are left unmarried, and raise some useful scheme for the amendment of the age in that particular. I have not patience to proceed gravely on this abominable libertinism; for I cannot but reflect, as I am writing to you, upon a certain lascivious manner which all our young gentlemen use in public, and examine our eyes with a petulancy in their own, which is a downright affront to modesty. A disdainful look on such an occasion is returned with a countenance rebuked, but by averting their eyes from the woman of honour and decency, to some flippant creature, who will, as the phrase is, be kinder. I must set down things as they come into my head, without standing upon order. Ten thousand to one but the gay gentleman who stared, at the same time is an housekeeper; for you must know, they have got into a humour of late of being very regular in their sins, and a young fellow shall keep his four maids and three footmen with the greatest gravity imaginable. There are no less than six of these venerable housekeepers of my acquaintance. This humour among young men of condition, is imitated by all the world below them; and a general dissolution of manners arises from this one source of libertinism, without shame or reprehension in the male youth. It is from this one fountain that so many beautiful helpless young women are sacrificed and given up to lewdness, shame, poverty, and disease. It is to this also that so many excellent young women, who might be patterns of conjugal affection, and parents of a worthy race, pine under unhappy passions for such as have not attention enough to observe, or virtue enough to prefer them to their common wenches. Now, Mr. *Spectator*, I must be free to own to you that I myself suffer a taste-

less, insipid being, from a consideration I have for a man who would not, as he said in my hearing, resign his liberty, as he calls it, for all the beauty and wealth the whole sex is possessed of. Such calamities as these would not happen, if it could be possibly brought about, that by fining bachelors as papist convicts, or the like, they were distinguished to their disadvantage from the rest of the world, who fall in with the measures of civil societies. Lest you should think that I speak this as being, according to the senseless rude phrase, a malicious old maid, I shall acquaint you I am a woman of condition, not now three-and-twenty, and have had proposals from at least ten different men, and the greater number of them have upon the upshot refused me. Something or other is always amiss, when the lover takes to some new wench: a settlement is easily excepted against; and there is very little resource to avoid the vicious part of our youth, but throwing one's self away upon some lifeless blockhead, who, though he is without vice, is also without virtue. Now-a-days we must be contented if we can get creatures which are not bad; good are not to be expected. Mr. *Spectator*, I sat near you the other day, and think I did not displease your spectral eye sight; which I shall be a better judge of, when I see whether you take notice of these evils your own way, or print this memorial dictated from the disdainful, heavy heart of

Sir, your most Obedient, &c.

RACHAEL WELLADAY.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VII. No. 528. T.

CENSURE.

A GOOD conscience is to the soul, what health is to the body; it preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions which can possibly befall us. I know nothing so hard for a generous mind to get over, as calumny and reproach; and cannot find any meth-

od of quieting the soul under them, besides this single one, of our being conscious to ourselves that we do not deserve them.

I have always been mightily pleased with that passage in *Don Quixote*, where the fantastical knight is represented as loading a gentleman of good sense with praises and eulogiums. Upon which the gentleman makes this reflection to himself: How grateful is praise to human nature! I cannot forbear being secretly pleased with the commendations I receive, though I am sensible it is a madman that bestows them upon me. In the same manner, though we are often sure that the censures which are passed upon us, are uttered by those who know nothing of us, and have neither means nor abilities to form a right judgment of us, we cannot forbear being grieved at what they say.

In order to heal this infirmity, which is so natural to the wisest and best of men, I have taken a particular pleasure in observing the conduct of the old philosophers, how they bore themselves up against the malice and detraction of their enemies.

The way to silence calumny, says *Bias*, is to be always exercised in such things as are praise worthy. *Socrates* after having received sentence, told his friends that he had always accustomed himself to regard truth, and not censure; and that he was not troubled at his condemnation, because he knew himself free from guilt. It was in the same spirit that he heard the accusation of his two great adversaries, who had uttered against him the most virulent reproaches. "*Anytus* and *Melitus*, (says he) may procure sentence against me, but they cannot hurt me." This divine philosopher was so well fortified in his own innocence, that he neglected all the impotence of evil tongues which were engaged in his destruction. This was properly the support of a good conscience, that contradicted the reports which had been raised against him, and cleared him to himself.

Others of the philosophers rather chose to retort the injury by a smart reply, than thus to disarm it with respect to themselves. They show that it stung them,

though at the same time they had the address to make their aggressors suffer with them. Of this kind was *Aristotle's* reply to one who pursued him with long and bitter invectives. "You," says he, "who are used to suffer reproaches, utter them with delight: I, who have not been used to utter them, take no pleasure in hearing them." *Diogenes* was still more severe on one who spoke ill of him: "Nobody will believe you when you speak ill of me, any more than they would believe me should I speak well of you."

In these, and many other instances I could produce, the bitterness of the answer sufficiently testifies the uneasiness of mind the person was under who made it. I would rather advise my reader, if he has not in this case the secret consolation that he deserves no such reproaches as are cast upon him, to follow the advice of *Epicætetus*: "If any one speaks ill of thee, consider whether he has truth on his side; and if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee." When *Anaximander* was told that the very boys laughed at his singing, "Aye," says he, "then I must learn to sing better." But of all the sayings of philosophers which I have gathered together for my own use upon this occasion, there are none which carry in them more candour and good sense than the two following ones of *Plato*: Being told that he had many enemies, who spoke ill of him; "It is no matter," said he, "I will live so that none shall believe them." Hearing at another time that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractingly of him, "I am sure he would not do it," says he, "if he had not some reason for it." This is the surest as well as the noblest way of drawing the sting out of a reproach, and a true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief against the pains of calumny, a good conscience.

I designed in this essay to show that there is no happiness wanting to him who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, and that no person can be miserable who is in the enjoyment of it. But I find this subject so well treated in one of *Dr. South's* sermons, that I shall fill this paper with a passage of it, which cannot

but make the man's heart burn within him, who reads it with due attention.

That admirable author having shown the virtue of a good conscience in supporting a man under the greatest of trials and difficulties of life, concludes with representing its force and efficacy in the hour of death.

“ The third and last instance, in which above all others this *confidence towards God* does most eminently show and exert itself, is at the *time of death*, which surely gives the grand opportunity of trying both the *strength* and *worth* of every principle. When a man shall be just about to quit the stage of this world, to put off his mortality, and to deliver up his last accounts to God, at which sad time his memory shall serve him for little else but to terrify him with a frightful review of his past life, and his former *extravagances* stript of all their *pleasure*, but retaining their *guilt*; what is it then that can promise him a fair passage into the other world, or a comfortable appearance before his dreadful Judge when he is there? Not all the *friends and interests*, all the *riches and honours* under Heaven, can speak so much as a word *for him*, or one word of comfort *to him* in that condition; they may possibly reproach, but they cannot relieve him.

“ No, at this disconsolate time, when the busy temper shall be more than usually apt to vex and trouble him, and the pains of a dying body to hinder and discompose him, and the settlement of worldly affairs to disturb and confound him; and, in a word, all things conspire to make his sick bed grievous and uneasy; nothing can then stand up against all these ruins, and speak *life* in the midst of *death*, but a *clear conscience*. And the testimony of that shall make the comforts of Heaven descend upon his weary head like a refreshing dew, or shower upon a parched ground; it shall give him some lively earnest and secret anticipations of his approaching joy: it shall bid his soul go out of the body undauntedly, and lift up its head with confidence before saints and angels. Surely the comfort which it conveys at this season is something bigger than the capacities of

mortality, mighty and unspeakable, and not to be understood till it comes to be felt.

“ And now, who would not quit all the *pleasures*, and *trials* and *trifles*, which are apt to captivate the heart of man, and pursue the greatest rigours of piety and austerities of a good life, to purchase to him such a conscience as at the hour of death, when all the friendship in the world shall bid him adieu, and the whole creation turns its back upon him, shall dismiss the soul, and close his eyes with that blessed sentence, *Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.*”

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 135.

The following Piece is Extracted from the EVANGELICAL
MAGAZINE.

Parlour Religion exemplified in the Practice of HONORIO, his Family and Friends.

THOSE to whom the Lord has given a plenty of the good things of this world, have it in their power to anticipate something of the employments and enjoyments of Heaven, so far as the imperfection of the present state will permit; for they have all things richly to enjoy, they may choose their company, their time, and entertainments, and in all things follow the pious disposition of their hearts. It is an happiness for a religious man to visit, or to be in a house that has a good man at its head. Such a house is that of Honorio.

In the morning the parlour is decently prepared, and warmed for the reception of the pious heads of the family, who come from their chamber smiling with gratitude to God, and good-humoured with their diligent servants. The little family during their infancy are in the nursery, and every thing that might interrupt, is prohibited from entering the parlour, which is at this hour a chapel for devotion. The clock having struck the well-known hour, Honorio and his beloved wife are seated, with the book of God before them; the servants enter with looks expressive of the happi-

ness they feel in having the privilege of being God's free men, and joining their master and mistress in his service. Under the direction of Honorio, a son of praise to God for his mercies is offered up by this primitive church; and a portion of scripture is read, that their minds may become more familiarly acquainted with the sacred oracles. This being done, they all bow their knees to Him by whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named; and the good Honorio calls upon his Lord and Master in heaven, with expressions of profound homage and humility; blessing him for the favours of the past night, and the pleasure of seeing the light of the returning day. Like the great High-Priest he bears on his heart all his family before God, and intreats for particular mercies according to the known state of his household; and puts himself and all his affairs, both temporal and spiritual, into the hands of his heavenly father. He then gives them his benediction, and they all arise. The happy servants cheered and warmed with the aids of devotion, return to their duty, each according to his place, and the heads of the family, with their guests (if such are present) sit down to breakfast on the overflowing bounty of God's providence. Business, or works of piety, perhaps, call the master away, and the mistress, having given directions in her family, takes her usual seat and employment in her parlour. The Bible is laid near her, to be referred to as her best friend and director, her richest cordial in trouble, and most faithful monitor in doubtful cases. Nor is she fearful that any visitor should find her with this companion, for she desires no company but those who love the scriptures. She is rather of the sentiments of a well known female, who brought her family Bible into her parlour, and laying it on the table, said, "Lie there, thou best of books, and keep thou thy place whoever comes in." A pious visitor or two, or a minister of Christ perhaps, drops in, in the forenoon. If so, the time is not wasted in unprofitable talk, but the parlour is honoured by being changed into the similitude of the holy mount. The heavenly woman and her guests enter into discourse, as Moses

and Elias did, on what once passed at Jerufalem, when Jesus gave his life a ransom for many; and their experience so confirms their interest in that work of love, that their hearts burn within them, and like St. Peter, they find it good to be there.

The hour to dine being come, Honorio returns, and probably brings a religious friend or two to his hospitable mansion. The table being spread with plenty, without ostentation, the provision is sanctified by the prayer of Honorio, penetrated with a sense of having forfeited every thing by sin, but having recovered all by the merit of his great Saviour, a remembrance of whose love makes every thing more sweet and refreshing. Having used, but not abused, the bounties of Providence, grateful acknowledgements are returned to the great Giver of every good gift; and the pious few mingle profitable discourse with their wine, or concert some plan for supplying the wants of those who are in distressing circumstances. Towards evening, a select company grace the tea-table; and the interests of the Gospel, with the best means of spreading its influence around them, become the subjects of their conversation. Should national affairs happen to be introduced, they express their loyalty towards their lawful sovereign, and their thankfulness to God for the many invaluable privileges enjoyed by Englishmen. The hour of parting being come, the praises of God introduce the devotion of the evening, in which, as in the morning, the scriptures are read, and all the family called to unite. Care is taken not to protract this service to an immoderate length, lest the children, on account of their tender years, and the servants, wearied with the labour of the day, might be inclined to sleep when their minds ought to be attentive. Nor is it hurried over as though it were of no importance; but sufficient time is taken reverently and decently to thank God for his goodness, earnestly to intreat him to pardon their sins, and to commit themselves into his care and protection.

O ye worldlings! what can ye produce in the scenes of your lives that is worthy to be compared with this?

“The curse of God,” says the scripture, “is in the dwellings of the wicked.” Your parlours have no blessing in them. Your children and servants never hear the name of God mentioned in them, unless it be to blaspheme it. Your tables are unblest. At your banquets, intemperance reigns, and modesty is put to the blush. The parlours I have been describing are types of heaven, where due returns are made to God for his bounty. Ye are deluded by what you call rational amusements. Like children you divert yourselves in foolish play, night after night, wasting your time and substance.” “And the God in whose hands your breath is, and whose are all your ways, you have not glorified”. Any thing that is serious and useful to your souls, you will not once hear, much less will you hear it repeated. “And what will ye do in the end thereof?” O that ye were wise, that you should consider your ways, and at last make some returns of gratitude to a gracious God for all his benefits bestowed upon you.

FIDELIO.

CHARITY.

CHARITY is a virtue of the heart, and not of the hands, says an old writer. Gifts and alms are the expressions, not the essence of this virtue. A man may bestow great sums on the poor and indigent without being charitable, and may be charitable when he is not able to bestow any thing. Charity therefore is a habit of good-will or benevolence in the soul, which disposes us to the love, assistance, and relief of mankind, especially of those who stand in need of it. The poor man who has this excellent frame of mind, is no less intitled to the reward of this virtue, than the man who founds a college. For my own part, I am charitable to an extravagance this way: I never saw an indigent person in my life, without reaching out to him some of this imaginary relief. I cannot but sympathise with every one I meet who is in afflic-

tion; and if my abilities were equal to my wishes, there should be neither pain nor poverty in the world.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 166.

CHARMS.

THERE is no charm in the female sex that can supply the place of virtue. Without innocence, beauty is unlovely, and quality contemptible; good-breeding degenerates into wantonness, and wit into impudence. It is observed, that all the virtues are represented by both painters and statuaries under female shapes; but if any one of them has a more particular title to that sex, it is modesty, I shall leave it to the divines to guard them against the opposite vice, as they may be overpowered by temptations it is sufficient for me to have warned them against it, as they may be led astray by instinct.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 395. X.

CHASTITY.

BUT as I am now talking to the world yet untainted, I will venture to recommend chastity as the noblest male qualification.

It is, methinks, very unreasonable, that the difficulty of attaining all other good habits, is what makes them honourable; but in this case, the very attempt has become ridiculous: but in spite of all the raillery of the world, truth is still truth, and will have beauties inseparable from it. I should, upon this occasion, bring examples of heroic chastity, were I not afraid of having my paper thrown away by the modish part of the town, who go no farther at best than the mere absence of ill, and are contented to be rather irreproachable than praise-worthy. In this particular, a gentleman in the court of *Cyrus*, reported to his majesty the charms and beauty of *Panthea*; and ended his panegyric by telling him, that since he was at leif-

ure, he would carry him to visit her. But the prince, who is a very great man to this day answered the pimp, because he was a man of quality, without roughness, and said, with a smile, *If I should visit her upon your introduction now I have leisure, I do know how but I might go again upon her own invitation, when I ought to be better employed.* But when I cast about all the instances which I have met with in all my reading, I find not one so generous, so honest, and so noble, as that of *Joseph in holy writ.* When his master had trusted him so unreservedly (to speak it in the emphatical manner of the scripture) *he knew not aught he had, save the bread which he did eat,* he was so unhappy as to appear irresistibly beautiful to his mistress. But when this shameless woman proceeds to solicit, how gallant is his answer! *Behold, my master wotteth not what is with me in the house, and hath committed all that he hath to my hand: There is none greater in the house than I; neither hath he kept back any thing from me but thee, because thou art his wife.* The same argument which a base mind would have made to itself, for committing the evil, was to this brave man the greatest motive for the forbearing it, that he could do it with impunity. The malice and falshood of the disappointed woman naturally arose on that occasion; and there is but a short step from the practice of virtue to the hatred of it. It would be therefore worth serious consideration in both sexes, and the matter is of importance to them, to ask themselves whether they would change lightness of heart, indolence of mind, cheerful meals, untroubled slumbers, and gentle dispositions, for a constant puriency, which shuts out all things that are great or indifferent, clouds the imagination with insensibility and prejudice to all manner of delight, but that which is common to all creatures that extend their species.

A loose behaviour, and an inattention to every thing that is serious, flowing from some degree of this petulance, is observable in the generality of youth of both sexes in this age. It is the one common face of most public meetings, and breaks in upon the sobriety, I won't say severity, that we ought to exercise in

churches. The pert boys, and flippant girls, are but faint followers of those in the same inclinations at more advanced years. I know not who can oblige them to mend their manners; all that I pretend to is, to enter my protest that they are neither fine gentlemen nor fine ladies for this behaviour. As for the portraitures which I would propose, as the images of agreeable men and women, if they are not imitated or regarded, I can only answer, as I remember Mr. *Dryden* did upon the like occasion, when a young fellow, just come from the play of *Cleomenes*, told him in railery against the continency of his principal character, if I had been alone with a lady, I should not have passed my time like your *Spartan*. *That may be,* answered the Bard, with a very grave face; *but give me leave to tell you, Sir, you are no Hero.*

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 44.

CHEERFULNESS.

IT is an unreasonable thing some men expect of their acquaintance: they are ever complaining that they are out of order, or displeas'd, or they know not how; and are so far from letting that be a reason for retiring to their own homes, that they make it their argument for coming into company. What has anybody to do with accounts of a man's being indispos'd, but his physician? If a man laments in company, where the rest are in humour enough to enjoy themselves, he should not take it ill, if a servant is order'd to present him with a porringer of caudle or posset-drink, by way of admonition that he go home to bed. That part of life which we ordinarily understand by the word conversation, is an indulgence to the sociable part of our make, and should incline us to bring our proportion of good-will or good-humour among the friends we meet with, and not to trouble them with relations which must of necessity oblige them to a real or feign'd affliction. Cares, distresses, diseases, uneasinesses, and dislikes of our own, are by no means to

be obtruded upon our friends. If we would consider how little of this vicissitude of motion and rest, which we call life, is spent with satisfaction, we should be more tender of our friends, than to bring them little sorrows which do not belong to them. There is no real life but cheerful life; therefore valudinarians should be sworn before they enter into company, not to say a word of themselves till the meeting breaks up. It is not here pretended, that we should be always sitting with chaplets of flowers round our heads, or be crowned with roses, in order to make our entertainment agreeable to us; but if (as it is usually observed) they who resolve to be merry, seldom are so, it will be much more unlikely for us to be well pleased, if they are admitted who are always complaining they are sad. Whatever we do we should keep up the cheerfulness of our spirits, and never let them sink below an inclination at least to be well pleased. The way to this, is to keep our bodies in exercise, our minds at ease. That insipid state wherein neither are in vigour, is not to be accounted any part of our portion of being. When we are in the satisfaction of some innocent pleasure, or pursuit of some laudable design, we are in the possession of life, of human life. Fortune will give us disappointments enough, and nature is attended with infirmities enough, without our adding to the unhappy side of our account by our spleen or ill-humour. Poor *Cottius*, among so many real evils, a chronical distemper, and a narrow fortune, is never heard to complain. That equal spirit of his, which any man may have, that like him will conquer pride, vanity, and affectation, and follow nature, is not to be broken, because it has no points to contend for. To be anxious for nothing but what nature demands as necessary, if it is not the way to an estate, is the way to what men aim at by getting an estate. This temper will preserve health in the body, as well as tranquility in the mind. *Cottius* sees the world in a hurry, with the same scorn that a sober person sees a man drunk. Had he been contented with what he ought to have been,

how could, says he, such a one have met with such a disappointment? If another had valued his mistress for what he ought to have loved her, he had not been in her power: If her virtue had a part of his passion, her levity had been his cure; she could not then have been false and amiable at the same time.

Since we cannot promise ourselves constant health, let us endeavour at such a temper as may be our best support in the decay of it. *Uranius* has arrived at that composure of soul, and wrought himself up to such a neglect of every thing with which the generality of mankind is enchanted, that nothing but acute pains can give him disturbance; and against those too he will tell his intimate friends he has a secret which gives him present ease. *Uranius* is so thoroughly persuaded of another life, and endeavours so sincerely to secure an interest in it, that he looks upon pain but as a quickening of his pace to an home, where he shall be better provided for than in this present apartment. Instead of the melancholy views which others are apt to give themselves, he will tell you that he has forgot he is mortal, nor will he think of himself as such. He thinks, at the time of his birth he entered into an eternal being; and the short article of death, he will not allow an interruption of life, since that moment is not of half the duration as is his ordinary sleep. Thus is his being one uniform and consistent series of cheerful diversions and moderate cares, without fear or hope of futurity. Health to him is more than pleasure to another man, and sickness less affecting to him than indisposition is to others.

I must confess if one does not regard life after this manner, none but idiots can pass it away with any tolerable patience. Take a fine lady who is of a delicate frame, and you may observe, from the hour she rises, a certain weariness of all that passes about her. I know more than one, who is much too nice to be quite alive. They are sick of such strange frightful people that they meet; one is so awkward, and another so disagreeable, that it looks like a penance to

breathe the same air with them. You see this is so very true, that a great part of ceremony and good-breeding among the ladies, turns upon their uneasiness : and I will undertake, if the how-do-ye servants of our women were to make a weekly bill of sickness, as the parish-clerks do of mortality, you would not find in an account of seven days one in thirty that was not downright sick or indisposed, or but a very little better than she was, and so forth.

It is certain that to enjoy life and health as a constant feast, we should not think pleasure necessary ; but, if possible, to arrive at an equality of mind. It is as mean to be overjoyed upon occasions of good-fortune, as to be dejected in circumstances of distress. laughter in one condition, is as unmanly as weeping in the other. We should not form our minds to expect transport on every occasion, but know how to make enjoyment to be out of pain. Ambition, envy, vagrant desire, or impertinent mirth will take up our minds, without we can possess ourselves in that sobriety of heart, which is above all pleasures, and can be felt much better than described. But the ready way I believe to the right enjoyment of life, is, by a prospect towards another, to have but a very mean opinion of it. A great author of our time has set this in an excellent light, when, with a philosophic pity of human life, he spoke of it in his *theory of the earth* in the following manner :

“ For what is this life, but a circulation of little mean actions ? We lie down and rise again, dress and undress, feed and wax hungry, work or play, and are weary ; and then we lie down again, and the circle returns. We spend the day in trifles ; and when the night comes, we throw ourselves into the bed of folly amongst dreams and broken thoughts, and wild imaginations ; our reason lies asleep by us, and we are for the time as arrant brutes as those that sleep in the stalls or in the fields. Are not the capacities of man higher than these ? And ought not his ambition and expectations to be greater ? Let us be adventurers for another world : it is at least a fair and

not in our power; and there is nothing in this worth our thought or our passions. If we should be disappointed, we are still no worse than the rest of our fellow-mortals; and if we succeed in our expectations we all eternally happy”.

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 143. T.

I have always preferred cheerfulness to mirth; the latter I consider as an act, the former as an habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth, who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy: on the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment: cheerfulness keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Cheerfulness of mind is of a serious and composed nature; it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the present state of humanity, and is very conspicuous in the characters of those who are looked upon as the greatest philosophers among the heathens, as well as among those who have been deservedly esteemed as saints and holy men among Christians.

If we consider cheerfulness in three lights, with regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and to the great author of our Being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of these accounts. The man who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only easy in his thoughts, but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of his soul. His imagination is always clear, and his judgement undisturbed: His temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or in solitude. He comes with a relish to all those goods which nature has provided for him, tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befall him.

If we consider him in relation to the persons whom he converses with, it naturally produces love and good will towards him. A cheerful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good humour in those who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the cheerfulness of his companion. It is like a sudden sunshine that awakens a cheerful delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence towards the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

When I consider this cheerful state of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual gratitude to the great author of nature. An inward cheerfulness is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all its dispensations. It is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the Divine Will in his conduct towards man.

A man who uses his best endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason, has two perpetual sources of cheerfulness in the consideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependance. If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that existence which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be still new, and still in its beginning. How many self-congratulations naturally arise in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity, when it takes a view of those improveable faculties which in a few years, and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a progress, and which will be still receiving an increase of perfection, and consequently an increase of happiness! The consciousness of such a being spreads a perpetual diffusion of joy through the soul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himself every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The second source of cheerfulness to a good mind, is its consideration of that Being on whom we have

our dependance, and in whom, though we behold him as yet in the first faint discoveries of his perfections, we see every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourselves every where upheld by his goodness, and surrounded with an immensity of love and mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being, whose power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinite means, whose goodness and truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him, and whose unchangeableness will secure us in this happiness to all eternity.

Such considerations, which every one should perpetually cherish in his thoughts, will banish from us all that secret heaviness of heart which unthinking men are subject to, when they lie under no real affliction; all that anguish which we may feel from any evil which actually oppresses us, to which I may likewise add those little cracklings of mirth and folly that are apter to betray virtue than support it; and establish in us such an even and cheerful temper, as makes us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to Him whom we were made to please.

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 391. I.

A cheerful temper joined with innocence will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction, convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.

GATLER, Vol. IV. No. 192.

CHERUBIMS AND SERAPHIMS.

SOME of the *Rabbins* tell us, that the Cherubims are a set of angels who know most, and the Seraphims a set of angels who love most. Whether this distinction be not altogether imaginary, I shall not here examine; but it is highly probable, that among the spirits of good men, there may be some who will be more pleased with the employment of one faculty

than of another, and this perhaps according to those virtuous habits or inclinations which have here taken the deepest root,

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 600.

CHILDREN.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

AS your paper is part of the equipage of the tea-table, I conjure you to print what I now write to you; for I have no other way to communicate what I have to say to the fair sex, on the most important circumstances of life, even the care of children. I do not understand that you profess your paper is always to consist of matters which are only to entertain the learned and polite, but that it may agree with your design to publish some which may tend to the information of mankind in general; and when it does so, you do more than writing wit and humour. Give me leave then to tell you, that of all the abuses that ever you have as yet endeavoured to reform, certainly not one wanted so much your assistance as the abuse in nursing children. It is unmerciful to see, that a woman endowed with all the perfections and blessings of nature, can, as soon as she is delivered, turn off her innocent tender and helpless infant, and give it up to a woman that is (ten thousand to one) neither in health nor good condition, neither sound in mind nor body, that has neither honour nor reputation, neither love nor pity for the poor babe, but more regard for the money than the whole child, and never will take farther care of it than what by all the encouragement of money and presents she is forced to; like *Æsop's* earth, which would not nurse the plant of another ground, although never so much improved, by reason that plant was not of its own production. And since another child is no more natural to a nurse, than a plant to a strange and different ground, how can it be supposed that the child should thrive? And if it thrives, must it not im-

bibe the gross humours and qualities of the nurse, like a plant in a different ground, or like a graft upon a different stock? Do not we observe, that a lamb sucking a goat changes very much its nature, nay, even its skin and wool into the goat kind? The power of a nurse over a child, by infusing into it, with her milk, her qualities and disposition, is sufficiently and daily observed. Hence came that old saying concerning an ill-natured and malicious fellow, that he had imbibed his malace with his nurse's milk, or that some brute or other had been his nurse. Hence *Romulus* and *Remus* were said to have been nursed by a wolf, *Telephus* the son of *Hercules* by a hind, *Peleus* the son of *Neptune* by a mare, and *Ægisthus* by a goat; not that they had actually sucked those creatures, as some simpletons have imagined, but that their nurses had been such a nature and temper, and infused such into them.

Many instances may be produced from good authorities and daily experience, that children actually suck in the several passions and depraved inclinations of their nurses; as anger, malace, fear, melancholy, sadness, desire, and aversion. This *Diodorus*, *Lib. 2.* witnesseth when he speaks, saying, that *Nero* the emperor's nurse, had been very much addicted to drinking; which habit *Nero* received from his nurse, and was so very particular in this that the people took so much notice of it, as instead of *Tibetius Nero*, they called him *Biberius Nero*. The same *Diodorus* also relates of *Caligula*, predecessor to *Nero*, that his nurse used to moisten the nipples of her breast frequently with blood, to make *Caligula* take the better hold of them; which, says *Diodorus*, was the cause that made him so blood-thirsty and cruel all his life-time after, that he not only committed frequent murder by his own hand, but likewise wished that all human kind wore but one neck, that he might have the pleasure to cut it off. Such like degeneracies astonish the parents, who not knowing after whom the child can take, see one incline to stealing, another to drinking, cruelty, stupidity; yet all these are not minded. Nay, it is easy to demonstrate, that a child, although it be born from the best

of parents, may be corrupted from an ill-tempered nurse. How many children do we see daily brought up in fits, consumptions, rickets, &c. merely by sucking their nurses when in a passion or fury ! But indeed almost any disorder of the nurse is a disorder to the child ; and few nurses can be found in this town, but what labour under some distemper or other, the first question that is generally asked a young woman that wants to be a nurse, why she should be a nurse to other peoples children ? is answered, by her having an ill husband, and that she must make shift to live. I think now this very answer is enough to give any body a shock, if duly considered ; for an ill husband may, or ten to one if he does not, bring home to his wife an ill distemper, or at least vexation and disturbance. Besides she takes the child out of mere necessity, her food will be accordingly, or else very coarse at least ; whence proceeds an ill-concocted and coarse food for the child ; for as the blood, so is the milk. And hence, I am very well assured, proceed the scurvy, the evil and many other distempers. I beg of you, for the sake of many poor infants that may, and will be saved by weighing this case seriously, to exhort the people with the utmost vehemence to let the children suck their own mothers, both for the benefit of mother and child ; for the general argument that a mother is weakened by giving suck to her children, is vain and simple. I will maintain that the mother grows stronger by it, and would have her health better than she would have otherwise : She will find it the greatest cure and preservative for the vapours and future miscarriages, much beyond any other remedy whatsoever. Her children will be like giants ; whereas otherwise they are but living shadows, and like unripe fruit : And certainly if a woman is strong enough to bring forth a child, she is beyond all doubt strong enough to nurse it afterwards. It grieves me to observe and consider how many poor children are daily ruined by careless nurses ; and yet how tender ought they to be of a poor infant, since the least hurt or blow, especially

upon the head, may make it senseless, stupid, or otherwise miserable for ever !

But I cannot well leave this subject as yet ; for it seems to me very unnatural, that a woman that has fed a child as part of herself for nine months, should have no desire to nurse it farther, when brought to light before her eyes, and when by its cries it implores her assistance and the office of a mother. Do not the very cruelest of brutes tend their young ones with all the care and delight imaginable ? For how can she be called a mother that does not nurse her young ones ? The earth is called the mother of all things, not because she produces, but because she maintains and nourishes what she produces. The generation of the infant is the effect of desire, but the care of it argues virtue and choice. I am not ignorant but that there are some cases of necessity where a mother cannot give suck ; and then out of two evils the least must be chosen : But there are so very few, that I am sure in a thousand there is hardly one real instance. For if a woman does but know that her husband can spare about three or six shillings a week extraordinary (although this is but seldom considered) she certainly, with the assistance of her gossips, will soon persuade the good man to send the child to nurse, and easily impose upon him by pretending indisposition. This cruelty is supported by fashion, and nature gives place to custom.

Sir, Yours, &c.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 246. T.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

AS I was the other day taking a solitary walk in St. Paul's, I indulged my thoughts in the pursuit of a certain analogy between the Fabrick and the Christian Church, in the largest sense. The divine order and œconomy of the one seemed to be emblematically set forth by the just, plain, and majestic architecture of the other : And as the one consists of a great variety of parts, united in the same regular design, according

to the trueſt and moſt exact proportion, ſo the other contains a decent ſubordination of members, various ſacred inſtitutions, ſublime doctrines, and ſolid precepts of morality digeſted into the ſame deſign, and with an admirable concurrence tending to one view, the happineſs and exaltation of human nature.

In the miſt of my contemplation I beheld a fly upon one of the pillars ; and it ſtraightway came into my head that this ſame fly was a *Free-thinker*. For it required ſome comprehension in the eye of the *Spectator*, to take in at one view, the various parts of the building, in order to obſerve their ſymmetry and deſign. But to the fly, whoſe proſpect was confined to a little part of one of the ſtones of a ſingle pillar, the joint beauty of the whole, or the diſtinct uſe of its parts, were inconſpicuous, and nothing could appear but ſmall inequalities in the ſurface of the hewn ſtone, which, in the view of that inſect, ſeemed ſo many deformed rocks and precipices.

The thoughts of a *Free-thinker* are employed on certain minute particularities of religion, the difficulty of a ſingle text, or the unaccountableneſs of ſome ſtep of Providence or point of doctrine to his narrow faculties ; without comprehending the ſcope and deſign of chriſtianity, the perfection to which it raiſed the human nature, the light it hath ſhed abroad in the world, and the cloſe connection it hath, as well with the good of public ſocieties, as with that of particular perſons.

This raiſed in me ſome reflections, on that frame or diſpoſition which is called *largeneſs of mind* ; its neceſſity towards forming a true judgment of things ; and, where the ſoul is not incurably ſtinted by nature, what are the likeliſt methods to give it enlargement.

It is evident that philoſophy doth open and enlarge the mind by the general views to which men are habituated in that ſtudy, and by the contemplation of more numerous and diſtant objects than fall within the ſphere of mankind, in the ordinary purſuits of life. Hence it comes to paſs, that philoſophers judge

of most things very differently from the vulgar. Some instances of this may be seen in the *Theæteus* of Plato, where *Socrates* makes the following remarks among others of the like nature.

“When a philosopher hears ten thousand acres mentioned as a great estate, he looks upon it as an inconsiderable spot, having been used to contemplate the whole globe of earth; or when he beholds a man elated with the nobility of his race, because he can reckon a series of seven rich ancestors, the philosopher thinks him a stupid ignorant fellow, whose mind cannot reach to a general view of human nature, which would show him that we have all innumerable ancestors, among whom are crowds of rich and poor, kings and slaves, *Greeks* and *Barbarians*.” Thus far *Socrates*, who was accounted wiser than the rest of the heathens, for notions which approach the nearest to christianity.

As all parts and branches of philosophy or speculative knowledge are useful in that respect, astronomy as peculiarly adapted to remedy a little and narrow spirit; in that science there are good reasons assigned to prove the sun an hundred thousand times bigger than our earth, and the distance of the stars so prodigious, that a cannon bullet, continuing in its ordinary rapid motion, would not arrive from hence at the nearest of them for the space of an hundred and fifty thousand years. These ideas wonderfully dilate and expand the mind. There is something in the immensity of this distance, that shocks and overwhelms the imagination; it is too big for the grasp of a human intellect: Estates, provinces, and kingdoms vanish at its presence.

But the *Christian Religion* ennobleth and enlargeth the mind, beyond any other profession or science whatsoever. Upon that scheme, while the earth and the transient enjoyments of this life shrink into the narrowest dimensions, and are accounted as *the dust of a balance, the drop of a bucket, yea, less than nothing*, the intellectual world opens wider to our view: The perfections of the Deity the nature and excellence

of virtue, the dignity of the human soul, are displayed in the largest characters. The mind of man seems to adapt itself to the different nature of its objects; it is contracted and debased by being conversant in little and low things, and feels a proportionable enlarcement arising from the contemplation of these great and sublime ideas.

The greatness of things is comparative; and this does not hold in respect of extension, but likewise in respect of dignity, duration, and all kinds of perfection. Astronomy opens the mind, and alters our judgment, with regard to the magnitude of extended Beings; but christianity produces an universal greatness of soul. Philosophy increaseth our views in every respect, but christianity extends them to a degree beyond the light of nature.

How mean must the most exalted potentate upon earth appear to that Eye which takes in innumerable orders of blessed spirits, differing in glory and perfection! How little must the amusements of sense, and the ordinary occupations of mortal men, seem to one who is engaged in so noble a pursuit, as the assimilation of himself to the Deity, which is the proper employment of every Christian!

And the improvement which grows from habituating the mind to the comprehensive views of religion must not be thought wholly to regard the understanding. Nothing is of greater force to subdue the inordinate motions of the heart, and to regulate the will. Whether a man be actuated by his passions or his reason, these are first wrought upon by some object, which flirts the soul in proportion to its apparent dimensions. Hence irreligious men, whose short prospects are filled with earth, and sense, and mortal life, are invited, by these mean ideas, to actions proportionably little and low. But a mind whose views are enlightened and extended by religion, is animated to nobler pursuits by more sublime and remote objects.

There is not any instance of weakness in the *free-thinkers* that raises my indignation more, than their pretending to ridicule Christians, as men of narrow

understandings, and to pass themselves upon the world for persons of superior sense and more enlarged view. But I leave it to any impartial man to judge which hath the nobler sentiments, which the greater views he whose notions are stunted to a few miserable inlet of sense, or he whose sentiments are raised above the common taste by the anticipation of those delights which will satiate the soul, when the whole capacity of her nature is branched out into new faculties? He who looks for nothing beyond this short span of duration, or he whose aims are co-extended with the endless length of eternity? He who derives his spirit from the elements, or he who thinks it was inspired by the Almighty?

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 70

CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

THE great received articles of the Christian Religion have been so clearly proved from the authority of that divine Revelation in which they are delivered, that it is impossible for those who have ears to hear, and eyes to see, not to be convinced of them; but were it possible for any thing in the christian faith, to be erroneous, I can find no ill consequences in adhering to it. The great points of the incarnation and sufferings of our Saviour, produce naturally such habits of virtue in the mind of man, that I say, supposing it were possible for us to be mistaken in them, the infidel himself must at least allow, that no other system of religion can so effectually contribute to the heightening of morality. They give us great ideas of the dignity of human nature, and of the love which the Supreme Being bears to his creatures; and consequently engage us in the highest acts of duty towards our Creator, our neighbour, and ourselves. How many noble arguments has *St. Paul* raised from the chief articles of our religion, for the advancing of morality in its three great branches! To give a single example in each kind, what can be a stronger motive to a firm trust and reliance on the mercies of our Maker, than the giving up

son to suffer for us? What can make us love and esteem even the most inconsiderable of mankind, more than the thought that Christ died for him? or what compels us to set a stricter guard upon the purity of our hearts, than our being members of Christ, and a part of the society of which that immaculate person is the head? But these are only a specimen of those admirable enforcements of morality which the Apostles have drawn from the history of our blessed Saviour.

If our modern infidels considered these matters with that candour and seriousness which they deserve, we should not see them act with such a spirit of bitterness, arrogance, and malice. They would not be raising such insignificant cavils, doubts, and scruples, as may be started against every thing that is not capable of mathematical demonstration, in order to unsettle the minds of the ignorant, disturb the public peace, subvert morality, and throw all things into confusion and disorder. If none of these reflections can have any influence on them, there is one that perhaps may, because it is adapted to their vanity, by which they seem to be guided, much more than their reason. I would therefore have them consider that the wisest and best of men, in all ages of the world, have been those who were bred up to the religion of their country, when they saw nothing in it to oppose morality, and to the best lights they had of the divine nature. *Pythagoras's* first precept directs us to worship the Gods, *as it is ordained by custom*; for that is the most natural interpretation of the precept. *Socrates*, who was the most renowned among the heathens, both for wisdom and virtue, in his last moments desires his friends to offer a cock to *Æsculapius*, doubtless out of a submissive deference to the established worship of his country. *Xenophon* tells us, that his Prince (whom he sets forth as a pattern of perfection) when he found his death approaching, offered sacrifices on the mountains to the *Persian Jupiter*, and to the sun, *according to the custom of the Persians*; for those are the words of the historian. Nay, the *Epicureans* and atomical philosophers showed a very remarkable modesty in this particular; for though the Being of

a God was entirely repugnant to their schemes of natural philosophy, they contented themselves with the denial of a Providence, asserting at the same time the existence of Gods in general, because they would not shock the common belief of mankind, and the religion of their country.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 186. L.

CHRISTIANS (*their advantage.*)

TO one who regards things with a philosophical eye, and hath a soul capable of being delighted with the sense that truth and knowledge prevail among men, it must be a grateful reflection to think that the sublimest truths, which among the heathens only here and there one of brighter parts and more leisure than ordinary could attain to, are now grown familiar to the meanest inhabitants of these nations.

Whence came this surprising change, that regions formerly inhabited by ignorant and savage people, should now outshine ancient *Greece*, and the other eastern countries, so renowned of old, in the most elevated notions of theology and morality? Is it the effect of our own parts and industry? Have our common mechanics more refined understandings than the ancient philosophers? It is owing to the God of truth, who came down from Heaven, and condescended to behimself our teacher. It is as we are *Christians*, that we profess more excellent and divine truths than the rest of mankind.

If there be any of the *free-thinkers* who are not direct Atheists, charity would incline one to believe them ignorant of what is here advanced: And it is for their information that I write this paper, the design of which is to compare the ideas that Christians entertain of the being and attributes of a God, with the gross notions of the heathen world. Is it possible for the mind of man to conceive a more august idea of the Deity, than is set forth in the Holy Scriptures? I shall throw to-

gether some passages relating to this subject, which I propose only as philosophical sentiments, to be considered by a *free-thinker*.

“ Though there be that are called Gods, yet to us there is but one God. He made the Heaven and Heaven of Heavens, with all their host ; the earth and all things that are therein ; the seas and all that is therein : He said, Let them be, and it was so. He hath stretched forth the Heavens. He hath founded the earth, and hung it upon nothing. He hath shut up the sea with doors, and said, Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther ; and here shall thy proud waves be staid. The Lord is an invisible spirit, in whom we live and move, and have our being. He is the fountain of life. He preserveth man and beast. He giveth food to all flesh. In his hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind. The Lord maketh poor, and maketh rich. He bringeth low, and lifteth up. He killeth and he maketh alive. He woundeth, and he healeth. By him kings reign, and princes decree justice ; and not a sparrow falleth to the ground without him. All angels, authorities and powers are subject to him. He appointeth the moon for seasons, and the sun knoweth his going down. He thundereth with his voice, and directeth it under the whole Heaven, and his lightning unto the ends of the earth. Fire and hail, snow and vapour, wind and storm, fulfil his word. The Lord is king for ever and ever, and his dominion is an everlasting dominion. The earth and the heavens shall perish ; but thou, O Lord, remainest. They all shall wax old, as doth a garment, and as a vesture shalt thou fold them up, and they shall be changed ; but thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end. God is perfect in knowledge ; his understanding is infinite. He is the father of lights. He looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole Heaven. The Lord beholdeth all the children of men from the place of his habitation, and considereth all their works. He knoweth our down-sitting and uprising. He compasseth our path, and counteth our steps. He is acquainted with all our ways ; and

when we enter our closet, and shut our door, he seeth us. He knoweth the things that come into our mind, every one of them : And no thought can be withholden from him. The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works. He is a father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widow. He is the God of peace, the father of mercies, and the God of all comfort and consolation. The Lord is great ; and we know him not ; his greatness is unsearchable. Who but he hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out the heavens with a span ? Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty. Thou art very great, thou art clothed with honour. Heaven is thy throne, and earth is thy footstool."

Can the mind of a philosopher rise to a more just and magnificent, and at the same time a more amiable idea of the Deity than is here set forth in the strongest images and most emphatical language ? And yet this is the language of shepherds and fishermen. The illiterate Jews and poor persecuted Christians retained these noble sentiments, while the polite and powerful nations of the earth were given up to that sottish sort of worship of which the following elegant description is extracted from one of the inspired writers.

"Who hath formed a God, and molten an image that is profitable for nothing ? The smith with the tongs both worketh in the coals, and fashioneth it with hammers, and worketh it with the strength of his arms : Yea, he is hungry, and his strength faileth. He drinketh no water and is faint. A man planteth an ash, and the rain doth nourish it. He burneth part thereof in the fire. He roasteth flesh. He warmeth himself. And the residue thereof he maketh a God. He falleth down unto it, and worshippeth it, and prayeth unto it, and saith, deliver me, for thou art my God. None considereth in his heart, I have burnt part of it in the fire ; yea, also, I have baked bread upon the coals thereof ; I have roasted flesh and eaten it : And shall I make the residue thereof an abomination ? Shall I fall down to the stock of a tree ?"

In such circumstances as these, for a man to declare for free-thinking, and disengage himself from the yoke of idolatry, were doing honour to human nature, and a work well becoming the great assertors of reason. But in a church where our adoration is directed to the Supreme Being, and (to say the least) where is nothing either in the object or manner of worship that contradicts the light of nature, there under the pretence of free-thinking, to rail at the religious institutions of their country, showeth an undistinguishing genius, that mistakes opposition for freedom of thought. And, indeed, notwithstanding the pretences of some few among our *free-thinkers*, I can hardly think there are men so stupid and inconsistent with themselves, as to have a serious regard for natural religion, and at the same time use their utmost endeavours to destroy the credit of those sacred writings, which, as they have been the means of bringing these parts of the world to the knowledge of natural religion, so in case they lose their authority over the minds of men, we should of course sink into the same idolatry which we see practised by other unenlightened nations.

If a person who exerts himself in the modern way of free-thinking be not a stupid idolator, it is undeniable that he contributes all he can to the making other men so, either by ignorance or design; which lays him under the dilemma, I will not say of being a fool or knave, but of incurring the contempt or detestation of mankind.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 88.

The noble genius of *Virgil* would have been exalted still higher, if he had the advantage of christianity. According to our scheme of thoughts, if the word *memores* in the front of this paper were changed into *similes*, it would have very much heightened the motive of virtue in the reader. To do good and great actions merely to gain reputation, and transmit a name to posterity, is a vicious appetite, and will certainly ensnare the person who is moved by it, on some occasions, into a false delicacy for fear of reproach; and at others, into

artifices which taint his mind, though they may enlarge his fame. The endeavour to make men like you, rather than mindful of you, is not subject to such ill consequences, but moves with its reward in its own hand; or, to speak more in the language of the world, a man with this aim as happy is as a man in an office, that is paid out of money under his own direction. There have been very worthy examples of this self-denying virtue among us in this nation; but I do not know of a nobler example in this case, than that of the late Mr. *Boyle*, who founded a lecture for the *Proof of the Christian religion against atheists, and other notorious infidels*. The reward of perpetual memory amongst men, which might possibly have some share in this sublime charity, was certainly considered but in a second degree; and Mr *Boyle* had it in his thoughts to make men imitate him, as well as speak of him, when he was gone off our stage.

The world has received much good from this institution; and the noble emulation of great men on the inexhaustible subject of the essence, praise, and attributes of the Deity, has had the natural effect, which always attends this kind of contemplation; to wit, that he who writes upon it with a sincere heart, very eminently excels whatever he has produced on any other occasion. It eminently appears from this observation, that a particular blessing has been bestowed on this Lecture. This great philosopher provided for us, after his death, an employment not only suitable to our condition, but to his own at the same time. It is a sight fit for angels, to behold the benefactor and the persons obliged, not only in different places, but under different beings, employed in the same work.

This worthy man studied nature, and traced all her ways to those of her unsearchable Author. When he had found him, he gave this bounty for the praise and contemplation of him. To one who has not run through regular courses of philosophical inquiries (the other learned labourers in this vineyard will forgive me) I cannot but principally recommend the book, intitled,

Physico Theology; printed for *William Innys* in *St. Paul's Church Yard*.

It is written by *Mr. Durham*, Rector of *Upminster* in *Essex*. I do not know what *Upminster* is worth; but I am sure, had I the best living in England to give, I should not think the addition of it sufficient acknowledgement of his merit, especially since I am informed, that the simplicity of his life is agreeable to his useful knowledge and learning.

The praise of this author seems to me to be the great perspicuity and method which render his work intelligible and pleasing to people who are strangers to such inquiries, as well as to the learned. It is a very desirable entertainment to find occasions of pleasure and satisfaction in those objects and occurrences which we have all our lives, perhaps, overlooked, or beheld without exciting any reflections that made us wiser or happier. The plain good man does, as with a wand, show us the wonders and spectacles in all nature, and the particular capacities with which all living creatures are endowed for their several ways of life; how the organs of creatures are made according to the different paths in which they are to move, and provide for themselves and families; whether they are to creep, to leap, to swim, to fly, to walk; whether they are to inhabit the bowels of the earth, the coverts of the woods, the muddy or clear streams, to howl in forests, or converse in cities. All life, from that of a worm to that of a man, is explained; and, as I may so speak, the wondrous works of the creation, by the observations of this author, lie before us as objects that create love and admiration, which without such explications, strike us only with confusion and amazement.

The man who, before he had this book, dressed and went out to loiter and gather up something to entertain a mind too vacant, no longer needs news to give himself amusement; the very air he breathes suggests abundant matter for his thoughts. He will consider that he has begun another day of life, to breathe with all other creatures in the same mass of air, vapours and clouds, which surround our globe; and of all the

numberless animals that live by receiving momentary life, or rather momentary and new reprieves from death, at their nostrils, he only stands erect, conscious and contemplative of the benefaction.

A man who is not capable of philosophical reflections from his own education, will be as much pleased as with any other good news which he has not before heard : The agitations of the wind, and the falling of the rains, are what are absolutely necessary for his welfare and accommodation. This kind of reader will behold the light with a new joy, and a sort of reasonable rapture : He will be led from the appendages which attend and surround our globe, to the contemplation of the globe itself, the distribution of the earth and waters, the variety and quantity of all things provided for the uses of our world : Then will his contemplation, which was too diffused and general, be let down to particulars, to different soils and moulds, to the beds of minerals and stones, into caverns and volcanos, and then again to the tops of mountains, and then again to the fields and valleys.

When the author has acquainted his reader with the place of his abode, he informs him of his capacity to make himself easy and happy in it, by the gift of senses, by their ready organs, by showing him the structure of those organs, the disposition of the ear for the receipt of sounds, of the nostril for smell, the tongue for taste, the nerves to avoid harms by our feeling, and the eye by our sight.

The whole work is concluded (as it is the sum of fifteen sermons in proof of the existence of the Deity) with reflections which apply each distinct part of it to an end, for which the author may hope to be rewarded with an immortality much more to be desired, than that of remaining in eternal honour among all the sons of men.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 175.

CICERO's *Letters to his Wife.*

THE wits of this island, for above fifty years past, instead of correcting the vices of the age, have done

all they could to inflame them. Marriage has been one of the common topics of ridicule that every stage-scribbler hath found his account in ; for whenever there is an occasion for a clap, an impertinent jest upon matrimony is sure to raise it. This hath been attended with very pernicious consequences. Many a country 'Squire, upon his setting up for a man of the town, has gone home in the gaiety of his heart, and beat his wife. A kind husband hath been looked upon as a clown, and a good wife as a domestic animal, unfit for the company or conversation of the *Beau Monde*. In short, separate beds, silent tables, and solitary homes, have been introduced by your men of wit and pleasure of the age.

As I shall always make it my business to stem the torrents of prejudice and vice, I shall take particular care to put an honest father of a family in countenance, and endeavour to remove all the evils out of that state of life which is either the most happy or most miserable that a man can be placed in. In order to this, let us, if you please, consider the wits and well bred persons of former times. I have shown in another paper, that *Pliny*, who was a man of the greatest genius, as well as of the first quality of his age, did not think it below him to be a kind husband, and to treat his wife as a friend, companion, and counsellor. I shall give the like instance of another, who in all respects was a much greater man than *Pliny*, and hath writ a whole book of letters to his wife. They are not so full of turns as those translated out of the former author, who writes very much like a modern, but are full of that beautiful simplicity which is altogether natural, and is the distinguishing character of the best ancient writers. The author I am speaking of, is *Cicero*, who, in the following passages which I have taken out of his letters, shows, that he did not think it inconsistent with the politeness of his manners, or the greatness of his wisdom, to stand upon record in his domestic character.

These letters were written in a time when he was

banished from his country, by a faction that then prevailed at *Rome*.

CICERO TO TERENTIA.

I.

“ I learn from the Letters of my friends, as well as from common report, that you give incredible proofs of virtue and fortitude, and that you are indefatigable in all kinds of good offices. How unhappy a man am I, that a woman of your virtue, constancy, honour, and good nature, should fall into so great distresses upon my account ! and that my dear *Tulliola* should be so much afflicted for the sake of a father with whom she had once so much reason to be pleased ! How can I mention little *Cicero*, whose first knowledge of things began with the sense of his own misery ! If all this had happened by the decrees of his fate, as you would kindly persuade me, I could have borne it : but alas ! it is all befallen me by my own indiscretion, who thought I was beloved by those that envied me, and did not join with them who sought my friendship.— At present, since my friends bid me hope, I shall take care of my health, that I may enjoy the benefit of your affectionate services. *Plancius* hopes we may some time or other come together into Italy. If ever I live to see that day, if I ever return to your dear embraces, in short, if ever I again recover you and myself, I shall think our conjugal piety very well rewarded.—As for what you write to me about selling your estate, consider (my dear *Terentia*) consider, alas ! what would be the event of it. If our present fortune continues to oppress us, what will become of our poor boy ! My tears flow so fast, that I am not able to write any farther ; and I would not willingly make you weep with me. Let us take care not to undo the child that is already undone. If we can leave him any thing, a little virtue will keep him from want, and a little fortune raise him in the world. Mind your health, and let me know frequently what you are doing. Remember me to *Tulliola* and *Cicero*.”

II.

“ Do not fancy that I write longer letters to any one than to yourself, unless when I chance to receive a longer letter from another, which I am indispensably obliged to answer in every particular. The truth of it is, I have no subject for a letter at present; and as my affairs now stand, there is nothing more painful to me than writing. As for you, and our dear *Tullia*, I cannot write to without abundance of tears; for I see both of you miserable, whom I always wished to be happy, and whom I ought to have made so.—I must acknowledge, you have done every thing for me with the utmost fortitude, and the utmost affection; nor indeed is it more than I expected from you; though at the same time it is a great aggravation of my ill fortune, that the afflictions I suffer can be relieved only by those which you undergo for my sake. For honest *Valerius* has written me a letter, which I could not read without weeping very bitterly; wherein he gives me an account of the public procession which you have made for me at Rome. Alas! my dearest life, must then *Terentia*, the darling of my soul, whose favour and recommendations have been so often sought by others—must my *Terentia* droop under the weight of sorrow, appear in the habit of a mourner, pour out floods of tears, and all this for my sake: for my sake, who have undone my family, by consulting the safety of others? As for what you write about selling your house, I am very much afflicted, that what is laid out upon my account may any way reduce you to misery and want. If we can bring about our design, we may indeed recover every thing; but if fortune persists in persecuting us, how can I think of your sacrificing for me the poor remainder of your possessions? No, my dearest life, let me beg you to let those bear my expences who are able, and perhaps willing to do it; and if you would shew your love to me, do not injure your health, which is already too much impaired. You present yourself before my eyes day and night; I see you labouring amidst innumerable difficulties; I am afraid

lest you should sink under them : but I find in you all the qualifications that are necessary to support you be sure therefore to cherish your health, that you may compass the end of your hopes and your endeavours. Farewell, my *Terentia*, my heart's desire, farewell.

III.

“*ARISTOCRITUS* hath delivered to me three of your letters, which I have almost defaced with my tears. Oh ! my *Terentia* I am consumed with grief, and feel the weight of your sufferings more than of my own. I am more miserable than you are, notwithstanding you are very much so ; and that for this reason, because, though our calamity is common, it is my fault that brought it upon us. I ought to have died rather than have been driven out of the city : I am therefore overwhelmed not only with grief, but with shame. I am ashamed, that I did not do my utmost for the best of wives, and the dearest of children. You are ever present before my eyes in your mourning, your affliction, and your sickness. Amidst all which, there scarce appears to me the least glimmering of hope—However, as long as you hope, I will not despair.—I will do what you advise me. I have returned my thanks to those friends whom you mentioned, and have let them know, that you have acquainted me with their good offices. I am sensible of *Piso's* extraordinary zeal and endeavours to serve me. Oh ! would the Gods grant that you and I might live together in the enjoyment of such a son-in-law, and of our dear children.—As for what you write of your coming to me, if I desire it, I would rather you should be where you are, because I know you are my principal agent at Rome. If you succeed, I shall come to you : if not—But I need say no more. Be careful of your health, and be assured, that nothing is, or ever was, so dear to me as yourself. Farewell, my *Terentia* ; I fancy that I see you, and therefore cannot command my weakness so far as to refrain from tears.”

IV.

“I do not write to you as often as I might, because, notwithstanding I am afflicted at all times, I am quite

overcome with sorrow whilst I am writing to you, or reading any letters that I receive from you.—If these evils are not to be removed, I must desire to see you, my dearest life, as soon as possible, and to die in your embraces; since neither the Gods, whom you always religiously worshipped, nor the men whose good I always promoted, have rewarded us according to our deserts. What a distressed wretch am I! Should I ask a weak woman oppressed with cares and sickness, to come and live with me; or shall I not ask her? Can I live without you? But I find I must. If there be any hopes of my return, help it forward, and promote it as much as you are able. But if all that is over, as I fear it is, find out some way or other of coming to me. This you may be sure of, that I shall not look upon myself as quite undone whilst you are with me. But what will become of *Tulliola*? You must look to that; I must confess, I am entirely at a loss about her. Whatever happens, we must take care of the reputation and marriage of that dear unfortunate girl. As for *Cicero*, he shall live in my bosom, and in my arms. I cannot write any farther, my sorrows will not let me—Support yourself, my dear *Terentia*, as well as you are able. We have lived and flourished together amidst the greatest honours: It is not our crimes, but our virtues that have distressed us.—Take more than ordinary care of your health? I am more afflicted with your sorrows than my own. Farewel, my *Terentia*, thou dearest, faithfullest, and best of wives.”

It methinks it is a pleasure to see this great man in his family, who makes so different a figure in the *forum* or Senate of Rome. Every one admires the Orator and the Consul; but for my part, I esteem the husband and the father. His private character, with all the little weaknesses of humanity, is as amiable, as the figure he makes in public is awful and majestic. But at the same time that I love to surprise so great an author in his private walks, and to survey him in his most familiar lights, I think it would be barbarous to form to ourselves any idea of mean-spiritedness from those na-

tural openings of his heart, and disburthening of his thoughts to a wife. He has written several other letters to the same person, but none with so great passion as these of which I have given the foregoing extracts.

It would be ill-nature, not to acquaint the *English* reader, that his wife was successful in her solicitations for this great man, and saw her husband return to the honours of which he had been deprived, with all the pomp and acclamation that usually attended the greatest triumph.

TATLER, Vol. III. No. 159.

CLEANLINESS

IS a mark of politeness. It is universally agreed upon, that no one, unadorned with this virtue, can go into company without giving a manifest offence. The easier or higher any one's fortune is, this duty rises proportionably. The different nations of the world are as much distinguished by their cleanliness, as by their arts and sciences. The more any country is civilized, the more they consult this part of politeness. We need but compare our ideas of a female *Hottentot* and an *English* beauty, to be satisfied of the truth of what hath been advanced.

In the next place, cleanliness may be said to be the foster mother of love. Beauty indeed most commonly produces that passion in the mind, but cleanliness preserves it. An indifferent face and person, kept in perpetual neatness, has won many a heart from a pretty flatterer. Age itself is not unamiable, while it is preserved clean and unsullied: like a piece of metal constantly kept smooth and bright, we look on it with more pleasure than on a new vessel which is cankered with rust.

I might observe farther, that, as cleanliness renders us agreeable to others, so it makes us easy to ourselves, that it is an excellent preservative of health; and that several vices destructive both to mind and body, are inconsistent with the habit of it. But these reflections I shall leave to the leisure of my readers, and shall ob-

serve in the third place, that it bears a great analogy with purity of mind, and naturally inspires refined sentiments and passions.

We find from experience, that through the prevalence of custom, the most vicious actions lose their horror, by being made familiar to us. On the contrary, those who live in the neighbourhood of good examples, fly from the first appearance of what is shocking. It fares with us much after the same manner, as our ideas. Our senses, which are the inlets to all the images conveyed to the mind, can only transmit the impression of such things as usually surround them. So that pure and unfulfilled thoughts are naturally suggested to the mind by those objects that perpetually encompass us, when they are beautiful and elegant in their kind.

In the east, where the warmth of the climate makes cleanliness more immediately necessary than in colder countries, it is made one part of their religion. The Jewish law, (and the Mahometan, which in some things copies after it) is filled with bathings, purifications, and other rites of the like nature. Though there is the above-named convenient reason to be assigned for these ceremonies, the chief intention undoubtedly was to typify inward purity and cleanliness of heart by those outward washings. We read several injunctions of this kind in the book of *Deuteronomy*, which confirm this truth; and which are but ill accounted for by saying as some do, that they were only instituted for convenience in the desert, which otherwise could not have been habitable for so many years.

I shall conclude this essay with a story which I have somewhere read in an account of Mahometan superstitions.

A *Der-vise* of great sanctity, one morning had the misfortune, as he took up a crystal cup, which was consecrated to the prophet, to let it fall upon the ground, and dash it in pieces. His son coming in some time after, he stretched out his hand to bless him, as his manner was every morning; but the

youth going out, stumbled over the threshold, and broke his arm. As the old man wondered at these events, a caravan passed by in its way from *Mecca*. The *Derwije* approached it to beg a blessing; but, as he stroked one of the holy camels, he received a kick from the beast, that forely bruised him. His sorrow and amazement increased upon him, till he recollected, that through hurry and inadvertency he had that morning come abroad without washing his hands.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 631.

COMMERCE.

THERE is not a place in the town which I so much love to frequent as the *Royal Exchange*. It gives a secret satisfaction, and, in some measure, gratifies my vanity, as I am an *Englishman*, to see so rich an assembly of countrymen and foreigners consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of *emporium* for the whole earth. I must confess I look upon high change to be a great council, in which all considerable nations have their representatives. Factors in the trading world are what ambassadors are in the politic world; they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of men that are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of *Japan* and an alderman of *London*, or to see a subject of the *Great Mogul* entering into a league with one of the *Czar of Muscovy*. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several ministers of commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages. Sometimes I am jostled among a body of *Armenians*; sometimes I am lost in a crowd of *Jews*; and sometimes make one in a group of *Dutchmen*. I am a *Dane*, *Swede*, or *Frenchman*, at different times; or rather fan-

cy myself like the old philosopher, who, upon being asked what countryman he was, replied, that he was a citizen of the world.

Though I very frequently visit this busy multitude of people, I am known to nobody there but my friend Sir *Andrew*, who often smiles upon me as he sees me bustling in the crowd, but at the same time connives at my presence without taking any farther notice of me. There is indeed a merchant of *Egypt*, who just knows me by sight, having formerly remitted me some money to *Grand Cairo*; but, as I am not versed in the modern *coptick*, our conferences go no farther than a bow and a grimace.

This grand scene of business gives me an infinite variety of solid and substantial entertainments. As I am a great lover of mankind, my heart naturally overflows with pleasure at the sight of a prosperous and happy multitude, insomuch that at many public solemnities I cannot forbear expressing my joy with tears that have stolen down my cheeks. For this reason I am wonderfully delighted to see such a body of men thriving in their own private fortunes, and at the same time promoting the public stock; or in other words, raising estates, for their own families, by bringing into their country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is superfluous.

Nature seems to have taken a particular care to disseminate her blessings among the different regions of the world, with an eye to this mutual intercourse and traffic among mankind, that the natives of the several parts of the globe might have a kind of dependence upon one another, and be united together by their common interests. Almost every degree produces something peculiar to it. The food often grows in one country, and the sauce in another. The fruits of *Portugal* are corrected by the products of *Barbaões*. The infusion of a *China* plant sweetened with the pith of an *Indian* cane. The *Philippine* islands give a flavour to our *European* bowls. The single dress of a woman of quality is often the product of an hundred climates. The muff and the fan come together from

the different ends of the earth. The scarf is sent from the Torrid Zone, and the tippet from beneath the Pole. The brocade petticoat rises out of the mines of *Peru*, and the diamond necklace out of the bowels of *Hindostan*.

If we consider our own country in its natural prospect, without any of the benefits and advantages of commerce, what a barren, uncomfortable spot of earth falls to our share ! Natural historians tell us, that no fruit grows originally among us, besides hips and haws, acorns and pig-nuts, with other delicacies of the like nature : that our climate of itself, and without the assistance of art, can make no farther advances towards a plum than to a sloe, and carries an apple to no greater perfection than a crab : that our melons, our peaches, our figs, our apricots, and cherries, are strangers among us, imported in different ages, and naturalized in our *English* gardens ; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the trash of our own country, if they were wholly neglected by the planter, and left to the mercy of our sun and soil. Nor has traffic more enriched our vegetable world, than it has improved the whole face of nature among us. Our ships are laden with the harvest of every climate : our tables are stored with spices, and oils, and wines : our rooms are filled with pyramids of *China*, and adorned with the workmanship of *Japan* : our morning's draught comes to us from the remotest corners of the earth : we repair our bodies by the drugs of *America*, and repose ourselves under *Indian* canopies. My friend Sir *Andrew* calls the vineyards of *France* our gardens ; the spice Islands our hotbeds ; the *Persians* our silk weavers, and the *Chinese* our potters. Nature indeed furnishes us with the bare necessaries of life ; but traffic gives us a great variety of what is useful, and at the same times supplies us with every thing that is convenient and ornamental. Nor is it the least part of this our happiness, that while we enjoy the remotest products of the north and south, we are free from those extremities of weather which give them birth : that our eyes are refreshed with the green

fields of *Britain*, at the same time that our palates are feasted with fruits that rise between the tropics.

For these reasons there are none more useful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of nature, find work for the poor, and wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great. Our *English* merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold, and exchanges his wool for rubies. The *Mahometans* are clothed in our *British* manufacture, and the inhabitants of the frozen zone warmed with the fleeces of our sheep.

When I have been upon the change, I have often fancied one of our old kings standing in his person, where he is represented in effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy concourse of people with which that place is every day filled. In this case how would he be surpris'd to hear all the languages of *Europe* spoken in this little spot of his former dominions, and to see so many private men, who in his time would have been the vassals of some powerful Baron, negotiating like princes for greater sums of money than were formerly to be met with in the royal treasury! Trade, without enlarging the *British* territories, has given us a kind of additional empire: it has multiplied the number of the rich, made our landed estates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an accession of other estates as valuable as the lands themselves.

SPECTATOR, Vol. I. No. 69.

COMMON PRAYER.

THE well-reading of the common prayer is of so great importance, and so much neglected, that I take the liberty to offer to your consideration some particulars on that subject: and what more worthy your observation than this, a thing so public and of so high consequence? It is indeed wonderful, that the frequent exercise of it should not make the perfor-

mers of that duty more expert in it. This inability, as I conceive, proceeds from the little care that is taken of their reading, while boys, and at school, where, when they have got into Latin, they are looked upon as above English, the reading of which is wholly neglected, or at least read to very little purpose, without any due observations made to them of the proper accent and manner of reading: by this means they have acquired such ill habits as will not easily be removed. The only way that I know of to remedy this, is to propose some person of great ability that way as a pattern for them; example being most effectual to convince the learned, as well as to instruct the ignorant.

You must know, Sir, I have been a constant frequenter of the church of *England* for above these four years last past, and till Sunday was sevennight never discovered, to so great a degree, the excellence of the common prayer; when, being at St. *James's, Garsick-Hill* church, I heard the sermon read so distinctly, so emphatically, and so fervently, that it was next to an impossibility to be unattentive. My eyes and my thoughts could not wander as usual, but were confined to my prayers: I then considered I addressed myself to the Almighty, and not to a beautiful face. And when I reflected on my former performances of that duty, I found I had run it over as a matter of form, in comparison to the manner in which I then discharged it. My mind was really affected, and fervent wishes accompanied my words. The confession was read with such a resigned humility, the absolution with such a comfortable authority, the thanksgivings with such a religious joy, as made me feel those affections of the mind in the manner I never did before. To remedy therefore the grievance above complained of, I humbly propose, that this excellent reader, upon the next and every annual assembly of the clergy of *Ston College*, and all other conventions, should read prayers before them: for then those who are afraid of stretching their mouths and spoiling their soft voice, will learn to read with clearness, loudness and

Strength. Others, who affect a rakish negligent air by folding their arms, and lolling on their book, will be taught a decent behaviour, and comely erection of body. Those who read so fast as if impatient of their work, may learn to speak deliberately. There is another sort of persons whom I call Pindaric readers, as being confined to no set measure: These pronounce five or six words with great deliberation, and the five or six subsequent ones with as great celerity; the first part of a sentence with a very exalted voice, and the latter part with a submissive one; sometimes again with one sort of a tone, and immediately after with a very different one. These gentlemen will learn of my admired reader an evenness of voice and delivery. And all who are innocent of these affectations, but read with such an indifferency as if they did not understand the language, may then be informed of the art of reading movingly and fervently, how to place the emphasis, and give the proper accent to each word, and how to vary the voice according to the nature of the sentence. There is certainly a very great difference between reading a prayer and a gazette, which I beg of you to inform a set of readers, who affect, forsooth, a certain gentleman-like familiarity of tone, and amend the language as they go on, crying, instead of *pardoneth* and *absolveth*, *pardons* and *absolves*. These are often pretty classical scholars, and would think it an unpardonable sin to read *Virgil* or *Martial* with so little taste as they do divine service.

This indifferency seems to me to arise from the endeavour of avoiding the imputation of cant, and the false notion of it. It will be proper therefore to trace the original and signification of this word. Cant is, by some people, derived from one *Andrew Cant*, who, they say, was a presbyterian minister in some illiterate part of Scotland, who by exercise and use had obtained the faculty, *alias* gift, of talking in the pulpit in such a dialect, that it is said he was understood by none but his own congregation, and not by all of them. Since *Mr. Cant's* time it has been understood in a large sense; and signifies all sudden

exclamations, whinings, unusual tones, and in fine all praying and preaching, like the unlearned of the presbyterians. But I hope a proper elevation of voice, a due emphasis and accent, are not to come within this description; So that our readers may still be as unlike the presbyterians as they please. The dissenters (I mean such as I have heard) do indeed elevate their voices, but it is with sudden jumps from the lower to the higher parts of them; and that with so little sense or skill, that their elevation and cadence is bawling and muttering. They make use of an emphasis, but so improperly, that it is often placed on some very insignificant particle, as upon *if* or *and*. Now, if the improprieties have so great an effect on the people, as we see they have, how great an influence would the service of our church, containing the best prayers that ever were composed, and that in terms most affecting, most humble, and most expressive of our wants, and dependance on the object of our worship, disposed in most proper order, and void of all confusion; what influence, I say, would these prayers have, were they delivered with a due emphasis and apposite rising and variation of voice, the sentence concluded with a gentle cadence, and, in a word, with such an accent and turn of speech as is peculiar to prayer!

As the matter of worship is now managed, in dissenting congregations, you find insignificant words and phrases raised by a lively vehemence; in our own churches, the most exalted sense depreciated by a dispassionate indolence. I remember to have heard Dr. S——e say, in his pulpit, of the common prayer, that, at least, it was as perfect as any thing of human institution: If the gentlemen who err in this kind, would please to recollect the many pleasantries they have read upon those who recite good things with an ill grace, they would go on to think that what in that case is only ridiculous, in themselves is impious. But leaving this to their own reflections, I shall conclude this trouble with what *Cæsar* said upon the irregular-

ry of tone in one who read before him, *Do you read, or sing? If you sing, you sing very ill.*

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 147. T.

COMPLAISANCE.

I was the other day in company at my lady *Lizard's*, when there came in among us their cousin *Tom*, who is one of those country 'squires who set up for plain honest gentlemen, who speak their minds. *Tom* is, in short, a lively impudent, clown, and has wit enough to have made himself a pleasant companion, had it been polished and rectified by good manners. *Tom* had not been a quarter of an hour with us, before he set every one in the company a blushing, by some blunt question, or unlucky observation. He asked the *Sparkler* if her wit had yet got her a husband; and told her eldest sister she looked a little wan under the eyes, and that it was time for her to look about her, if she did not design to lead apes in the other world. The good lady *Lizard*, who suffers more than her daughters on such an occasion, desired her cousin *Thomas*, with a smile, not to be so severe on his relations: to which the booby replied, with a rude country laugh, if I be not mistaken, aunt, you were a mother at fifteen; and why, do you expect, that your daughters should be maids till five-and-twenty? I endeavoured to divert the discourse, when without taking notice of what I said, Mr. *Ironside*, says he, you fill my cousins' heads with your fine notions as you call them; can you teach them to make a pudding? I must confess he put me out of countenance with his rustic railery; so that I made some excuse, and left the room.

This fellow's behaviour made me reflect on the usefulness of complaisance, to make all conversation agreeable. This, though in itself it be scarce reckoned in the number of moral virtues, is that which gives a lustre to every talent a man can be possessed of. It was *Plato's* advice to an unpolished writer, that he

should sacrifice to the graces. In the same manner I would advise every man of learning, who would not appear in the world a mere scholar, or philosopher, to make himself matter of the social virtue which I have here mentioned.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable. It smooths distinction, sweetens conversation, and makes every one in the company pleased with himself. It produces good-nature and mutual benevolence, encourages the timorous, soothes the turbulent, humanizes the fierce, and distinguishes a society of civilized persons from a confusion of savages. In a word, complaisance is a virtue that blends all orders of men together in a friendly intercourse of words and actions, and is suited to that equality in human nature which every one ought to consider, so far as is consistent with the order and œconomy of the world.

If we could look into the secret anguish and affliction of every man's heart, we should often find, that more of it arises from little imaginary distresses, such as checks, frowns, contradictions, expressions of contempt, and (what *Shakespeare* reckons among other evils under the sun)

—*The proud man's contumely,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,*

than from the more real pains and calamities of life. The only method to remove these imaginary distresses as much as possible out of human life, would be the universal practice of such an ingenious complaisance as I have been here describing, which, as it is a virtue, may be defined to be, *a constant endeavour to please those with whom we converse, so far as we may do it innocently.* I shall here add, that I know nothing so effectual to raise a man's fortune as complaisance, which recommends more to the favour of the great, than wit, knowledge, or any other talent whatever. I find this consideration very prettily illustrated by a little wild *Arabian* tale, which I shall here abridge, for

the sake of my reader, after having again warned him, that I do not recommend to him such an impertinent or vicious complaisance as is not consistent with honour and integrity.

“ *Schacaback* being reduced to great poverty, and having eat nothing for two days together, made a visit to a noble *Barmecide* in *Persia*, who was very hospitable, but withal a great humourist. The *Barmecide* was sitting at his table, that seemed ready covered for an entertainment. Upon hearing *Schacaback's* complaint, he desired him to sit down and fall on; he then gave him an empty plate, and asked him how he liked his rice soup: *Schacabac*, who was a man of wit, and resolved to comply with the *Barmecide* in all his humours, told him it was admirable, and at the same time, in imitation of the other, lifted up the empty spoon to his mouth with great pleasure. The *Barmecide* then asked him if he ever saw whiter bread: *Schacabac*, who saw neither bread nor meat—If I did not like it, you may be sure, says he, I should not eat so heartily of it. You oblige me mightily replied the *Barmecide*, pray let me help you to this leg of a goose. *Schacabac* reached out his plate and received nothing on it with great cheerfulness. As he was eating very heartily on this mighty imaginary goose, and crying up the sauce to the skies, the *Barmecide* desired him to keep a corner of his stomach for a roasted lamb fed with pistacho nuts; and after having called for it as though it had really been served up, here is a dish, says he, that you will see at nobody's table but my own. *Schacabac* was wonderfully delighted with the taste of it, which is like nothing, says he, I ever eat before. Several other nice dishes were served up in idea, which both of them commended, and feasted on after the same manner. This was followed by an invisible *dessert*, no part of which delighted *Schacabac* so much as a certain lozenge, which the *Barmecide* told him was a sweetmeat of his own invention. *Schacabac* at length, being courteously reproached by the *Barmecide*, that he had no stomach, and that he eat nothing, and at the same time, being tired with

moving his jaws up and down to no purpose, desired to be excused, for that really he was so full that he could not eat a bit more. Come then, says the *Barmecide*, the cloth shall be removed, and you shall taste of my wines, which, I may say without vanity, are the best in *Persia*. He then filled both their glasses out of an empty decanter. *Schacabac* would have excused himself from drinking so much at once, because he said he was a little quarrelsome in his liquor; however being prest to it, he pretended to take it off, having before-hand praised the colour, and afterwards the flavour. Being plied with two or three other imaginary bumpers of different wines, equally delicious, and a little vexed with this fantastic treat, he pretended to grow flustered, and gave the *Barmecide* a good box on the ear; but immediately recovering himself, Sir, says he, I beg ten thousand pardons, but I told you before, that it was my misfortune to be quarrelsome in my drink. The *Barmecide* could not but smile at the humour of his guest, and instead of being angry at him, I find, says he, thou art a complaisant fellow, and deservest to be entertained in my house. Since thou canst accommodate thyself to my humour, we will now eat together in good earnest. Upon which calling for his supper, the rice-soup, the goose, the pistacho lamb, the several other nice dishes, with the *dessert*, the lozenges, and all the variety of *Persian* wines were served up successively, one after another; and *Schacabac* was feasted in reality, with those very things which he had before been entertained with in imagination."

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 162.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

I WAS walking about my chamber this morning in a very gay humour, when I saw a coach stop at my door, and a youth about fifteen alighting out of it, whom I perceived to be the eldest son of my bosom friend, whom I gave some account of in my paper of

7th of the last month. I felt a sensible pleasure rising in me at the sight of him, my acquaintance having begun with his father when he was just such a stripling, and about that very age. When he came up to me, he took me by the hand, and burst into tears—I was extremely moved, and immediately said, child, how is your father? He began to reply—my mother, but could not go on for weeping. I went down with him into the coach, and gathered out of him, that his mother was then dying, and that while the holy man was doing the last offices to her, he had taken that time to come and call me to his father (who he said) would certainly break his heart if I did not go and comfort him. The child's discretion in coming to me of his own accord, and the tenderness he showed for his parents, would have quite overpowered me, had I not resolved to fortify myself for the reasonable performances of those duties which I owed to my friend. As we were going, I could not but reflect upon the character of that excellent woman, and the greatness of his grief for the loss of one who has ever been the support to him under all the afflictions. How (thought I) will he be able to bear the hour of her death, that could not when I was lately with him, speak of a sickness, which was then past, without sorrow? We were now got pretty far into *Westminster*, and arrived at my friend's house. At the door of it I met *Favonius*, not without a secret satisfaction to find he had been there. I had formerly conversed with him at his own house; and as he abounds with that sort of virtue and knowledge which makes religion beautiful, and never leads the conversation into the violence and rage of party disputes, I listened to him with great pleasure. Our discourse chanced to be upon the subject of death, which he treated with such a strength of reason, and greatness of soul, that instead of being terrible, it appeared to a mind rightly cultivated, altogether to be contemned, or rather to be desired. As I met him at the door, I saw in his face a certain glowing of grief and humanity, heightened with an air of fortitude and resolution, which, as I afterwards found, had such an irre-

sistible force, as to suspend the pains of the dying, and the lamentation of the nearest friends who attended her. I went up directly to the room where she lay, and was met at the entrance by my friend, who, notwithstanding his thoughts had been composed a little before, at the sight of me turned away his face and wept. The little family of children renewed the expressions of their sorrow, according to their several ages and degrees of understanding. The eldest daughter was in tears, busied in attendance upon her mother; others were kneeling about the bed-side: And what troubled me most was, to see a little boy, who was too young to know the reason, weeping only because his sisters did. The only one in the room who seemed resigned and comforted, was the dying person. At my approach to the bed-side, she told me, with a low broken voice, This is kindly done—take care of your friend—do not go from him. She had before taken leave of her husband and children, in a manner proper for so solemn a parting, and with a gracefulness peculiar to a woman of her character. My heart was torn to pieces to see the husband on one side, suppressing and keeping down the swellings of grief, for fear of disturbing her in her last moments; and the wife even at that time concealing the pains she endured, for fear of increasing his affliction. She kept her eyes upon him for some moments after she grew speechless, and soon after closed them for ever. In the moment of her departure, my friend (who had thus far commanded himself) gave a deep groan, and fell into a swoon by her bed-side. The distraction of the children, who tho't they saw both their parents expiring together, and now lying dead before them, would have melted the hardest heart; but they soon perceived their father recover, whom I helped to remove into another room, with a resolution to accompany him till the first pangs of his affliction were abated. I knew consolation would now be impertinent, and therefore contented myself to sit by him, and condole with him in silence. For I shall here use the method of an ancient author, who, in one of his epistles relating to the virtues and death of *Ma-*

myus's wife, expresses himself thus : " I shall suspend
 the advice to this best of friends, till he is made capa-
 of receiving it by those three great remedies, (*Necessitas ipsa, dies longa, et satietas doloris*) the necessity of
 submission, length of time, and satiety of grief."

In the mean time, I cannot but consider, with much
 commiseration, the melancholy state of one who has
 had such a part of himself torn from him, and which
 he misses in every circumstance of life. His condi-
 tion is like that of one who has lately lost his right
 arm, and is every moment offering to help himself with
 it. He does not appear to himself the same person in
 his house, at his table, in company, or in retirement ;
 and loses the relish of all the pleasures and diversions
 that were become entertaining to him by her participa-
 tion of them. The most agreeable objects recall the sor-
 row of her with whom he used to enjoy them. This
 additional satisfaction, from the taste of pleasures in the
 society of one we love, is admirably described in *Mit-
 ton*, who represents *Eve*, though in Paradise itself, no
 farther pleased with the beautiful objects around her,
 than as she sees them in company with *Adam*, in that
 passage so inexpressibly charming :

*With thee conversing I forget all time,
 All seasons, and their change ; all pleasè alike,
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun,
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit and flower,
 Glitt'ning with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft showers, and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful ev'ning mild ; the silent night,
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
 And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train.
 But neither breath of morn when she ascends
 With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
 In this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
 Glitt'ning with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
 Nor grateful ev'ning mild, nor silent night,
 With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
 Or glitt'ring star-light, without thee is sweet.*

CONJUGAL AFFLICTION.

Cheapside, July 18.

I HAVE lately married a very pretty body, who being something younger and richer than myself, I was advised to go a wooing to her in a finer suit of clothes than ever I wore in my life; for I love to dress plain, and suitable to a man of my rank. However, I gained her heart by it. Upon the wedding day I put myself, according to custom, in another suit fire-new, with silver buttons to it. I am so out of countenance among my neighbours upon being so fine, that I heartily wish my clothes well worn out. I fancy every body observes me as I walk the street; and long to be in my old plain geer again. Besides, forsooth, they have put me in a silk night gown, and a gaudy fool's cap, and make me now and then stand in the window with it. I am ashamed to be dandled thus, and cannot look in the glass without blushing to see myself turned into such a pretty little master. They tell me I must appear in my wedding suit for the first month at least; after which I am resolved to come again to my every day clothes, for at present every day is *Sunday* with me. Now in my mind, Mr. *Ironside*, this is the wrongest way of proceeding in the world. When a man's person is new and unaccustomed to a young body, he does not want any thing else to set him off. The novelty of the lover has more charms than a wedding suit. I should think, therefore, that a man should keep his finery for the latter seasons of marriage, and not begin to dress till the honey-moon is over. I have observed at a lord Mayor's feast, that the sweet-meats do not make their appearance till people are cloyed with beef and mutton, and begin to lose their stomachs. But, instead of this, we serve up delicacies to our guests when their appetites are keen, and coarse diet when their bellies are full. As bad as I hate my silver-buttoned coat and silk night-gown, I am afraid of leaving them off, not knowing whether my wife would not repent of her marriage when she sees what a plain man

she has to her husband. - Pray, Mr. *Ironside*, write something to prepare her for it, and let me know whether you think she can ever love me in a hair button.

I am, &c.

P. S. "I forgot to tell you of my white gloves; which, they say too, I must wear all the first month."

My correspondent's observations are very just, and may be useful in low life ; but to turn them to the advantage of people in higher stations, I shall raise the moral, and observe something parallel to the wooing and the wedding-suit, in the behaviour of persons of figure. After long experience in the world, and reflections upon mankind, I find one particular occasion of unhappy marriages, which, though very common, is not very much attended to. What I mean is this : Every man, in the time of courtship, and in the first entrance of marriage, puts on a behaviour like my correspondent's holiday suit, which is to last no longer than till he is settled in the possession of his mistress. He resigns his inclinations and understanding to her humour and opinion. He neither loves, nor hates, nor talks, nor thinks in contradiction to her. He is controlled by a nod, mortified by a frown, and transported by a smile. The poor young lady falls in love with this supple creature, and expects of him the same behaviour for life. In a little time she finds that he has a will of his own, that he pretends to dislike what she approves, and that, instead of treating her like a goddess, he uses her like a woman. What still makes the misfortune worse, we find the most abject flatterers degenerate into the greatest tyrants. This naturally fills the spouse with fullness and discontent, spleen and vapour, which, with a little discreet management, make a very comfortable marriage. I very much approve of my friend *Tom Truelove* in this particular. *Tom* made love to a woman of sense, and always treated her as such during the whole time of courtship. His natural temper and good breeding hindered him from doing any thing disagreeable, as his sincerity and fr

ness of behaviour made him converse with her, before marriage, in the same manner he intended to continue to do afterwards. *Tom* would often tell her, madam, you see what sort of a man I am. If you will take me with all my faults about me, I promise to mend rather than grow worse. I remember, *Tom* was once hinting his dislike of some little trifle his mistress had said or done. Upon which she asked him, how he would talk to her after marriage, if he talked at this rate before? No, madam, says *Tom*, I mention this now because you are at your own disposal; were you at mine, I should be too generous to do it. In short *Tom* succeeded, and has ever since been better than his word. The lady has been disappointed on the right side, and has found nothing more disagreeable in the husband, than she discovered in the lover.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 113.

CONTENTMENT.

INQUIRIES after happiness, and rules for attaining it, are not so necessary and useful to mankind as the arts of consolation, and supporting one's self under affliction. The utmost we can hope for in this world, is contentment; if we aim at any thing higher, we shall meet with nothing but grief and disappointment. A man should direct all his studies and endeavours at making himself easy now, and happy hereafter.

The truth of it is, if all the happiness that is dispersed through the whole race of mankind in this world were drawn together, and put into the possession of any single man, it would not make a very happy being: Though on the contrary, if the miseries of the whole species were fixed in a single person, they would make a very miserable one.

I am engaged in this subject by the following letter, which, though subscribed by a fictitious name, I have reason to believe is not imaginary.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM one of your disciples, and endeavour to live up to your rules, which I hope will incline you to pity my condition: I shall open it to you in a very few words. About three years since, a gentleman, whom, I am sure, you yourself would have approved, made his addressee to me. He had every thing to recommend him but an estate; so that my friends, who all of them applauded his person, would not for the sake of both of us favour his passion. For my own part, I resigned myself up entirely to the direction of those who knew the world much better than myself, but still lived in hopes that some juncture or other would make me happy in the man whom, in my heart, I preferred to all the world; being determined, if I could not have him, to have nobody else. About three months ago I received a letter from him, acquainting me, that by the death of an uncle he had a considerable estate left him, which he said was welcome to him upon no other account, but as he hoped it would remove all difficulties that lay in the way to our mutual happiness. You may well suppose with how much joy I received this letter, which was followed by several others filled with those expressions of love and joy, which I verily believe nobody felt more sincerely, nor knew better how to describe, than the gentleman I am speaking of. But Sir, how shall I be able to tell it you? By the last week's post I received a letter from an intimate friend of this unhappy gentleman, acquainting me that as he had just settled his affairs, and was preparing for his journey, he fell sick, and died. It is impossible to express to you the distress I am in upon this occasion. I can only have recourse to my devotions, and to the reading of good books for my consolation; and as I always take a particular delight in those frequent advices and admonitions which you give the public, it would be a very great piece of charity in you to lend me your assistance in this conjuncture. If after the reading of this letter you find yourself in a humour rather to rally and ridicule, than to comfort me,

I desire you would throw it into the fire, and think no more of it; but if you are touched with my misfortune, which is greater than I know how to bear, your counsels may very much support, and will infinitely oblige the afflicted

LEONORA."

A disappointment in love is more hard to get over than any other; the passion itself so softens and subdues the heart, that it disables it from struggling or bearing up against the woes and distresses which befall it. The mind meets with other misfortunes in her whole strength; she stands collected within herself, and sustains the shock with all the force which is natural to her; but a heart in love has its foundation sapped, and immediately sinks under the weight of accidents that are disagreeable to its favorite passion.

In afflictions men generally draw their consolations out of books of morality, which indeed are of great use to fortify and strengthen the mind against the impressions of sorrow. Monsieur St. Evremont, who does not approve of this method, recommends authors who are apt to stir up mirth in the mind of the readers, and fancies *Don Quixotte* can give more relief to an heavy heart than *Plutarch* or *Seneca*; as it is much easier to divert grief than to conquer it. This doubtless may have its effects on some tempers. I should rather have recourse to authors of a quite contrary kind, that give us instances of calamities and misfortunes, and show human nature in its greatest distresses.

If the afflictions we groan under be very heavy, we shall find some consolation in the society of as great sufferers as ourselves, especially when we find our companions men of virtue and merit. If our afflictions are light, we shall be comforted by the comparison we make between ourselves and our fellow sufferers. A loss at sea, a fit of sickness, or the death of a friend, are such trifles when we consider whole kingdoms laid in ashes, families put to the sword, wretches shut up in dungeons, and the like calamities of mankind, that we are out of countenance for our own

weakness, if we sink under such little strokes of fortune.

Let the disconsolate *Leonora* consider, that at the very time in which she languishes for the loss of her deceased lover, there are several parts of the world just perishing in a shipwreck ; others crying out for mercy in the terrors of a death-bed repentance ; others lying under the tortures of an infamous execution, or the like dreadful calamities ; and she will find her sorrows vanish at the appearance of those which are so much greater and more astonishing.

I would farther propose to the consideration of my afflicted disciple, that possibly what she now looks upon as the greatest misfortune, is not really such in itself. For my own part, I question not but our souls in a separate state will look back on their lives in quite another view, than what they had of them in the body ; and that what they now consider as misfortunes and disappointments, will very often appear to have been escapes and blessings.

The mind that hath any cast towards devotion, naturally flies to it in its afflictions.

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 163.

I was once engaged in discourse with a *Rosicrucian* about the *great secret*. As this kind of men (I mean those of them who are not professed cheats) are overrun with enthusiasm and philosophy, it was very amusing to hear this religious adept descanting on his pretended discovery. He talked of the secret as of a spirit which lived within an emerald, and converted every thing that was near it to the highest perfection it is capable of. It gives a lustre, says he, to the sun, and water to the diamond : It irradiates every metal, and enriches lead with all the properties of gold : It heightens smoke into flame, flame into light, and light into glory. He farther added, that a single ray of it dissipates pain, and care, and melancholy, from the person on whom it falls. In short, says he, its presence naturally changes every place into a kind of Heaven. After he had gone on for some time in this unintelligible cant, I found

that he jumbled natural and moral ideas together into the same discourse, and that his great secret was nothing else but *content*.

This virtue does indeed produce, in some measure, all those effects which the Alchymist usually ascribes to what he calls the philosopher's stone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing, by banishing the desire of them. If it cannot remove the disquietudes arising out of a man's mind, body, or fortune, it makes him easy under them. It has indeed a kindly influence on the soul of man, in respect of every being to whom he stands related. It extinguishes all murmur, repining, and ingratitude towards that Being who has allotted him his part to act in this world. It destroys all inordinate ambition, and every tendency to corruption, with regard to the community wherein he is placed. It gives sweetness to his conversation, and a perpetual serenity to all his thoughts.

Among the many methods which might be made use of for the acquiring of this virtue, I shall only mention the two following. First of ail, a man should always consider how much he has more than he wants; and secondly, how much more unhappy he might be than he really is.

First of all, a man should always consider how much he has more than he wants. I am wonderfully pleased with the reply which *Aristippus* made to one who condoled him upon the loss of a farm: *Why*, said he, *I have three farms still, and you have but one; so that I ought rather to be afflicted for you, than you for me.* On the contrary, foolish men are more apt to consider what they have lost than what they possess; and to fix their eyes upon those who are richer than themselves, rather than on those who are under greater difficulties. All the real pleasures and conveniencies of life lie in a narrow compass; but it is the humour of mankind to be always looking forward, and straining after one who has got the start of them in wealth and honour. For this reason, as there are none can be properly called rich, who have not more than they want; there are few rich men in any of the politer nations but among

the middle sort of people, who keep their wishes within their fortunes, and have more wealth than they know how to enjoy. Persons of a higher rank live in a kind of splendid poverty, and are perpetually wanting, because, instead of acquiescing in the solid pleasures of life, they endeavour to outvie one another in shadows and appearances. Men of sense have at all times beheld with a great deal of mirth this silly game who is playing over their heads, and, by contracting their desires, enjoy all that secret satisfaction which others are always in quest of. The truth is, this ridiculous chace after imaginary pleasures cannot be sufficiently exposed, as it is the great source of those evils which generally undo a nation. Let a man's estate be what it will, he is a poor man if he does not live within it, and naturally sets himself to sale to any one who can give him his price. When *Pittacus*, after the death of his brother, who had left him a good estate, was offered a great sum of money by the king of *Lydia*, he thanked him for his kindness, but told him he had already more by half than he knew what to do with. In short, content is equivalent to wealth, and luxury to poverty; or, to give the thought a more agreeable turn, *content is natural wealth*, says *Socrates*; to which I shall add, *luxury is artificial poverty*. I shall therefore recommend to the consideration of those who are always aiming after superfluous and imaginary enjoyments, and will not be at the trouble of contracting their desires, an excellent saying of *Bion* the philosopher, namely, *That no man has so much care, as he who endeavours after the most happiness.*

In the second place, every one ought to reflect how much more unhappy he might be than he really is. The former consideration took in all those who are sufficiently provided with the means to make themselves easy; this regards such as actually lie under some pressure or misfortune. These may receive great alleviation from such a comparison as the unhappy person may make between himself and others, or between the misfortune which he suffers, and greater misfortunes which might have befallen him.

I like the story of the honest *Dutchman* who, upon breaking his *leg* by a fall from the main-mast, told the standers by, it was a great mercy that it was not his *neck*. To which, since I have got into quotations, give me leave to add the saying of an old philosopher, who after having invited some of his friends to dine with him, was ruffled by his wife who came into the room in a passion, and threw down the table that stood before them, *Every one*, says he, *has his calamity, and he is a happy man who has no greater than this*. We find an instance to the same purpose in the life of Doctor *Hammond*, written by Bishop *Fell*. As this good man was troubled with a complication of distempers, when he had the gout upon him, he used to thank God that it was not the stone; and when he had the stone, that he had not both these distempers in him at the same time.

I cannot conclude this essay without observing that there was never any system besides that of christianity, which could effectually produce in the mind of man the virtue I have been hitherto speaking of. In order to make us content with our present condition, many of the present philosophers tell us, that our discontent only hurts ourselves, without being able to make any alteration in our circumstances; others, that whatever evil befalls us, is derived to us by a fatal necessity, to which the gods themselves are subject; while others very gravely tell the man who is miserable, that it is necessary he should be so, to keep up the harmony of the universe, and that the *scheme* of Providence would be troubled and perverted were he otherwise. These, and the like considerations, rather silence than satisfy a man. They may show him that his discontent is unreasonable, but are by no means sufficient to relieve it: They rather give despair than consolation. In a word, a man might reply to one of these comforters, as *Augustus* did to his friend who advised him not to grieve for the death of a person whom he loved, because his grief could not fetch him again: *It is for that very reason*, said the Emperor, *that I grieve*.

On the contrary, religion bears a more tender regard to human nature. It prescribes to a very miserable

man the means of bettering his condition; nay, it shows him, that the bearing of his afflictions as he ought to do, will naturally end in the removal of them; it makes him easy here, because it can make him happy hereafter.

Upon the whole, a contented mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in this world; and if in the present life his happiness arises from the subduing of his desires, it will arise in the next from the gratification of them.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 574.

CONVERSATION.

MY friend the Divine having been used with words of complaisance (which he thinks could be properly applied to no one living, and I think could be only spoken of him, and that in his absence) was so extremely offended with the excessive way of speaking civilities among us, that he made a discourse against it at the club; which he concluded with this remark, that he had not heard one compliment made in our society since its commencement. Every one was pleased with this conclusion; and as each knew his good-will to the rest, he was convinced that the many professions of kindness and service which we ordinarily meet with, are not natural where the heart is well inclined; but are a prostitution of speech, seldom intended to mean any part of what they express, never to mean all they express. Our reverend friend, upon this topic, pointed to us two or three paragraphs on this subject in the first sermon of the first volume of the late archbishop's posthumous works. I do not know that I ever read any thing that pleased me more; and as it is the praise of *Longinus*, that he speaks of the sublime in a style suitable to it, so one may say of this author upon sincerity, that he abhors any pomp of rhetoric on this occasion, and treats it with a more than ordinary simplicity, at once to be a preacher and an example. With what command of himself does

he lay before us, in the language and temper of his profession, a fault, which by the least liberty and warmth of expression, would be the most lively wit and satire? But his heart was better disposed; and the good man chastised the great wit in such a manner, that he was able to speak as follows:

“——Among too many other instances of the great corruption and degeneracy of the age wherein we live, the great and general want of sincerity in conversation is none of the least. The world has grown so full of dissimulation and compliment, that men’s words are hardly any signification of their thoughts; and if any man measure his words by his heart, and speak as he thinks, and do not express more kindness to every man, than men usually have for any man, he can hardly escape the censure of want of breeding. The old *English* plainness and sincerity, that generous integrity of nature, and honesty of disposition, which always argues true greatness of mind, and is usually accompanied with undaunted courage and resolution, is in a great measure lost among us: there hath been a long endeavour to transform us into foreign manners and fashions, and to bring us to a servile imitation of none of the best of our neighbours in some of the worst of their qualities. The dialect of conversation is now-a-days so swelled with vanity and compliment, and so surfeited (as I may say) with expressions of kindness and respect, that if a man who lived an age or two ago should return into the world again, he would really want a dictionary to help him to understand his own language, and to know the true intrinsic value of the phrase in fashion, and would hardly at first believe at what a low rate the highest strains and expressions of kindness imaginable do commonly pass in current payment; and when he should come to understand it, it would be a great while before he could bring himself with a good countenance and a good conscience to converse with men upon equal terms, and in their own way.

And in truth it is hard to say, whether it should more provoke our contempt or our pity, to hear what

solemn expressions of respect and kindness will pass between men, almost upon no occasion; how great honour and esteem they will declare for one whom perhaps they never saw before, and how entirely they are all on the sudden devoted to his service and interest, for no reason; how infinitely and eternally obliged to him, for no benefit; and how extremely they will be concerned for him, yea, and afflicted too, for no cause. I know it is said, in justification of this hollow kind of conversation, that there is no harm, no real deceit in compliment, but the matter is well enough so long as we understand one another; *et verba valent ut nummi*; words are like money: and when the current value of them is generally understood, no man is cheated by them. This is something, if such words were any thing; but being brought into the accompt, they are mere cyphers. However, it is still a just matter of complaint, that sincerity and plainness are out of fashion, and that our language is running into a lye; that men have almost quite perverted the use of speech, and made words to signify nothing; that the greatest part of the conversation of mankind is little else but driving a trade of dissimulation; in-somuch that it would make a man heartily sick and weary of the world, to see the little sincerity that is in use and practice among men."

When the vice is placed in this contemptible light, he argues unanswerably against it, in words and thoughts so natural, that any man who reads them, would imagine he himself could have been the author of them.

"If the show of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure sincerity is better. For why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? For to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way in the world to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, that it is many times as troublesome to make good the presence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to

want it ; and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it, is lost."

In another part of the same discourse he goes on to shew, that all artifice must naturally tend to the disappointment of him who practises it.

"Whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falshood and dissimulation, is soon over ; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means honestly. When a man hath once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falshood."

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 103.

The faculty of interchanging our thoughts with one another, or what we express by the word *conversation*, has always been represented by moral writers as one of the noblest privileges of reason, and which more particularly sets mankind above the brute part of the creation.

Though nothing so much gains upon the affections as this *extempore eloquence*, which we have constantly occasion for, and are obliged to practise every day, we very rarely meet with any who excel in it.

The conversation of most men is disagreeable, not so much for want of wit and learning, as of good-breeding and discretion.

If you resolve to please, never speak to gratify any particular vanity or passion of your own, but always with a design either to divert or inform the company. A man who only aims at one of these, is always easy in his discourse. He is never out of humour at being interrupted, because he considers that those who hear him are the best judges whether what he was saying could either divert or inform them.

A modest person seldom fails to gain the good will of those he converses with, because nobody envies a man who does not appear to be pleased with himself.

We should talk extremely little of ourselves. Indeed what can we say? It would be as imprudent to discover our faults, as ridiculous to count over our fancied virtues. Our private and domestic affairs are no less improper to be introduced in conversation. What does it concern the company how many horses you keep in your stables? Or whether your servant is most knave or fool?

A man may equally affront the company he is in by engrossing all the talk, or observing a contemptuous silence.

Before you tell a story it may be generally not amiss to draw a short character, and give the company a true idea of the principal persons concerned in it. The beauty of most things consisting not so much in their being said or done, as in their being said or done by such a particular person, or on such a particular occasion.

Notwithstanding all the advantages of youth, few young people please in conversation; the reason is, that want of experience makes them positive, and what they say is rather with a design to please themselves than any one else.

It is certain that age itself shall make many things pass well enough, which would have been laughed at in the mouth of one much younger.

Nothing, however, is more insupportable to men of sense, than an empty, formal man, who speaks in proverbs, and decides all controversies with a short sentence. This piece of stupidity is the more insufferable, as it puts on the air of wisdom.

A prudent man will avoid talking much of any particular science, for which he is remarkably famous. There is not methinks an handsomer thing said of Mr. Cowley in his own life, than that none but his intimate friends ever discovered he was a great poet by his discourse. Besides the decency of this rule, it is certainly founded in good policy. A person who talks of any thing he is already famous for, has little to get, but a great deal to lose. I might add, that he who is sometimes silent on a subject where every one is satisfied

he could speak well, will often be thought no less knowing in other matters, where perhaps he is wholly ignorant.

Women are frightened at the name of argument, and are sooner convinced by an happy turn, or witty expression than by demonstration.

Whenever you commend, add your reasons for doing so; it is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense from the flattery of sycophants, and admiration of fools.

Raillery is no longer agreeable than while the whole company is pleased with it. I would least of all be understood to except the person rallied.

Though good humour, sense and discretion can seldom fail to make a man agreeable, it may be no ill policy sometimes to prepare yourself in a particular manner for conversation, by looking a little farther than your neighbours into whatever is become a reigning subject: If our armies are besieging a place of importance abroad, or our House of Commons debating a bill of consequence at home, you can hardly fail of being heard with pleasure, if you have nicely informed yourself of the strength, situation, and history of the first, or of reasons for and against the latter. It will have the same effect, if when any single person begins to make a noise in the world, you can learn some of the smallest accidents in his life or conversation, which though they are too fine for the observation of the vulgar, give more satisfaction to men of sense, (as they are the best openings of a real character) than the recital of his most glaring actions. I know but one ill consequence to be feared from this method; namely, that coming full charged into company, you should resolve to unload, whether an handsome opportunity offers itself or not.

Though the asking of questions may plead for itself, the specious names of modesty, and a desire of information, it affords little pleasure to the rest of the company who are not troubled with the same doubts; besides which, he who asks a question would do well to

consider that he lies wholly at the mercy of another before he receives an answer.

Nothing is more silly than the pleasures some people take in what they call *speaking their minds*. A man of this make will say a rude thing for the mere pleasure of saying it, when an opposite behaviour, full as innocent, might have preserved his friend, or made his fortune.

It is not impossible for a man to form to himself as exquisite a pleasure in complying with the humour and sentiments of others, as of bringing others over to his own; since 'tis the certain sign of a superior genius, that can take and become whatever dress it pleases.

I shall only add, that besides what I have here said, there is something which can never be learnt but in the company of the polite. The virtues of men are catching as well as their vices, and your own observations added to these, will soon discover what it is that commands attention in one man, and makes you tired and displeas'd with the discourse of another.

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 25.

COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

THERE is no character more deservedly esteem'd than that of a Country Gentleman, who understands the situation in which Heaven and nature have plac'd him. He is father to his tenants, and patron to his neighbours, and is more superior to those of lower fortune, by his benevolence than his possessions. He justly divides his time between solitude and company, so as to use the one for the other. His life is spent in the good offices of an advocate, a referee, a companion, a mediator, and a friend. His counsel and knowledge are a guard to the simplicity and innocence of those of lower talents, and the entertainment and happiness of those of equal. When a man in a country life has this turn, as it is hop'd thousands have, he lives in a more happy condition than any that is descri-

bed in the pastoral descriptions of poets, or the vain glorious solitudes recorded by philosophers.

To a thinking man it would seem prodigious, that the very situation of a country life, does not incline men to a scorn of the mean gratifications some take in it. To stand by a stream, naturally lulls the mind into composure and reverence; to walk in shades, diversifies that pleasure; and a bright sunshine makes a man consider all nature in gladness, and himself the happiest being in it, as he is the most conscious of her gifts and enjoyments. It would be the most impertinent piece of pedantry imaginable, to form our pleasures by imitation of others. I will not therefore mention *Scipio* and *Lælius*, who are generally produced on this subject as authorities for the charms of a rural life. He who does not feel the force of agreeable views and situations in his own mind, will hardly arrive at the satisfaction they bring from the reflections of others. However, they who have a taste that way, are more particularly inflamed with desire when they see others in the enjoyment of it, especially when men carry into the country a knowledge of the world as well as of nature. The leisure of such persons is endeared and refined by reflections upon cares and inquietudes. The absence of past labours doubles present pleasures, which is still augmented, if the person in solitude has the happiness of being addicted to letters. My cousin, *Frank Bickerstaff*, gives me a very good notion of this sort of felicity in the following letter:

SIR,

“ I WRITE this to communicate to you the happiness I have in the neighbourhood and conversation of the noble Lord, whose health you inquired after in your last. I have bought that little hovel which borders upon his royalty; but am so far from being oppressed by his greatness, that I, who know no envy, and he, who is above pride, mutually recommended ourselves to each other by the difference of our fortunes. He esteems me for being so well pleased with

a little, and I admire him for enjoying so handsomely a great deal. He has not the little taste of observing the colour of a tulip, or the edging of a leaf of box, but rejoices in open views, the regularity of this plantation, and the wildness of another, as well as the fall of a river, the rising of a promontory, and all other objects fit to entertain a mind like his, that has been long versed in great and public amusements. The mind of the soul is as much seen in leisure as in business. He has long lived in courts, and been admired in assemblies, so that he has added to experience a most charming eloquence, by which he communicates to me the ideas of my own mind upon the objects we meet with so agreeably, that with his company in the field, I at once enjoy the country and a landscape of it. He is now altering the course of canals and rivulets, in which he has an eye to his neighbour's satisfaction as well as his own. He often makes me presents by turning the water into my grounds, and sends me fish by their own streams. To avoid my thanks, he makes nature the instrument of his bounty, and does all good offices so much with the air of a companion, that his frankness hides his own condescension as well as my gratitude. Leave the world to itself and come see us.

Your affectionate Cousin," &c.

TATLER, Vol. III. No. 169.

CREATION.

THE Spring with you has already taken possession of the fields and woods : Now is the season of solitude, and of moving complaints upon trivial sufferings : Now the griefs of lovers begin to flow, and their wounds to bleed afresh. I too, at this distance from the softer climates, am not without my discontents at present. You perhaps may laugh at me for a most romantic wretch, when I have disclosed to you the occasion of my uneasiness ; and yet I cannot help thinking my unhappiness real, in being confined to a

region which is the very reverse of *Paradise*. The seasons here are all of them unpleasent, and the country quite destitute of rural charms. I have not heard a bird sing, nor a brook murmur, nor a breeze whisper, neither have I been blest with the sight of a flowery meadow these two years. Every wind here is a tempest, and every water a turbulent ocean. I hope; when you reflect a little, you will not think the grounds of my complaint in the least frivolous and unbecoming a man of serious thought; since the love of woods, of fields and flowers, of rivers and fountains, seems to be a passion implanted in our nature the most early of any, even before the fair sex had a being."

Could I transport myself with a wish from one country to another, I should choose to pass my winter in *Spain*, my spring in *Italy*, my summer in *England*, and my autumn in *France*. Of all these seasons there is none that can vie with the spring for beauty and delightfulness. It bears the same figure among the seasons of the year that the morning does among the divisions of the day, or youth among the stages of life. The *English* summer is pleasanter than that of any other country in *Europe*, on no other account but because it has a greater mixture of spring in it. The mildness of our climate, with those frequent refreshments of dews and rains that fall among us, keep up a perpetual cheerfulness in our fields, and fill the hottest months of the year with a lively verdure.

In the opening of the spring, when all nature begins to recover herself, the same animal pleasure which makes the birds sing, and the whole brute creation rejoice, rises very sensibly in the heart of man. I know none of the poets who have observed so well as *Milton* those secret overflowings of gladness which diffuse themselves through the mind of the beholder, upon surveying the gay scenes of nature: He has touched upon it twice or thrice in his *Paradise Lost*, and describes it very beautifully under the name of vernal delight, in that passage where he represents the devil himself as almost sensible of it.

*Blossom and fruits at once of golden hue
 Appear'd, with gay enamell'd colours mixt ;
 On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams
 Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow
 When God hath shower'd the earth ; so lovely seem'd
 That landskip : And of pure, now purer air
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
 Vernal delight, and joy abl. to drive
 All sadness but despair, &c.*

Many authors have written on the vanity of the creature, and represented the barrenness of every thing in this world, and its incapacity of producing any solid or substantial happiness. As discourses of this nature are very useful to the sensual and voluptuous, those speculations which shew the bright side of things, and lay forth those innocent entertainments which are to be met with among the several objects that encompass us, are no less beneficial to men of dark and melancholy tempers. It was for this reason that I endeavoured to recommend a cheerfulness of mind in my two last *Saturday's* papers, and which I would still inculcate, not only from the consideration of ourselves, and of that Being on whom we depend, nor from the general survey of that universe in which we are placed at present, but from reflections on the particular season in which this paper is written. The creation is a perpetual feast to the mind of a good man, every thing he sees cheers and delights him : Providence has imprinted so many smiles on nature, that it is impossible for a mind which is not sunk in more gross and sensual delights, to take a survey of them without several secret sensations of pleasure. The Psalmist has in several of his divine poems celebrated those beautiful and agreeable scenes which make the heart glad, and produce in it that vernal delight which I have before taken notice of.

Natural philosophy quickens this taste of the creation, and renders it not only pleasing to the imagination, but to the understanding. It does not rest in the murmur of brooks, and the melody of birds, in the shade of groves and woods, or in the embroidery of fields

and meadows, but considers the several ends of Providence which are served by them, and the wonders of divine wisdom which appear in them. It heightens the pleasures of the eye, and raises such a rational admiration in the soul, as is little inferior to devotion.

It is not in the power of every one to offer up this kind of worship to the great Author of Nature, and to indulge these more refined meditations of heart, which are doubtless highly acceptable in his sight; I shall therefore conclude this short essay on that pleasure which the mind naturally conceives from the present season of the year, by the recommending of a practice for which every one has sufficient abilities.

I would have my readers endeavour to moralize this natural pleasure of the soul, and to improve this vernal delight, as *Milton* calls it, into a christian virtue. When we find ourselves inspired with this pleasing instinct, this secret satisfaction and complacency, arising from the beauties of the creation, let us consider to whom we stand indebted for all these entertainments of sense, and who it is that thus opens his hand and fills the world with good. The Apostle instructs us to take advantage of our present temper of mind, to graft upon it such a religious exercise as is particularly conformable to it, by that precept which advises those who are sad to pray, and those who are merry to sing psalms. The cheerfulness of hearts which springs up in us from the survey of nature's works, is an admirable preparation for gratitude. The mind has gone a great way towards praise and thanksgiving that is filled with such a secret gladness. A grateful reflection on the supreme cause who produces it, sanctifies it in the soul, and gives it its proper value. Such an habitual disposition of mind consecrates every field and wood, turns an ordinary walk into a morning or evening sacrifice, and will improve those transient gleams of joy which naturally brighten up, and refresh the soul on such occasions, into an inviolable and perpetual state of bliss and happiness.

HYMN OF GRATITUDE.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys;
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.
 O how shall words with equal warmth
 The gratitude declare,
 That glows within my ravish'd heart?
 But thou canst read it there.
 Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
 And all my wants redrest,
 When in the silent womb I lay,
 And hung upon the breast.
 To all my weak complaints and cries,
 Thy mercy lent an ear,
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
 To form themselves in pray'r.
 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd
 From whence these comforts flow'd.
 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to man.
 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
 It gently clear'd my way,
 And through the pleasing snares of vice,
 More to be fear'd than they.
 When worn with sickness oft hast thou
 With health renew'd my face,
 And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.
 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
 Has made my cup run o'er,
 And in a kind and faithful friend
 Has doubled all my store.

*Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.*

*Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.*

*When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.*

*Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise,
For O! Eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.*

C.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 453.

DEVOTION.

IN my last Saturday's paper I laid down some thoughts upon Devotion in general, and shall here shew what were the notions of the most refined Heathens on this subject, as they are represented in *Plato's* dialogue upon prayer, entitled, *Alcibiades the Second*, which doubtless gave occasion to *Juvenal's* tenth satire, and to the second satire of *Perfius*; as the last of these authors has almost transcribed the preceding dialogue, entitled, *Alcibiades the First*, in his fourth satire.

The speakers in this dialogue upon prayer, are *Socrates* and *Alcibiades*; and the substance of it (when drawn together out of the intricacies and digressions) as follows:

Socrates meeting his pupil *Alcibiades*, as he was going to his devotions, and observing his eyes to be fixed upon the earth with great seriousness and attention, tells him, that he had reason to be thoughtful on that occasion, since it was possible for a man to bring down

evils upon himself by his own prayers, and that those things which the gods send him in answer to his petitions might turn to his destruction. This, says he, may not only happen when a man prays for what he knows is mischievous in its own nature, as *Oedipus* implored the gods to sow dissention between his sons; but when he prays for what he believes would be for his good, and against what he believes would be to his detriment. This the philosopher shews must necessarily happen among us, since most men are blinded with ignorance, prejudice, or passion, which hinder them from seeing such things as are really beneficial to them. For an instance, he asks *Alcibiades*, whether he would not be thoroughly pleased and satisfied, if that God, to whom he was going to address himself, should promise to make him the sovereign of the whole earth? *Alcibiades* answers, that he should doubtless look upon such a promise as the greatest favour that could be bestowed upon him. *Socrates* then asks him, if, after receiving this great favour, he would be contented to loose his life? Or if he would receive it though he was sure he should make an ill use of it? To both of which questions, *Alcibiades* answers in the negative. *Socrates* then shews him, from the examples of others, how these might very probably be the effects of such a blessing. He then adds, that other reputed pieces of good fortune, as that of having a son, or procuring the highest post in a government, are subject to the like fatal consequences; which nevertheless, says he, men ardently desire, and would not fail to pray for, if they thought their prayers might be effectual for the obtaining of them.

Having established this great point, that all the most apparent blessings in this life are obnoxious to such dreadful consequences, and that no man knows what in the event would prove to him a blessing or a curse, he teaches *Alcibiades* after what manner he ought to pray.

In the first place he recommends to him as the model of his devotions, a short prayer which a *Greek* poet composed for the use of his friends, in the follow-

ing words ; O Jupiter, give us those things which are good for us, whether they are such things as we pray for, or such things as we do not pray for ; and remove from us those things which are hurtful, though they are such things as we pray for.

In the second place, that his disciple may ask such things as are expedient for him, he shews him, that it is absolutely necessary to apply himself to the study of true wisdom, and to the knowledge of that which is his chief good, and the most suitable to the excellency of his nature.

In the third and last place he informs him, that the best methods he could make use of to draw down blessings upon himself, and to render his prayers acceptable would be to live in a constant practice of his duty towards the gods, and towards men. Under this head he very much recommends a form of prayer the *Lacedemonians* make use of, in which they petition the gods, to give them all good things so long as they were virtuous. Under this head likewise he gives a very remarkable account of an oracle to the following purpose :

When the *Athenians* in the war with the *Lacedemonians* received many defeats both by sea and land, they sent a messenger to the oracle of *Jupiter Ammon*, to ask the reason why they who erected so many temples to the gods, and adorned them with such costly offerings ; why they who had instituted so many festivals, and accompanied them with such pomps and ceremonies ; in short, why they who had slain so many Hecatombs at their altars, should be less successful than the *Lacedemonians*, who fell so short of them in all these particulars. To this, says he, the oracle made the following reply : *I am better pleased with the prayers of the Lacedemonians, than with all the oblations of the Greeks.* As this prayer implied and encouraged virtue in those who made it ; the philosopher proceeds to shew how the most vicious man might be devout, so far as victims could make him, but that his offerings were regarded by the gods as bribes, and his petitions as blasphemies. He likewise quotes on this occasion two verses out of *Homer*, in which the poet says, that the scent of the

Tirjan sacrifices was carried up to heaven by the winds; but that it was not acceptable to the gods, who were displeas'd with *Priam* and all his people.

The conclusion of this dialogue is very remarkable. *Socrates* having deterred *Alcibiades* from the prayers and sacrifices which he was going to offer, by setting forth the above-mentioned difficulties of performing that duty as he ought, adds these words: *We must therefore wait till such time as we may learn how we ought to behave ourselves towards the gods, and towards men.* But when will that time come, says *Alcibiades*, and who is it that will instruct us? For I would fain see this man, whoever he is. It is one, says *Socrates*, who takes care of you; but as *Homer* tells us that *Minerva* removed the mist from the eyes of *Diomedes*, that he might plainly discover both gods and men; so the darkness that hangs upon your mind must be removed before you are able to discern what is good and what is evil. Let him remove from my mind, says *Alcibiades*, the darkness, and what else he pleases, I am determin'd to refuse nothing he shall order me, whoever he is, so that I may become the better man by it. The remaining part of this dialogue is very obscure: there is something in it that would make us think *Socrates* hinted at himself, when he spoke of this divine teacher who was to come into the world, did not he own that he himself was in this respect as much at a loss, and in as great distress, as the rest of mankind.

Some learned men look upon this conclusion as a prediction of our Saviour, or at least that *Socrates*, like the High-Priest, prophesied unknowingly, and pointed at that divine teacher who was to come into the world some ages after him. However that may be, we find that this great philosopher saw, by the light of reason, that it was suitable to the goodness of the Divine Nature, to send a person into the world who should instruct mankind in the duties of religion, and in particular, teach them how to pray.

Whoever reads this abstract of *Plato's* discourse on prayer, will, I believe, naturally make this reflection, that the great Founder of our religion, as well by his

own example, as in the form of prayer which he taught his disciples, did not only keep up to those rules which the light of nature had suggested to this great philosopher, but instructed his disciples in the whole extent of this duty, as well as of all others. He directed them to the proper object of adoration, and taught them, according to the third rule above mentioned, to apply themselves to him in their closets, without show or ostentation, and to worship him in spirit and in truth. As the *Lacedemonians* in their form of prayer implored the gods in general to give them all good things so long as they were virtuous; we ask in particular *that our offences may be forgiven, as we forgive those of others*. If we look into the second rule which *Socrates* has prescribed, namely, that we should apply ourselves to the knowledge of such things as are best for us, this too is explained at large in the doctrines of the gospel, where we are taught in several instances to regard those things as curses which appear as blessings, in the eye of the world; and on the contrary, to esteem those things as blessings which to the generality of mankind appear as curses. Thus in the form which is prescribed to us we, only pray for that happiness which is our chief good, and the great end of our existence, when we petition the Supreme Being for *the coming of his kingdom*, being solicitous for no other temporal blessings but our *daily sustenance*. On the other side we pray against nothing but sin, and against evil in general, leaving it with Omniscience to determine what is really such. If we look into the first rules of prayer by *Socrates* in which he recommends the above-mentioned form of the ancient poet, we find that form not only comprehended, but very much improved, in the petition, wherein we pray to the Supreme Being that *his will may be done*; which is of the same force with that form which our Saviour used when he prayed against the most painful and most ignominious of deaths, *nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done*. This comprehensive petition is the most humble as well as the most prudent that can be offered up from the crea

ture to his Creator, as it supposes the Supreme Being wills nothing but what is for our good, and that he knows better than ourselves what is so.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 207. L.

If there were no other consequence of it, but barely that human creatures on this day assembled themselves before their Creator, without regard to their usual employments, their minds at leisure from the cares of this life, and their bodies adorned with the best attire they can bestow on them; I say, were this mere outward celebration of a Sabbath all that is expected from men, even that were a laudable distinction, and and a purpose worthy the human nature. But when there is added to it the sublime pleasure of devotion, our being is exalted above itself; and he who spends a seventh day in the contemplation of the next life, will not easily fall into the corruptions of this in the other six. They who never admit thoughts of this kind into their imaginations, lose higher and sweeter satisfactions than can be raised by any other entertainment. The most illiterate man who is touched with devotion, and uses frequent exercises of it, contracts a certain greatness of mind, mingled with a noble simplicity, that raises him above those of the same condition; and there is an indelible mark of goodness in those who sincerely possess it. It is hardly possible it should be otherwise; for the fervors of a pious mind will contract such an earnestness and attention towards a better Being, as will make the ordinary passages of life go off with a becoming indifference. By this a man in the lowest condition will not appear mean, or in the most splendid fortune, insolent.

As to all the intricacies and vicissitudes under which men are ordinarily entangled with the utmost sorrow and passion, one who is devoted to Heaven, when he falls into such difficulties, is led by a clue through a labyrinth: As to this world, he does not pretend to skill in the mazes of it, but fixes his thoughts upon one certainty, that he shall soon be out of it. And we may ask very boldly, what can be a more sure consolation than to have an hope in death? When

men are arrived at thinking of their very dissolution with pleasure, how few things are there that can be terrible to them? Certainly nothing can be dreadful to such spirits, but what would make death terrible to them, falsehood towards man or impiety towards Heaven. To such as these, as there are certainly many such, the gratifications of innocent pleasures are doubled even with reflections upon their imperfection. The disappointments which naturally attend the great promises we make ourselves in expected enjoyments, strike no damp upon such men, but only quicken their hopes of soon knowing joys which are too pure to admit of alloy or satiety.

It is thought among the politer sort of mankind an imperfection to want a relish of any of those things which refine our lives. This is the foundation of the acceptance which eloquence, music, and poetry make in the world; and I know not why devotion, considered merely as an exaltation of our happiness, should not at least be so far regarded as to be considered. It is possible the very inquiry would lead men into such thoughts and gratifications as they did not expect to meet with in this place. Many a good acquaintance has been lost from a general prepossession in his disfavour, and a severe aspect has often hid under it a very agreeable companion.

There are no distinguishing qualities among men to which there are not false pretenders; but though none is more pretended to than that of devotion, there are perhaps fewer successful impostures in this kind than any other. There is something so natively great and good in a person who is truly devout, that an awkward man may as well pretend to be genteel, as an hypocrite to be pious. The constraint in words and actions are equally visible in both cases, and any thing set up in their room does but remove the endeavourers the farther from their pretensions. But however the sense of true piety is abated, there is no other motive of action that can carry us through all the vicissitudes of life with alacrity and resolution. But piety, like philosophy, when it is superficial, does but make men

appear the worse for it ; and a principle that is but half received, does but distract, instead of guiding our behaviour. When I reflect upon the unequal conduct of *Lotius*, I see many things that run directly counter to his interest ; therefore I cannot attribute his labours for the public good to ambition. When I consider his disregard to his fortune, I cannot esteem him covetous. How then can I reconcile his neglect of himself, and his zeal for others ? I have long suspected him to be a little pious : But no man ever hid his vice with greater caution than he does his virtue. It was the praise of a great *Roman*, that he had rather be, than appear, good. But such is the weakness of *Lotius*, that I dare say he had rather be esteemed irreligious than devout. By I know not what impatience of raillery, he is wonderfully fearful of being thought too great a believer. An hundred little devices are made use of to hide a time of private devotion : and he will allow you any suspicion of his being ill employed, so you do not tax him with being well. But alas ! How mean is such a behaviour ? To boast of virtue is a most ridiculous way of disappointing the merit of it, but not so pitiful as that of being ashamed of it. How unhappy is the wretch who makes the most absolute and independant motive of action the cause of perplexity and inconstancy ! How much another figure does *Callicola* make with all who know him ! His great and superior mind, frequently exalted by the raptures of heavenly meditation, is to all his friends of the same use as if an angel were to appear at the decision of their disputes. They very well understand he is as much disinterested and unbiassed as such a being. He considers all applications made to him as those addresses will effect his own applications made to Heaven. All his determinations are delivered with a beautiful humility ; and he pronounces his decisions with the air of one who is more frequently a supplicant than a judge.

Thus humble, and thus great, is the man who is moved by piety, and exalted by devotion. But be-

hold this recommended by the masterly hand of a great divine I have heretofore made bold with.

“ It is such a pleasure as can never cloy or overwork the mind ; a delight that grows and improves under thought and reflection ; and while it exercises, does also endear itself to the mind. All pleasures that affect the body must needs wear, because they transport ; and all transportation is a violence ; and no violence can be lasting, but determines upon the falling of the spirits, which are not able to keep up that height of motion that the pleasure of the senses raises them to. And therefore how inevitably does an immoderate laughter end in a sigh, which is only nature’s recovering itself after a force done to it : But the religious pleasure of a well disposed mind moves gently, and therefore constantly. It does not affect by rapture and extacy, but is like the pleasure of health, greater and stronger than those that call up the senses with grosser and more affecting impressions. No man’s body is as strong as his appetites ; but heaven has corrected the boundlessness of his voluptuous desires by stinting his strength, and contracting his capacities : The pleasure of the religious man is an easy and a portable pleasure, such an one as he carries in his bosom, without alarming either the eye or the envy of the world. A man putting all his pleasures into this one, is like a traveller putting all his goods into one jewel ; the value is the same, and the convenience greater.”

TATLER, Vol. IV. No. 211.

DISCRETION.

I HAVE often thought if the minds of men were laid open, we should see but little difference between that of the wise man and that of the fool. There are infinite *reveries*, numberless extravagances, and a perpetual train of vanities which pass through both. The great difference is, that the first knows how to pick and cull his thoughts for conversation, by suppressing some, and communicating others ; whereas the oth-

er lets them all indifferently fly out in words. This sort of discretion, however, has no place in private conversation between intimate friends. On such occasions, the wisest men very often talk like the weakest; for indeed the talking with a friend, is nothing else but thinking loud.

Tully has therefore very justly exposed a precept delivered by some ancient writers, that a man should live with his enemy in such a manner, as might leave him room to become his friend; and with his friend in such a manner, that if he became his enemy, it should not be in his power to hurt him. The first part of this rule, which regards our behaviour towards an enemy, is indeed very reasonable, as well as very prudential; but the latter part of it, which regards our behaviour towards a friend, favours more of cunning than of discretion, and would cut a man off from the greatest pleasures of life, which are the freedoms of conversation with a bosom friend. Besides that when a friend is turned into an enemy, and (as the son of *Sirach* calls him) a betrayer of secrets, the world is just enough to accuse the perfidiousness of the friend, rather than the indiscretion of the person who confided in him.

Discretion does not only shew itself in words, but in all the circumstances of action; and is like an under-agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary concerns of life.

There are many more shining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none so useful as discretion; it is this indeed which gives a value to all the rest, which sets them at work in their proper times and places, and turns them to the advantage of the person who is possessed of them. Without it learning is pedantry, and wit impertinence; virtue itself looks like weakness; the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in errors, and active to his own prejudice.

Nor does discretion only make a man the master of his own parts, but of other men's. The discreet man finds out the talents of those he converses with, and knows how to apply them to proper uses. Ac-

cordingly, if we look into particular communities and divisions of men, we may observe that it is the discreet man, not the witty, nor the learned, nor the brave, who guides the conversation and gives measures to the society. A man with great talents, but void of discretion, is like *Polyphemus* in the fable, strong and blind, endued with an irresistible force, which for want of sight is of no use to him.

Though a man has all other perfections, and wants discretion, he will be of no great consequence in the world; but if he has this single talent in perfection, and but a common share of others, he may do what he pleases in his particular station of life.

At the same time that I think discretion the most useful talent a man can be master of, I look upon cunning to be the accomplishment of little, mean, ungenerous minds. Discretion points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable methods of attaining them: cunning has only private, selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views, and like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon: cunning is a kind of short-sightedness, that discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater authority to the person who possesses it: cunning, when it is once detected, loses its force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even those events which he might have done, had he passed only for a plain man. Discretion is a perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all the duties of life: cunning is a kind of instinct, that only looks out after our immediate interest and welfare. Discretion is only found in men of strong sense and good understanding: cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves, and in persons who are but a few removes from them. In short, cunning is only the mimicks of discretion, and may pass upon weak men in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.

The cast of mind which is natural to a discreet man, makes him look forward into futurity, and consider what will be his condition millions of ages hence, as well as what it is at present. He knows that the misery or happiness which are reserved for him in another world, lose nothing of their reality by being placed at so great a distance from him. The objects do not appear little to him, because they are remote. He considers that those pleasures and pains which lie hid in eternity, approach nearer to him every moment, and will be present with him in their full weight and measure, as much as those pains and pleasures which he feels at this very instant. For this reason he is careful to secure to himself that which is the proper happiness of his nature, and the ultimate design of his being. He carries his thoughts to the end of every action, and considers the most distant as well as the most immediate effects of it. He supersedes every little prospect of gain and advantage which offers itself here, if he does not find it consistent with his views of an hereafter. In a word, his hopes are full of immortality, his schemes are large and glorious, and his conduct suitable to one who knows his true interest, and how to pursue it by proper methods.

I have, in this essay upon Discretion, considered it both as an accomplishment and as a virtue, and have therefore described it in its full extent; not only as it is conversant about worldly affairs, but as it regards our whole existence; not only as it is the guide of a mortal creature, but as it is in general the director of a reasonable being. It is in this light that discretion is represented by the wise man, who sometimes mentions it under the name of discretion, and sometimes under that of wisdom. It is indeed (as described in the latter part of this paper) the greatest wisdom, but at the same time in the power of every one to attain. Its advantages are infinite, but its acquisitions easy; or to speak of her in the words of the apocryphal writer, whom I quoted in my last Saturday's paper, "wisdom is glorious, and never fadeth away; yet she is easily seen of them that

love her, and found of such who seek her ; the preventeth them that seek her, in making themselves known unto them. He that seeketh her early, shall have no great travel, for he shall find her at her door. To think therefore of her, is perfection of wisdom, and who so watcheth for her, shall quickly be without care ; for she goeth about seeking such as are worthy of her, sheweth herself favourably unto them in the ways, and meeteth them in every thought."

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 225.

DISTRESSES.

AFTER the mind has been employed on contemplations suitable to its greatness, it is unnatural to run into sudden mirth or levity ; but we must let the soul subside as it rose, by proper degrees. My late considerations of the ancient heroes, impressed a certain gravity upon my mind, which is much above the lit-gratification received from starts of humour and fancy, and threw me into a pleasing sadness. In this state of thought I have been looking at the fire, and in a pensive manner reflecting upon the great calamities and misfortunes incident to human life ; among which there are none that touch so sensibly as those which befall persons who eminently love, and meet with fatal interruptions of their happiness, when they least expect it. The piety of children to parents, and the affection of parents to their children, are the effects of instinct : But the affection between lovers and friends, is founded on reason and choice, which has always made me think, the sorrows of the latter much more to be pitied than those of the former. The contemplation of distresses of this sort, softens the mind of man, and makes the heart better. It extinguishes the seeds of envy and ill-will towards mankind, corrects the pride of prosperity, and bears down all that fierceness and insolence which are apt to get into the minds of the daring and fortunate.

For this reason the wise *Athenians*, in their theatrical performances, laid before the eyes of the people the

greatest afflictions which could befall human life, and insensibly polished their tempers by such representations. Among the moderns, indeed, there has arose a chimerical method of disposing the fortune of the persons represented, according to what they call poetical justice; and letting none be unhappy but those who deserve it. In such cases, an intelligent Spectator, if he is concerned, knows he ought not to be so; and can learn nothing from such a tenderness, but that he is a weak creature, whose passions cannot follow the dictates of his understanding. It is very natural, when one is got into such a way of thinking, to recollect those examples of sorrow, which have made the strongest impression upon our imaginations. An instance or two of such, you will give me leave to communicate.

A young gentleman and lady, of ancient and honourable houses in *Cornwall*, had from their childhood entertained for each other a generous and noble passion, which had been long opposed by their friends, by reason of the inequality of their fortunes; but their constancy to each other, and obedience to those on whom they depended, wrought so much upon their relations, that these celebrated lovers were at length joined in marriage. Soon after their nuptials the bridegroom was obliged to go into a foreign country, to take care of a considerable fortune which was left him by a relation, and came very opportunely to improve their moderate circumstances. They received the congratulations of all the country on this occasion, and I remember it was a common sentence in every one's mouth, *you see how Faithful Love is rewarded.*

He took this agreeable voyage, and sent home every post fresh accounts of his success in his affairs abroad; but at last (though he designed to return with the next ship) he lamented in his letters that business would detain him some time longer from home, because he would give himself the pleasure of an unexpected arrival.

The young lady, after the heat of the day, walked every evening on the sea shore, near which she lived,

with a familiar friend, her husband's kinswoman, and diverted herself with what objects they met there, or upon discourse of the future methods of life, in the happy change of their circumstances. They stood one evening on the sea shore together, in perfect tranquility, observing the setting of the sun, the calm face of the deep, and the silent heaving of the waves, which gently rolled towards them, and broke at their feet; when at a distance the kinswoman saw something float on the waters which she fancied was a chest; and with a smile told her she saw it first, and if it came ashore full of jewels she had a right to it. They both fixed their eyes upon it, and entertained themselves with the subject of the wreck, the cousin still asserting her right; but promising, if it was a prize, to give her a very rich coral for the child of which she was then big, provided she might be godmother. Their mirth soon abated, when they observed upon the nearer approach, that it was a human body. The young lady, who had a heart naturally filled with pity and compassion, made many melancholy reflections on the occasion. Who knows (said she) but this man may be the only hope and heir of a wealthy house; the darling of indulgent parents, who are now in impertinent mirth, and pleasing themselves with the thoughts of offering him a bride they have got ready for him? Or, may he not be the master of a family, that wholly depended upon his life? There may, for ought we know, be half a dozen fatherless children, and a tender wife, now exposed to poverty by his death. What pleasure might he have promised himself in the different welcomes he was to have from her and them? But let us go away, 'tis a dreadful sight! The best office we can do, is to take care that the poor man (whoever he is) may be decently buried. She turned away, when a wave threw the carcase on the shore. The kinswoman immediately shrieked out, O, my cousin! and fell upon the ground. The unhappy wife went to help her friend, when she saw her own husband at her feet, and dropt in a swoon upon the body. An old woman who had been the

gentleman's nurse, came out about this time to call the ladies in to supper, and found her child (as she always called him) dead on the shore, her mistress and kinswoman both lying dead by him. Her loud lamentations, and calling her young master to life, soon awakened the friend from her trance; but the wife was gone for ever.

When the family and neighbourhood got together round the bodies, no one asked any question, but the objects before them told the story.

Incidents of this nature are the more moving, when they are drawn by persons concerned in the catastrophe, notwithstanding they are often oppressed beyond the power of giving them in a distinct light, except we gather their sorrow from their inability to speak it.

I have too original letters written both on the same day, which are to me exquisite in their different kinds. The occasion was this: A gentleman who had courted a most agreeable young woman, and won her heart, obtained also the consent of her father, to whom she was an only child. The old man had a fancy that they should be married in the same church where he himself was, in a village in *Westmoreland*, and made them set out while he was laid up with the gout at *London*. The bridegroom took only his man, and the bride her maid: They had the most agreeable journey imaginable to the place of marriage; from whence the bridegroom writ the following letter to his wife's father.

“ SIR,

March 18, 1672.

“ **A**FTER a very pleasant journey hither, we are preparing for the happy hour in which I am to be your son. I assure you the bride carries it, in the eye of the vicar who married you, much beyond her mother, though he says, your open sleeves, pantaloons, and shoulder knot, made a much better shew than the finical dress I am in. However, I am contented to be the second fine man this village ever saw, and shall

make it very merry before night, because I shall write myself from thence.

Your most dutiful Son,

T. D.

“The bride gives her duty, and is as handsome as an angel—I am the happiest man breathing.”

The villagers were assembling about the church, and the happy couple took a walk in a private garden. The bridegroom's man knew his master would leave the place on a sudden after the wedding, and seeing him drawing his pistols the night before, took this opportunity to go into his chamber and charge them. Upon their return from the garden they went into that room; and after a little fond raillery on the subject of their courtship, the lover took up a pistol, which he knew he had unloaded the night before, and presenting it to her, said, with the most graceful air, while she looked pleased at his agreeable flattery, now, madam, repent of all those cruelties you have been guilty of to me; consider before you die how often you have made a poor wretch freeze under your casement; you shall die, you tyrant, you shall die, with all those instruments of death and destruction about you; with that enchanting smile, those killing ringlets of your hair. Give fire, said she, laughing.—He did so, and shot her dead. Who can speak his condition? But he bore it so patiently as to call up his man. The poor wretch entered, and his master locked the door upon him. *Will*, said he, did you charge these pistols? He answered, yes. Upon which he shot him dead with that remaining. After this, amid a thousand broken sobs, piercing groans, and distracted motions, he writ the following letter to the father of his dead mistress:

SIR,

“**I**, WHO two hours ago told you truly I was the happiest man alive, am now the most miserable. Your daughter lies dead at my feet, killed by my hand; through a mistake of my man's charging my pistols unknown to me. Him have I murdered for it. Such is my wedding-day.—I will immediately follow my

wife to her grave : But before I throw myself upon my sword, I command my distraction so far as to explain my story to you. I fear my heart will not keep together till I have stabbed it. Poor good old man !— Remember, he who killed your daughter died for it. In the article of death I give you my thanks, and pray for you, though I dare not for myself. If it be possible, do not curse me.”

TATLER, Vol. II. No. 82.

It is prettily observed by somebody concerning the great vices, that there are three which give pleasure, as covetousness, gluttony, and lust ; one, which tastes of nothing but pain, as envy ; the rest have a mixture of pleasure and pain, as anger and pride. But when a man considers the state of his own mind, about which every member of the christian world is supposed at this time to be employed, he will find that the best defence against vice, is preserving the worthiest part of his own spirit pure from any great offence against it. There is a magnanimity which makes us look upon ourselves with disdain, after we have been betrayed by sudden desire, opportunity of gain, the absence of a person who excels us, the fault of a servant, or the ill fortune of an adversary, into the gratification of lust, covetousness, envy, rage, or pride ; when the more sublime part of our soul is kept alive, and we have not repeated infirmities till they are become vicious habits.

The vice of covetousness is what enters deepest into the soul of any other ; and you may have seen men, otherwise the most agreeable creatures in the world, so seized with the desire of being richer, that they shall startle at different things, and live in a continual guard and watch over themselves, from a remote fear of expence. No pious man can be so circumspect in the care of his conscience as the covetous man is in that of his pocket.

If a man would preserve his own spirit, and his natural approbation of higher and more worthy pursuits, he could never fall into this littleness, but his mind would be still open to honour and virtue, in spite

of infirmities and relapses. But what extremely discourages me in my precautions as a guardian is, that there is an universal defection from the admiration of virtue. Riches and outward splendour have taken up the place of it; and no man thinks he is mean, if he is not poor. But, alas! this despicable spirit debases our very being, and makes our passions take a new turn from their natural bent.

It was a cause of great sorrow and melancholy to me some nights ago at a play, to see a croud in the habits of the gentry of *England*, stupid to the noblest sentiments we have. The circumstance happened in the scene of distress betwixt *Piercy* and *Anna Bullen*: One of the centinels (who stood on the stage to prevent the disorders which the most unmannerly race of young men that ever were seen in any age frequently raise in public assemblies) upon *Piercy's* beseeching to be heard, burst into tears; upon which the greatest part of the audience fell into a loud and ignorant laughter; which others, who were touched with the liberal compassion in the poor fellow, could hardly suppress by their clapping. But the man, without the least confusion or shame in his countenance for what had happened, wiped away the tears, and was still intent upon the play. The distress still rising, the soldier was so much moved, that he was obliged to turn his face from the audience, to their no small merriment. *Piercy* had the gallantry to take notice of this honest heart; and, as I am told, gave him a crown to help him in his affliction. It is certain this poor fellow, in his humble condition, had such a lively compassion as a soul unwedded to the world; were it otherwise, gay lights and dresses, with appearances of people of fashion and wealth, to which his fortune could not be familiar, would have taken up all his attention and admiration.

It is every thing that is praise-worthy, as well as pure religion (according to a book too sacred for me to quote) *to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.* Every step that a man makes beyond moderate and reasonable

provision, is taking so much from the worthiness of his own spirit; and he who is entirely set upon making a fortune, is all that while undoing the man. He must grow deaf to the wretched, estrange himself from the agreeable, learn hardness of heart, disrelish every thing that is noble, and terminate all in his despicable self. Indulgence in any one immoderate desire or appetite, engrosses the whole creature, and his life is sacrificed to that one desire or appetite; but how much otherwise is it with those who preserve alive in them something that adorns their condition, and shews the man, whether a prince or a beggar, above his fortune.

I have just now recorded a foot soldier for the politest man in the *British* audience, from the force of nature, untainted with the singularity of an ill-applied education. A good spirit, that is not abused, can add new glories to the highest state in the world, as well as give beauties to the meanest. I shall exemplify this by inserting a prayer of *Harry* the fourth of *France*, just before a battle, in which he obtained an intire victory.

“O LORD of hosts, who can see through the thickest veil, and closest disguise, who viewest the bottom of my heart, and the deepest designs of my enemies, who hast in thy hands, as well as before thine eyes, all the events which concern human life—If thou knowest that my reign will promote thy glory, and the safety of thy people, if thou knowest that I have no other ambition in my soul, but to advance the honour of thy holy name, and the good of this state, favour, O great God, the justice of my arms, and reduce all the rebels to acknowledge him whom thy sacred decrees, and the order of a lawful succession, have made their sovereign: But if thy good Providence has ordered it otherwise, and thou seeest that I shall prove one of those kings whom thou givest in thine anger, take from me, O merciful God, my life and my crown, make me this day a sacrifice to thy will, let my death end the calamities of *France*, and let my blood be the last that is spilt in this quarrel.”

The king uttered this generous prayer in a voice, and with a countenance, that inspired all who heard and beheld him with like magnanimity : Then turning to the squadron, at the head of which he designed to charge, " my fellow-foldiers," said he, " as you run my fortune, so do I yours ; your safety consists in keeping well your ranks ; but if the heat of the action should force you to disorder, think of nothing but rallying again ; if you lose the sight of your colours and standards, look round for the white plume in my beaver ; you shall see it wherever you are, and it shall lead you to glory and to victory."

The magnanimity of this illustrious prince was supported by a firm reliance on Providence, which inspired him with a contempt of life, and an assurance of conquest. His generous scorn of royalty, but as it consisted with the service of God, and good of his people, is an instance that the mind of man, when it is well disposed, is always above its condition, even though it be that of a monarch.

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 19.

DIVINE NATURE.

I WAS yesterday about sun-set walking in the open fields, till the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colours, which appeared in the western parts of Heaven : in proportion as they faded away, and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, till the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the *Æther* was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and by the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The *Galaxy* appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon rose at length in that clouded majesty, which *Milton* takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights, than that which the sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought rose in me which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures: *David* himself fell into it in that reflection, "when I consider the Heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou regardest him!" In the same manner, when I considered that infinite host of stars, or, to speak more philosophically, of suns, which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds, which were moving round their respective suns; when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another Heaven of suns and worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to us; in short, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I myself bore, amid the immensity of God's works.

Were the sun, which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the host of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The space they possess is so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, that it would scarce make a *blank* in the creation. The chasm would be imperceptible to an eye, that could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass from one end of the creation to the other; as it is possible there may be such a sense in ourselves hereafter, or in creatures which are at present more exalted than ourselves. We see many stars by the help of glasses, which we do not discover with our naked eyes; and the finer our telescopes, the more still are our discoveries. *Huygenius* carries this thought so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be stars whose light has not yet travelled down to us, since their first creation. There is no question but the universe has certain bounds set

to it; but when we consider that it is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imagination set any bounds to it?

To return, therefore, to my first thought, I could not but look upon myself with secret horror, as a being that was not worth the smallest regard of one who had so great a work under his care and superintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amid the immensity of nature, and lost among that infinite variety of creatures, which in all probability, swarm through all these immeasurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myself from this mortifying thought, I considered that it took its rise from those narrow conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the divine nature. We ourselves cannot attend to many different objects at the same time. If we are careful to inspect some things, we must of course neglect others. This imperfection, which we observe in ourselves, is an imperfection that cleaves in some degree to creatures of the highest capacities, as they are creatures, that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The presence of every created being is confined to a certain measure of space, and consequently his observation is stinted to a certain number of objects. The sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we rise one above another in the scale of existence. - But the widest of these our spheres has its circumference. When therefore we reflect on the divine nature, we are so used and accustomed to this imperfection in ourselves, that we cannot forbear in some measure ascribing it to him in whom there is no shadow of imperfection. Our reason indeed assures us that his attributes are infinite, but the poorness of our conceptions is such, that it cannot forbear setting bounds to every thing it contemplates, till our reason comes again to our succour, and throws down all those little prejudices which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We shall therefore utterly extinguish this melancholy thought, of our being overlooked by our Maker in the multiplicity of his works, and the infinity of those objects among which he seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider, in the first place, that he is omnipresent; and in the second, that he is omniscient.

If we consider him in his omnipresence, his Being passes through, actuates and supports the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made, that is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which he does not essentially inhabit. His substance is within the substance of every being, whether material, or immaterial, and as intimately present to it, as that Being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in him, were he able to remove out of one place into another, or to withdraw himself from any thing he has created, or from any part of that space which is diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old philosopher, he is a Being whose centre is every where, and his circumference no where.

In the second place, he is omniscient as well as omnipresent. His omniscience indeed necessarily and naturally flows from his omnipresence; he cannot but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which he thus essentially pervades, and of every thought that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several moralists have considered the creation as the Temple of God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his presence. Others have considered infinite space as the receptacle, or rather the habitation of the Almighty: But the noblest and most exalted way of considering this infinite space is that of Sir *Isaac Newton*, who calls it the *Sensorium* of the godhead. Brutes and men have their *Sensoriola*, or little *Sensoriums*, by which they apprehend the presence, and perceive the actions of a few objects that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and ob-

servation turn within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know every thing in which he resides, infinite space gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to omniscience.

Were the soul separated from the body, and with one glance of thought to start beyond the bounds of the creation; should it for millions of years continue its progress through infinite space with the same activity, it would still find itself within the embrace of its Creator, and encompassed round with the immensity of the godhead. While we are in the body, he is not less present with us, because he is concealed from us. "O that I knew where I might find him! says Job. Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: On the left hand, where he does work, but I cannot behold him: He hideth himself on the right hand that I cannot see him." In short, reason as well as revelation assure us, that he cannot be absent from us, notwithstanding he is undiscovered by us.

In this consideration of the Almighty's omnipresence and omniscience, every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He cannot but regard every thing that has being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this occasion; for, as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures, so we may be confident that he regards, with an eye of mercy, those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his notice, and in an unfeigned humility of heart think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 565.

DRESS.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

"THERE is an evil under the sun which has not yet come within your speculation, and is, the censure,

disesteem, and contempt which some young fellows meet with from particular persons, for the reasonable methods they take to avoid them in general. This is by appearing in a better dress, than may seem to a relation regularly consistent with a small fortune; and therefore may occasion a judgment of a suitable extravagance in other particulars: But the disadvantage with which the man of narrow circumstances acts and speaks, is so feelingly set forth in a little book called the *Christian Hero*, that the appearing to be otherwise, is not only pardonable, but necessary. Every one knows the hurry of conclusions that are made in contempt of a person who appears to be calamitous, which makes it very excusable to prepare one's self for the company of those who are of a superior quality and fortune, by appearing to be in a better condition than one is, so far as such appearance shall not make us really of worse.

“ It is a justice due to the character of one who suffers hard reflections from any particular person upon this account, that such persons would inquire into his manner of spending his time; of which, though no further information can be had than that he remains so many hours in his chamber, yet if this is cleared, to imagine that a reasonable creature, wrung with a narrow fortune, does not make the best use of this retirement, would be a conclusion extremely uncharitable. From what has, or will be said, I hope no consequence can be extorted, implying, that I would have any young fellow spend more time than the common leisure which his studies require, or more money than his fortune or allowance may admit of, in the pursuit of an acquaintance with his betters; for as to his time, the gross of that ought to be sacred to more substantial acquisitions; for each irrevocable moment of which, he ought to believe he stands religiously accountable. And as to his dress, I shall engage myself no further than in the modest defence of two plain suits a year: For being perfectly satisfied in *Eutrapulus's* contrivance of making a *Moboch* of a man, by presenting him with laced and embroidered suits, I would by

no means be thought to controvert the conceit, by insinuating the advantages of foppery. It is an assertion which admits of much proof, that a stranger of tolerable sense, dressed like a gentleman, will be better received by those of quality above him, than one of much better parts, whose dress is regulated by the rigid notions of frugality. A man's appearance falls within the censure of every one who sees him; his parts and learning very few are judges of; and even upon these few, they cannot at first be well intruded; for policy and good-breeding will counsel him to be reserved among strangers, and to support himself only by the common spirit of conversation. Indeed among the injudicious, the words delicacy, idiom, fine images, structure of periods, genius, fire, and the rest made use of with a frugal and comely gravity, will maintain the figure of immense reading, and the depth of criticism.

“All gentlemen of fortune (at least the young and middle aged) are apt to pride themselves a little too much upon their dress, and consequently to value others in some measure upon the same consideration. With what confusion is a man of figure obliged to return the civilities of the hat to a person whose air and attire hardly intitle him to it? For whom nevertheless the other has a particular esteem, though he is ashamed to have it challenged in so public a manner. It must be allowed, that any young fellow who affects to dress and appear genteely, might with artificial management save ten pounds a year; as instead of fine Holland he might mourn in sackcloth, and in other particulars be proportionably shabby: But of what service should this sum be to avert any misfortune, whilst it would leave him deserted by the few good acquaintance he has, and prevent his gaining any other? As the appearance of an easy fortune is necessary towards making one, I don't know but it might be of advantage sometimes to throw into one's discourse certain exclamations about *bank-stock*, and to shew a marvellous surprize upon its fall, as well as the most affected triumph upon its rise. The veneration and respect which the practice of all ages has preserved to

appearances, without doubt suggested to our tradesmen that wise and politic custom, to apply and recommend themselves to the public by all those decorations upon their sign-posts and houses, which the most eminent hands in the neighbourhood can furnish them with. What can be more attractive to a man of letters, than that immense erudition of all ages and languages, which a skilful bookseller, in conjunction with a painter, shall image upon his column and the extremities of his shop? The same spirit of maintaining a handsome appearance reigns among the grave and solid apprentices of the law (here I could be particularly dull in proving the word apprentice to be significant of a barrister) and you may easily distinguish who has most lately made his pretensions to business, by the whitest and most ornamental frame of his window: If indeed the chamber is a ground room, and has rails before it, the finery is of necessity more extended, and the pomp of business better maintained. And what can be a greater indication of the dignity of dress, than that burdensome finery, which is the regular habit of our judges, nobles, and bishops, with which upon certain days we see them incumbered? And though it may be said, this is awful, and necessary for the dignity of the state, yet the wisest of them have been remarkable before they arrived at their present stations, for being *very well dressed persons*. As to my own part, I am near thirty; and since I left school have not been idle, which is a modern phrase for having studied hard. I brought off a clean system of moral-philosophy, and a tolerable jargon of metaphysics from the university; since that, I have been engaged in the clearing-part of the perplexed stile and matter of the law, which so hereditarily descends to all its professors. To all which severe studies I have thrown in, at proper interims, the pretty learning of the classics. - Notwithstanding which, I am what *Shakespear* calls, *a fellow of no mark or likelihood*; which makes me understand the more fully, that since the regular methods of making friends and a fortune, by the mere force of a profession, is so very slow and uncertain, a man should take all reasonable

opportunities, by enlarging a good acquaintance, to court that time and chance which is said to happen to every man."

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 360. T.

DRINKING.

NO vices are so incurable as those which men are apt to glory in. One would wonder how drunkenness should have the good luck to be of this number. *Anarcharsis*, being invited to a match of drinking at *Corinth*, demanded the prize very humourously, because he was drunk before any of the rest of the company; for, says he, when we run a race, he who arrives at the goal first is intitled to the reward: On the contrary, in this thirsty generation, the honour falls upon him who carries off the greatest quantity of liquor, and knocks down the rest of the company. I was the other day with honest *Will Funnel* the *West-Saxon*, who was reckoning up how much liquor had passed through him in the last twenty years of his life, which according to his computation, amounted to twenty-three hogshheads of October, four tons of port, half a kilderkin of small beer, nineteen barrels of cyder, and three glasses of champagne: Besides which, he had assisted at four hundred bowls of punch, not to mention sips, drams, and whets without number. I question not but every reader's memory will suggest to him several ambitious young men, who are as vain in this particular as *Will Funnel*, and can boast of as glorious exploits.

Our modern philosophers observe, that there is a general decay of moisture in the globe of the earth. This they chiefly ascribe to the growth of vegetables, which incorporate into their own substance many fluid bodies that never return again to their former nature: But with submission, they ought to throw into their account those innumerable rational beings which fetch their nourishment chiefly out of liquids; especially when we consider that men, compared with

their fellow creatures, drink much more than comes to their share.

But however highly this tribe of people may think of themselves, a drunken man is a greater monster than any that is to be found among all the creatures which God has made; as indeed there is no character which appears more despicable and deformed, in the eyes of all reasonable persons, than that of a drunkard. *Bonofus*, one of our own countrymen, who was addicted to this vice, having set up for a share in the *Roman Empire*, and being defeated in a great battle, hanged himself. When he was seen by the army in this melancholy situation, notwithstanding he had behaved himself very bravely, the common jest was, that the thing they saw hanging upon the tree before them was not a man but a bottle.

This vice has very fatal effects on the mind, the body, and fortune of the person who is devoted to it.

In regard to the mind, it first of all discovers every flaw in it. The sober man, by the strength of reason, may keep under and subdue every vice or folly to which he is most inclined; but wine makes every latent seed sprout up in the soul, and shew itself; it gives fury to the passions, and force to those objects which are apt to produce them. When a young fellow complained to an old philosopher that his wife was not handsome: Put less water in your wine, says the philosopher, and you'll quickly make her so. Wine heightens indifference into love, love into jealousy, and jealousy into madness. It often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin. It gives bitterness to resentment, it makes vanity insupportable, and displays every little spot of the soul in its utmost deformity.

Nor does this vice only betray the hidden faults of a man, and shew them in the most odious colours, but often occasions faults to which he is not naturally subject. There is more of turn than of truth in a saying of *Seneca*, that drunkenness does not produce, but discovers faults. Common experience teaches the contrary. Wine throws a man out of himself,

and infuses qualities into the mind, which she is a stranger to in her sober moments. The person you converse with after the third bottle, is not the same man who at first sat down at the table with you. Upon this maxim is founded one of the prettiest sayings I ever met with, which is inscribed to *Publius Syrus*, *Qui ebrium ludificat lædit absentem*; he who jests upon a man that is drunk, injures the absent.

Thus does drunkenness act in direct contradiction to reason, whose business it is to clear the mind of every vice which has crept into it, and to guard it against all the approaches of any that endeavour to make its entrance. But besides these ill effects which this vice produces in the person who is actually under its dominion, it has also a bad influence on the mind even in its sober moments, as it insensibly weakens the understanding, impairs the memory, and makes those faults habitual which are produced by frequent excesses.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 569.

A method of spending one's time agreeably, is a thing so little studied, that the common amusement of our young gentlemen (especially of such as are at a distance from those of the first breeding) is drinking. This way of entertainment has custom on its side; but as much as it has prevailed, I believe there have been very few companies that have been guilty of excess this way, where there have not happened more accidents which make against, than for the continuance of it. It is very common that events arise from a debauch, which are fatal, and always such as are disagreeable. With all a man's reason and good sense about him, his tongue is apt to utter things out of mere gaiety of heart which may displease his best friends. Who then would trust himself to the power of wine, without saying more against it, than that it raises the imagination, and depresses the judgment? Were there only this single consideration, that we are less masters of ourselves when we drink in the least proportion above the exigencies of thirst; I say, were

this all that could be objected, it were sufficient to make us abhor this vice. But we may go on to say, that as he who drinks but a little is not master of himself, so he who drinks much is a slave to himself. As for my part, I ever esteemed a drunkard of all vicious persons the most vicious: For if our actions are to be weighed, and considered according to the intention of them, what can we think of him who puts himself into a circumstance wherein he can have no intention at all, but incapacitates himself for the duties and offices of life, by a suspension of all his faculties? If a man considers that he cannot under the oppression of drink be a friend, a gentleman, a master, or a subject; that he has so long banished himself from all that is dear, and given up all that is sacred to him, he would even then think of a debauch with horror: But when he looks still farther and acknowledges, that he is not only expelled out of all the relations of life, but also liable to offend against them all, what words can express the terror and detestation he would have of such a condition? And yet he owns all this of himself who says he was drunk last night.

As I have all along persisted in it, that all the vicious in general are in a state of death, so I think I may add to the non-existence of drunkards, that they died by their own hands. He is certainly as guilty of suicide who perishes by a slow, as he who is dispatched by an immediate poison. In my last lucubration I proposed the general use of water-gruel, and hinted that it might not be amiss at this very season: But as there are some, whose cases, in regard to their families, will not admit of delay, I have used my interest in several wards of the city, that the wholesome restorative above-mentioned, may be given in tavern-kitchens to all the mornings draught men within the walls when they call for wine before noon. For a further restraint and mark upon such persons, I have given orders, that in all the offices where policies are drawn upon lives, shall be added to the article which prohibits that the nominee should cross the sea, these words,

Provided also, That the above mentioned A B. shall not drink before dinner during the term mentioned in this indenture.

I am not without hopes but by this method I shall bring some unsizeable friends of mine into shape, and breadth, as well as others who are languid and consumptive, into health and vigour. Most of the self-murderers whom I yet hinted at, are such as preserve a certain regularity in taking their poison, and make it mix pretty well with their food: But the most conspicuous of those who destroy themselves, are such as in their youth fall into this sort of debauchery, and contract a certain uneasiness of spirit, which is not to be diverted but by tipping as often as they can fall into company in the day, and conclude with downright drunkenness at night. These gentlemen never know the satisfaction of youth, but skip the years of manhood, and are decrepit soon after they are of age. I was godfather to one of these old fellows. He is now three and thirty, which is the grand climacteric of a young drunkard. I went to visit the crazy wretch this morning, with no other purpose but to rally him under the pain and uneasiness of being sober.

But as our faults are double when they affect others besides ourselves, so this vice is still more odious in a married than a single man. He who is the husband of a woman of honour, and comes home overloaded with wine, is still more contemptible in proportion to the regard we have to the unhappy consort of his bestiality. The imagination cannot shape to itself any thing more monstrous and unnatural than the familiarities between drunkenness and chastity. The wretched *Astræa*, who is the perfection of beauty and innocence, has long been thus condemned for life. The romantic tales of virgins devoted to the jaws of monsters, have nothing in them so terrible as the gift of *Astræa* to that bacchianal.

The reflection of such a match as spotless innocence with abandoned lewdness, is what puts this vice in the worst figure it can bear with regard to others; but when it is looked upon with respect only to the drunkard himself, it has deformities enough to make it dis-

agreeable, which may be summed up in a word, by allowing, that he who resigns his reason, is actually guilty of all that he is liable to from the want of reason.

TATLER, Vol. IV. No. 241.

DUELLING.

ALL gallantry and fashion, one would imagine, should rise out of the religion and laws of that nation wherein they prevail ; but alas ! in this kingdom, gay characters, and those which lead in the pleasure and inclinations of the fashionable world, are such as are readiest to practice crimes the most abhorrent to nature, and contradictory to our faith. A christian and a gentleman are made inconsistent appellations of the same person ; you are not to expect eternal life, if you do not forgive injuries, and your mortal life is uncomfortable, if you are not ready to commit a murder, in resentment for an affront : For good sense as well as religion is so utterly banished the world, that men glory in their very passions, and pursue trifles with the utmost vengeance ; so little do they know that to forgive is the most arduous pitch to which human nature can arrive : A coward has often fought, a coward has often conquered, but a coward never forgave. The power of doing that, flows from a strength of soul conscious of its own force ; whence it draws a certain safety, which its enemy is not of consideration enough to interrupt ; for 'tis peculiar in the make of a brave man to have his friends seem much above him, his enemies much below him.

Yet though the neglect of our enemies may, so insensible a forgiveness as the love of them is not to be in the least accounted for by the force of constitution, but is a more spiritual and refined moral introduced by him who died for those that persecuted him ; yet very justly delivered to us, when we consider ourselves offenders, and to be forgiven on the reasonable terms of forgiving ; for who can ask what he will not bestow ? Especially when that gift is attended with a

redemption from the cruellest slavery to the most acceptable freedom: For when the mind is in contemplation of revenge, all its thoughts must surely be tortured with the alternate pangs of rancour, envy, hatred, and indignation; and they who profess a sweet in the enjoyment of it, certainly never felt the consummate bliss of reconciliation: At such an instant the false ideas we received, unravel; and the shyness, the distrust, the secret scorns, and all the base satisfactions men had in each others faults and misfortunes, are dispelled, and their souls appear in their native whiteness, without the least streak of that malice or distaste which sullied them: And perhaps those very actions, which (when we looked at them in the oblique glance with which hatred doth always see things) were horrid and odious; when observed with honest and open eyes, are beauteous and ornamental.

But if men are averse to us in the most violent degree, and we can never bring them to an amicable temper, then indeed we are to exert an obstinate opposition to them; and never let the malice of our enemies have so effectual an advantage over us, as to escape our good-will: For the neglected and despised tenets of religion are so generous, and in so transcendant and heroic manner disposed for public good, that it is not in a man's power to avoid their influence; for the Christian is as much inclined to your service when your enemy, as the moral man when your friend.

But the followers of a crucified Saviour must root out of their hearts all sense that there is any thing great and noble in pride or haughtiness of spirit; yet it will be very difficult to fix that idea in our souls, except we can think as worthily of ourselves, when we practise the contrary virtues; we must learn and be convinced, that there is something sublime and heroic in true meekness and humility, for they arise from a great, not a grovelling idea of things; for as certainly as pride proceeds from a mean and narrow view of the little advantages about a man's self, so meekness is founded on the extended contemplation of the

place we bear in the universe, and a just observation how little, how empty, how wavering are our deepest resolves and counsels. And (as to a well taught mind) when you have said an haughty and proud man, you have spoke a narrow conception, little spirit, and despicable carriage; so when you have said a man is meek and humble, you have acquainted us that such a person has arrived at the hardest task in the world, in an universal observation round him, to be quick to see his own faults, and other men's virtues, and at the height of pardoning every man sooner than himself; you have also given us to understand, that to treat him kindly, sincerely and respectfully, is but a mere justice to him who is ready to do us the same offices. This temper of soul keeps us always awake to a just sense of things, teaches us that we are as well a-kin to worms as to angels; and as nothing is above these, so nothing below those. It keeps our understanding tight above us, so that all things appear to us great or little, as they are in nature and the sight of Heaven, not as they are gilded or sullied by accidents or fortune.

It were to be wished that all men of sense would think it worth their while to reflect upon the dignity of christian virtues; it would possibly enlarge their souls into such a contempt of what fashion and prejudice have made honorable, that their duty, inclination, and honour, would tend the same way, and make all their lives an uniform act of religion and virtue.

As to the great catastrophe of this day, on which the Mediator of the world suffered the greatest indignities, and death itself for the salvation of mankind, it would be worth gentlemen's consideration, whether from his example it would not be proper to kill all inclinations to revenge; and examine whether it would not be expedient to receive new notions of what is great and honourable.

This is necessary against the day wherein he who died ignominiously for us, "shall descend from Heaven to be our judge, in majesty and glory." How will the man who shall die by the sword of pride and

wrath, and in contention with his brother, appear before him, at " whose presence nature shall be in an agony, and the great and glorious bodies of light be obscured ; when the sun shall be darkened, and the moon turned into blood, and all the powers of Heaven shaken ; when the Heavens themselves shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements dissolve with fervent heat ; when the earth also, and all the works that are therein, shall be burnt up ?"

We may justly damp in our minds the diabolical madness, which prompts us to decide our petty animosities by the hazard of eternity, is, that in that one act the criminal does not only highly offend, but forces himself into the presence of his judge, that is certainly his case who dies in a duel. I cannot but repeat it, he who dies in a duel, knowingly offends God, and in that very action rushes into his offended presence. Is it possible for the heart of man to conceive a more terrible image than that of a departed spirit in this condition ? Could we but suppose it has but just left its body, and struck with the terrible reflection, that to avoid the laughter of fools, and being the by-word of ideots, it has now precipitated itself into the den of demons, and the howlings of eternal despair, how willingly now would it suffer the imputation of fear and cowardice, to have one moment left not to tremble in vain ?

The Scriptures are full of pathetic and warm pictures of the condition of an happy or miserable futurity ; and, I am confident, that the frequent reading of them would make the way to an happy eternity so agreeable and pleasant, that he who tries it will find the difficulties, which he before suffered in shunning the allurements of vice, absorbed in the pleasure he will take in the pursuit of virtue : And how happy must that mortal be, who thinks himself in the favour of an Almighty, and can think of death as a thing which it is an infirmity not to desire.

EDUCATION.

I AM very much at a loss to express by any word that occurs to me in our language, that which is understood by *Indoles* in *Latin*. The natural disposition to any particular art, science, profession or trade, is very much to be consulted in the care of youth, and studied by men for their own conduct, when they form to themselves any scheme of life. It is wonderfully hard indeed, for a man to judge of his own capacity impartially. That may look great to me which may appear little to another, and I may be carried by fondness towards myself so far, as to attempt things too high for my talents and accomplishments: But it is not, methinks, so very difficult a matter to make a judgment of the abilities of others, especially of those who are in their infancy. My common-place book directs me on this occasion to mention the dawning of greatness in *Alexander*, who being asked in his youth to contend for a prize in the Olympic games, answered he would, if he had kings to run against him. *Cassius*, who was one of the conspirators against *Cæsar*, gave a great proof of his temper, when in his childhood he struck a play-fellow, the son of *Sylla*, for saying his father was master of the *Roman people*. *Scipio* is reported to have answered (when some flatterers at supper were asking him what the *Romans* should do for a General after his death) take *Marius*. *Marius* was then a very boy, and had given no instances of his valour; but it was visible to *Scipio*, from the manners of the youth, that he had a soul formed for the attempt and execution of great undertakings. I must confess, I have very often with much sorrow bewailed the misfortune of the children of *Great Britain*, when I consider the ignorance and undiscerning of the generality of schoolmasters. The boasted liberty we talk of, is but a mean reward for the long servitude, the many heart-aches and terrors, to which our childhood is exposed in going through a grammar-school: Many of these stupid tyrants exercise their cruelty without any manner of distinction of the capacities of children, or

the intention of parents in their behalf. There are many excellent tempers which are worthy to be nourished and cultivated with all possible diligence and care, that were never designed to be acquainted with *Aristotle, Tully, or Virgil*; and there are as many who have capacities for understanding every word those great persons have writ, and yet were not born to have any relish of their writings. For want of this common and obvious discerning in those who have the care of youth, we have so many hundred unaccountable creatures every age whipped up into great scholars, who are for ever near a right understanding, and will never arrive at it. These are the scandal of letters, and these are generally the men who are to teach others. The sense of shame and honour is enough to keep the world itself in order without corporeal punishment, much more to train the minds of uncorrupted and innocent children. It happens, I doubt not, more than once in a year, that a lad is chastised for a blockhead, when it is good apprehension that makes him incapable of knowing what his teacher means: A brisk imagination very often may suggest an error, which a lad could not have fallen into, if he had been as heavy in conjecturing, as his master in explaining: But there is no mercy even towards a wrong interpretation of his meaning; the sufferings of the scholar's body are to rectify the mistakes of his mind.

I am confident that no boy, who will not be allured to letters without blows, will ever be brought to any thing with them. A great or good mind must necessarily be the worse for such indignities; and it is a sad change to lose of its virtue for the improvement of its knowledge. No one who has gone through what they call a great school, but must remember to have seen children of excellent and ingenuous natures (as has afterwards appeared in their manhood)—I say no man has passed through this way of education, but must have seen an ingenuous creature expiring with shame, with pale looks, beseeching sorrow, and silent tears, throw up its honest eyes, and kneel on its tender knees, to an inexorable blockhead, to be forgiven the

false quantity of a word in making a *Latin* verse : The child is punished, and the next day he commits a like crime, and so a third with the same consequence. I would fain ask any reasonable man, whether this lad, in the simplicity of his native innocence, full of shame, and capable of any impresson from that grace of soul, was not fitter for any purpose in this life, than after that spark of virtue is extinguished in him, though he is able to write twenty verses in an evening ?

Seneca says, after his exalted way of thinking, “ as the immortal gods never learnt any virtue, though they are endued with all that is good : so there are some men who have so natural a propensity to what they should follow, that they learn it almost as soon as they hear it.” Plants and vegetables are cultivated into the production of finer fruit than they would yield without that care ; and yet we cannot entertain hopes of producing a tender, conscious spirit into acts of virtue, without the same methods as is used to cut timber, or give new shape to a piece of stone.

It is wholly to this dreadful practice that we may attribute a certain hardness and ferocity which some men, though liberally educated, carry about them in all their behaviour. To be bred like a gentleman, and punished like a malefactor, must, as we see it does, produce that illiberal sauciness which we see sometimes in men of letters.

The *Spartan* boy who suffered the fox (which he had stolen and hid under his coat) to eat into his bowels, I dare say had not half the wit or petulance which we learn at great schools among us : But the glorious sense of honour, or rather fear of shame, which he demonstrated in that action, was worth all the learning in the world without it.

It is, methinks, a very melancholy consideration, that a little negligence can spoil us, but great industry is necessary to improve us ; the most excellent natures are soon depreciated, but evil tempers are long before they are exalted into good habits. To help this by punishments, is the same thing as killing a man to cure him of a distemper ; when he comes to suffer punish-

ment in that one circumstance, he is brought below the existence of a rational creature, and is in the state of a brute that moves only by the admonition of stripes. But since this custom of educating by the lash, is suffered by the gentry of Great-Britain, I would urge only that honest, heavy lads may be dismissed from slavery sooner than they are at present, and not whipped on to their fourteenth or fifteenth year, whether they expect any progress from them or not. Let the child's capacity be forthwith examined, and he sent to some mechanic way of life, without respect to his birth, if nature designed him for nothing higher: Let him go before he has innocently suffered, and is debased into a dereliction of mind for being what it is no guilt to be, a plain man. I would not here be supposed to have said, that our learned men of either robe, who have been whipped at school, are not still men of noble and liberal minds; but I am sure they had been much more so than they are, had they never suffered that infamy.

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 157. T.

I consider an human soul without education, like marble in the quarry, which shews none of its inherent beauties, till the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education, which *Aristotle* has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us that a statue lies hid in a block of marble; and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter, and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, the sculpture only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to an human soul. The philosopher,

the faint, or the hero, the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a Plebian, which a proper education might have disinterred, and have brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of savage nations, and with contemplating those virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to see courage exerting itself in fierceness, resolution in obstinacy, wisdom in cunning, patience in fullness and despair.

Men's passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or less rectified and swayed by reason. When one hears of negroes, who upon the death of their masters, or upon changing their service, hang themselves upon the next tree, as it frequently happens in our *American* plantations—who can forbear admiring their fidelity, tho' it expresses itself in so dreadful a manner? What might not that savage greatness of soul, which appears in these poor wretches on many occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated? And what colour of excuse can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our species? That we should not put them upon the common foot of humanity, that we should only set an insignificant fine upon the man who murders them; nay, we should as much as in us lies, cut them off from the prospects of happiness in another world as well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it?

Since I am engaged on this subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a story which I have lately heard, and which is so well attested, that I have no manner of reason to suspect the truth of it. I may call it a kind of wild tragedy, that passed about twelve years ago at *St. Christopher's*, one of our British leeward islands. The negroes who were the persons concerned in it, were all of them the slaves of a gentleman who is now in England.

This gentleman had among his negroes, a young woman, who was looked upon as a most extraordinary beauty by those of her own complexion. He had

at the same time two young fellows who were likewise negroes and slaves, remarkable for the comeliness of their persons, and for the friendship which they bore to one another. It unfortunately happened, that both of them fell in love with the female negro above-mentioned, who would have been very glad to have taken either of them for her husband, provided they could agree between themselves which should be the man. But they were both so passionately in love with her, that neither of them would think of gaining her without his friend's consent. The torments of these two lovers were the discourse of the family to which they belonged, who could not forbear observing the strange complication of passions which perplexed the hearts of the poor negroes, who often dropped expressions of the uneasiness they underwent, and how impossible it was for either of them ever to be happy.

After a long struggle between love and friendship, truth and jealousy, they one day took a walk together into a wood, carrying their mistress along with them: Where after abundance of lamentations, they stabbed her to the heart, of which she immediately died. A slave who was at his work not far from the place where this astonishing piece of cruelty was committed, hearing the shrieks of the dying persons ran to see what was the occasion of them. He there discovered the woman lying dead upon the ground, with the two negroes on each side of her, kissing the dead corpse, weeping over it, and beating their breasts in the utmost agonies of grief and despair. He immediately ran to the English family with the news of what he had seen; who upon coming to the place, saw the woman dead, and the two negroes expiring by her with wounds they had given themselves.

We see in this amazing instance of barbarity, what strange disorders are bred in the minds of those men whose passions are not regulated by virtue, and disciplined by reason. Though the action which I have recited, is in itself full of guilt and horror, it proceeded from a temper of mind which might have produced

very noble fruits, had it been informed and guided by a suitable education.

It is therefore an unspeakable blessing to be born in those parts of the world where wisdom and knowledge flourish ; though, it must be confessed, there are, even in these parts, several poor, uninstructed persons, who are but little above the inhabitants of those nations of which I have been here speaking ; as those who have had the advantages of a more liberal education, rise above one another by several different degrees of perfection. For to return to our statue in the block of marble, we see it sometimes only begun to be chipped, sometimes roughhewn, and but just sketched into an human figure ; sometimes we see the man appearing distinctly in all his limbs and features ; sometimes we find the figure wrought up to a great elegancy, but seldom meet with any to which the hand of a *Phidias* or *Praxiteles* could not give several nice touchings and finishings.

Discourses of morality, and reflections upon human nature, are the best means we can make use of to improve our minds, and gain a true knowledge of ourselves, and consequently to recover our souls out of the vice, ignorance, and prejudice, which naturally cleave to them. I have all along profest myself in this paper a promoter of these great ends ; and I flatter myself that I do from day to day contribute something to the polishing of men's minds ; at least my design is laudable, whatever the execution may be. I must confess I am not a little encouraged in it by many letters which I receive from unknown hands, in approbation of my endeavors ; and must take this opportunity of returning my thanks to those who write them, and excusing myself for not inserting several of them in my papers, which I am sensible would be a very great ornament to them. Should I publish the praises which are so well penned, they would do honour to the persons who write them, but my publishing of them would, I fear, be a sufficient instance to the world that I did not deserve them.

I shall give the following letter no other recommendation, than by telling my readers that it comes from the same hand with that of last Thursday.

SIR,

I SEND you, according to my promise, some farther thoughts on the education of youth, in which I intend to discuss that famous question, *whether the education at a public school, or under a private tutor, is to be preferred.*

“As some of the greatest men in most ages have been of very different opinions in this matter, I shall give a short account of what I think may be best urged on both sides, and afterwards leave every person to determine for himself.

“It is certain from *Suetonius*, that the Romans thought the education of their children a business properly belonging to the parents themselves; and *Plutarch*, in the life of *Marcus Cato*, tells us, that as soon as his son was capable of learning, *Cato* would suffer no body to teach him but himself, though he had a servant named *Chilo*, who was an excellent grammarian, and who taught a great many other youths.

“On the contrary, the *Greeks* seemed more inclined to public schools and seminaries.

“A private education, promises in the first place, virtue and good breeding; a public school, manly assurance, and an early knowledge in the ways of the world.

“*Mr. Locke*, in his celebrated treatise of *Education*, confesses that there are inconveniencies to be feared on both sides: *If*, says he, *I keep my son at home, he is in danger of becoming my young master: If I send him abroad, it is scarce possible to keep him from the reigning contagion of rudeness and vice. He will perhaps be more innocent at home, but more ignorant of the world, and more sheepish when he comes abroad.* However, as this learned author asserts, that virtue is much more difficult to be attained than a knowledge of the world, and that vice is a more stubborn, as well as a more dangerous fault than sheepish-

ness, he is altogether for a private education ; and the more so, because he does not see why a youth with right management, might not attain the same assurance in his father's house, as at a public school. To this end he advises parents to accustom their sons to whatever strange faces come to the house ; to take them with them when they visit their neighbours, and to engage them in conversation with men of parts and breeding.

“ It may be objected to this method, that conversation is not the only thing necessary, but that unless it be a conversation with such as are in some measure their equals in parts and years, there can be no room for emulation, contention, and several of the most lively passions of the mind ; which, without being sometimes moved by these means, may possibly contract a dullness and insensibility.

“ One of the greatest writers our nation ever produced observes, that a boy who forms parties, and makes himself popular in a school or a college, would act the same part with equal ease in a senate, or a privy-council : And Mr. *Osborn*, speaking like a man versed in the ways of the world, affirms, that the well laying and carrying on, of a design to rob an orchard, trains up a youth insensibly to caution, secrecy, and circumspection, and fits him for matters of greater importance.

“ In short, a private education seems the most natural method for the forming of a virtuous man : a public education for the making a man of business. The first would furnish out a good subject for *Plato's* republic, the latter a member for a community overrun with artifice and corruption.

“ It must however, be confessed, that a person at the head of a public school, has sometimes so many boys under his direction, that it is impossible he should extend a due proportion of his care to each of them. This is however, in reality, the fault of the age, in which we often see twenty parents, who though each expects his son should be made a scholar, are not contented altogether to make it worth while for any man

of a liberal education to take upon him the care of their instruction.

“ In our great schools indeed this fault has been of late years rectified, so that we have at present not only ingenious men for the chief masters, but such as have proper ushers and assistants under them. I must nevertheless own that for want of the same encouragement in the country, we have many a promising genius spoiled and abused in those little seminaries.

“ I am the more inclined to this opinion, having myself experienced the usage of two rural masters, each of them very unfit for the trust they took upon them to discharge. The first imposed much more upon me than my parts, though none of the weakest, could endure; and used me barbarously for not performing impossibilities. The latter was of quite another temper; and a boy, who would run upon his errands, wash his coffee-pot, or ring the bell, might have as little conversation with any of the classics as he tho't fit. I have known a lad of this place excused his exercise for assisting the cook-maid; and remember a neighbouring gentleman's son was among us five years, most of which time he employed in airing and watering our master's grey pad. I scorned to compound for my faults, by doing any of these elegant offices, and was accordingly the best scholar, and the worst used of any boy in the school.

“ I shall conclude this discourse with an advantage mentioned by *Quintilian*, as accompanying a public way of education, which I have not yet taken notice of; namely, that we very often contract such friendships at school, as are a service to us all the following parts of our lives.

“ I shall give you, under this head a story very well known to several persons, and which you may depend upon as a real truth.

“ Every one who is acquainted with *Westminster* school, knows that there is a curtain which used to be drawn across the room, to separate the upper school from the lower. A youth happened by some mischance, to tear the above-mentioned curtain; The severity of

the master was too well known for the criminal to expect any pardon for such a fault; so that the boy, who was of a meek temper, was terrified to death at the thoughts of his appearance, when his friend, who sat next to him, bade him be of good cheer, for that he would take the fault on himself. He kept his word accordingly. As soon as they were grown up to be men, the civil war broke out, in which our two friends took the opposite sides, one of them followed the parliament, the other the royal party.

“As their tempers were different, the youth, who had torn the curtain, endeavoured to raise himself on the civil list, and the other, who had borne the blame of it, on the military: The first succeeded so well, that he was in a short time made a judge under the protector. The other was engaged in the unhappy enterprise of *Penruddock* and *Grove* in the west. I suppose, Sir, I need not acquaint you with the event of that undertaking. Every one knows that the royal party was routed, and all the heads of them, among whom was the curtain champion, imprisoned at Exeter. It happened to be his friend's lot at that time to go to the western circuit: The trial of the rebels, as they were then called, was very short, and nothing now remained but to pass sentence on them; when the judge hearing the name of his old friend, and observing his face more attentively, which he had not seen for many years, asked him if he was not formerly a *Westminster* scholar: By the answer, he was soon convinced that it was his former generous friend; and, without saying any thing more at that time, made the best of his way to London, where employing all his power and interest with the protector, he saved his friend from the fate of his unhappy association.

“The gentleman whose life was thus preserved by the gratitude of his school-fellow, was afterwards the father of a son, whom he lived to see promoted in the church, and who still deservedly fills one of the highest stations in it.

The gentleman who obliges the world in general, and me in particular, with his thoughts upon Education, has just sent me the following letter :

SIR,

“ I TAKE the liberty to send you a fourth letter upon the Education of Youth. In my last I gave you my thoughts about some particular tasks, which I conceived it might not be amiss to mix with their usual exercises, in order to procure an early seasoning of virtue ; I shall in this propose some others, which I fancy might contribute to give them a right turn for the world, and enable them to make their way in it.

“ The design of learning, is, as I take it, either to render a man an agreeable companion to himself, and teach him to support solitude with pleasure ; or if he is not born to an estate, to supply that defect, and furnish him with the means of acquiring one. A person who applies himself to learning with the first of these views, may be said to study for ornament, as he who proposes to himself the second, properly studies for use. The one does it to raise himself a fortune, the other to set off that which he is already possessed of. But as the far greater part of mankind are included in the latter class, I shall only propose some methods at present for the service of such who expect to advance themselves in the world by their learning : In order to which I shall premise, that many more estates have been acquired by little accomplishments than by extraordinary ones ; those qualities which make the greatest figure in the eye of the world, not being always the most useful in themselves, or the most advantageous to their owners.

“ The posts which require men of shining and uncommon parts to discharge them, are so very few, that many a great genius goes out of the world without ever having had an opportunity to exert itself ; whereas persons of ordinary endowments meet with occasions fitted to their parts and capacities every day in the common occurrences of life.

“I am acquainted with two persons who were formerly school-fellows, and have been good friends ever since. One of them was not only thought an impenetrable blockhead at school, but still maintained his reputation at the university; the other was the pride of his master, and the most celebrated person in the college of which he was a member. The man of genius is at present buried in a comfortable pension of eighty-score pounds a year; while the other, with the bare abilities of a common scribe, has not an estate of above an hundred thousand pounds.

“I fancy, from what I have said, it will almost appear a doubtful case to many a wealthy citizen, whether or not he ought to wish his son should be a great genius; but this I am sure of, that nothing is more absurd than to give a lad the education of one, whom nature has not favoured with any particular marks of distinction.

“The fault therefore of our grammar schools is, that every boy is pushed on to works of genius; whereas it would be far more advantageous for the greatest part of them to be taught such little practical arts and sciences as do not require any great share of parts to be master of them, and yet may come often into play during the course of a man’s life.

“Such are all the parts of practical geometry. I have known a man contract a friendship with a minister of state, upon cutting a dial in his window; and remember a clergyman who got one of the best benefices of the west of England, by settling a country gentleman’s affairs in some method, and giving him an exact survey of his estate.

“While I am upon this subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a particular which is of use in every station of life, and which methinks every master should teach his scholars: I mean the writing of English letters. To this end, instead of perplexing them with *Latin* epistles, themes, and verses, there might be a punctual correspondence established between two boys, who might act in any imaginary parts of business, or be allowed sometimes to give a range to their

own fancies, and communicate to each other whatever trifles they thought fit, provided neither of them ever failed at the appointed time to answer his correspondent's letter.

I believe I may safely affirm, that the generality of boys would find themselves more advantaged by this custom, when they come to be men, than by all the Greek and Latin masters can teach them in seven or eight years.

The want of a more judicious use of words is visible in many learned persons, who while they are admiring the styles of *Demosthenes* or *Cicero*, want phrases to express themselves on the most common occasion. I have seen a letter from one of those Latin orators, which would have been deservedly laughed at by a common attorney.

Under this head of writing I cannot omit accounts and short-hand, which are learned with little pains, and very properly come into the number of such arts as I have been here recommending.

You must doubtless, Sir, observe, that I have hitherto chiefly insisted upon these things for such boys as do not appear to have any thing extraordinary in their natural talents, and consequently are not qualified for the finer parts of learning; yet I believe I might carry this matter still farther, and venture to assert, that a lad of genius has sometimes occasion for these little acquirements, to be, as it were, the fore-runners of his parts, and to introduce him into the world.

History is full of examples of persons, who, though they have had the largest abilities, have been obliged to insinuate themselves into the favour of great men by these trivial accomplishments; as the complete gentleman in some of our modern comedies, makes his first advances to his mistress under the disguise of a painter, or a dancing-master.

The difference is, that in a lad of genius these are only so many accomplishments, which in another, are essentials; the one diverts himself with them, the other works at them. In short, I look upon a great genius, with these little additions, in the same light as I regard the grand Scignior, who is obliged by an ex-

press command in the afternoon, to learn and practise some handicraft trade. I need not have gone for my instance farther than Germany, where several Emperors have done. *Leopold* the last, worked in wood; and I have heard there are several handicraft works of great skill, to be seen at Vienna, so neatly turned, that the best turner in Europe might safely own them, without any disgrace to his profession.

“I would not be thought by any thing I have said, to be against improving a business to the utmost pitch it can be carried. What I would endeavour to shew in this essay, is, that there may be methods taken to make learning advantageous even to the meanest capacities.”

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 353. X.

“AS I walked the other day in a fine garden, and observed the great variety of improvements in plants and flowers beyond what they otherwise would have been, I was naturally led into a reflection upon the advantages of education, or modern culture; how many good qualities in the mind are lost, for want of the like due care in nursing, and skilfully managing them; how virtues are choked, by the multitude of weeds which are suffered to grow among them; how excellent parts are often starved and useless, by being planted in a wrong soil; and how very seldom do these moral seeds produce the noble fruits which might be expected from them, by a neglect of proper manuring, necessary pruning, and an artful management of our tender inclinations and first spring of life: These obvious speculations made me at length conclude, that there is a sort of vegetable principle in the mind of every man when he comes into the world. In infants the seeds lie buried and undiscovered, till after a while they sprout forth in a kind of rational *leaves*, which are *words*; and in due season the *flowers* begin to appear in a variety of beautiful colours, and all the gay pictures of youthful fancy and imagination; at last

the fruit knits, and is formed, which is green, perhaps first, and four, unpleasant to the taste, and not fit to be gathered; ripened by the sun's rays and application, it discovers itself in all the productions of philosophy, mathematics, cloze, and elegant and handsome argumen- tation. And these fruits, when they arrive at just ma- turity, and are gathered in season, afford the most vigor- ous nourishment to the souls of men. I reflected further on the several leaves before-mentioned, and found almost as great a variety among them as in the vegetable world. I could easily observe the smooth shining *Italian* laurel, the nimble *French* aspen always in motion; the *English* and *Latin* evergreens, the *Spanish* myrtle, the *English* oak, the *Scotch* thistle, the *Irish* shambroque, the prickly *German*, and *Dutch* holly, the *Polish* and *Russian* nettle, besides a vast number of exot- ics imported from *Asia*, *Africa*, and *America*. I saw se- veral barren plants, which bore only leaves, without any hopes of flower or fruit: The leaves of some were fragrant and well-shaped, of others ill-scented and ir- regular. I wondered at a set of old whimsical botan- ists, who spend their whole lives in the contemplation of some withered *Egyptian*, *Coptic*, *Armenian*, or *Chinese* leaves, while others made it their business to collect in voluminous herbals, all the several leaves of some one tree. The flowers afford a most diverting enter- tainment, in a wonderful variety of figures, colours, and scenes; however, most of them withered soon, or at best are but *annuals*. Some professed florists make them their constant study and employment, and de- spise all fruit; and now and then a few fanciful peo- ple spend all their time in the cultivation of a single tulip, or a carnation; but the most agreeable amuse- ment seems to be the well-choosing, mixing, and bind- ing together these flowers in pleasing nosegays to pre- sent to ladies. The scent of *Italian* flowers is observ- ed, like their other perfumes to be too strong, and to hurt the brain; that of the *French* with glaring gaudy colours, yet faint and languid; *German* and *Northern* flowers have little or no smell, or sometimes an un- pleasant one. The ancients had a secret to give a last-

ing beauty, colour, and fragrance to some of their choicè flowers, which we see to this day, and which few of the moderns can equal. There are becoming enough and agreeable to the eye, and do often handsomely adorn an estate; but an over-fondness of them seems to be a defect. It rarely happens to find a plant vigorous enough to bear (like an orange-tree) at once beautiful smelling leaves, fragrant flowers, and delicious nourishing fruit.

SPECTATOR, VI. No 455.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

“ I GREW tall and wild at my mother's, who is a gay widow, and did not care for shewing me, till about two years and a half ago; at which time my guardian uncle sent me to a boarding-school, with orders to contradict me in nothing, for I had been misused enough already. I had not been there more than a month, when being in the kitchen, I saw some oatmeal on the dresser; I put two or three corns in my mouth, liked it, stole a handful, went into my chamber, chewed it, and for two months after never failed taking toll of every pennyworth of Oatmeal that came into the house: But one day playing with a tobacco-pipe between my teeth, it happened to break in my mouth, and the spitting out of the pieces left such a delicious roughness on my tongue, that I could not be satisfied till I had champ'd up the remaining part of the pipe. I forsook the oatmeal, and stuck to the pipes three months, in which time I had dispensed with thirty-seven full pipes, all to the boles; they belonged to an old gentleman, father to my governess—he locked up the clean ones. I left off eating of pipes, and fell to licking of chalk. I was soon tired of this; I then nibbled all the red wax of our last ball tickets; and three weeks after, the black wax from the burying tickets of the old gentleman. Two months after this I lived upon thunderbolts, a certain long, round, bluish stone, which I found among the gravel in our garden. I was wonderfully delighted

with this ; but thund'ring storms scarce, I fastened tooth and nail upon the wall, which I stuck to almost a twelvemonth ; all at that time peeled and devoured itself towards our neighbour's yard. I now became the happiest creature in the world, and without any conscience, I had eaten quite through the wall in my chamber ; but now I became less contented, and began to stir, and was obliged to seek food elsewhere. I then took a strange hankering to eat the walls of my neighbours, and had already consumed some certain, as much as could have dressed a good dinner, when my uncle came for me home. He was in the parlour with my governess, when I was called down. I went in, fell on my knees, for he made me call him father ; and when I expected the blessing I asked for, the good gentleman, in a surprize, turns himself to my governess, and asks, whether this (pointing to me) was his daughter : This (added he) is the very picture of death. My child was a plump-faced, hale, fresh-coloured girl ; but this looks as if she was half starved, a mere skeleton. My governess, who is really a good woman, assured my father I had wanted for nothing ; and withal told him, I was continually eating some trash or other, and that I was almost eaten up with the green-sickness, her orders being ever to cross me. But this magnified but little on my father, who presently in a kind of pet, paying for my board, took me home with him. I had not been long at home, but one Sunday at church (I shall never forget it) I saw a young neighbouring gentleman that pleased me hugely ; I liked him of all men I ever saw in my life ; and began to wish I could be as pleasing to him. The very next day he came with his father, a visiting to our house : We were left alone together, with directions on both sides to be in love with one another, and in three weeks time we were married. I regained my former health and complexion, and am now as happy as the day is long. Now, Mr. Spectator, I desire you would find out some name for these craving damsels, whether dignified or distinguished under some or all the fol-



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R. RCOM











